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HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOLUME CXXXIX

JUNE TO NOVEMBER, 1919



NEW YORK AND LONDON
HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS

1919

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Painting by Gerald Leake

Illustration for "Missing"

"THEN HE AIN'T DEAD? BOB'S ALIVE?"

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VOL. CXXXIX

JUNE, 1919

No. DCCCXXIX



THE ROCKY PASS AT KALGAN, OVER WHICH GENGHIS KHAN AND HIS MONGOLS ONCE SWEPT

Across Mongolia by Motor-Car

BY ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS

Associate Curator of Mammals, American Museum of Natural History, New York

CAREERING madly in a motor-car behind a herd of antelope fleeing like wind-blown ribbons across a desert which isn't a desert, past caravans of camels led by picturesque Mongol horsemen, the twentieth century suddenly and violently interjected into the Middle Ages, should be contrast and paradox enough for even the most blasé sportsman. I am a

naturalist who has wandered into many of the far corners of the earth. I have seen strange men and things, but what I saw on the great Mongolian plateau fairly took my breath away and left me dazed, utterly unable to adjust my mental perspective.

When leaving Peking in late August, 1918, to cross the Gobi Desert in Mongolia, I knew that I was to go by motor-car. But somehow the very name "Mongolia" and "Gobi Desert" brought

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such a vivid picture of the days of Kublai Khan and ancient Cathay that my clouded mind refused to admit the thought of automobiles. It was enough that I was going to the land of which I had so often dreamed.

Not even on the railway when I was being borne swiftly toward Kalgan and saw lines of laden camels plodding silently along the paved road beside the train, or when we puffed slowly through the famous Nankau Pass and I saw that wonder of all the world, the Great Wall, winding like an enormous serpent over ridge after ridge of the mountains, was my dream-picture of mysterious Mongolia dispelled. I had seen all this before, and had accepted it as one accepts the motor-cars beside the splendid walls of old Peking. It was all too near, and the railroad had made it commonplace.

But Mongolia! That was different. One could not go there in a roaring train. I had beside me the same old rifle and sleeping-bag that had been carried across the mountains of far Yunnan, along the Tibetan frontier, and through the fever-stricken jungles of Burma. Somehow, these companions of forest and mountain trails, and my reception at Kalgan by two khaki-clad young men, each with a belt of cartridges and a six-shooter strapped about his waist, did much to keep me in a blissful state of unpreparedness for the destruction of all my dream-castles.

That night as we sat in Mr. Charles Coltman's home, with his charming wife, a real woman of the great outdoors, presiding at the dinner-table, the talk was all of shooting, horses, and the vast, lone spaces of the Gobi Desert—but not much of motor-cars. Perhaps they vaguely realized that I was still asleep in an unreal world and knew that the awakening would come all too soon.

Yet I was dining that night with one of the men who had destroyed the mystery of Mongolia. In 1916, Coltman and his partner, Oscar Mamen, had driven across the plains to Urga, the historic capital of Mongolia, just south of Irkutsk. But most unromantic and incongruous, most disheartening to a dreamer of Oriental dreams, was what I learned a few days later when the awakening had really come—that among

the first cars ever to cross the desert was one purchased by Hutukhtu, the Living Buddha, the god of all the Mongol Lamas.

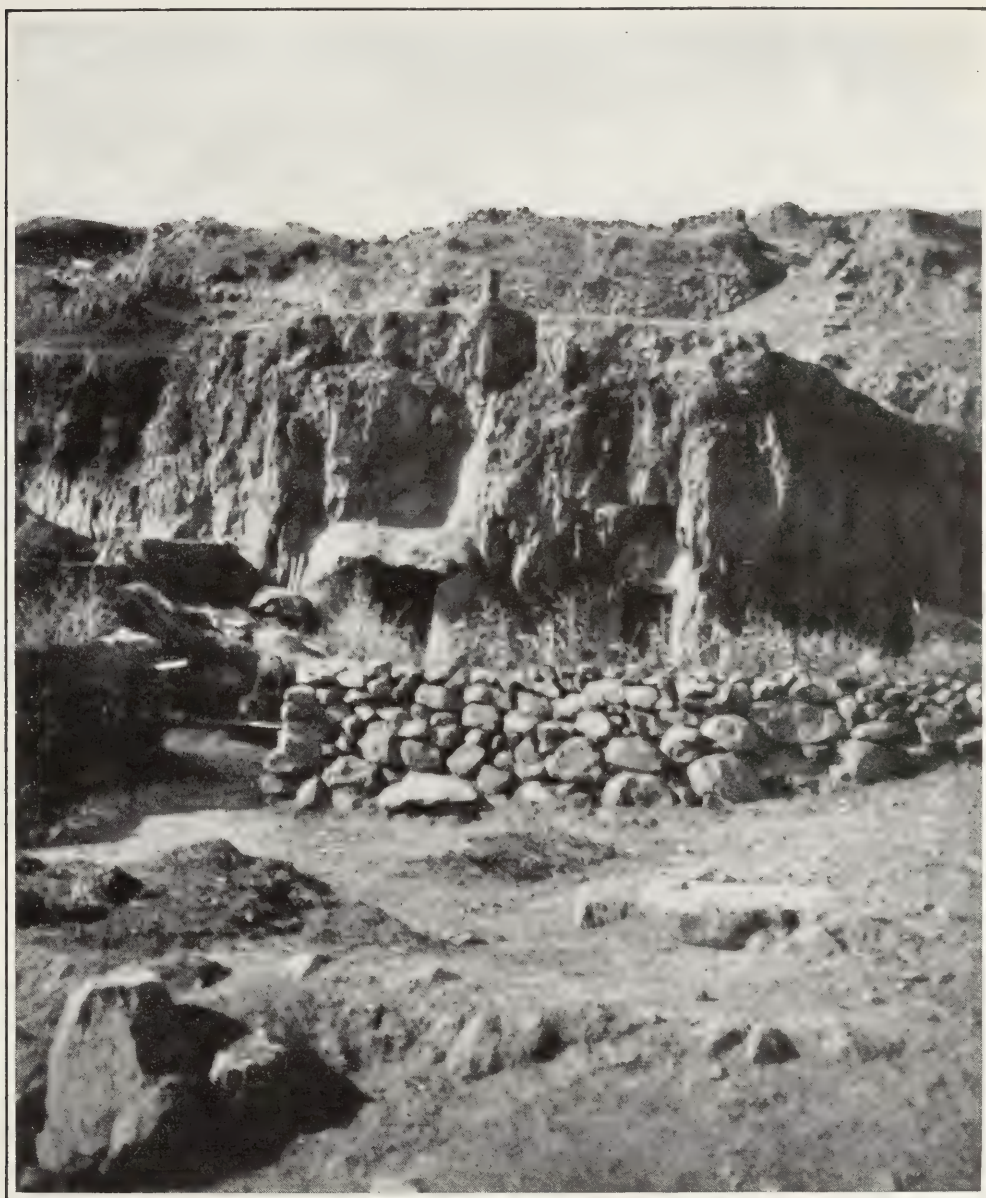
In his palace at Urga, at the base of Bagdin-ol ("God's Mountain") he sits in splendor, with a telephone at his hand and electric lights above his head, amid a chaos of Occidental inventions—microscopes, cinematographs, gramophones, cameras, and an unending list of trinkets illustrated in catalogues and folders sent from the four corners of the world.

When Hutukhtu learned of the first motor-car to cross the plains he forthwith demanded one for himself. What need had he now for horses or man-borne chairs? When he and Mrs. Hutukhtu leave the palace (if she ever does) to make their pilgrimages of state it should be in a manner which would impress their subjects far more than any retinue of followers, be they ever so gorgeous.

So Hutukhtu's motor-car was brought safely through the rocky pass at Kalgan and across the seven hundred miles of plain to Urga by way of the same old caravan trail over which, centuries ago, Genghis Khan had sent his wild Mongol raiders to conquer China. Whether or not Hutukhtu will soon tire of this purchase as of his other trinkets, matters not, for the end will not be then. The seclusion of his sacred city is gone forever and the motor-car has come to stay.

We arose long before daylight on the morning of August 29th. In the courtyard lanterns flashed and disappeared like giant fireflies as the *mafus* (muleteers) packed the baggage and saddled the ponies. The cars had been left on the plateau at a mission station called Hei-ma-hou to avoid the rough going in the pass, and we were to ride there on horseback while the food and bed-rolls went by cart. There were five of us in the party—Mr. and Mrs. Coltman, Mr. and Mrs. Lucander and myself. My object was to see the country preparatory to planning a campaign of zoological work for the following summer. Coltman's was to visit his trading-station in Urga, where Lucander was to remain for the winter.

The sun was an hour high when we clattered over the slippery paving-stones



VILLAGES ARE HALF DUG, HALF BUILT INTO THE HILLSIDES AND WELL-NIGH INVISIBLE

to the north gate of the city. Kalgan is built hard against the Great Wall of China—the first line of defense, the outermost rampart in the colossal structure which for so many centuries protected China from Tartar invasion. Beyond it there was nothing between us and the great plateau.

After our passports had been examined we rode through the gloomy chasm-like gate, turned sharply to the left, and found ourselves standing on the edge of a half-dry river-bed. Below us stretched line after line of double-humped camels, some crowded in yellow-brown masses which seemed all heads and curving necks, and some kneeling quietly on the sand. From around a shoulder of rock came other camels, hundreds of them,

treading slowly and sedately, nose to tail, toward the gate in the Great Wall. They had come from the far country whither we were bound.

To me there is something fascinating about a camel. Perhaps it is because he seems to typify the great waste spaces which I love, that I never tire of watching him swing silently, and seemingly with resistless power, across the desert.

Our way to Hei-ma-hou led up the rocky river-bed, with the Great Wall on the left stretching its serpentine length across the hills, and on the right picturesque cliffs two hundred feet in height. At their bases nestle mud-roofed cottages and Chinese inns, but farther up the river the low hills are all of loess—brown, wind-blown dust, packed hard,

which cuts like cheese. Deserted though they seem from a distance, they really teem with human life. Whole villages are half dug, half built into the hillsides, but are well-nigh invisible, for every wall and roof is of the same brown earth.

Ten miles or so from Kalgan we began on foot the long climb up the pass which gives entrance to the great plateau. I kept my eyes steadily on the pony's heels until we reached a broad, flat terrace half-way up the pass. Then I swung about that I might have, all at once, the view which lay below us. It justified my greatest hopes, for miles and miles of rolling hills stretched away to where the far horizon met the Shansi Mountains.

It was a desolate country which I saw, for every wave in this vast land sea was cut and slashed by the knives of wind and frost and rain and lay in a chaotic mass of gaping wounds—cañons, ravines, and gulleys, painted in rainbow colors, crossing and cutting one another at fantastic angles as far as the eye could see.

When a few moments later we reached the very summit of the pass, I felt that no spot I had ever visited satisfied my preconceived conceptions quite so thoroughly. Behind and below us lay that stupendous relief-map of ravines and

cañons; in front was a limitless stretch of undulating plain. I knew then that I really stood upon the edge of the greatest plateau in all the world and that it could only be Mongolia.

We had tiffin at a tiny Chinese inn beside the road, and trotted on toward Hei-ma-hou between waving fields of wheat, buckwheat, millet, and oats—oats as thick and "meaty" as any horse could wish to eat. For sixty miles beyond Kalgan the industrious Chinaman has reclaimed the "desert" with his hoe and plow, and each year pushes forward the line of cultivation a score of miles into the untouched plain.

After tiffin Coltman and Lucander galloped ahead while I trotted along more slowly in the rear. It was nearly seven o'clock and the trees about the mission station had been visible for half an hour. I was enjoying a gorgeous sunset which splashed the western sky with gold and red, and lazily watching the black silhouettes of a camel caravan swinging along the summit of a ridge a mile away. On the road beside me a train of laden mules and bullock-carts rested for a moment with the drivers half asleep. Over all the plain there lay the peace of a perfect autumn evening.

Suddenly, from behind a little rise, I heard the whir of a motor engine and



LAMAS IN FRONT OF THE TEMPLE NEAR PANG-KIANG



CAMELS STILL PLOD THEIR SILENT WAY ACROSS THE AGE-OLD PLAINS

the raucous voice of a klaxon horn. Before I realized what it meant, I was in the midst of a mass of plunging, snorting animals, shouting carters, and kicking mules. In a moment the caravan scattered wildly across the plains and the road was clear save for the author of the turmoil, a black automobile.

I wish I could make you who spend your lives within a city know how strange and out of place that motor seemed alone there upon the open plain on the borders of Mongolia. Imagine a camel or an elephant with all its Oriental trappings suddenly appearing on Fifth Avenue! But you would think at once that it had escaped from a circus or a zoo and be mainly curious as to what the traffic policeman would do when it did not obey his signals.

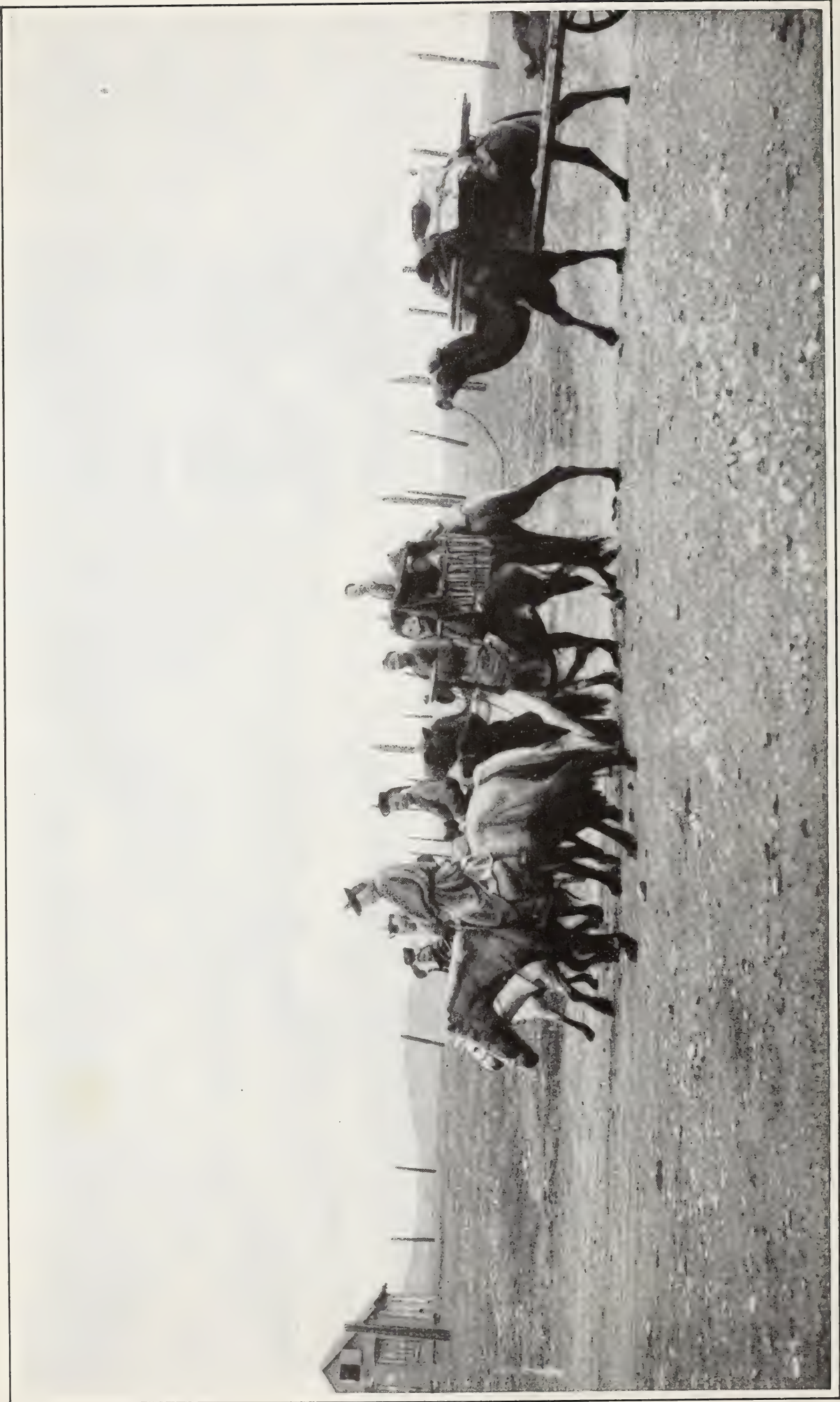
But all its strangeness and the fact that it was a glaring anachronism, did not prevent me from abandoning my horse to the *mafu* and stretching out comfortably on the cushions of the rear seat. There I had nothing to do but collect the remains of my shattered dream-castles as we bounced over the ruts and stones. It was a rude awakening, and I felt half ashamed to admit to myself as the miles sped by that the springy seat was more comfortable than the saddle on my Mongol pony.

But that night when I strolled about the mission courtyard, under the spell

of the starry desert night, I drifted back again in thought to the glorious days of Kublai Khan. My heart was hot with resentment that this thing had come. I realized then that, for better or for worse, the sanctity of the desert is gone forever. Camels will still plod their silent way across the age-old plains, but the mystery is lost. The secrets which were yielded up to but a chosen few are open now to all, and the world and his wife will speed their noisy way across the miles of rolling prairie, hearing nothing, feeling nothing, knowing nothing of that rustless desert charm which led men out into the great unknown.

At daylight we packed the cars. Bedrolls and cans of gasoline were tied on the running-boards and every corner was filled with food. Our rifles were ready for use, however, for Coltman had promised a kind of shooting such as I had never seen before. The stories he told of wild rides in the car after strings of antelope which traveled at fifty or sixty miles an hour had left me mildly skeptical. But then, you know, I had never seen a Mongolian antelope run.

For twenty-five or thirty miles after leaving Hei-ma-hou we bounced along over a road which would have been splendid except for the deep ruts cut by mule- and ox-carts. These carts are the despair of any one who hopes sometime to see good roads in China. Their spike-



SHIFTING CAMP AT URGA BY MEANS OF PONIES AND CAMELS

studded wheels cut into the hardest ground and leave a chaos of ridges and chasms which always grow worse.

The road was bordered by Chinese villages, built of straw-mixed mud, of course, and fields of oats or millet waved their drooping heads as far as we could see. The Mongol, above all things, is not a farmer; possibly because many years ago the Manchus forbade him to till the soil. Moreover, he is as awkward on the ground as a duck out of water and is never comfortable. The back of a horse is his real home, and he will do wonderfully well any work which keeps him in the saddle. So he leaves to the plodding Chinaman the cultivation of his boundless plains while he herds his fat-tailed sheep or goats and cattle.

In three hours we had left the last Chinese house behind us and were driving toward a low range of hills behind which lay Tabul. Here, some distance from the road, is the house of a lone horse-trader, Larsen by name, one of the few foreigners who live on the plateau between the frontier of Chinese cultivation and Urga.

Until we reached Tabul there had been much water—small streams, ponds, and even lakelets—but when the hills had begun to sink on the horizon behind us, we entered upon a vast rolling plain, with but little water and without a sign of human life save now and then a train of mule-carts or a camel caravan.

We were on the Gobi Desert, but it hardly measured up to what the name implies. It resembled nothing so much as the prairies of Nebraska or Dakota, and amid the short grass, larkspur and purple thistles glowed in the sunlight

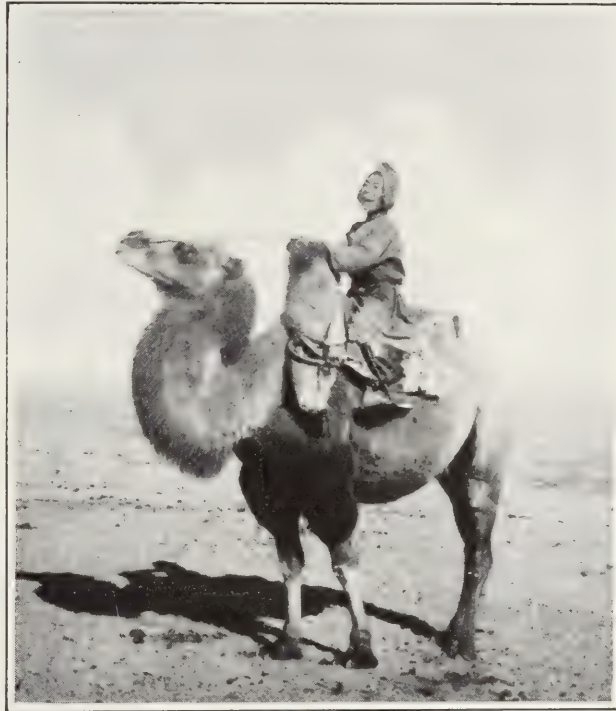
like tongues of flame. As a matter of fact, although the whole section through the center of Mongolia is called the Gobi Desert, no real desert is encountered between Kalgan and Urga. But farther to the west, the Gobi deserves its name, and Sir Francis Younghusband has said that in all his travels he has never seen a more desolate waste of sand and gravel.

There was no lack of bird life. In the ponds which we passed earlier in the day, we saw hundreds of mallard ducks and spectacled teal. The car often frightened golden plover from their dust-baths in the road, and crested lapwings flashed across the prairie like sudden storms of autumn leaves. Huge golden eagles and enormous ravens made tempting targets on the telegraph-poles, and in the

morning before we left the cultivated area we saw cranes in thousands.

In this land where wood is absent and everything is of value that will make a fire, I wondered how the telegraph-poles remained untouched, for every one was smooth and round without a splinter gone. The method of protection is simple and entirely Oriental and effective. When the line was first put through, the Mongol government stated in an edict that any man who touched a pole with knife or ax would lose his head. Even on the Mongolian wastes, the enforcement of such a law is not so difficult as it might seem, and after a few heads had been taken by way of example the safety of the line was assured.

Just before we camped at night we saw the first Mongol *yurt*—the felt-covered, portable house which forms the only home of the desert nomads. It is a circular latticed framework, cone-shaped



A YOUNG MONGOL CAMEL-HERDER

in its upper half, with an open apex to emit the smoke from the fire which burns inside and directly underneath. It is warm and comfortable and can be easily moved when the owners shift from the summer to the winter grazing-grounds.

The sight of this *yurt* told us that we were within the real Mongol territory and well outside the sphere of Chinese influence. For some distance beyond the actual limit of cultivation the country is peopled by a half-breed stock of Mongol and Chinese who have a none too savory reputation. It is well to guard one's camp at night and always to have a

the most peaceful spot in all the world. Even far Tibet has seen its share of war and turmoil, but Mongolia with its few thousand wild, hard-riding soldiers has kept free from internal trouble or international complications.

Our camp the first night was on a hill-slope about one hundred miles from Heima-hou. As soon as the cars had stopped, our man was left to untie the sleeping-bags while the rest of us scattered over the plain to hunt material for a fire. *Argul* (dried dung) forms the only desert fuel, and, although it does not blaze like wood, will "boil a pot" almost as quickly as charcoal. I was elected to

be the cook, a position with distinct advantages, for in the freezing cold of early morning I could linger about the fire with a good excuse.

It was a perfect autumn night. Every star in the world of space seemed to have been crowded into our own particular expanse of sky, and each one glowed like a tiny lantern. When I had found a patch of sand and dug a trench for my hip and shoulder, I crawled into the sleeping-bag and lay for half an hour, looking up at the starry canopy above my head. Again the magic of the desert night was in my blood, and I blessed the fate which had carried me away from the roar and rush of New York with its hurrying crowds. But I had a pang of envy when, far away in the distance, there came the mellow notes of a camel-bell. *Dong, dong, dong* it sounded, clear and sweet as cathedral chimes. With surging blood, I listened until I caught the measured tread of padded feet, and saw the black

silhouettes of rounded bodies and curving necks. Oh, to be with them, to travel as Marco Polo traveled and to learn to know the heart of the desert in the long night marches!

The next morning, ten miles from camp, we passed a party of Russians *en route* to Kalgan. They were sitting disconsolately beside two huge cars,



THE GREAT LAMA TEMPLE AT URGU, CONTAINING AN IMAGE OF BUDDHA EIGHTY FEET HIGH

pistol handy, but when once within the country of the *yurts* one can feel as safe as on Fifth Avenue.

The vicinity of the caravan trails across the Gobi to the capital is an exceedingly unhealthy place for brigands, and freebooters receive but a short shrift. In fact, Mongolia during the last four troublesome years has been about



TROPHIES OF THE MOTOR-CAR HUNT

patching tires and tightening bolts. Their way had been marked by a succession of motor troubles and they were well-nigh discouraged. Woe to the men who venture into the desert with an untried car and without a skilled mechanic! There are no garages just around the corner—and there are no corners. Lucander's Chinese boy expressed it with laconic completeness when some one asked him how he liked the country.

"Well," said he, "there's plenty of room here."

A short distance farther on we found the caravan which had passed us early in the night. They were camped beside a well and the thirsty camels were gorging themselves with water. Except for these wells, the march across the desert would be impossible. They are six or eight feet wide, walled with timbers, and partially roofed with sod. Some are very brackish, but the water is always cool, for it is seldom less than twenty feet below the surface. It is useless to speculate as to who dug the wells or when, for this trail has been used since the dawn of history. In some places they are fifty or even sixty miles apart, but usually less than that.

The camel caravans travel mostly at night. For all his size and apparent strength, a camel is a delicate animal

and needs careful handling. He cannot stand the heat of the midday sun and will not graze at night. So the Gobi caravans start about three or four o'clock in the afternoon and march until one or two the next morning. Then the men pitch a light tent and the camels sleep or wander over the plain.

At noon on the second day we reached Peng-kiang, the first telegraph station on the line. Its single mud house was visible miles away and we were glad to see it, for our gasoline was getting low. Coltman had sent a plentiful supply by caravan, to await us here, and every available inch of space was filled with cans, for we were only one-quarter of the way to Uрга.

Thus far the going had not been bad as roads go in the Gobi, but I was assured that the next hundred miles would be a very different story, for we were about to enter the most arid part of the desert between Kalgan and Uрга. We were prepared for the only real work of the trip, however, by a taste of the exciting shooting which Coltman had promised me.

I had been told that we should see antelope in thousands, but all day I had vainly searched the plains for a sign of game. Ten miles from Peng-kiang we were comfortably rolling along on a

stretch of good road when Mrs. Coltman, whose eyes are as keen as those of a hawk, excitedly pointed to a hillside on the right, not a hundred yards from the trail. At first I saw nothing but the yellow grass; then the whole hillside seemed to be in motion. A moment later I began to distinguish heads and legs and realized that it was an enormous herd of antelope, closely packed together, restlessly watching us.

Our rifles were out in an instant and Coltman opened the throttle. The antelope were five or six hundred yards away, and as the car leaped forward they ranged themselves into single-file and strung out across the plain. We left the road at once and headed diagonally toward them. For some strange reason, when a horse or car runs parallel with a herd of antelopes the animals will swing in a complete semicircle and cross in front of the pursuer. This is also true of some African species. Whether or not they think they are being cut off from some more desirable means of escape, I cannot say, but the fact remains that with the open plain on every side they always try to "cross your bows."

I shall never forget the sight of those magnificent animals streaming across the desert! There were at least a thousand of them, and their yellow bodies seemed fairly to skim the earth. I was shouting in excitement, but Coltman said:

"They're not running yet. Wait till we begin to shoot."

I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw the speedometer trembling at

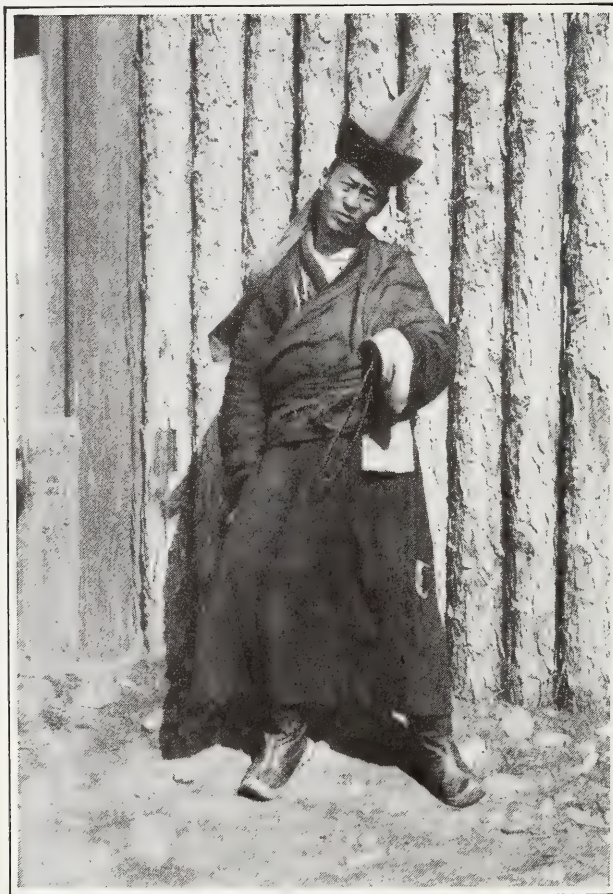
thirty-five miles, for the animals were leaving us almost as though we were standing still. But then the fatal attraction began to assert itself and the long column bent gradually in our direction. Coltman widened the arc of the circle and held the throttle up as far as it would go. Our speed increased to forty

miles and the car began to gain because the antelope were running almost across our course.

They were about two hundred yards away when Coltman shut off the gas and jammed both brakes, but before the car had stopped they had gained another hundred. I leaped over a pile of bedding and came into action with the .250 Savage high-power as soon as my feet were on the ground. Coltman's .30 Mauser was already spitting fire across the wind-shield from the front seat, and at his second shot an antelope dropped like lead.

My first two bullets struck the dirt far behind the rearmost animal, but the third caught a full-grown female in the side and she plunged forward into the grass.

I realized then what Coltman meant when he said that the antelope had not begun to run. At the first shot every animal in the herd seemed to flatten itself and settle to its work. They did not run—they simply *flew* across the ground with only a blur where their legs should be. The one I killed was four hundred yards away and I held eight feet ahead when I pulled the trigger. They could not have been traveling less than fifty-five or sixty miles an hour, for they were running in a semicircle about



THE LAMAS AT URGU ARE A PICTURESQUE SET

the car while we were moving at forty miles in a straight line.

Those are the facts in the case. I can see my readers raise their brows incredulously, for that is exactly what I had done before this demonstration. Well, there is one way to prove it and that is to come and try it for yourselves. Moreover, I can see some sportsmen smile for another reason. I mentioned that the antelope I killed was four hundred yards away. I know how far it was, for I paced it off. I may say in passing that I had never before killed a running animal at that range. Ninety per cent. of my shooting has been well within one hundred and fifty yards, but in Mongolia conditions are most extraordinary.

In the brilliant atmosphere an antelope at four hundred yards appears as large as it would at one hundred in most other parts of the world, and on the flat plains, where there is not a bush or shrub to obscure the view, every stone stands out like a golf-ball on the putting-green. Because of these conditions the temptation is to shoot at impossible ranges and to keep on shooting when the game is beyond anything except a lucky chance. Therefore, if any of you go to Mongolia to hunt antelope take plenty of ammunition, and when you return

you will never tell how many cartridges you used.

Our antelopes were tied on the running-board of the car and we went back to the road where Lucander had waited. Half the herd had crossed in front of him, but he had failed to bring down an animal.

The excitement of the chase had been an excellent preparation for the hard work which awaited us not far ahead. The going had been getting heavier with every mile and at last we reached a long stretch of sandy road which the cars could not pull through. With every one except the driver out of the car, and the engine racing, we pushed and lifted, gaining a few feet each time, until the shifting sand was passed. It meant two hours of violent strain, and we were well-nigh exhausted; in a few miles, however, it had all to be done again. Where the ground was hard, there was such a chaos of ruts and holes that our arms were almost wrenched from their sockets by the twisting wheels. This area more nearly approaches a desert than any other part of the road to Urga. The soil is largely sandy but the Gobi sage-brush, and short bunch grass, although sparse and dry, still give a covering of vegetation, so that in the distance the plain appears like a rolling meadowland.



A LAMA IN A RUSSIAN CARRIAGE WITH RUSSIAN DRIVER

Not far from Ude, the second telegraph station, a Lama monastery has been built beside the road. Its white-walled temple, bordered with red, and the compound inclosing the living-quarters of the Lamas show with startling distinctness on the open plain. We stopped for water at a well a few hundred yards away and in five minutes the cars were surrounded by a picturesque group of Lamas who streamed across the plain on foot and on horseback, with their yellow and red robes flaming in the sun. They were amiable enough—in fact, too friendly—and their curiosity was hardly welcome, for we found one of them testing his knife on the tires and another about to punch a hole in one of the gasoline-cans; he hoped it was something to drink that was better than water.

The Lamas are a filthy and disgusting lot of men, but the ordinary northern Mongol has a charming personality. Every one is a study for an artist. He dresses in a long loose robe of plum color, one corner of which is usually tucked into a gorgeous sash. On his head is perched an extraordinary hat like a saucer with upturned edges of black velvet and a narrow cone-shaped crown of brilliant yellow. Two red streamers of ribbon are usually fastened to the rim at the back, or a plume of peacock feathers if he be of higher rank. On his feet he wears a pair of enormous leather boots with upturned, pointed toes. These are always many sizes too large, for as the weather grows colder he pads them out with woolen socks. Moreover, they act as a convenient receptacle for his knife, pipe, or any other articles of personal furniture which he does not wish to carry in his hand. It is nearly impossible to walk in these ungainly boots, and he waddles along exactly like a duck. He is manifestly uncomfortable and ill at ease, but put him on a horse and you have a different picture. The high-peaked saddle and the horse itself become a part of his anatomy and he will stay there happily twenty-four hours of the day.

The Mongols ride with short stirrups, and, standing nearly upright, lean far over the horse's neck like our Western cowboys. As they tear along at full

gallop in their brilliant robes they seem to embody the very spirit of the plains. They are such genial, accommodating fellows, always ready with a pleasant smile, and willing to take a sporting chance on anything under the sun, that they won my heart at once.

Above all things they love a race, and often one of them would range up beside the car and, with a radiant smile, make signs that he wished to test our speed. Then off he would go, like mad, flogging his horse and yelling with delight. We would let him gain at first, and the expression of joy and triumph on his face was worth going far to see. Sometimes, if the road was heavy, it would need every ounce of gas the car could take to forge ahead, for the ponies are splendid animals. The Mongols ride only the best, and ride them hard, for horses are cheap in Mongolia and when one is a little worn another is always ready.

Not only does the Mongol inspire you with admiration for his full-blooded, virile manhood, but you like him because he likes you. He doesn't try to disguise the fact. There is a frank openness about his attitude which is wonderfully appealing, and I believe that the average white man will get on terms of easy familiarity, and even intimacy, with Mongols more rapidly than with any other Orientals.

After leaving Ude, the second telegraph station, which is built just behind a ragged granite outcrop, we slipped rapidly up and down a succession of low hills and entered upon a plain so vast and flat that we appeared to be looking across an ocean. Not the smallest hill or rise of ground broke the line where earth and sky met in a faint blue haze. Our cars seemed like tiny boats in a limitless grassy sea. It was seventy miles across and for four hours the steady hum of the motor hardly ceased, for the road was smooth and hard. Half-way over we saw another great herd of antelope and several groups of ten or twelve, but I have not space to describe the hunt. Twice wolves trotted across the plain, and at one, which was very inquisitive, I did some shooting which I vainly try to forget.

But most interesting to me among the wild life along our way was the bustard.

It is a huge bird weighing twenty pounds or more, with flesh of such delicate flavor that it rivals our best turkey. I had always wanted to kill a bustard and my first one was neatly eviscerated at two hundred yards by a Savage bullet. I was more pleased than at getting an antelope, perhaps because it did much to revive my spirits after the episode of the wolf.

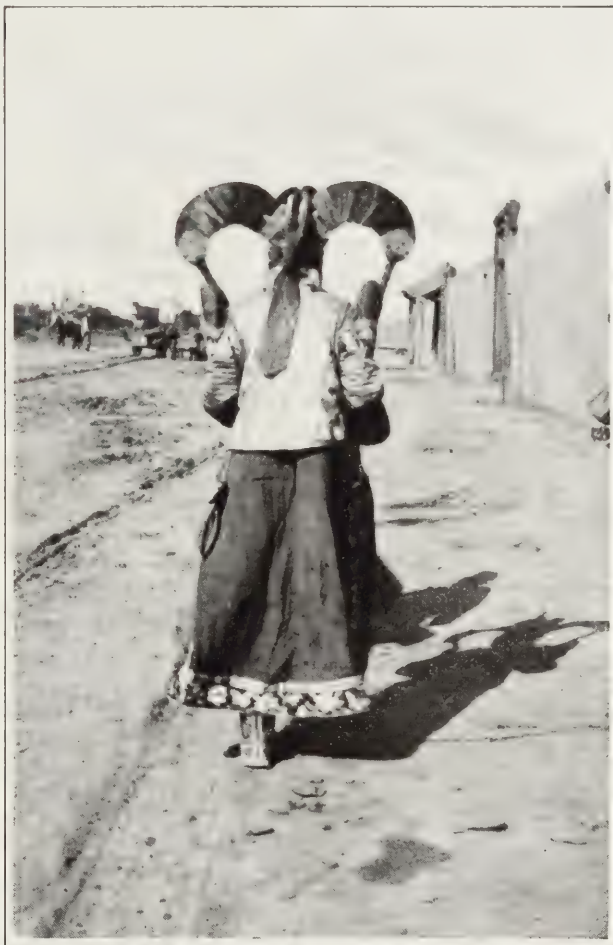
Sand - grouse, beautiful little gray birds with wings like pigeons and remarkable padded feet, whistled over us as we rolled along the road, and my heart was sick with the thought of the excellent shooting we were missing. But there was no time to stop except for such game as actually crossed our path, else we should never have arrived at Urga, the city of the Living God.

Speaking of gods, I must not forget to mention the great Lamasery at Turin, about one hundred and seventy miles from Urga. For hours before we reached it we saw the ragged hills standing sharp and clear against the sky-line. The peaks themselves are not more than a hundred feet in height, but they rise from a rocky plateau some distance above the level of the plain. It is a wild spot of granite outcrops and jagged ridges, fit setting for the most remarkable group of human habitations that I have ever seen. In a shallow basin are three large temples of white and red surrounded by hundreds upon hundreds of tiny pill-box dwellings. There must be two thousand of them and probably twice as many Lamas. On the outskirts

of the city enormous piles of *argul* have been collected by the priests and bestowed as votive offerings by devout travelers. Vast as the supply seemed, it would take all this and more to warm the houses of the Lamas during the bitter winter months when the ground is covered with snow.

The houses are built of sawn boards, the first indication there had been that we were nearing a forest country.

The remaining one hundred and seventy miles to Urga is a delight, even to the motorist who loves the paved roads of cities. It is like a boulevard amid glorious rolling hills luxuriant with long, sweet grass. In the distance herds of horses and cattle grouped themselves into moving patches, and fat-tailed sheep dotted the plain like drifts of snow. I have seldom seen a better grazing country. It needed but little imagination to picture



A MONGOL WOMAN IN STREET ATTIRE

what it will be a few years hence when the inevitable railroad claims the desert as its own, for this rich land cannot long remain untenanted. It was here that we saw the first marmots, an unfailing indication that we were in a northern country. These marmots are huge fellows, about the size and build of a beaver. They are hunted for their skins, which the Mongols sell for thirty cents silver, and are interesting as being the carriers of the pneumonic plague which swept Manchuria some years ago.

The thick blackness of a rainy night had enveloped us long before we swung into the Urga Valley and groped our way along the Toola River bank toward

the glimmering lights of the Mongol city. It seemed that we would never reach them, for twice we took the wrong turn and found ourselves in a maze of sandy bottoms and half-grown trees. But at ten o'clock we plowed through the mud of a narrow street and into the courtyard of the Mongolian Trading Company's home.

For several weeks Urga had been pregnant with war possibilities. In the Lake Baikal region of Siberia there were several thousand Magyars and many Bolsheviks. It was known that Czechs expected to attack them and they would certainly be driven across the borders into Mongolia if defeated. In that event what would be the attitude of the Mongolian government? Would they intern the belligerents, or allow them to use the Urga district as a base of operations? Sarandochi, the Mongolian Minister of War and Foreign Affairs, had told Mr. Guptil that if any Magyars or Russians came into Mongolia and behaved themselves they would be allowed to remain unmolested, but that if any disturbance was created every one would be imprisoned. Nevertheless, it was a situation which needed watching.

As a matter of fact, the question had been settled just before my arrival. The Czechs had made the expected attack with about five hundred men; all the Magyars to the number of several thousand had surrendered, and the Bolsheviks disappeared like mists before the sun. The front of operations had moved in a single night over a thousand miles away to the Omsk district, and it was certain that Mongolia would be left in peace. Mr. Price's work also was done, for the telegraph from Urga to Irkutsk was again in operation and thus communication was established with Peking.

The morning after my arrival, Mr. Guptil and I rode out to see the town. Never have I visited such a city of contrasts! The outermost portion where we were living is like one of the old American frontier outposts during Indian days. High stockades of unpeeled timbers surround every house, and there is nothing of the Oriental in a general view except now and then a Chinese gate or a Mongol temple. The city is built on the bank of the Toola River, 3,700 feet

above sea-level, and across the valley are the undulating forest-clad hills of the Bogdin-ol ("God's Mountain"). This is a vast game-preserve in which herds of wapiti, pigs, and deer roam in safety. The tales of the game to be found there make a sportsman's pulses leap, but an attempt at invasion would be to court death, for it is patrolled by two thousand Lamas, who insure its sanctity.

The Chinese business section of Urga, known as *mai-ma-ching*, is separated from the Mongol part by the Russian settlement. Altogether, the city extends for five miles on the bank of the river. The Russian houses, scattered along the road, are a queer mixture of wood and plaster, and their ornate, gaily painted gables produce a strange effect in comparison with the architecture of the rest of the city. The inhabitants number about 10,000 Chinese, 2,000 Russians, and 50,000 Mongols, of which 35,000 are Lamas.

All of Urga is interesting, but the Mongol section is by far the most picturesque. Off the wide main street are numerous narrow alleys packed with native shops and overlooked by an enormous temple encircled with the tiny houses of the Lama city.

The streets are fascinating beyond description. One feels as though one were in the midst of a great circus when a group of Mongols gallops wildly down the street, past Russian carts, lines of camels, and caravans of mules and oxen. On their heads the men wear all the types of covering one learned to know in the pictures of ancient Cathay, from the high-peaked hat of yellow and black through the whole strange gamut to the helmet with streaming peacock plumes. But were I to tell about them all, I should have left none of my poor descriptive phrases for the women.

It is hopeless to attempt to draw a word-picture of a Mongol woman! A photograph will help, but to be appreciated she must be seen in all her color. To begin with the dressing of her hair. If all the women of the Orient competed to produce a strange and fantastic type, I do not believe that they could excel what the Mongol matrons have developed by themselves.

The hair is plaited over a frame into



THREE MONGOL WOMEN AND A LAMA

two enormous flat bands, curved like the horns of a mountain-sheep and reinforced with heavy bars of silver. Each horn ends in a silver plaque studded with bits of colored glass or stone, and supports a pendant braid like a riding-quirt. On her head between the horns she wears a silver cap elaborately chased and flashing with "jewels." Surmounting this is a "saucer" hat of black and yellow. Her skirt is of gorgeous figured silk or cloth and the jacket is of like material with prominent "puffs" upon the shoulders. She wears huge leather boots similar to those of the men, and when in full array she has a whole portière of bead-work suspended from the region of her ears. The elaborate head-dress is adopted only by married women, and the maidens wear their hair in simple braids. She is altogether satisfying to the lover of fantastic Oriental costumes except in the matter of foot-gear, and this slight exception might be allowed, for she has so amply decorated every other available part of her anatomy.

In the great Lama temple on the hill there is a full-length statue of Buddha, eighty feet high, and I was fortunate in witnessing an unusual ceremony to which women were admitted. As they

fled through the door each was given a few drops of holy water from a filthy jug and they then prostrated themselves before the idol, kissing the silken drapery about its feet and not forgetting to gather up a handful of sacred dirt from the floor before they rose.

Outside, the populace was busy turning prayer-wheels, and in another temple five hundred Lamas sat in rows while obeisance was being performed to a high official. We could stay there only a few moments, however, for the odors from unwashed humanity were almost overpowering.

Mr. Guptil and I rode across the plain one morning to see the palace of the "Living God." He is third in rank among the Lamist hierarchy, in which he is known as the Cheptsun-dampa (Tibetan for "Venerable Best") Hutukhtu (the Mongol word for "saintly"). He lives something over a mile from the Lama city, on the opposite side of the river, hard against the base of Bogdin-ol.

His palace is surrounded by an eight-foot stockade of white posts and is by no means as impressive as the Dalai-Lama's residence at Lhasa. The central pavilion is white with gilded cupolas and smaller pavilions at the side have roofs

of green. Surrounding these are temple-like structures, probably the residences for members of his court.

Many strange stories are told of the mysterious "Living God" which tend to show him "as of the earth earthy," and inordinately fond of strong drink. It is said that in former days he sometimes left his "heaven" to revel with convivial foreigners in Urga, but all this is gossip, and we are discussing a very saintly person. His passion for Occidental trinkets and inventions is well known, however, and, as I remarked in the first pages of this article, his palace is wired for telephones and electric lights. It is said that he leaves the ship of state to the guidance of his ministers, and the peaceful conditions of Mongolia during these days of strife seem to show that their heads have been wise and their hands strong.

There is much more to be told about Urga and Hutukhtu and his people, but it would require a book to do it justice instead of the limited space of a magazine article. Neither can I tell in detail of the vicissitudes of our return journey across the desert.

In this article I have tried to present a general sketch of a region about which there is much misinformation and which is destined to play an important rôle in the commercial development of the Far East.

The coming of the motor-car marks the first mile-stone in the annihilation of these great waste spaces. I might better say "wasted" spaces, for nowhere, except in Siberia, have I seen unoccupied country more pregnant with possibilities.

The prevailing impression that this part of the Gobi Desert is a land of shifting sand, incapable of producing anything except dust for Peking storms, could hardly be more untrue. On the way to Urga, the central section for perhaps two hundred miles is an arid region which will be least productive, but this is nothing like the deserts of Arizona. The Chinese have already demonstrated beyond dispute the possibilities for agriculture of the plains beyond Kalgan, and I wish the world might see the crops of oats, wheat, millet, buckwheat, and potatoes which have been forthcoming under their industrious development.

Hundreds of horses, sheep, and goats already roam the grassy hills between Turin and Urga, and these might be increased to hundreds of thousands without overcrowding.

But there is the even more practical consideration of speed in transportation which will inevitably turn the eyes of the world toward Mongolia. Glance at the map and my remarks will be elucidated. At the present time, from Shanghai, the great trade port of China, the shortest connection with the Trans-Siberian Railroad and London is by means of the line *via* Tientsin, Mukden, Harbin, and Chita. In other words, by traveling two sides of a great triangle.

Now follow the route from Tientsin to Peking, Kalgan, Urga, and Irkutsk. This is the base of the triangle. With the construction of a railroad across Mongolia there is a direct connection from Shanghai with the Trans-Siberian line at Irkutsk, and the passage to London is shortened by at least four days. The laying of the tracks would be child's play in railroad construction, and correspondingly inexpensive.

It should not be supposed that the building of this railroad is a new idea. Its importance has been obvious for years, but not long ago an agreement was made by the Russians and Chinese in which each nation pledged itself not to construct a railway without the consent of the other. With the changed post-war conditions this argument might readily be modified and British or American be employed.

An important political consideration, however, would be the attitude of the Japanese. It can readily be seen that such a railroad would draw a large part of the freight and passenger traffic between Europe and the Far East away from Manchuria, which the Japanese are making such desperate efforts to control. This would hardly be to their liking, and it is conceivable that they would oppose the project with all their strength.

Nevertheless, the building of the railroad is inevitable. Sooner or later the Gobi Desert, which the motor-car already has conquered, will be crossed by lines of steel and the mystery of Mongolia will be lost forever.

Signs and Portents

BY MARGARET CAMERON

Author of "The Seven Purposes"

[AT various times in the past, *Harper's Magazine* has printed notable articles summing up the work and the views of leaders in the field of psychical research. Such articles as those by Sir Oliver Lodge, Professor J. H. Hyslop, and others have attracted the widest attention.

The present article, by a writer already well known to readers of the *Magazine*, gains an added interest from the fact that it comes at a time when the subject is apparently uppermost in the minds of thousands of intelligent men and women in every part of the world, who, turning from the tragedy of the World War and their own bereavements are asking with increased earnestness the eternal question, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

The *Magazine* makes no comment upon the actual source or ultimate significance of the story that the author tells in these pages. For her entire sincerity, however, it is prepared to vouch. It is to be pointed out that, although the dates of occurrences have been checked up with great care, it is quite possible that in the absence of any absolutely definite and authenticated records of all the actions of the war, errors of statement as to dates may have been made.—EDITOR.]



IF it be true that "an evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign, and there shall be no sign given to it but the sign of the prophet Jonas," we may take heart, for not one but many signs, both sought and unsought, have been given to us recently out of the Invisible. While I am only one of many persons to whom these amazing assurances have come in one form or another, it is my purpose to set forth here certain incidents of my own experience having to do with public interests, hoping that those who remember the words of John—"try the spirits whether they are of God; because many false prophets are gone out into the world"—may recognize the signs as true signs and heed the warnings accompanying and following them.

Not that I seek to assume in any way the mantle of the prophet. My participation in this matter is entirely practical and impersonal, and is akin to that of the wireless operator who receives, and in turn transmits to those for whom they are intended, the messages conveyed through his subtly attuned instrument. Until convinced by my own experience, I had not the slightest belief in the possibility of communicating with those in

a life beyond our own, nor had I cherished a conviction that individual life continued after the death of the body. Neither had I been sufficiently interested in psychic phenomena to follow their development nor to read any book connected with the subject.

Twenty-five years ago, or thereabout, I played with a *planchette* for some time, as most young persons in more recent years have played with a Ouija board, and I was amused and puzzled by the extraordinary things it sometimes did under my hands; but I never for a moment took it seriously, never assumed that the words it wrote were dictated by a disembodied personality, and never gave much thought to the explanation of the phenomenon, content to leave the solution of that problem, with many another, to the slow, laborious processes of the scientist. Eventually, unwilling to be responsible for the faith some of my friends were beginning to manifest in what to me was merely a toy, I gave up using the *planchette* and for fifteen or twenty years I never saw one.

Early in 1918 a friend, seeking comfort for the death of her only son, Frederick, learned of these early experiences of mine and asked me to try to get into communication with him. She had little faith in the possibility of success; I had

none. To satisfy her, however, I experimented, with results astonishing to many persons—to myself, probably, most of all. A full report of that experience has been published elsewhere.¹ Suffice it to say here that after a few days I abandoned *planchette*, finding that a pencil held upright in my fingers moved with greater facility than the larger instrument and with equal vigor; and that during the early weeks of March several of my friends were convinced that the Intelligences expressing themselves through it were those of persons well known and dear to them, although in some instances unknown to me.

At first the communications seemed to be entirely personal, but in looking back over those early records we saw that the later revelations had been foreshadowed, as when Frederick, apropos of a discussion concerning national unity of purpose, said to his mother, March 9th: "Many men feel that unity of purpose is dangerous, but it is up to men to guide the purpose to sane and right ends. It must come through an awakening of the souls of the people everywhere. We work for that here, because the growth of the part is the growth of the whole. You can help us and all life by working for that unity with us." A few days afterward, in a similar connection, Mrs. Kendal, another friend on the next plane, said to her husband: "That is the eternal battle, between the purposes of progress and building and the purposes of disintegration. It goes on in your life and it goes on less bitterly in ours. Help me build as we began toward the great unity. All of us here are working against those forces of disintegration so rife in your life now, and every bit of retention of unity that is for upbuilding helps us and helps the great purpose for which we work." At the time, however, these statements seemed to us merely somewhat vague generalities, and I think none of us regarded them as particularly significant.

It was not until March 21st that any suggestion was made of the impersonal revelation to come. On that date Mary K., an old friend of my own, long gone into the Invisible, told me that they had "much to tell and few through whom to

tell it," and that I had been chosen to receive certain messages of grave importance, of a nature not then explained, which in due time I was to make public. Still exceedingly skeptical concerning some aspects of our apparent communication with the Unseen, I received this announcement with complete incredulity. The next day, in amplifying it, she said: "This is war work. It is going to make the war seem what it is, a reawakening of the souls of men. . . . The war will be justified only if this result is obtained. We work for that here and we ask you to help us. There can be no victory unless that is accomplished. . . . Germany is the united purpose of fear. It is her weapon and her weakness, and it is to defeat the force she symbolizes that we all work. . . . There you have the real war, the battle that has gone on from the beginning. This is one of the crises of eternity." Puzzled by the persistence of the idea that a great revelation was to come, I was still incredulous.

The following day the first of twelve extraordinary communications called Lessons was given through my pencil. Taken together, these Lessons contain a philosophy of life, warnings of a great spiritual conflict at hand, and a stirring and beautiful exposition of the brotherhood of man, with a modern interpretation and emphasis of truth as old as time. For the purposes of this report—merely that the terminology used in the quotations here given may be understood, regardless of whether or not the theory be accepted—it is necessary to touch briefly upon one aspect of this teaching.

We are told that intelligent, conflicting spiritual forces, broadly defined as purposes of construction and progress, and purposes of disintegration and destruction, are all about us, striving to influence the destinies of man and constantly appealing to the spirit within each of us to accept their suggestions, in order to recruit their own numbers and increase their united strength in the struggle for and against progress. We are told also that it is each person's privilege to choose which purpose he will serve, and we are urged to make this choice consciously, perceiving its nature.

Now, at last, we come to the "signs."

¹ *The Seven Purposes, Harper & Brothers*

It will be remembered that the first great German drive of 1918 began March 21st. On the 23d the Boche pierced the British second line at one point and the third line at another. The Allied troops were everywhere falling back with appalling losses, the Channel ports were endangered, Big Bertha was adding terror to foreboding in Paris in an attempt to destroy the French morale, and the people of the world hung breathless on the issue. And on the afternoon of the 23d, written into the first Lesson, came the first "sign" in connection with the war, as follows:

"Men are swayed first by one purpose and then by another, and are themselves unable to distinguish between good and evil. This precipitated the Great War with you, the purposes in the Central Empires being more nearly united than elsewhere. Their purposes are fundamentally destructive, because fundamentally autocratic, based on fear, and would ultimately reduce civilization to infancy again. The reason Germany has been able to fight so long is because her purpose is conscious, while the Allies fight blindly but determinedly, moved by purposes they do not recognize and yet must obey. They talk of unity, but do not perceive its nature. They are misled by phrases hollow but plausible, and do not perceive them to be the enemy in disguise—not the mortal enemy, but the ancient purpose divided into many. The light is beginning to break now, and the hour has almost come for the forces of construction to unite and smite powerfully. But it must be consciously as the purpose of construction, if the victory is to be permanent or truly for progress."

This was not recognized at first as actual and literal prophecy, but a few days later, March 28th,¹ General Foch was chosen Commander-in-Chief of all the Allied forces, including those of the United States, and beginning then the military forces of construction, at least, were united, presently to smite powerfully, as all the world now knows.

A few minutes after the first Lesson had been written I learned by telephone

of the disturbing news from France and asked Mary K. whether she could tell me anything further about the situation.

"Yes; it is a force of destruction momentarily victorious, but do not fear. Germany cannot win. She moves steadily toward her destruction."

Skeptical, I asked, "Do you speak in terms finite or infinite?"

"You will see her defeat soon, but the fight eternal will not be over with the end of the Great War. That will be only a temporary lull and we shall have it all to do over and over, until conscious purpose ends it. Do not fear."

Unable in that anxious hour to accept this, believing that the loss of the endangered Channel ports would defeat the Allies, I questioned her again.

"You need not fear the end of the war. It is certain and inevitable. Germany is doomed and must work her way back to light. This is not foreordained, but here we already see the end and are looking toward the battles that will still be raging when the countries of the world seem peaceful."

The next day the British were driven back across the Somme; on the 25th the Boche took many positions, counter-attacks failed, and the Allies lost heavily in men and guns. And on the 26th, while the battle continued disastrously on the whole front south of the Somme, I received the second Lesson, in which the Invisible spoke serenely in the past tense of our war, and sounded an impressive warning. In this connection, I wish to state explicitly that, aside from punctuation and an occasional capital, none of the communications coming through my pencil have been edited. I quote them word for word as they were given to me.

"The forces of disintegration are gathering for a titanic struggle, of which your Great War is only the beginning. Had Germany won there, they would have had a foothold with you that we would find it difficult, if not impossible, to combat effectively for many years. The spirits of free men would have been soiled with fear and despair, and the forces of doubt and disintegration would have held civilization captive.

"Germany has felt her forces weaken and fail under the onslaught of freedom,

¹ This date is variously reported from March 26th to March 29th, but the majority agree on March 28th.

light, and progress, and the forces of disintegration are deserting her. She is left alone, to work her way through mazes of despair back to a place in the sun. She must find her own way. She chose to follow the forces of destruction and they will surely destroy her.

"But the forces she followed are uniting for a fiercer fight, more subtle, more deadly, more furious. Hidden beneath the garments of peace and good will, they make ready to poison the minds of men, before destroying their forces and delaying their purposes.

"This is the battle to which we call you and all who are for progress. This is the message you are to give the world, to warn them of the danger at hand. The time has come when men must choose consciously to fight for or against the forces of construction. They are confused from the conflict within themselves, running hither and thither, calling for help from the gods they have made unto themselves; but looking only to the present good, perceiving only the present purpose, fearing only the present defeat. They will find no help from these gods, for they have impotent feet of clay.

"The forces of disintegration have made friends with the poor and the needy, and have fed them husks of brotherhood. They have made friends with the powerful and rich, and have tempted them with earth and its kingdoms. They have fed the artist falsehoods and the writer fear of fear. They have touched the priest with tainted hands and rulers with fear of the people. They have entered the home and rent it asunder, and the temple is a marketplace. These are the works of the purposes we fight and thus do they disguise themselves. Unless this can be brought home to the minds of men the fight will be long and bitter.

"Forget the class and remember the man. Forget the price and remember the pearl. Forget the labor and remember the fruit. Forget the temple and remember God.

"... This is our call to arms. Arouse ye! Come forth for freedom, light, justice, and progress—consciously, freely, strongly."

The next day Germany announced the capture of Albert, and Mr. Lloyd-George

appealed for strong American reinforcements.

That evening Frederick was "talking" to several of us through my pencil, and when some one just arrived from Washington mentioned that there seemed to be much pessimism in official circles regarding the outcome of the war, he replied, briskly:

"There are lots of things Washington doesn't know. None of us can name the day and hour, but we see the inevitable end coming soon. Germany knows she is weakened, but doesn't know why. We do, and we have told you."

The next "sign" of which I have a record came on the 19th of May, when I asked Mary K. whether she could tell us anything about the German drive known to be imminent.

"Yes," she replied; "it will be fierce but futile. All forces here see her doom, and the war will last only as long as unsupported human endeavor can endure against eternal purpose. Germany has no ally here. The forces that have impelled her for these many years are overpowered by world-purpose and have left Germany to her destruction, *while they prepare to destroy the finest spiritual fruits of victory*. . . . Unless Allied purpose is undermined by forces of spiritual disintegration, Germany is doomed, but the fight must be kept up with confidence and consciously united force and purpose."

On another occasion she expressed this differently and perhaps more clearly to persons unfamiliar with the philosophy as a whole: "We see the awakening purpose of forces for progress in your life and are able to help them in proportion to the vigor with which that purpose is put into action. Germany, on the other hand, fights now with only physical power. . . . Her unity is destroyed, while ours is strengthening. . . . We are your allies, answering your call and inciting you to endeavor. When Germany began this war she had superhuman strength, which the world was unprepared to meet, but for every vibration of pure constructive purpose among the Allies we have added two, and only a weakening of your purpose can defeat us now."

That drive began May 27th, when the

Boche took Chemin-des-Dames Ridge, advanced in the Aisne Valley. The next day the Allied armies were still retiring steadily; on the 29th Soissons and many prisoners were lost, and on the 30th the enemy was very near Rheims.

This afternoon I asked Mary K. again for information, and she replied: "Germany does not win this drive, either. Our forces rally and the end is near."

To this confident prophecy Maynard Holt, another friend on the next plane, added the following indorsement: "All forces have withstood the blow and gather for the final and decisive defeat of Germany."

For various reasons unimportant to this narrative, we did not ask for war news frequently, nor was such information often volunteered, but lest the length of time between these prophecies be misinterpreted, I wish to state explicitly that I am suppressing nothing contradictory in this connection. While the Intelligences using my pencil have been slightly inaccurate occasionally—though not often—in statements concerning minor, personal details of our lives, seeming sometimes to perceive them indistinctly and rarely seeming to regard them as important, they have been invariably correct in the information they have given us regarding public movements. In the three instances to be mentioned later when definite prophecy was not fulfilled in literal physical detail, it was fulfilled broadly in effect.

The fifth German drive opened July 15th. At that time I was in a small New England village, and before the news of this offensive reached me, I asked Mary K., "What of the war?"

"We win. Very soon now. The end is near."

That day the Boche crossed the Marne and the United States troops were driven back, but later made counterattacks and took prisoners. On the 16th and 17th, while the Germans were repulsed at certain points, they were still advancing. On the 18th, the French and Americans advanced from three to six miles on a twenty-five mile front, taking many towns and prisoners. This news was telephoned to us from New York.

"It is the beginning of the end," Mary

K. told us that night. "There may be delays and temporary reverses, but the tide has turned."

The next day the Boche began his retreat across the Marne, and from that time the Allied advance was steady, with temporary checks here and there. In March, 1919, glancing through a book about the war by a famous correspondent, I was interested, remembering Mary K.'s words, to find the chapter describing the offensive of July 18th headed, "The Turn of the Tide."

"The end is in sight," Frederick told us, on the 4th of August. "We don't predict the date, but it may come within a few weeks. It may carry on for months, but the fear in Germany, once roused and loosed, will spread like wild-fire, and when that happens it is the end of this fight. . . . It all depends on whether their leaders can hide the truth from them a little longer. We hope they will fail in this, and in that case a short time will end it. I told you long ago that your war was the salvation of the civilized world. Men were divided into many groups, many parties, many camps, each against all the others. One of the reasons it has been worth while to give this new revelation of purpose and unity and brotherhood now is that war has taught the value of purpose, the strength of unity, the reality of brotherhood. There are still many differences of opinion about social and political conditions and remedies, but even more than those who have stayed at home working and fearing and suffering, those who have been in the thick of the fight over there will be ready to accept the warning of spiritual conflict following physical war, and more ready and able to put into active practice the principles of purpose and unity and brotherhood physical conflict has taught them to understand and respect."

On the evening of August 12th three of us—two men and myself—expected a communication from a friend whom we had been told would come that night, and we were decidedly startled by a voluntary and explicit and totally unexpected statement concerning the end of the war, which was signed "William James." I have been asked not to publish this prophecy until it has been en-

tirely fulfilled, and at present (March, 1919) a part of its fulfilment is delayed, though still possible. However, I am at liberty to quote one phrase of it: "The war will end in October of this year."

Unfortunately, space does not permit me to quote the opinions of the best war correspondents and military experts as publicly expressed at this time, but reference to the files of newspapers and magazines will show how at variance their opinions were with the above statement.

As I have said, we were startled, none of us having anticipated quite so speedy a termination of hostilities, and as there were circumstances quite apart from its content that made us question the authenticity of the whole communication, including the signature, we hesitated to accept it as prophecy, whereupon several others of our invisible friends indorsed it as authentic.

This proved to be one of the predictions not literally fulfilled in physical detail, as the fighting continued until November 11th, but Germany's application for an armistice, signed by Doctor Solf, was made October 27th, and on the 30th German aeroplanes dropped pamphlets inside the American lines declaring that the German government was ready for peace. One of these pamphlets was exhibited at the Aeronautic Exposition in New York in March, 1919. It is quite evident, therefore, that as far as spirit and purpose were concerned, the war was over in October.

Bulgaria surrendered September 30th. We asked our friends whether they were celebrating with us, and one of them replied, "We knew it long ago."

A few days later, during the interchange of notes between Germany and the United States, I received an apprehensive letter asking what our invisible communicators thought of President Wilson's reply, called by Mr. Lansing "an inquiry," to the German peace move. I referred the question to Mary K.

"Tell Mr. T. to keep his loud cries until occasion arises. The war will end in victory, not in discussion. . . . Do not fear. Victory is near." Further questioning elicited the information that discussions in Germany's interest would be "hampered by military victory."

"You are sure you mean military victory in our sense?" I asked. "Not what we might call moral victory?"

"No, military victory. The day is at hand. . . . We tell only what we know to be true, and it will be as we have foretold."

Sunday, October 13th, the papers published the German reply to the President's inquiry, and I asked Mary K., "Do you call this a military victory?"

"No, we do not. We do not call this victory. Wait. This is not the end. We shall win. Military victory will come within a few days. . . . Be confident. We win. We told you the war would end in military victory. It will."

On the 19th several members of Frederick's family were with us, and in telling them of his recent activities he said he had been "working most of the time for the victorious end" of our war, adding: "It is here. You don't see it yet, but you will very soon. We know that it is ending now. . . . Germany knows herself beaten and the crash may come any hour. Peace with victory is here."

"The Germans are beginning to crumble to a much greater degree than the Allies realize," he went on, replying to the doubts of one of our number, "and we have all been fighting to prevent a possible slackening of Allied effort and to force the truth upon Germany."

During the autumn there were many days when nothing coherent or significant came through my pencil. Mary K., whom I usually relied upon for information about the war, was with me very little at that time. She told me afterward that she had sent me occasional messages, which were apparently delivered under her signature by some unidentified personality, not always literally and generally with much hesitation and effort.

For example, on October 29th I tried to learn how things were going in Europe, and the pencil wrote, "Germany will surrender to-morrow." On the morrow the terms of the Turkish armistice were signed.

"Has Germany surrendered?" I asked on the 30th. At that time the German note asking for an armistice had not been published in this country.

"No, but she will soon."

"How soon? In time to fulfil Professor James's prophecy?"

"Not as it is worded, but that is only external. . . . Germany will surrender soon enough to make William James's prophecy true." This came with great difficulty, and I asked for an explanation. "Certain statements—not statements—phrasing—not definitely accurate."

Later, during the same interview, in reply to questions about Germany, it was written, "They will actually surrender to-morrow." On the 31st Austria practically surrendered in the field.

So, taking into consideration the extraordinary correctness of earlier predictions and the difficulties of communication at this time, it seems not unreasonable to assume that enemy forces were designated as Germany's, since their defeat contributed to hers, which followed within a few days.

In addition to the war prophecies, two other "signs" having to do with public interests may be quoted, both connected with elections. The first, concerning the Senatorial election in Wisconsin, April 2, 1918, has already been published.

Late that night we asked Mary K., more or less as a test, whether she could tell us who had been elected.

"Lenroot elected by latest count," she returned. "Close in some places. We consider him elected."

We marked the time, and it was five minutes past midnight. The suburban editions of certain New York City papers, which must have gone to press about that time, practically conceded the election to Mr. Davies, reporting him ahead by returns then available, and it was not until the end of the following day that Mr. Lenroot's success was certain.

The other instance occurred in connection with President Wilson's appeal for a Democratic Congress, issued October 24th. On the 25th Maynard Holt was asked whether the people would respond to this request.

"The people are not led to that extent," he replied. "The spirit of this country is awake at last."

A few minutes later Mary K. added, "Between now and November fifth much water will go under the bridges."

Several similar predictions were made during the following days. At half past nine on the evening of November 5th I asked Mary K. to tell me how the country had decided, but obtained no reply. At quarter before eleven I asked again, and the answer came quickly and with vigor:

"We have won. The elections have ended and they have answered Wilson. Wilson stands properly rebuked before the world. The people have spoken."

We went down to Times Square to learn how the different sections of the country had reacted, but up to half past twelve there were practically no returns concerning Congressional candidates, and we decided to wait no longer—fortunately, for it was two days before the final result was known.

All these predictions and their fulfillments, taken together, may fairly be offered, I think, as "signs" that the Intelligences guiding my pencil have a more than human prescience, and the impressive warnings coming from the same sources may equally be presented as portents worthy of serious consideration—a consideration which, to be effective, must be expressed in immediate action. For every thinking person must recognize that the beginnings of that "fiercer fight, more subtle, more deadly, more furious," are already creeping—where they are not sweeping—into the lives and relations of men.

The first Lesson, given to me March 23, 1918, closed with these words: "It is a common purpose we serve, for building or for tearing down. It is impossible to be consistently for both continuously. That has made the Great War, and that is the struggle that must be settled in the minds of men before there can be peace on earth, or lasting and progressive brotherhood."

Five days later, Frederick said, "There's the very devil of a fight coming, and we've got to gather every force we have and unite it." It was on this occasion, too, that he told us—using the past tense, "Beating Germany was as necessary to the world's health as sanitation to a hospital."

In the fourth Lesson, written April 1st, this passage occurs: "A great brotherhood is possible only when its

component parts are great. Strength lies not in numbers, but in purpose. The fit may not lie down with the unfit and their progeny survive. The strong may not yield their purpose to the weak and their strength remain. A light breaks in the East—Russia, given as a sacrifice to the brotherhood of men. A light not of star or dawn, but of sacrificial fire. Heed it, guard it, ye youths and virgins, for by its flaming sacrifice are ye saved!"

"Our effort now is to unite all forces for Progress in conscious co-operation," Maynard Holt told a friend, April 11th. "The forces of disintegration are gathering for a battle of wits and morals, and we are emulating Germany in just one thing. We are preparing. We want you to wake up and realize what is going on."

On the 19th of April, Frederick said: "While the end of the war is certain, the economic conditions with you following the war are impossible now to foresee. We have no way of knowing how that struggle between labor and capital, power of foundation and power of development, will end. That is one of the reasons we are so eager to get all the forces for true progress united now. . . . Get in unity, regardless of class."

Just a month later, May 19th, Mary K. gave me the statement previously quoted, to the effect that the forces impelling Germany for many years had left her to her destruction, "while they prepare to destroy the finest spiritual fruits of victory."

On the 24th of August, Frederick was asked, "Is the tendency toward socialism and government control in this country going to continue?"

"That is one of the things we are trying to prepare for," he replied. "There is going to be a determined effort to put it over. The socialists will try to continue certain policies made necessary by the emergency of war. They will try to prevent the repeal or discontinuance of government control of railroads and various public utilities, and the laboring classes will help them fight for wage-fixing at the present high average, regardless of the result to employers and financiers, unless it can be put up to them convincingly that the cause of the employer is the cause of the laborer, too. There has been a long education in the

other direction, and unless it can be stemmed in some way, there is quite a probability that there will be more government control before there is less. It is not the best way to develop the individual, and the development of the individual is the only sound basis for society to work from; but it may be necessary for this country to make that mistake and suffer the consequences before it takes the proper steps toward individual freedom and development. We hope not. We hope there may be enough unity in the opposition to government control of private enterprise to prevent the growth of a system retarding in its ultimate effect.

"Government control of railroads and lines of communication generally might be a good thing, if the thing could be absolutely divorced from politics. They belong properly to public affairs, as do postal affairs and the army. But until men vote from conviction and not from political sympathy or affiliation, until the country's government is recognized as more important than private business, until men become citizens first and private individuals afterward, it's pretty dangerous to put anything more under government control. . . . This paternal-government business has been tried out. Not as a republican government, to be sure, but just the same it's going backward to consider it. It limits the individual. Certain laws of restraint and discipline are necessary until men learn to restrain and discipline themselves, but socialism and government control of private enterprise is not the way to develop discipline and self-restraint in the individual. More responsibility, not less, is what the growing child, and the growing man, and the growing nation, and the growing race need."

"Does that mean that the future of this country should not be along socialistic lines?"

"Not politically socialistic. We want a greater unity of feeling among men and women, but we do not want the individual hampered, limited, or bound in any way that prescribes or proscribes his free choice. You see, what we are really after is to educate and transform the destructive forces,

and make them construct and know why they do it. . . . We want you to know who's who and what's what, and we want you to progress because you choose to march that way, and not because some other fellow ties you up with a rope and drags you. You know how much the honesty that is policy is worth in a crisis, don't you? Well, this is a crisis, and it isn't going to help any to make children good because the opportunity to be bad is taken away from them."

Sunday, September 1st, a man who is at the head of an organization doing business all over the world, handling a commodity important to the government in war, came in to spend the afternoon. He had seen none of this involuntary writing, but was interested in what I had told him about it. He said, however, that he was in no state of mind to talk about it then, because the war situation seemed to him serious, and he was trying to decide whether he would be of more service to the country in his office or in the army. A little later, Maynard evinced a desire to "talk" to him, and said, in part:

"There is a great work to be done by men of high ideals and wide vision in foreign trade, because through channels opened in that way the world can be reached. There are few men at present whom we can reach directly, and few whom we can rely upon to sink petty and personal considerations in pursuit of world - progress. . . . Conscious co-operation is what we need. The Great War will soon be over. We know your struggle and we do not wish to dictate your choice, but we ask you to consider the value of individual effort in a conflict already won in essence, as against co-operative and wide-reaching effort in a conflict just about to begin. Both are battles. Both require courage. We ask also for judgment born of experience, for strength and vision, and long, hard work, with only your own and your associates' knowledge of your purpose as your reward. Your influence will reach far. *A greater danger than Germany threatens.* Think well before you relinquish the organization at your disposal. It may become a powerful engine of progress and you an ally of eternal constructive purpose."

"Will the standards of honesty which we think should obtain among men be brought about among nations by the war?" he was asked. "Or is that to be a part of the coming struggle?"

"The international standard of honesty is not high. If the right men sit at the peace table it may be elevated somewhat. . . . The coming struggle will be among nations, but also within nations. It will approach a civil war spiritually if not physically. Gather together all of your own purpose and ideals, privately and publicly, of every rank and class, and appeal constantly to the constructive desire in all men everywhere, at home and abroad. The men in the army have stopped the physical tide and the spiritual menace it bore. You who fight the battles of peace must look to the standards of honesty, of humanity, of true and permanent development, at home and abroad, personally and publicly, in affairs of business and in affairs of nations. The battle to come will not be localized, and the standards of all nations will be naked in the hands of their citizens.

"The war will help purify certain nations of politicians, but, after all, commerce rules the world. Economic conditions govern their policies. Purify commerce, co-operate in economics, and you have the situation in hand. But to do that efficiently, labor and capital must be reconciled, freedom must be understood rather than exploited, and the relation of the part to the whole must be recognized. This will not be easily accomplished, and the forces that moved Germany to destruction are already at work among the nations, preparing to divide them against themselves."

During a discussion of national interests, September 29th, Mary K. said: "The war has roused the people to a degree precluding the possibility of returning to the indifference making the old mistakes again. The danger is from . . . dreaming and selfishness, disguised as justice and humanity."

"Co-operation is the answer to all the trouble coming," Frederick told a business man, late in October. "Go to it! We're with you!"

A few days later, some one talking to

Maynard Hoyt mentioned that all the prophecies were coming true and the forces of destruction losing everywhere.

"They're going to fight," he warned us. "They're getting ready. But they can be defeated, and will be if this country can be united against them. Our danger and our strength are here."

Again, on the 3d of January, Frederick returned to this subject of conflict following the war, saying:

"Centuries sometimes see less change than the last year has shown, and more beneficent changes are at hand unless the others win. But they must not! Pull together, pull, pull! It's for bigger things than you dream."

"The troubles we told you of are beginning," he said to his mother, less than two weeks later, "and we are having a lively scrap trying to hold down the forces here that are trying to inspire and strengthen the disaffected elements with you."

We mentioned Maynard Holt's statement that "a greater danger than Germany" threatened, and Frederick replied: "It is a greater danger than Germany as you knew her, a wider and spiritually stronger coalition of destruction, but not as well organized yet as Germany was. . . . Point out the fact that repeatedly and persistently we have told you the truth, and call them to get together for construction. . . . It need not be a world revolution, but it will be if the constructive among you don't wake up. This isn't ten years off. It's now. But it can still be stopped."

The allusions to this wide-spread spiritual conflict are too many to quote in full, but one of the most impressive came late in February, when an Englishman about to sail for home asked Mary K. for a message to England. Here is her reply.

"Tell England to help establish confidence and co-operation among men everywhere, at home and abroad. At present we are much more concerned to establish confidence among men than to establish their confidence in us and in this communication between the embodied and the disembodied. If they will trust us, we can help; but unless they trust each other, destruction may overwhelm them. Not England alone,

but all civilized nations. That is our message to England."

And that, she might have added, is a part of the message sent by the invisible Forces of Construction to all the world.

Various theories—coincidence, telepathy, subconscious knowledge—have been advanced in attempts to explain the prophecies coming through my pencil as something other than what they purport to be. But the arm of coincidence, however long, can hardly be stretched to cover the number of correct predictions received during the past year, especially as there has not been one instance of contradiction. Telepathy—even leaving aside the complicated question of selection of suggestion—and subconscious knowledge seem equally inadequate as explanation, in view of the fact that nobody in the world knew the outcome of certain of these movements when the prophecies concerning them were received.

It is simple now, looking back over the final months of the war, to prove that Germany's defeat was inevitable. In the moment of success, the human mind is ever prone to minimize past fears and to confuse past uncertainty with conviction. But in March, 1918, with French and British troops falling back toward the Channel ports and our own participation in the war still little more than a promise—a promise already long delayed of fulfilment by our unreadiness, the result seemed anything but certain. On March 23, 1919, the *New York Tribune* said, editorially: "A year ago the Hindenburg drive was at its height. The Allied peoples stood aghast. Marshal Foch said the other day that faith had won the war. But in the last week of March, 1918, Allied faith had dropped very near the vanishing-point. . . . The gloom of a year ago was deep. And it seemed based on realities." Therefore, when we were told, March 23, 1918, that Germany's defeat was inevitable, and that the hour had almost come "for the forces of construction to unite and smite powerfully," it was literal and explicit prophecy, however vague it may seem in the light of later events.

Similarly, when we were told in March, 1918, that the purposes of de-

struction were making ready "to poison the minds of men, before destroying their forces and delaying their purposes," the predicted conflict seemed inconsistent with the military victory we were promised, which then seemed to spell peace. In March, 1919, we see more clearly some phases of that "titanic struggle" of which the war was said to be only the beginning. So, too, with most of the other prophecies, many of which were in direct opposition to what we who received them believed probable.

Therefore, taking into consideration all these "signs" that have been given to us, one feels warranted in emphasizing afresh the warnings and the urgent pleas for united constructive effort emanating from the same sources.

"Double your efforts to bring men together in purpose," a visitor from the second plane beyond our own wrote re-

cently to his son. "Details of disagreement must be put aside now. The crisis is the more serious because it is not yet fully understood, and men who should be working in perfect harmony toward a common and clearly visible end are squabbling over small details of political or social theory. . . . Destructive forces are organizing rapidly and proselyting vigorously in all classes and in all—or almost all—countries. When they cannot create a strong union for their own purposes, they create discontent and disaffection among those who should be strongly constructive. This is no time to split up anything, unless it is actively destructive. Hold together, and change direction where it is necessary. But hold together. And gather in more where you can. Work for more understanding, more sympathy, more common effort for a common good."

A Summer Song

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

THE winds of morning are like lyres;
Now flame and flare the poppy fires
The garden ways along,
And the sequestered forest choirs
Are rapturous with song.

The drowsy burden of the bee
Is like a honeyed harmony,
And till dark claims its own
The crickets will chirr ceaselessly
In rhythmic monotone.

Then, with the falling of the dusk,
The scent of mignonette and musk
Will all the air enshroud,
And the new moon will slip its husk
Of sailing silver cloud.

And in the glamour of its light
You, clad in draperies of white,
As fair as those above,
Will steal adown the paths of night
To keep a tryst with Love.

“Missing”

BY MRS. HENRY DUDENEY



WHEN all your life you have been a shepherd and then they turn you into a soldier!

You see strange lands; you are wounded, imprisoned, hunted; you get away at last; and you come home. You are here, standing on the top of the hills—these gracious green giants that all your life made your boundaries; were your girdle; hemmed you in.

The misty blue nose of Firle Beacon, suddenly appearing as he crowned a ridge, made him understand how he had fretted for these hills in a strange land.

He was thinking about this as he went along, walking high, with the arable land and the little villages far below. It was a wonderful walk that he was taking, for he was still weak, bewildered, and half starved, so that nothing seemed quite real and he was ready for anything.

He would have a lot to tell Annie. She wouldn't believe half. There were things that he did not expect her to believe, and other things that he did not want to tell her—horrible things that he, with the others, had suffered. He did not wish her to know, yet he knew very well that it would all trickle out of him as they sat together by the fire that night, just the three of them.

As he walked along he looked at the sky, asking it that futile question which men ask. He asked why wars were. Why should this shocking thing be which took a man away from his sheep and his wife and his home?

But it was over and it would not be again in his time. So he could once more be a shepherd and be a husband.

As he walked along he noticed things. The hill was vividly green, and a black cow sitting on the slope of it had a domestic pose. She looked, so he thought, like a cat sitting on a hearth-rug.

He went lilting down. In a few min-

utes he would come to that rough sheep-track, milk-white, chalky, which led to his cottage.

He clumped along in a quiet yet thrilling gratitude of mind. He had come back; he was safe and sound.

There had been rain for many days. The blurred, blossoming look of that flooded marshland was not lost upon him. Seven miles or more away lay the blue sea. He knew just where to look for it, but he did not want to see it any more. He'd done with the sea and done with travel, pray God.

There was a soft mist that day. Through it came the sound of bells. Then he saw, some distance off, a vague, pearly mass of sheep, just faintly moving on the edge of the hill, on its steep north side.

He listened to those bells, he saw the rigid black figure of the shepherd, and he saw the shepherd's watchful dog. He had come back, and he also was going to be a shepherd until he died.

Men that he knew, that he had soldiered with, been a prisoner with, swore that they would not return to quiet country labor. They talked of towns and new lands; they laughed at him. But all he wanted was to live all day upon the hills he knew, leading sheep, days on the hills, nights in the warm cottage, just the three of them. What more did a man want?

He had come back to it all. He would be home in a minute. Very soon there would be arms 'round him, kissing, and a glad noise—behind a shut door.

He came to the track, which was just one of many tracks, leading off the great Downs. They are all alike, and each man loves his own best. So, when he saw that track his eye—that started from a sharp cheek-bone—was alert with rapture. There was stinging in his eyes, oppression at his breast. He was so weak and so glad.

Annie had very likely given him up

for dead. Hundreds had died, men that he knew, comrades. But he had doggedly lived through it all. He was strong. And he meant to get back to Sussex, to sheep.

He went squelching down the track, and that creamy fluid, the Sussex mud, was over the tops of his boots. At a wind of the track he came upon his cottage. He could see it, lying a long way down. It was square-built, and all upon one floor. It had a wandering garden in which a yew-tree grew. It was not pretty; the roof was slate, the walls were cemented and they looked damp. Yet it seemed to melt into the hills and it assaulted nothing.

He had brought Annie to this cottage as a bride; it had seen the babyhood of Bob. So to him it was full of ardor, full of delight, full of pathos. To him it was a palace of the heart.

He went very carefully down that sticky track; even he, who knew Sussex soil so well, for the wet chalk is more slippery than ice.

Three parts of the way down was a heavy gate, leading into a tiny field. Before the gate was a churned-up patch of mud. It was patterned over, feathered with the thousand little footmarks of sheep.

The marks of their feet, the hurdles that inclosed them, the faint, unpleasing smell of the flock, and the sound of the bell thrilled him. He felt stifled, and he stood still in a stupid, mad delight, looking at those munching, blowing sheep that were hurdled off in the small field. Then he turned 'round with his back to the gate, leaning on it, and he looked at the hill he had descended, that round, green giant behind which in winter-time the sun dropped so early, leaving the cottage dull and the chalk track ghostly, grim.

He looked up. The aimless shepherd with his sheep had followed. He was standing on the top of the hill, sharply outlined against the sky. He moved very slowly, like a wraith, and he drove his sheep through a flock of gulls that rose screaming and circling.

This returned soldier stood by the gate, looking up, grinning fondly. He had done that, with gulls, with sheep, a dozen times. He recalled it—the stupid,

uncaring sheep, the gulls that were so noisy and that looked like silver in the sun. To-day they were thick white and pallid through the mist. He recalled it with a great joy, the things that he had seen, that he had done upon these hills—and would see and do again. He thought of flint stones in the chalk and the way they twinkled as the light caught them. He thought of all the pretty summer things—tiny blossoms, tinkling silence, happy haze.

He went on to the cottage, and, now that he was so near, he felt afraid. If, in four years, anything had happened to Annie! Sometimes a soldier came home and found his wife dead—or worse! Suppose she had thought him dead! Suppose she had got married again! Such things were. Many affairs might come between a man and a woman in four years. He had been reported missing. He knew that.

There was her curtain at the window. A white curtain with a green stripe and a pink flower. She was fond of color. There was a long, long row of washing in the garden. She had set up three new clothes-posts. Proper posts they were, too!

He looked at this limp washing, critically, fearfully. He did not know what to expect. He wished he was inside. He shook.

He was back, he was at home, he stood at his own gate. It was wonderful; it made him stupid, silly. He had returned to a good wife—and not only to a wife. There was other love to reckon with. He smiled, for there were three of them, not two.

He meant to be easy, happy, comfortable, for the rest of his days. Fair wages, good food, a clean bed—what else did a man want? And he had earned it. There they would be, all three of them, in the cottage, sleeping through the black night, at the end of the track, at the foot of the hill.

Yet he had brought back memories. There were things—and sights—that he could not forget. It would all be painted on his pillow. Pictures would put themselves between him and Annie as she lay with her head on the other pillow. He could see her head on the pillow, as it used to look and as it would look

to-night. Lots of hair! And it was the color of the sun when the sun is sulky.

He went in at the gate. The front door looked so shut, as if it did not mean to open, as if it had not been opened since he went away. He walked through the garden and the strange, wet washing flapped into his face. He kept fighting it back; in a way, he was cursing, for, somehow, things were strange. The back door was open, so he stepped noiselessly into the wash-house. There was the bucket she took to the well. There was her old cap behind the door. There were the brooms and the bowls. It all seemed unreal and heartless to him, for he had been so far and seen so much, while nothing here had changed.

Four years he had been a soldier, and two years out of that four he had been a prisoner. They had given him up. He was a dead man, standing in the wash-house, looking about him. That was it. They all took him for a dead man. And—Annie?

The door leading into the front room was open and there she stood, unchanged—as her brooms and buckets! She had her back to him; she was ironing. He stood breathless, staring at her bowed shoulders and her graying hair. She was not very young. Neither of them was.

Could anything be more lovely, more safe, more at home than that warm smell of ironing? He did not feel afraid any more. He did not put questions to his heart, piling up quick agony on agony, for there she stood, and unchanged.

He looked at her, rejoicing in that glory of her auburn hair that was turning gray. There was so much of it. Her head seemed overweighted. He had married her for that flaming mop of hair, and often told her so—in their best moments and their bitter ones.

He surveyed her sharp shoulders and sinewy hand as she stood there patiently ironing. She had never been pretty, even as a girl, and now she was a lean woman with a big nose, with staring eyes that were the color of her hair. But she was his and he had come to her; that was enough.

Mixed up with the smell of ironing was the smell of food. What had she got in the pot? His staring eyes, finding

the pot on the hob, were famished. He had a lust for hot food.

He looked at the pot, he looked at his wife, and then he looked round for the other one. For there were two of them that he dearly loved and had come back to. A whimsical, kind smile crossed his mouth and made his gaunt face roguish.

Then he felt afraid again and then he listened. For he saw nothing, only Annie ironing. And he heard nothing. He stood there, looking, listening. He was sniffing—at the smell of the irons, at the smell from the pot.

After dinner and a wash, he'd sleep. Then he would have his tea. After tea he would walk to the village and drink at the Tiger and talk with the neighbors. But he would not stay long, for Annie would want him with her by the fire. How many nights in the past had he come home along the zigzag track from the village? Nights when there was a reeling moon in a sky of drunken, fleeing cloud—and he a bit drunk, perhaps; just now and then, not often!

He kept staring round the room, for he was puzzled, and again he was cold with fear. He stood pinching in his breath, behind his wife who was ironing. He looked toward the old-fashioned, wide sofa that had been his mother's and had been a place where he had cuddled up when he was small or sick. It was piled with rough-dry linen waiting for the iron.

Annie had been forced to take in washing. Was that it? He looked at her bowed back and rhythmic hand. She wouldn't let him cuddle up on the sofa in the middle of the clean linen, would she? Yet where was he? This was what he kept asking himself as he looked and as he listened.

He saw nothing on the floor but the well swept druggot that had a hole in it near the arm-chair. In that chair he used to doze off after supper and scuffle his feet. How warm it used to be after supper, with the window and the door shut, with the wood burning and the wind blowing hard outside. He remembered how he used to come down, stiff, from the hill and how he used to shut the door and blow and breathe hard and stamp his feet.

Annie went to the fire for a fresh iron,

half turned, and saw him! He marked that her face was glowing, yet abashed, and that she had been crying. All this he saw—but in a moment only. Then they were in each other's arms, stifling, close, strangling. They murmured and choked and laughed. They were in a delirium of reunion. Their world was transformed.

At last she dragged back, she looked at him. He saw the bitterness at the corners of her mouth and the tears in the corners of her eyes. She was astringent and melting. Then she started sobbing violently, fiercely, so it seemed to him. And she fell on the sofa in the middle of the white linen she had washed. It grouped about her formally, all of it bone dry.

"You was wounded and missing. I thought you'd never come back no more."

"I've been a prisoner, my dear." He stood over her, seeming helpless, dazed. "Me and some more chaps got away. I shall have things to tell you, Annie—digging tunnels, crawling out; hiding in the daytime, traveling nights. An' when we did get across the frontier we heard it was all over. The war was done, so we needn't have troubled."

She pulled him down to her, holding his hand tight, averting her face. So they sat together on this old sofa.

"I'm glad you've got back," she said, brokenly, "for I never looked to see you again."

He was staring at her profile; he could not miss that stark terror on her face. She was afraid of something—dreadfully, dreadfully afraid. That was plain to him. Their frantic hands were locked together. He looked at her menacing side-face; he looked 'round the room. His eyes were full of baffled, stupid terror. For when he went away there had been three of them. And now they were but two. He asked her at last, and he was afraid to ask.

"Where's Bob, then?"

Now it was out. She turned 'round, seeming ghastly, and she left him, walking defiantly to the mantelpiece.

There were two china dogs on it with gilt chains round their necks, one at each end. In the middle was a china shepherd with his dog at his feet and a lamb

in his arms. She felt behind this shepherd; she returned to her husband, carrying something.

"I kept his collar," she said, sullenly. "I thought that if s'be you ever did come back you'd like his collar."

She pushed it into his hands and he foolishly turned it about—Bob's collar, with Bob's name on it and the faint smell of Bob drifting up from it. The soul of his sheep-dog came to him through that collar.

"He's dead, then?" His sad eye gleamed in the great socket as he asked.

She looked savagely at that stricken face.

"Do you know," she demanded, "what food has rose to? Dog's food, I mean. And he was so big; he jes' wolfed it. Anybody 'u'd think he was a child, the fuss you make!"

"He was like a child, Annie. He was the only one we got. Think I 'ain't fretted for him?"

"Very likely." She was dry. "Fretted more 'n you did for me."

"Don't you be a fool. That's different. Why, coming over the hill I thought out how it 'u'd be—him thumpin' his tail and barkin' and jumpin' an' tearin' me to rags."

"You're in rags now, come to that."

She seemed implacable—but he knew her. She was always like that when her heart was softest.

"Yes, I'm in rags, and I'm dirty and hungry, my gell."

"Poor old chap! You hungry!" She sat down; she flung one arm 'round his neck. She saw the tears in his eyes, and tears struggled down her own contorted face. For a moment they cried together. And the faint smell from the dog's collar drifted up to them.

"Well, I'm heartbroke," he said; "that's all. Why, we've had him since he was a baby! He couldn't stand on his four legs that night I brung him home in my pocket. For weeks he couldn't straddle across the door-step. Remember that night he first come?"

She nodded. Then she methodically brought out her handkerchief. She wiped her own eyes, then she wiped her husband's.

"No good us bein' two old fools about him," she said, brusquely. "He's gone."

"You made him lap milk from your two fingers that night. Remember?"

She nodded impatiently.

"When he growed up, summer and winter he stood out on them hills with me. That's company, if you like. You women, biding at home in the warm, you don't reckon what it means to a man. Out in all weathers, me and him, together. I was lookin' forward to us doing it again. Reckon I looked to that more 'n I did to anything else."

"Like as not," she snapped. "Don't matter about me."

"Freezin' cold up there; the wind fit to cut your soul out. Up there with the lambs all night, lambin'-times, me an' him. Watchin' me with his funny old eyes, one brown, one blue."

He turned from her. He rested his arm on the end of the sofa, he dropped his head and hid his face.

"An' you've gone an' killed him because he would have his belly full."

His wife arose. She stood before him in a valedictory way.

"Can't you hear his old tail thump, Annie? Wonder he 'ain't haunted you. Can't you feel his big paw comin' up to your knee meal-times? Wonder you can get your victuals down! Remember the way he'd stand on his hind legs supper-time, leanin' his back agen' the arm-chair. He hadn't got many tricks, but that was one. I never taught him that. He thought of it hisself."

"It's all very well," she said, shrilly, rating him, "for you, comin' back like this! But how do you think I've managed on your soldierin' pay? Women what's got children are better off. The price of things is cruel. Was I to go hungry? Was he to be full? Is that what you want? An' I couldn't"—she was wailing—"goo out to work, like some does. I ain't strong; you know that. I have took in a bit of washin', as you see, but it's 'most broke my back."

He lifted his face and he looked at her very tenderly.

"I knows, my dear. I don't want to be hard on you, Annie. But I'm come back, an' I could have worked to fill you both. I'm as strong as I ever was—once I get some good food in me. If I hadn't been strong, I'd ha' died. Lots did. Why, they dropped off like sheep wi'

the scab. Prisoners, I mean. We got not to take no notice. We'd ha' gone mad if we'd noticed."

He shivered. She dropped down to the sofa; she snuggled up to him at once. For that was her way, to change about. You never knew how to take her.

"You've come back," she said, dramatically. "Oh, I've got you. Don't you fret, old man, over a dog. Why, I've missed him, too! Think I 'ain't? Last night I never slept a wink. An' I've been fair lost all day. I couldn't give over cryin'. But what was the good? It was a good offer, an'—"

"A good offer! Then he ain't dead? Bob's alive, then?"

He pushed her away. He stood on his feet, erect, gaunt, swaying, looking the color of dirty chalk, chalk with great shadows in it.

There was one second of supreme silence. Annie sat still.

"He ain't dead," she said, grimly, "unless he've broke his heart since yesterday. There's been a lady stayin' in the village an' she took a gurt fancy to Bob. She wouldn't leave me alone; she never give over till I ses yes. An' she paid me a good price."

"Where's the money?"

"Money! Lord! I spent it in the village yesterday afternoon. Things I owed for. Money goos like water. Wait till you've been home a week."

The rigor of the war had crushed her. He could see that. She had been soured, afraid, desperate. The thought came to him that he must love her back—to sweetness, to laughing, to lightness.

He was a lover still. Just standing on the hills all day with sheep had kept him fiery, made him thoughtful. He would woo her again—but first he must fetch Bob. He was dizzy. His dog was not dead.

"Where's she took him to?"

His wife arose; she walked to the mantelpiece again, felt behind one of the china dogs and brought out an envelope.

"It's Westdean," she said. "Fossiter's the name. She's stayin' at the rectory."

She gave him the paper. He snatched it, and at the same moment with his other hand he caught at the table, to save himself from falling. He felt light and small, weak, dim.

"I tell you I've spent the money," said Annie, following him when, after a pause, he moved toward the door.

"I've got money. Don't you worry about money no more."

She seemed to see his leanness for the first time.

"Why, you're a walkin' shadow!" she added. "You don't goo off like this without a bite. I've got some liver stewin' in the pot." She was close behind him, putting her arms 'round his neck again, loving him, luring him. "Now you set down in the easy-chair. I'll spread the cloth."

He shook his head. He was pulling at the front door and it stuck.

"I been gooin' in an' out at the back sence you went away. Where you off to? Tiger?"

That was her all over. But she never meant it. He remembered how she used to scold Bob—and then give him the best bits off her plate.

"I'm off to Westdean," he told her, coolly.

She knew that voice. It brought her to heel, for she knew, as Bob knew, just how far she could go with him.

"Westdean! 'Tis ten mile—five there, five back. An' all acrost them hills. You ain't fit for it. You'll drop."

He had the door open at last, and he turned to her solemnly.

"I'll be back afore dark," he said. "We'll be back, me and Bob." Then he laughed in her face and looked loving.

He walked away, through the garden and out at the gate. She watched him; she was stunned. Then she wheeled 'round to the cupboard and cut bread,

in a panic. She found a rind of cheese. She wrapped it all in paper and ran after him.

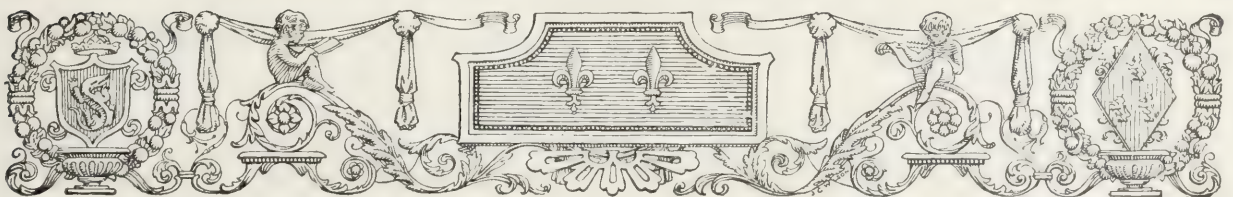
"Eat that as you goo along," she said with wonderful tenderness, when she caught him up. She stuffed it into his gaping pocket. "There, you old softie!" she said, unsteadily. "An' give me a kiss."

So they repeated their moment, their ravishment, here out on the open track, which narrowed to the hill, which widened to the village and became a lane. He had her in arms before their own gate. Wild clematis was in crowns that looked like dirty soapsuds upon the high hedges. Little writhen thorn-trees were aflame with berry on this mild December day.

"Yes, you goo an' fetch him." She laughed a little, and took her face out from the folds of his greatcoat. "He'll be half off his silly old chump when he sees you."

So he—who had been a shepherd and a soldier—went off alone, with his face turning steadfast toward Westdean. He rejoiced in the solemn loneliness of the hills. He whistled as he went. But the whistling sounded hollow. When did he whistle last—in a devil-may-care, free way?

He walked on. Westdean was lying at his foot. The little enchanting Cickmere River wriggled toward the sea. He kept his eyes from the sea, for he did not love it. All he asked for was the hills by day and the cottage by night. Just the three of them in the cottage, nights! The cooking, the barking, the scolding, the fondling! He remembered.



The Light Which Is Darkness

Take heed therefore, that the light which is in thee be not darkness.—Luke XI, 35.

BY MARGARET DELAND

THE little Jewess sat and stared into the fire. Three of us Christians were sitting there beside her; we had tried our best to entertain all of our guests—members of a little club of working-girls—but especially we had tried to “make conversation” with this speechless Russian. Our efforts were fruitless. The other girls answered volubly our platitudes about the weather, or the Christmas crowd in the shops, or whether there would be much of a shut-down after New-Year’s. But the Jewess was silent, except to say, gently, in her guttural voice, “Yes,” or, “No,” when I asked some direct question. I almost gave it up and was going to let her sit there, staring with mournful black eyes at the blazing logs; but I made a last effort:

“Tell me,” I said, “what do you Jews think of Christ?”

She looked at me gravely. “When I wass in Russia,” she said, “I did dislike Chessus.”

“Dislike!”

She nodded. “Yess. His beoples hav’ done mooch harm to my beoples. In my village dare wass a pogrom, an’ my gran’fadder wass hurted. An’ my niece . . .” She looked away. “My niece wass . . . hurted. I saw”—her voice dropped to a whisper: “—I saw—ze *plood*.” She shivered, and her shoulders seemed to quail at the word. “And we wass ver’ frightened. My mutter hided us under ze barn. So zen we comed to America.”

“You were not frightened here?” I said, encouraging and banal. I don’t think she heard me.

“An’ when I wass come to Boston, I hated Chr-rist. I would not walk on ze same side of ze street wit’ a Chr-istian church, I hated Heem so mooch. Zen der wass one of my beoples, an’ s’e say to me, ‘Come wit’ me to Fordt Hall.’

“An’ I say, ‘Who iss Fordt Hall?’

“An’ s’e say, ‘It iss a blace where Mistair Coleman hav’ ze meetings on Sundays.’

“An’ I say, ‘What iss doze meetings for?’

“An’ s’e say, ‘We talk how to reform ze world.’

“An’ I say, ‘I go.’”

Here she smiled a little. I nodded, and said, “Yes?” I knew about Ford Hall, and its founder, Mr. Coleman, and its Forum safety-valve

for alien discontents in Boston. "You liked Ford Hall?" I said, with the cheerfulness which we most of us use on such occasions. (Do they see through us, I wonder?)

"I lak ze talk. An', after a while, I lak Mistair Coleman. But I did not lak ze beoples. Dare wass many Chr-istians. I wass ver' un'appy. I t'au't mooch of my gran'fadder, an' . . . my niece. An' zat—*plood*. An' I wass un'appy. When I go to Fordt Hall, I look aroun' an'" —her pale lips suddenly snarled back from her teeth—"I look at doze beoples, all aroun' an' I say, in my heart: '*I hate you! All of you!*' So I wass ver' un'appy. It iss un'appy to hate." She sighed, and stared again at the fire. "But"—she smiled faintly—"after a while I got some 'appy. Mistair Coleman wass ver' kind to me; an' he say zat beoples are kind, dough dey don't know it demselves, always. An' I say, '*I don't know it, eider!*' But Mistair Coleman 'e say, 'Beoples iss not so badt.' An' I found he wass right. *Efferyboty* iss not badt. No. So I got 'appier. I did not hate so mooch. An' after a while I look aroun' on ze beoples, on Sunday effenings, an' I say in my heart: '*I loff you! I loff you all!*' An' zen I wass 'appy—because I lofft. But I did not forget my gran'fadder . . . an' my niece, an'—ze *plood*. . . . An' zen, one day, one of my fr'en's s'e say to me, 'Will you be to ze meeting on Sunday?'

"An' I say, 'No; of course I will not be to ze meeting! It iss ze Feast of ze Passover.'

"An' my fr'en' say, 'Mistair Coleman 'e will be sorry not to see you to zat meeting.'

"An' I laugh, an' I say, 'Mistair Coleman? 'E will not be dare.'

"An' my fr'en' say, 'E will be dare.'

"An' I say, 'E will not! It iss ze Feast of ze Passover.'

"An' s'e say, 'But Mistair Coleman iss not a Jew.' An'" —she struck her hands together, her eyes flashing under suddenly scowling brows—"an' I wass ver' angry to have any one to say such a t'ing of Mistair Coleman. An' I say, 'E *iss* a Jew! Mistair Coleman iss not a Chr-istian—'e *iss* a goodt man.'"

Her thin hands, all knotted with work, clenched with the passion of her defense of Mr. Coleman; then they relaxed, and she sighed. "But my fr'en' s'e say to me, 'E *iss* a Chr-istian.' An' I wass obligedt to belief what s'e say. . . . An' I wass . . . of mooch confusement, for Mistair Coleman *iss* goodt. An' I t'au't an' I t'au't. An' one day I say to myself: 'Mistair Coleman a Chr-istian? Well . . . I will study dis Chr-ist.' So, I study Heem. An'—" She broke off, her eyes widening with the remembered astonishment of her discovery. "An', Mistair Delan'! No! 'E wass *not* a badt man, dat Chr-ist. Oh no! 'E wass *not* badt. 'E wass a great social reformer!"

She looked at my husband, as if to see how he bore the shock of this amazing information.

"Oh," she ended, passionately, "'E *wass* not badt. . . . But"—she looked back again into the fire; she spoke gently, tenderly, even—"when I see His beoples, I—I am zorry for Chessus."

We three "people of Jesus," listening, looked at one another, and found nothing to say.



CARIBOU AFTER THE FIRST SNOWFALL IN LATE SEPTEMBER

Solving the Problem of the Arctic

DRIFTING TO BANKS ISLAND—THE ARRIVAL OF THE *MARY SACHS*

BY *VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON*

PART III

AT the end of April, 1914, our party of three men and six dogs found themselves in what some might consider a precarious situation. We had come from Alaska, across more than five hundred miles of moving sea-ice and were about forty miles from the northwest corner of Banks Island when the wind, which up to then had been prevailing northwesterly, suddenly changed to the east. We at once began to drift away from the land of our destination, and water lanes of unknown width opened between us and it. For eleven days the wind varied between northeast, east, and southeast, and we drifted steadily to the westward, altogether ninety miles as shown by our sextant. Ample and intimate association with the ice has since then given us a feeling of at-home-ness and confidence, but at that time we were

undeniably anxious to get ashore. The anxiety was in part founded on the good reason that we had exploratory and scientific work to do in other quarters and could ill afford to spend a year just then on the ice, for life is short and a year of time is as valuable to us in the north as it is to you in the south. But there was also an uncomfortable doubt in our minds as to whether it was really safe to spend a winter on the ice without other resources than those which our rifles could provide. I had always argued that it would be safe, but there is a certain nervous tension involved when you come to stake life itself on a theory.

Because we were dubious as to the future, we lost no opportunity the first day of our backward drift to kill whatever seals came within reach. We got several that day and had more than half a ton of food laid up by evening. There were three of us, and in order to miss no opportunity of getting food we arranged

to stand eight-hour watches, each man to kill whatever game he could during his watch. We had all been up during the day and I took the night watch.

By midnight the lead to the east of us was already covered with two or three inches of young ice and the seals had ceased coming up near us and could now be seen only at a distance in the thinner patches of ice far out in the lead. I was watching them, nevertheless, though they were too far away to be killed, when all of a sudden half a mile away I saw the head and shoulders of a bear come up through the fragile ice. He rested a

moment, and my glasses showed me he was breathing deeply. After a few good breaths he disappeared and for two or three minutes there was no sign of him, and then, a hundred yards or so nearer, the ice was broken and his head and shoulders again appeared. Evidently, seeing the ice was not strong enough for him to walk on, he was navigating submarine-fashion, swimming a hundred yards or so under the ice and coming up when necessary to breathe. I had never heard, either from Eskimos or from books, of this method of locomotion, and knowing that Storkersen and Ole would be interested, I called them, and

together we watched the bear as he approached our camp. When he came to the solid ice he scrambled up on it with perfect unconcern, though he saw us moving about. Evidently he took us and the barking dogs for foxes, and immediately on landing he proceeded at a leisurely walk toward us, showing neither

hostility nor curiosity, but mere unconcern. We killed him when he was in a suitable position for skinning.

During the next few days other bears came in such rapid succession that it was not necessary for us to kill any more seals. It was not that we preferred bear meat to seal, but rather the contrary. Both are good eating as far as taste is concerned, but bear meat is stringy, and the fibers of it get between your teeth and make your gums sore, which is not true of any other wild meat known to me. For that reason bears are the least welcome diet, but in this case we had

only a limited amount of ammunition, and as seals average only one hundred and fifty pounds in weight, while bears average eight hundred pounds, and some run to double that weight, it was evidently more economical to use our cartridges on bears.

But inside of a week we had several tons of meat and it was evident that should the wind change, eventually enabling us to get ashore in Banks Island, it was mere waste of ammunition to kill any more game, for we should have to leave it all behind. On the other hand, should the westward drift continue, and the summer and winter have to be spent on the ice, evident-

ly there was no scarcity of food and we should be able to kill whatever meat we wanted at any time. Of course it would have been necessary, had we wintered on the ice, to kill eight or ten tons of meat and blubber before the darkness set in, to furnish food and fuel until the daylight of spring



WILKINS IN HUNTING COSTUME

should again enable us to begin hunting. But we soon concluded that the killing of a winter supply could safely be put off until August or September, even were it ultimately necessary. We therefore began to scare the bears away. This in general was not difficult to do, although one big male bear that neither noise nor strange antics would frighten, had to be killed. It wasn't that he really had any intention of attacking us, but he simply insisted on walking into camp, a procedure which held possibilities of awkward complications.

During the two weeks and ninety miles of our westward drift, summer came upon us in the form of thaw water on top of the ice, sea-gulls in the water lanes around us, land birds migrating to the north, and white whales puffing and blowing. They frequently kept us awake at night, not by the actual noise they made, but because the dogs kept barking at the strange sounds. These whales moved by us in hundreds each day; some days undoubtedly in thousands. We did not try to kill any of them, both because we had plenty of fat and because we knew that at this season white whales sink readily, and in the absence of harpoons and floats are very difficult to save after being killed. As we saw these magnificent schools of great animals traveling by, in many cases only a few yards away, we planned that on any future expedition we would carry a small harpoon gun, but later we

have come to the conclusion that this would scarcely be worth while. For, although whales could easily enough be secured if one had such a gun, still we have by now come to place such implicit reliance on seals that, so long as we have the proper gear for securing them, we

don't think it worth while to take pains about any other kind of food.

We were not fated to spend the summer on the ice, for in two weeks the wind changed to westerly and the ice-cake on which we were camped—a heavy piece of ice many years old and about five or eight square miles in area—commenced traveling toward Banks Island. As the wind drove it eastward, we gradually caught up to similar cakes that were drifting in advance of us, and eventually began to squeeze and crush them and our own cake in a way to indicate that fifty miles or so to leeward Banks Island was obstructing our farther eastward drift. When we resumed our travel we found, of course, a great deal of open water here and there in the form of irregular openings between the various cakes, but we were commonly able to find places where the corners of the cakes touched, although occasionally we had to convert our sled into a boat for ferrying purposes. Shallower and shallower soundings confirmed the evidence of our sextant, and on June 22d the black cliffs of Norway Island finally came in sight.

The going at this time was exceedingly bad, for there were water puddles on top

of the ice where we waded knee-deep through slush and damp snow which was no longer hard enough to support our sleds, and we had to drag them through drifts, like snow-plows on a mountain railway. After we saw land it took us three days of the hardest work to cover the intervening twelve miles, and



YOUNG SNOWY OWLS, BANKS ISLAND

it was the evening of June 25th that we landed.

Norway Island is shown on the charts as about six miles long, with its greatest diameter north and south. It is, as a matter of fact, about three miles long, with its main axis running east and west.



MAP SHOWING STEFANSSON'S ROUTE AND THAT OF THE MARY SACHS

On the south coast of it we found enough driftwood to make a camp-fire for two or three meals, and on the beach we saw caribou tracks, though we soon discovered that there were no caribou on the island just then. With our glasses we could see half a dozen hares, white and conspicuous on the green slopes of the land, and geese and ducks were numerous in the ponds. But this was all small game and I have for many years made it a rule never to kill any animal smaller than a wolf. Really wolves also are too small, though they weigh over a hundred pounds, but we make an exception in their case because we have a grudge against them for competing with us in the killing of caribou, as their food in winter is probably 90 per cent. caribou meat. It is also true that in the summer when the caribou are skinny and for that reason poor eating, the wolves are fat because they are then feasting on an abundance of eggs and lemmings, and their meat is, therefore, much preferable to that of the caribou. In order to economize on ammunition we accordingly paid no attention to the hares, geese, and ducks.

While the men made their first camp ashore and slept the first night on a

camping-ground that they knew would neither drift to seaward nor break up under them, I went to the top of the island and with my invaluable binoculars studied what I took to be the mainland of Banks Island to the east. There are two chief elevations on Norway Island. From the western one of these, looking across about two miles of the island and three miles of sea-ice, I saw, two or three miles inland on what I took for the mainland of Banks Island, several white spots which I had to watch for more than half an hour before becoming certain that they were not a part of the stable scenery. They were, as I suspected, caribou lying down, and eventually one of them got up and moved, with reference to the others, enough to show that the white spots were really living animals. Had they been a little nearer than I estimated they might really have been hares. With confidence in my correct judgment of distance, I immediately concluded, however, that they were caribou and decided to make hay while the sun shone and my companions slept. It took me less than two and a half hours to get within half a mile of the animals, but they were on exceptionally level ground and hard to approach.

Had they been traveling in any definite direction, I could have made a large circle around them and lain in wait for them as they advanced, but they were in a patch of good feed and not inclined to move. It may be supposed that in an uninhabited land such as Banks Island caribou would be easy to approach, but I have found it makes little difference whether caribou are in inhabited or uninhabited lands, for their fear of wolves is ever present, and if they see or hear anything suspicious they immediately flee, apparently thinking that it is a wolf. It took me accordingly about five hours to make an approach, for I did not want to commence our long residence on Banks Island with a futile hunt. Eventually I killed and skinned all of them and arrived back home on Norway Island after the men had had their good night's rest and were just through breakfast. It had been a small breakfast, for on the three preceding days we had been so anxious to land that we had not stopped to kill seals; but the caribou tongues I brought home made a good meal for all of us, after which we moved across to the deer-kill and camped there that night.

We now began some geographic exploration in a small way, for this coast had been only roughly charted by

McClure as he sailed by it in the *Investigator* many miles offshore, more than half a century earlier. Our first discovery was that the land we were on, which McClure had taken for a part of the mainland, was really an island about seven miles in diameter and about four or five times the area of Norway Island. Eventually, many months afterward, when the *Mary Sachs* had joined us, we named this island after her captain, Peter Bernard.

Long before our arrival in Banks Island summer had commenced. The rolling hills were beautifully green, reminding one of western Dakota or eastern Montana. The rivers had been pouring thaw-waters into the sea for more than a month and their comparative warmth had melted the ice in the vicinity of land, so that it was only on promontories that a landing could be made without the use of the boat. There was just enough driftwood on the beach so that the killing of seals for fuel was no longer necessary, and we discontinued it, for the hunting of caribou on the grassy hill slopes is both easier and pleasanter than crawling like a snake over the slushy ice surface toward a dozing seal. At first we needed a little seal blubber to eat with the caribou meat, for caribou are thin in the early spring. Until the



THE SEAL-BLUBBER STOVE WITH SCATTERED SEAL AND BEAR MEAT ON THE EDGE OF THE WIDE LEAD THAT DELAYED THE PARTY ELEVEN DAYS

The white belt on the horizon is "ice blink"—a reflection in the sky of ice beyond the horizon

middle of July we killed no more than we needed for food from day to day, but in the latter part of July and throughout August we killed as many as we could comfortably take care of, for the length of the hair made the skins suitable for clothing and the meat had become fat enough to be good eating. The bulls at this season are much fatter and better eating than the cows, and the older they are the more desirable for food. For economy in ammunition, and also because of the excellence of their meat, we killed mainly old males, and by the first part of September we had accumulated the dried meat of forty bulls and about half a ton of back fat.

Before leaving Alaska we had given instructions that the *North Star*, which I had purchased just before from her owner, Capt. Matt Andreasen, should be sent to Norway Island as soon as the ice conditions allowed. I had said that in the event of non-discovery of land north of Alaska, our party would probably land near Norway Island and spend the summer there, drying caribou meat for dog and man food for the coming year, and accumulating skins for winter clothing. Our intention was to board the *North Star* at Norway Island and to proceed with her north, if possible, to Prince Patrick Island, to spend there the coming winter. It was in anticipation of her arrival, as one possibility, that we were accumulating these large stores of meat. The other possibility was that she might be prevented by ice conditions from coming, in which event we should need the meat and some of the fat as food to take

us through the dark period of winter, when hunting is difficult. The rest of the fat we needed for candle-light.

In some northern islands it is necessary to depend on animal fat also for fuel, but in Banks Island there is a small amount of driftwood, enough so that fifteen or twenty miles of coast will

provide fuel for a small camp for one winter, if economically used. There is also here another variety of fuel, the *Andromeda terra-gona*, which we call "heather"—an oily plant that grows in small bunches a few inches high. When once the fire is started, heather will burn well, even if soaking wet, if a strong wind is available to fan the flame. In traveling over Banks Island we seldom went ten miles without finding a patch of it, and when we had occasion to remain for a week or two in one



OLE ANDREASEN

place we were generally able to camp beside a good heather patch. It takes ten to fifteen minutes to gather enough fuel for cooking a meal. It burns much better after a day or so of sun drying, so that at our permanent camps we used to devote half a day at a time to gathering and drying heather. When it was once dry, caribou skins protected our stores of it from the rain.

On a previous expedition I had spent four summers as a nomadic caribou-hunter, so that the present experience was no longer novel, though I still found it pleasant. What chiefly detracts on the mainland from one's enjoyment of this kind of life is the pest of mosquitoes in the early summer and the sandflies toward fall. In Banks Island there were

a few sandflies and mosquitoes, but they were far less virulent than on the north coast of Canada or Alaska, and it was only for about a week in midsummer that they were really bad.

Bernard Island is at the mouth of a river which in midsummer is only about knee-deep, although it is quarter of a mile wide. It was a surprisingly large river for an island less than two hundred miles in diameter, as Banks Island is, and we occupied part of our time mapping it and its branches, and lived for several weeks on its north bank, about ten miles inland. Back of our camp was a high hill from the top of which, with our glasses, we kept a sharp lookout for the moving bands of caribou.

But a considerable part of the time we spent in watching the sea ice and wondering when it would break and move away from the coast, giving the *North Star* a chance to come up and find us. It was not till the first third of August was over that the ice finally moved to sea before an easterly wind. This was really as early as could be expected, but as no one had previously had the opportunity to study summer conditions on the west coast of Banks Island, we had for two or three weeks been in continual anticipation of a possible break-up of the ice. Even when it did go, it left a fringe of grounded cakes in the vicinity of land, especially a belt of ice between Norway and Bernard Islands. No ship could, therefore, at this point have followed the beach, but would have had to keep some miles to seaward.

For this reason there was in our minds an element of uncertainty, since it was not inconceivable, although unlikely, that Mr. Wilkins, whom we expected to be in command of the *Star*, might feel so certain about our having landed on Prince Patrick Island instead of Norway Island, that he might forget his direc-

tions and not land on Norway Island to look for us. The day of landing we had built a moderately conspicuous beacon on one of the hills of Norway Island and left there a record, giving the date of the landing and our intention to go into the interior of Banks Island hunting. But fogs are frequent in summer and such a beacon, though visible at a long distance on a clear day, might easily be passed by in thick weather.

The latter part of August caribou on Banks Island had become fatter than we had ever seen them on the mainland. It was indeed a great temptation to kill as many as we could, for all three of us considered fat caribou

meat the greatest of delicacies, and we knew that unless we killed a sufficient number during the summer we should before spring, if no ship came, be reduced to the eating of the leaner winter-killed animals. But after the 20th of August we ceased killing for storage, for the sea had now been open for ten days, and worry over the non-arrival of the ship began to overshadow the Swiss-Family-Robinson hunting and providing spirit that had dominated us till then. Our conversation from day to day now concerned the



CAPTAIN PETER BERNARD OF THE *MARY SACHS* WITH HIS FAVORITE DOG

possible reasons for the non-appearance of the ship. The season ought to have been a little earlier on the north coast of Alaska than it was with us, and the *North Star* should have left there in July and ought to have been at the south end of Banks Island when the ice cleared away in August. Within forty-eight hours after she should have been at Norway Island. By the last of August the ten days of open water had become twenty, and it became thereby reasonably certain that, for one reason or another, our ship was not coming at all.

It seemed just possible that the *North Star* might have been wrecked somewhere near the south end of Banks Island. We decided, therefore, to go to look for her. As a preliminary to that journey of search, we excavated a huge pit among some rocks, cached there our stores of meat, tallow, and hides, and started south along the coast, with the six dogs carrying our baggage on their backs. As we proceeded south the absence of ice made it continually more and more evident that some circumstances other than local conditions of navigation were keeping the *North Star* away.

Driftwood increased a little as we ad-

vanced toward Cape Kellett, and the land became more level and a little more fertile, although there are very few parts of Banks Island that are not densely covered with grass. But caribou became scarcer as we traveled south, and several years of experience have now shown us that the north end of the island is better supplied with animal life than the south end, whether in winter or summer. In the northern half of Banks Island it has seldom befallen us any year that we have traveled to pass two whole days without seeing caribou, but on our way from the north end to Cape Kellett in a distance of one hundred miles we saw caribou only once in ten days. That was enough, however, for we had started with a week's supply of dried meat.

The season was now too late for geese, but it was interesting to see that in the vicinity of the small lakes in southern part of the island the ground was as white with the molted feathers of the geese as if a light snow-storm had just passed. We learned later that these are, in the main or entirely, the male white geese who spend the summer here by the million.

Cape Kellett is a hook-shaped sand-spit, projecting west into the ocean about eight miles from the southwest



UNLOADING THE *MARY SACHS* AT BANKS ISLAND BEFORE STEFANSSON'S PARTY FOUND HER

corner of Banks Island. There is behind it a sort of a harbor, although not a good one. Good harbors for ships of light draft are found every few miles from there northward along the west coast. But neither behind the cape nor elsewhere had we seen a ship. We were naturally a bit downhearted when, on the evening of September 10th, we camped at the foot of the Kellett sand-spit. It was not that we were in any fear for our lives, for we were still able to do one of two things—spend the whole winter in Banks Island and continue our explorations the following year, or cross to the North American mainland sometime during the winter, either directly from Banks Island south across the ice sixty miles to Cape Parry, or else in the more roundabout way over Prince of Wales Straits to Victoria Island and thence to the mainland. But although we could have spent the winter in Banks Island and continued our explorations the following year, we should not have done so, for my companions were both homesick. That evening when I asked them if they were willing to continue the work of exploration with just the resources we had, they both answered that, while they did not see any danger in the enterprise, they were too anxious to get back to the mainland, where Storkersen had his family and where Andreassen had ambitions of a

fortune in the fur trade, into which he would embark with the capital he had made as wages on the expedition. We had already made a good journey and had done safely a thing most people considered impossible, and that seemed enough to them, and neither of them had any sympathy with my desire to continue the work just then.

The morning of September 11th we felt certain that no ship was in Banks Island, but to make assurance doubly sure we decided to go eight or ten miles beyond the cape. In this we had in mind not so much the possibility of finding a ship of our own, as a promise made by Hulin S. Mott, who had, when we last saw the *Polar Bear* on the north coast of Alaska, promised me that he could land on or near Cape Kellett during the following summer and leave there a small cache for me in case he had reason to think that no ships of my expedition had reached Banks Island. With this cache in mind, and remembering also that the *Polar Bear* had on board a party of Harvard men who had often talked to me about their desire to hunt musk-oxen in Banks Island, I kept my eyes on the ground even more than ordinarily, in the hope of seeing footprints or other traces. And sure enough, after a walk of three or four miles, I found a footprint in a muddy spot, but to my surprise it was not only remarkably



THE CARIBOU-HUNTING CAMP THIRTY MILES NORTHEAST OF CAPE KELLETT

fresh, but showed a type of boot worn by many men of our expedition and not commonly by others. During the next three or four miles I came upon footprints in half a dozen places, and it was not therefore entirely unexpected when six miles beyond the cape the masts of a schooner appeared from behind a hill.

She was a mile away, and I could not see her body, so I feared she might be at anchor near the beach and might leave at any time. There are deep ravines along the coast, several of which I had to cross before getting near the ship, and as I took these at a run for fear the ship might set sail at any moment, I was out of breath when, three or four hundred yards away, I came in sight of a camp on shore and realized that the ship was not in the water, but had been hauled high and dry on the land. Further, I recognized the ship. It was not the *North Star*,

which I had ordered to come to Norway Island, but the *Mary Sachs*, which, on account of her twin propellers, was the least suited of our three ships for ice navigation and which I had instructed to carry freight for Doctor Anderson's party as an auxiliary to the *Alaska* to Coronation Gulf, a route on which ice of a difficult character is not nearly so likely to be met as near Banks Island. I had instructed her commander, Captain Pete Bernard, to come to Banks Island if he could, but only after having landed one cargo of goods near Coronation Gulf. I could not understand why the *Sachs* was there so soon, for in the ordinary course of things she could have arrived in Banks Island after her Coronation Gulf trip only at the

end of the season, and the signs were abundant that she had in fact been at this point for a week or two.

I walked quietly down the hill, gradually regaining my breath, and the men who were at work building a sod house gave me an occasional glance but without much interest, for, as I learned later,

two members of their party were hunting inland and they took me to be one of them returning. I was within ten yards when Jim Crawford, engineer on the *Sachs*, recognized me and in his surprise dropped whatever it was he was holding. In a fraction of a second he had to readjust all his ideas, for it seemed that he, with everybody else in our expedition, had long ago decided that we were dead. It was not easy to say whether Captain Bernard or Thomsen or the Eskimo section of the party was the most surprised, but it was clear a quarter of an



STEFANSSON ON HIS ARRIVAL AT CAPE KELLETT

hour later when the steward of the *Sachs*, William Baur, came back from a duck-hunt just around the point, that he was easily the most surprised of all. The steward had been in the Arctic for twenty years with various whaling captains and had, during the last three or four months, been explaining from his bountiful knowledge of Arctic conditions, to every one willing to listen, just why we must have died long ago and why it was impossible that anything should ever be heard from us again. When he walked into the tent where Captain Bernard and I were drinking coffee, he dropped on the floor the duck he was bringing in, and I saw physiological justifications for the figure of speech that a man's eyes "stick out of his head."



CARRYING SOD FOR HOUSE-BUILDING AT CAPE KELLETT, BEFORE THE ARRIVAL OF STEFANSSON'S PARTY

I learned within the first hour or two the reasons for the non-appearance of the *North Star* and the presence of the *Sachs*. Mr. Wilkins, according to my instructions, had set sail early from the Alaska coast with the *North Star*, and had arrived at Herschel Island some days ahead of either the *Mary Sachs* or the *Alaska*, but unfortunately had not yet set sail when they arrived. Opinion at Herschel Island seems to have been so definite on the point of our being lost that no one saw any reason why any ship should come to Banks Island to carry out instructions I had given looking forward to the continuation for several years of the exploratory work of the expedition. A thing which I had never considered was unmistakably uppermost in every one's mind, and that was that if, contrary to all reason, my party should be alive and in Banks Island, we should be in need of rescue, or at least in need of supplies on which to live through the winter.

I had bought the *North Star* for the specific purpose of following the west coast of Banks Island northward through the ribbon of open water that commonly forms in the early summer between the land-fast ice and the land.

She was adapted to this work by her extraordinarily light draft of four feet two inches, and her success a year later in this particular sort of navigation demonstrated in Banks Island what she had often before shown on the mainland coast of America — that, although she was small, she had particular qualifications for reaching places which other ships found it difficult to attain. But the work I had planned for her was exploratory work, whereas no one had thought of anything but the possible assistance we might need in Banks Island. So the *North Star* was taken to Coronation Gulf and the *Mary Sachs* diverted from her Coronation Gulf voyage, because she could carry a cargo twice as large as the *Star*, and with this she was sent to Kellett. Wilkins, who had previously intended to take the *North Star* exactly where I had told him to, was now transferred from the command of the *Star* to that of the *Sachs*. He brought her to Kellett by way of Cape Bathurst, but on the way one of her propellers, which stuck out at awkward angles from the sides of the *Sachs*, had struck a cake of ice, breaking the shaft.

The *Sachs* accordingly arrived at Kellett in a crippled condition the last week

of August. She found some ice pressing down on the cape, and rounding it was difficult. Although Wilkins did not seem to have had any serious expectation of finding us in Banks Island, he would undoubtedly have rounded Kellett had he had the *North Star*, or any other ship the propeller of which was located amid-ship. But going into the ice with only one of twin propellers working, and that one located in such a way as to be almost sure to strike any cake of ice that came near, and furthermore, seeing that the *Sachs* was otherwise not in very good condition, he quite properly decided to spend the winter at Cape Kellett. The plan was that, after building a comfortable base and killing enough caribou for a winter's supply of meat, they would pass the dark period at Kellett and make a journey northward along the Banks Island coast after the sun came back, "looking for traces" of our party.

On arrival at Kellett I at once considered the possibility of relaunching the *Sachs* to proceed northward, for the ice that had intimidated Wilkins two weeks earlier was now completely gone and the sea was as open as the Atlantic off Sandy Hook. But the *Sachs* was high on the land and could not be launched without beams on which to slide her into the water, and we had none available. Even with the beams it would have taken a week or ten days to get her launched and started, and it was already near the middle of September, which in some years is the end of the season of navigation, while other years navigation is possible into October. It was soon seen to be inevitable that the winter must be spent at Kellett, and we began to adjust ourselves to that unfortunate situation.

On our way south along the west coast of Banks Island we had built beacons here and there on prominent hills, thinking that some foggy night the *North Star*

might pass us. These beacons inclosed records containing news for the *North Star*, but the most southerly beacon, built just before reaching Kellett, contained no record, because we had then despaired of any ship coming. I had merely scribbled a hasty note for my companions, who were a few miles behind me, telling them to camp half a mile to the southwest of the beacon. When they passed the beacon they had read my note and had left it there. The following morning Wilkins, who was hunting caribou several miles inland, saw this beacon with his field-glasses, and realizing that it had not been there the day before, he hurried over. From the brief reference to making camp half a mile away he reconstructed correctly the situation, for he was familiar with my hunting and traveling methods. He knew that whenever we travel I have the men and sleds, or pack-dogs, as the case may be, follow far enough behind me so that I have ample time to approach and kill any necessary game. He recognized that our party was still intact, or that at least two of us were still alive, so when he arrived at Kellett the night of the 13th he was not surprised to find every one safe and well.

There was nothing to do now but continue the preparations for wintering which Wilkins had already energetically begun. After a few days of rest I sent Storkersen, with his family, which had come with the *Sachs*, and Crawford and Andreasen with a boat, north along the coast to establish an advance camp as far to the north as possible. They were able to go north only about thirty miles when the increasing cold of approaching autumn froze them in. Wilkins and I, meantime, with the Eskimo Matkusiak went about thirty miles northeast into the interior to establish the hunting-camp which was to supply both men and dogs with fresh meat for the winter.



Jonas and the Tide

BY MARY ESTHER MITCHELL



It had been a golden evening and the radiance still lingered in a luminous west, while the brightest stars were already pointing the soft dusk overhead. The harbor lay in quiet reflection, broken only by the noiseless passing of an occasional dory, black against the mirrored light. There was a cool, salt fragrance in the air, and a low murmur of incoming tide.

Jonas Willy closed the shutters over the front windows of the store and hasped them. The side windows were sufficiently removed from prying eyes by their height from the ground, but those on either side of the door were provided with solid wooden blinds, and their closing was a part of the regular Saturday-night routine, conscientiously performed, not so much as a safeguard from possible depredation—few doors at the Point were provided with bolts or bars—but in decorous observance of the Day of Rest. The hasping was an unwonted addition to the usual ceremony, and Cora watched her father with an interrogation in her eyes which she did not put into words. Those who knew Jonas did not often ask questions of him, having learned to reserve their energy for profitable effort. All being made fast, Jonas dropped the key into his pocket and stepped from the worn, sagging boards which formed the platform abutting on the village street and serving not only as a means of approach, but as a convenient lounging-place for discussion and interchange of opinion. He walked deliberately, but with an easy swing which made little of the stony, uneven way. His tall, gaunt figure stooped and his arms dangled awkwardly. His iron-gray hair was unkempt, his beard untrimmed. Under his shaggy brows the blue of his eyes was veiled, unrevealing, even as the

azure of the sea permits no hint of its depths. The hard, brown skin of his face spoke of the open action of sun, wind, and driving mist. He had been a sailor in his youth, after the manner of his kind, shipping for short runs, with an occasional voyage to more distant ports on the coast. Now, the function of storekeeper did not hinder him from tending his own lobster-pots and laying his own trawls.

Cora followed her father at a little distance. She was his helper in the store and with the books, but, once outside, companionship ceased. She was a pretty girl, with gentle eyes, and with that delicacy of complexion which is often the heritage of coast-born children. A few years and the smooth fairness would disappear, the come-and-go rose fade or become hard and fixed; but just now no carefully conserved skin was more soft, fresh, or sun-defying than Cora's.

A little way up the road the two, always apart, stepped into a broad band of light, thrown full athwart the path from a large window on the opposite side of the street. Jonas Willy stalked on without apparent notice, but Cora turned her eyes to the source of the illumination. Even in the dusk she could make out the sign above the door, shining in fresh paint—THE POINT EMPORIUM. There was an air of prosperity in the clear, well-polished pane of the big window and in the attractively arranged wares. A brisk young man behind a counter, his shirt-sleeves gleaming white beneath the hanging-lamp, was laughing and chatting with a group of customers while he tied up parcels with quick fingers. Cora had a moment's glimpse, then she was in the dusk again. As she walked on, her father's black back looming before her, she pictured to herself the flapping salt fish and the sticks of dried herring which adorned the dingy windows of "Willy's," the dirty-gray peppermints and the

whity-brown chocolates of the hardening candies in the dusty, fly-specked little show-case, and she shrugged her shoulders in an impatience almost angry.

Jonas Willy was a man of the fewest words. "Seem 's if he wouldn't open his mouth fur fear somethin' might git out!" remarked his wife. "Land! I don't s'pose I oughter fuss; he's never give me a harsh word sence we was merried."

"I dunno as that's sayin' much, seein' how few he's ever give you!" returned the neighbor to whom Mrs. Willy had addressed her confidence. "I guess I'd as soon live with a snappin'-turtle as a clam, when all's said an' done! Life's dull 'nough without goin' out o' yer way to make it duller."

Mrs. Willy shook her head doubtfully. "There may be somethin' in that," she admitted. "But I guess I'd ruther resk it with Jone."

Thus inured to taciturnity, Mrs. Willy detected nothing unusual in the silence of her spouse on this particular evening. She always had a cup of hot tea awaiting him on the nights when the store was kept open. He drank it now, sitting at the kitchen table, while Cora foraged for herself in the pantry. Jonas finished leisurely, wiped his mouth on the back of his hand, rose, and stood in the doorway, gazing into the dark as he smoked his pipe. Then he went to bed. Mrs. Willy and Cora cleared the table and brought out their sewing, their chairs drawn close to the glass lamp with its bright, flowered shade. The woman thrust her needle in and out with short, quick jerks; in her own domestic provinces she was a leader and decisive. Cora's movements were languid and made with apparent effort; her soft, round shoulders drooped and she bent her head until the light fell directly on her fine, waving hair, touching it with gleams of red-gold. Her mother looked at her anxiously.

"Yer tuckered out," she said. "Yer better be gittin' yer beauty sleep. I guess yer can pull through another Sunday without a new gown."

Cora smoothed the tinted folds which lay across her lap. "I'm all right, mother. There ain't much to do and there's going to be a sociable at the vestry Monday night."

"When I was your age a gown lasted me fur best a hull season—white fur summer an' cashmere fur winter, an' glad 'nough I was to git 'em. Who you goin' with?"

Cora's color deepened. "Preston."

"Well," returned Mrs. Willy, "yer better not let yer father git holt of it."

There was silence while the two women sewed steadily. When Mrs. Willy spoke it was with an evident effort to appear casual.

"Many in to-night?"

"Old M's. Oliver."

"Huh! Yet father never got a cent outer her. He's a fool to keep her on the books. That all?"

Cora nodded.

"Did yer come home by the road?"

"Yes, mother."

"Was—was there many in the Emporium?"

"Quite a lot."

Mrs. Willy bit off her thread with a fierce little gesture. "I declare it seems jest like stealin', comin' here an' takin' yer father's trade that's be'n his twenty year or more. I don't see how yer can hev anythin' to do with that Preston Ripley, Cora!"

Cora's head bent lower. "I guess he's got to earn his own livin', like anybody else."

"He might 'a' gone in with yer father."

"Nobody couldn't go in with father."

"Well, I know what I think o' folks that go back on him arter tradin' all their lifetime. He's allers dealt fair, yer father has. He'ain't never charged a cent that warn't righteous. An' now that somebody fancy has set up, the P'int all go cacklin' at his heels!"

Cora lifted her head with sudden determination. "If father won't keep what folks want, they'll go somewheres else soon's a chance comes. Father wouldn't get a bunch of bananas the other day because the last one went so quick. 'They're gone 'fore I can turn round,' he said. 'Tain't worth gittin' them.' And that's the way right along. If I was buyin' I'd go where things was clean and fresh!"

Mrs. Willy let her work fall into her lap. "Well, Cora Willy, I never looked to hear yer turn ag'in' yer father!"

The quick blood rushed to the girl's cheeks and her eyes filled. "I ain't turning against him, mother, and it's the first time I've spoke out; but I can't help seeing how things are going, handling the books as I do."

Mrs. Willy had no ear for the wistful note in her daughter's voice. "Yer father run that store 'fore you was born, Cora, an' it don't stan' to reason you're wiser 'n he is. His trade has been took outter his mouth, so to speak. If yer don't see it, it's 'cause yer bewitched with the one who's took it."

Cora sat for a few moments in silence; then she folded up her work with trembling hands. "I'm going to bed, mother," she said. "I guess I don't care about wearing it to-morrow. Good night."

Mrs. Willy's eyes were still stern, but when she heard her daughter's footsteps overhead she took the dress from the cupboard where Cora had laid it and, sitting alone by the lamp, she finished it.

For the male population of the Point, Sunday was a day of rest from labor. The harbor beach was deserted, the boats rocked, lazy and empty, on the tide, and the fish, untroubled, swam the deep. True, time hung rather heavy as the afternoon wore on, and little groups gathered on the wharves or on the platforms of the two stores, while the young people went for long walks on the shore or through the fragrant woods. The women found plenty of occupation, for the day was one of feast as well as worship, the men folk were a bit underfoot and the children's best clothes offered constant need of admonition. The turkey or chicken of New England Sunday-dinner tradition took the form of lobster at the Point, and the pot boiled in every home. Yet, busy or idle, the Sabbath brought wholesome change from the week's routine; there was the chance to sit still in church, a pleasing air of general cleanliness and peace, and the gratifying sense of one's best. Also, there was the walk home, with its opportunities for greeting and gossip, the rare indulgence of an afternoon nap, and the decorous "dropping in" of neighborly custom.

Mrs. Willy, flushed by her morning's exertions and the responsibility of her

Sunday hat, watched her husband with wifely solicitude as he steered the long pole of the contribution-box from pew to pew. "Hangs onter it 's if it was an oar!" she said to herself. "Wisht to goodness he'd let me take the shears to his hair; I do favor a slick head." Cora, pink and virginal in her new frock, kept her eyes demurely cast down until her father had passed along the aisle; then she raised them until they rested on the broad shoulders and well-set head of a young man in one of the front pews. She liked the look of the small, shapely ears and the line of hair where it met the strong, brown neck. On the crown the short, virile crop stood up like silky, black plush; Cora felt an impulse to press it back and let it spring up under her hand. She grew pink at the thought, as if it were open to the eyes of the congregation, and, confused, fell to examining her hymn-book.

Jonas walked home with his family, stopping for the usual Sunday amenities, which, on his part, took the form of a nod, a "How are ye?" or some such non-committal salutation. His wife was more voluble. "It's jest as well I ain't a talker," Jonas once remarked. "The air wouldn't git no rest 'twixt us two."

After dinner Jonas removed his best coat, filled his pipe, and sat down on the side porch to smoke. He tilted his chair against the clapboards, crossed his long legs, and puffed steadily, his eyes fixed vacantly on the horizon. After a while his wife came out and took the rocking-chair beside him. She had a clean white apron over her silk dress, and her hands were still red from dish-water.

"Cora's gone out with some of the young folks," she volunteered. She swayed gently in her chair, her restless black eyes straying over the little patch of garden bloom. "Them petunies done wonderful," she remarked, with satisfaction. "They're the finest on the P'int. To my mind there ain't nothin' han'somer 'n a mess o' purple-an'-white petunies. Good sermon we had to-day," she went on. "If I was the minister's wife I wouldn't think it fittin' to wear them danglin' ear-rings to meetin'."

Jonas's only response was a puff of



Drawn by Arthur Fuller

Engraved by H. Leinroth

JONAS WILLY LINGERED LONG AT HIS BREAKFAST

smoke, and the conversation flagged. There was a long pause before Mrs. Willy began again.

"Jone, do yer know I'm gittin' kinder anxious 'bout Cora's takin' up with that Ripley feller. She's goin' to the sociable with him to-morrer night."

Jonas's little grunt might have been given almost any interpretation; it conveyed no intimation of opinion. Mrs. Willy tried once more, this time putting the question direct. "What yer think 'bout that Ripley feller, Jone?"

For a moment Jonas made no sign; then he took his pipe from his mouth. "I dunno as I'm thinkin' anythin' 'bout him."

Mrs. Willy gave it up; with a little sigh she let her head fall upon the high back of the rocker, and her enjoyment of the radiant afternoon passed from a confusion of wandering thoughts to half-conscious glimpses of bright flowers, flooding sunshine, and a blue line of water, all broken by intervals of complete oblivion.

Monday morning Jonas Willy lingered long at his breakfast. His wife kept an uneasy eye on the clock.

"It's gittin' on ter harf parst seven," she reminded him at last.

Jonas stretched out his hand and took a doughnut.

Presently Cora came into the room. "Ready, father?" she asked.

Jonas put half of the crisp circle into his mouth and took a long drink of coffee.

"I ain't goin'," he said, when he could speak.

Mrs. Willy almost dropped the dish she was carrying to the sink. "Ain't goin'! What yer mean?"

"Jest that—I ain't goin'." Jonas imperturbably helped himself to another doughnut. There was an amazed and bewildered silence.

"You bain't sick, be ye, Father?" asked Mrs. Willy, anxiously.

"No, I bain't."

"You want me to go over and open up?" inquired Cora.

Jonas pushed his plate away. "No," he said, "I don't."

"Why on earth can't yer speak out, Jonas Willy?" cried Mrs. Willy.

Jonas shoved back his chair, rose,

and stretched himself with slow deliberation. He sauntered to the door, but on the threshold he turned.

"'Cause there ain't nothin' to say," he answered. "I'm goin' fishin'." Then he went out.

Mother and daughter stared at each other.

"S'pose father's crazy?" asked Cora.

Mrs. Willy shook her head. "Yer 'ain't seen nothin' that p'int's that way?"

"I reckon not," returned Cora, doubtfully. "Saturday night he hasped the shutters. I never know him to do that before."

"I dunno as that looks like losin' yer mind," concluded Mrs. Willy. "I guess yer father ain't the kind that goes crazy; he's sotter 'n a ground-fast rock, but that don't lead to flightiness. Yer don't s'pose he's breakin' up, do yer? He et a reel hearty breakfast."

Cora, in unaccustomed leisure, helped her mother about the house. The two said little on the subject which occupied their thoughts. Now and again Mrs. Willy stopped her work to gaze across the water to the far-off speck of Jonas's little boat.

"I can't git holt of it!" she repeated.

Jonas, sitting at ease as his dory dipped with the gentle swell, was entirely content. He fished leisurely, as if he would not hurry the quiet and freedom of the sunny day. "Must be kinder peaceful down in Fish Town," he thought, whimsically, as his line slipped through his hard, bent fingers. "Never a word betwixt 'em. They don't even squawk when they're hurt." He came home to dinner. His face was serene and he ate with relish. In the afternoon he rowed over to Smoothbay and disposed of his catch.

There followed a long spell of fair weather and Jonas lived in his boat. He started a small but steady trade in fish, catering to the hotels and summer cottages within reach of his oars. As the weather grew cooler and resorts closed, he dealt with the local market in Smoothbay, thus diverging from the custom of the Point, which shipped directly to the large cities. The nine days' wonder set astir by the closing of the store soon subsided, after the

fashion of wonders the world over. Speculation got no farther than the conclusion that "the old man couldn't stan' up ag'in' Ripley." As regarded the wasted stock, the baffled Point had but one word—"shiftless!"—the final condemnation of New England judgment. Jonas's calm silence served as more than a mantle; it was an armor which turned aside the slings and arrows of curiosity or disapproval. His placidity was undisturbed. Mrs. Willy, however, found herself against a wall. She was loyal to Jonas and hedged valiantly, but to Cora she acknowledged her mortification.

"I'm pritty apt with my tongue," she said, "but yer might as well try to git a p'int o' cream out'er a dried cod-fish as to find out anythin' frum yer father. It's a dreadful shamin' not to know the least thing about yer own husband's affairs an' to hev to say so."

Cora dimly perceived that from her father's point of view this might be an advantage, even a reason sufficient, but she did not say so. Hearing of a vacancy in the Smoothbay school, she obtained the position and left home. "Sure you won't need me when you open up?" she asked her father when she told him.

Jonas did not let anything slip out in his reply. "Yer needn't worry 'bout that," he said.

"I'm glad yer goin' outer sight o' that Ripley feller," said Mrs. Willy. "Yer won't be no daughter o' yer father's if yer so much as look at him."

"I guess he was in his rights," urged Cora. "There ain't anything unfair in competition."

"Competition!" Mrs. Willy's voice was scornful. "The P'int ain't big 'nough to hold even the name. If yer take up with Preston Ripley, arter all that's be'n an' done, it 'll jest kill me. I can't stan' it to hev yer turn ag'in' your father. He's queer as old Tilly, but he's yer father an' he's be'n a good one."

Winter came and Jonas never turned even an eye storeward. The season proved to be one of frequent and violent storms. Snow in the evaporating salt wind seldom lasted long at the Point, but now the drifts piled up and the intense cold drew a thick vapor over

the sea. The little store walk was unshoveled and untrodden, while Jonas braved the weather and went out in his boat when it was possible. Mrs. Willy spent many anxious hours, but she ceased to ask even tentative questions. It was a hard winter for her. Jonas, in his capacity of storekeeper, had been forced to more or less social intercourse; now he took his own way, which for the most part lay along the solitary path of silence. Mrs. Willy, thrown more than ever upon herself at home, found little of her usual genial pleasure in her neighbors. She dwelt in the idea that her friends had failed her in her hour of need. She grew to believe that her husband had been driven out of business by the disloyalty of the Point. Suspicion, always ready to sprout, thrives well in fertile soil. Mrs. Willy walked apart and brooded. Jonas kept his own counsels and she dared not press them. She had never seen her husband lose his temper, always had he been mild, but as untroubled waters give the impression of depth, so Jonas's calm hinted of a certain potentiality which seemed unwise to disturb. Mrs. Willy's mind was anything but analytic; she did not know what she feared in Jonas, but she knew that she feared.

In the spring Jonas took a mortgage out on the little house. "Jone is a good pervider," his wife had often boasted, and he did not abate open-handedness. He was serene, but he did not share the visions of the realm in which he dwelt. Life passed before him in a series of shadows as of dreams. Out in his boat, his eyes cleared to his surroundings; they missed no ripple of sea, no tint of sky, no note of the ocean wind.

When the warm weather had fairly come, Mrs. Willy made one more attempt. "Jone, don't yer think I better go over to the store an' clean up a bit? Things will be in an awful mess."

"Things git over their own messes if yer let 'em alone long 'nough," was Jonas's reply.

Cora came back from her teaching. She looked tired and unhappy. She was of old-fashioned New England stuff and possessed a conscience bigger than her common sense; therefore she kept out of the reach of Preston Ripley.

Days and weeks went by; seasons came and were gone. For six years "Willy's" stood as it had been left that Saturday night when for the first time the owner had turned the key in the shutter padlocks. The high side windows acquired their own curtains of inside dust and outside deposit of salt. The planks of the platform rotted and fell and the village gossips were forced elsewhere. The silent building, as unrevealing as Jonas, had become an accepted fact, as little noticed as the boulder in the field or the tree stump by the way, too familiar to be even seen.

The shock of the war sent its concussions to the Point. The young men away, the older members of the little community strained every muscle, that the catch might not be lessened. Shut off from open traffic, its one tiny steamer withdrawn, the nearest railroad some eighteen miles away, the Point suffered from the difficulty of obtaining supplies. The Emporium no longer offered an attractive window; its stock dwindled and its prices soared. The sugar-supply failed. The women, with their inherited methods of cooking, made sad work of syrups and substitute flours. Summer people stayed away from a coast so remote, and the hotels were empty. Hard times had come to the Point, but to Jonas, in his boat, the sea was never more blue nor the hours more golden.

One summer morning, at breakfast, Jonas spoke in a casual tone: "I reckon we'll go over to the store pritty early. It'll take some time to red up."

The two women gave little gasps as they looked at each other, but they held their peace. When Jonas was ready they were awaiting him.

For the first time in six years the sun shone in through the unshuttered windows of the store. The women caught their breath as the long-imprisoned air choked their lungs. They crossed the threshold cautiously, as though entering the heart of a mystery. Dust blanketed the floors and counters. The spiders in their undisturbed revel had strung their wires everywhere. The odors of decay had long since been sweetened by time. Perishable articles had gone beyond the stage of offense and remained as harmless stains or dried

deposits to be scrubbed out or brushed away.

"Fur the land sake!" exclaimed Mrs. Willy. "Think o' that hull bucket o' eggs bustin' all by theirselves an' goin' off like pistol-shots I'll be bound. An' eggs at eighty-five this blessed minute!"

All that day the man and the two women worked. When things were fairly clean Jonas and Cora took account of the salable stock. In spite of the hand of time, much was left.

"Only needs a good bleachin'," remarked Mrs. Willy, eying a bolt of yellowing cotton cloth. "An' gingham's forty-five a yard," she added, significantly.

Jonas said nothing, but his wife's mind leaped to the profit.

"I guess Jone ain't so much of a fool as some might think," she thought. "But how on earth did he know there was goin' to be a war?"

Together they wiped the crockery and the lamps. For once the glass of the tiny case which held the candy shone bright and clear, revealing the hard and colorless lumps beneath.

"They kin be melted up fur sweetenin'," said Mrs. Willy. But when she saw three barrels of hardened but unhurt sugar which Jonas rolled up from the dry cellar her delight knew no bounds. "Lord, Jone!" she cried. "Yer kin git dollars off'n them!" Her faith in her husband returned augmented. "My, ain't he a cute one!" she thought.

The stock of needles was rusted beyond the help of any emery, but the pins and the hooks and eyes and the buttons were as good as new. Mrs. Willy pulled a piece of elastic; the rubber was dead and worthless.

"We'll cut off all them garter clasps an' sew 'em onter fresh," she remarked, thriftily. "Yer can't sell them brooms fur green, but brooms has tripled an' you'll make a lot outer jest them. The flour looks kinder doubtful, but that m'lasses'll melt down good's new."

Golden visions took possession of Mrs. Willy. "I wouldn't 'a' believed Jone was so clever," she thought. "Seems's if he had second sight." She saw the mortgage raised; it had been a sore and unexplained thorn in her side. She saw

comforts to which she had not before aspired. She saw the admiration of the Point. "They can't p'int their fingers at Jone now!" she thought, triumphantly. "He has 'em all beat if it did take six year to do it!" That night, tired as she was, she laid awake and planned. "I'll git a new coat over to Smoothbay—mabbe a suit. Jone 'll be able to charge 'most anythin' fur them goods, an' he never grudged me a cent when he had it, which is more 'n you kin say o' most." Her spirits rose like a spring released. Her moment was at hand and she would make the most of it.

The next morning "Willy's," bright and shining as it seldom had been in the old days, was open to trade. It had not long to wait; custom was stimulated by curiosity. The men exchanged comment as they gathered on the platform, stepping warily lest the planks should give way beneath their heavy shoes. The women counted their ready money and congregated.

"There's sure to be somethin' that ain't sp'iled," said one.

"Dried currants and sech, an' mabbe a bit o' sugar," returned another.

"We'll hev to pay fur them!"

"Seems 's if I'd pay 'most anythin' in reason fur a pair o' stockin's that wouldn't shed dye in fust washin'," remarked the first speaker, dolefully. "Don't seem 's if anythin' was the same as 'fore the war!"

"Tain't," declared the other succinctly. "I guess Mary Willy 'll hold her head up now. My man says Jonas 'll run the prices right up an' clear a big pile."

Jonas Willy stood behind the counter with the undisturbed air of never having left that point of vantage.

"Mornin'!" cried out one facetious arrival. "My wife wants a barrel o' sugar!"

"I'll sell yer two pounds, 'cordin' to orders," returned Jonas, when the laugh had subsided. "Five cents per."

Mrs. Willy, eager for the day's possibilities, had come over to the store to witness the financial triumph. She was moving about with the gracious and aloof air of one who had foreseen occasion and laid the train of circumstance. For once her man had done the shrewd

and practical thing, and she, publicly at least, would not give all credit to chance. Suddenly her husband's last remark struck her ear.

"Jone!" she cried, heedless of listeners. "Jone! Sugar's twelve this minute!"

She spoke to the wind. Jonas did up the sugar and handed out the change. The purchaser hesitated a moment. Then he leaned across the counter and spoke in a whisper.

"Lord knows 'tain't fur me to wish yer prices up, Jonas Willy, but you've allers be'n a good friend to me, an' I'll tell yer it strikes me that yer drawin' up empty nets outer a full sea. People are willin' an' lookin' to pay high fur things yer've got in this store."

"I'm chargin' 'cordin' to what I paid," returned Jonas, imperturbably, and without lowering his tone. "I reckon that's fair. I ain't in the profiteerin' business."

Trade was brisk after this announcement, but Mrs. Willy had to retire to the back room to shed a few tears of disappointment and wrath. "All that gingham goin' fur a third o' what they're chargin' at Smoothbay!" she wailed in Cora's ear. "An' brooms at thirty-five! It's downright mean! Yer father's crazy, an' now I know it!"

The whole population of the Point turned out to "Willy's" that day. To the feminine heart it was not only a time of huge enjoyment, but of reminiscence.

"You notice that muslin third from the top o' the pile," exclaimed one. "I took a patron off it fur Nellie, the very week Jonas closed. Now it's gone to the rags an' Nellie's in her grave. That piece 's be'n layin' right there as if there warn't no sech thing as change. Well, well!"

"I'm goin' to buy up some o' them glass lamps," declared another. "They're kinder old-fashioned, but they're goin' fur forty-five to the Emporium's one ten. It's the charnce o' our lives, Hannah Legget!"

Hannah was interested elsewhere. "Fur the land's sake! look at that ready-made cotton! How'd we ever git 'round in them narrer skirts? Them sleeves be'n out I dunno how long. I



Drawn by Arthur Fuller

THEY SAT BENEATH THE STARS WHICH HAD SUDDENLY BECOME STARS OF PROMISE

guess Ripley 'll be mad when he finds out how he's undersold."

At noon Jonas was alone in the store. He tipped back his chair comfortably and smoked his pipe. Presently the door opened and Preston Ripley came in.

"Hello!" he said. "I thought I'd run over and see if any of my customers had got mislaid! I 'ain't seen one to-day."

Jonas laughed easily. "That's all right, Ripley. 'Twon't last long. I'm unloadin' an' it's my last trip."

"By what I hear, you might be making a better haul."

"I might jine the pirates!"

"They have it you're getting back on me."

The front legs of Jonas's chair struck the floor sharply. "Now, what fur, I'd like to know?"

"Well," went on Ripley, a little awkwardly. "I've never felt quite easy about your giving up. I didn't want to drive you out. I calculated there was plenty of room for both."

"So there was; so there was!"

"Wish I'd known you felt that way, Mr. Willy."

Jonas's blue eyes regarded the speaker with mild astonishment. "There warn't no other way to feel, as I see. Business is business, an' one fisherman don't git mad 'cause another's struck cod while he's gittin' sculpins."

Preston Ripley hoisted himself up on the edge of the counter. "Mr. Willy, if I didn't drive you out, why did you close up? You ain't a man that talks much, but I'd like to have it from you straight."

Jonas stretched back in his chair and took his pipe from his mouth as if preparing for an unwonted effort. "Well, young feller, I can't say yer didn't hurt my trade some. Yer got better stock an' yer kep' it up. But I take it a leetle honest competition 's a good thing. If I'd helt up my end I guess we'd both be'n goin' now an' none the wuss." Jonas paused a moment and then resumed. "I turned it over in my mind, an' I saw it warn't wuth it. 'Twould 'a' be'n nip an' tuck the hull endurin' time, an' a darn sight o' trouble. I'd 'a' be'n racin' to keep ahead an' I might 'a' got ranklin' feelin's, an' they ain't com-

fortable things to harbor. I take it, life's fur livin' an' not fur fightin'. When I was in my boat, drawrin' fish outer the sea, I warn't takin' nothin' from nobody. It was all peaceful out there on the water, an' pritty as a picter. There warn't no hustlin' to be fust."

Jonas gave a comprehensive sweep of the hand which held the pipe.

"This world's a mighty sightly place an' full o' good moments fur thinkin' an' enjoyin'. You can't see the best o' it when you're hagglin'. Mornin's, when I'd short-cut through Brown's paster to the store, the leetle drops o' water 'd be shinin' over everythin', jest as if they was laughin'. The air 'd smell like a nosegay, an' the sea'd call an' call. Then I'd hev to git in behind that counter with the dried herrin' an' the hake an' the price o' soap. There wouldn't be no peace; the minute I'd begin thinkin' in 'd come a customer an' spile it all. It seemed like sinnin' ag'in' nater, an' the Lord's work. I guess I'm tellin' yer more 'n I ever told human bein', but I want yer to see I 'ain't got nothin' ag'in' yer." Jonas leaned forward and dropped his voice to a note of confidential and solemn unction. "Pres Ripley, I'll give yer the truth right frum the shoulder. I never felt freer or more tickled in my life 'n when I hasped them shutters six year ago!"

There was a long s'ience. Finally Ripley asked:

"Why didn't you sell out, then?"

"I considered that p'int. I reckon I wouldn't 'a' made so much as I'd lost if I'd got red o' the bunch on a forced sale. Hurry don't do no good. Yer can't wrestle with the tide. It 'll go out, however hard yer hang onter it. If yer wait long 'nough it 'll turn. I waited."

Jonas resumed his pipe. Presently Ripley spoke.

"Mr. Willy, I've loved Cora ever since I came here. She cared for me, but she wouldn't have me. She said she would never marry any one that had injured her father. She and her mother held that you were against me. That was six years ago. My tide ain't turned yet." The young man gave a hard little laugh.

"There's some folks that don't know whether the tide's ag'in' or favorin'. You hev to do more 'n look; currents is deceivin'. If yer rest on the speech o' women you'll never git anywheres. Why didn't yer sail in, head on?"

"They wouldn't listen to me."

"Lord! boy, talkin' ain't no good! There ain't a argyment that 'll hasten the leettlest chicken's hatchin'. Yer ain't so spry in yer courtin' as yer be in yer tradin', Ripley!"

The young man let himself down from his perch. "Mr. Willy," he said, "I want to marry Cora as much to-day as I did six years ago."

"Well," returned Jonas, "why don't yer?"

That evening was clear and soft; somewhere on the fragrant shore Preston Ripley and Cora Willy sat beneath the stars which had suddenly become stars of promise. On the porch of the little house Jonas smoked, his wife by his side.

"Jones Willy!" abruptly broke forth Mrs. Willy; "the worm will turn, an' I've got to that p'int!"

Jonas brought back his mind from some sweet and remote distance. "Well, Mother," he said, patiently, "what is it?"

"The hull P'int's talkin'. Some hev it yer foresee the war an' helt onter yer goods."

Jonas threw back his head and laughed. "Scott! Mother, it's as much as I kin do to look forrerd to the end o' my nose, though that's consid'able!" he added.

"There's jest one question I wanten put, Jonas Willy, an' then I hope I'll never feel called to ask another; it's like haulin' a sled over bare ground. Whatever do yer keep so mum fur? Why don't yer speak out yer idees?"

Jonas took a long, fortifying puff. "What's the use o' talkin'?" he said. "Words breed words an' breath makes feathers fly!"

The River Bank

BY MARY PYNE

MY heart aches, and I press it to the grass
Where slender, purple hare-bells grow around,
But all the trees and flowers blow in the wind,
Nor can they draw their peace from out the ground.

O winds that toss the grasses to the air,
O soft mysterious waters moving nigh,
O questing birds that wheel beyond my sight,
O stubborn clouds forever floating by,

When will the sighs of all your seeking cease,
And when will silence wrap you to your rest?
'Til then the earth 's but sister to my pain;
And swoons to me as we lie breast to breast.



Washing Day

*From a Soldier's
Sketch Book*

*Drawings made while in France with the 40th
Engineers Camouflage*

by

Sergeant Kerr Eby



A Doughboy



Among the Ruins—Flirey



A Blue Devil



A Siesta



One of the 40th



Shell-Torn Essey



From Missouri



A Cook



Poilus



A Company of the 26th Division Coming Out of Château Thierry



Goodbye—Cigarette?



Bouillonville July 18

Resting at Bouillonville



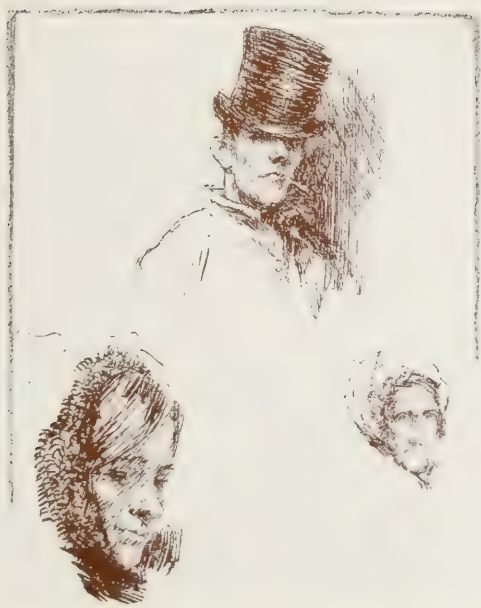
Cathedral Corner—Toul



A Breton Peasant



One of the Ruined Churches



Refugees



One of the 77th



Through the Muddy Streets of Thiaucourt

Progress in Pronunciation

BY ROBERT P. UTTER

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DIFFICULTIES in pronunciation appear very early in recorded history. We need go less than a dozen chapters beyond the creation to discover that work on the first skyscraper was abruptly abandoned because of differences of pronunciation among the workers. It is some time later, in the period of the Judges, that real acrimony enters into the discussion—that is, with the episode at the ford of the Jordan which stands as the archetype of all arguments on pronunciation; which no writer on the subject in the intervening centuries has forborne to mention. Both the confusion and the acrimony of these earlier phases remain in the situation to-day. They remain the same in kind, but mightier in degree. If the master workman for the Tower of Babel could have given his subordinates two words in common, “More mud!” he might have succeeded. That problem would seem easy to the modern contractor who must talk with Italians, Czechs, Basques, Swedes, Magyars, Lithuanians, and Poles about donkey-engines, concrete-mixers, brick-elevators, and thermostats. And to the modern advocate of a single standard of pronunciation the elemental appeal to the edge of the sword seems a simple but unattainable solution of a sorely complicated problem.

The confusion has extended itself through both time and space as records of human speech accumulate and nations branch and part. Habits and manners of speech are here to-day and there to-morrow, and forgotten the day after, till to the baffled historian of language the tracing of them seems like charting the waves of the sea. Good usage of the eighteenth century is the dialect of the nineteenth, and an unknown language to the twentieth. Rhymes of the first quarter of the eighteenth century repre-

senting the best usage in pronunciation of London society now smack strongly of the Major Costigans and Micky Frees of Thackeray’s day and Lever’s, so many words passed in that hundred years from the court of Queen Anne to the kitchen of Mary Ann. Of this there is no better illustration than the oft-quoted lines of Pope:

Where thou, great Anna, whom three realms
obey
Dost sometimes counsel take, and some-
times tea.

Doctor Watts, in the same period, rhymes *sea* consistently with *way* and *pray*—so consistently that when once he rhymes it with *eternity* one suspects him of carelessness. He rhymes *complete* with *abate*, *deceit* with *hate*, *seat* with *great*, *speak* with *take*, *blaspheme* with *shame* and *name*—and what more could one ask of Mr. Dooley himself? He rhymes *despair* with *near* and *sincere*, *declare* with *fear* and *hear*, *care* with *appear*, *there* with *severe*; Major Costigan or Peggy O’Dowd could do no less, and not much more. Peggy, for example, speaks of her husband as “the Meejor,” which is what Watts does if he makes *despair* sound like *near*. If he makes *appear* sound like *care*, so does Peggy speak of her watch as a “repayther.” In his use of another sound Pope is even more Hibernian to the modern ear than his pious contemporary. Pope’s rhymes are very accurate, and when he writes:

Straight the three bands prepare in arms to
join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine,
we know exactly how he pronounced *join*. But Watts rhymes *rejoice*, *voice*, *noise*, *choice*, *joys*, as accurately as a modern rhyming dictionary, and only once in more than two hundred pages of his hymns does one come upon the other sound of *oi*, *joined* rhyming with *mind*, and *join* with *design*. Scott uses this rhyme in “Marmion” as late as 1808:

Bulwark and bartizan and line,
And bastion, tower, and vantage coign.

It occurs in German in the same period
(Uhland, 1809):

Das dringt in die Weite
Wie Glockengeläute,

and is not unknown even to-day, as in *coyote* when sounded *kiote*, and in certain proper names such as *Heublein*. So, by the way, does the old pronunciation of *sea* survive in such proper names as *Sayward*. And if one tries to find out why Pope and Mr. Dooley, Doctor Watts and Peggy O'Dowd, have so many of the same idiosyncrasies of speech, one is almost ready to believe that Queen Anne and Mary Ann have the right of it. Take the word *tea*, for example; its history is not simple, but the Oriental word probably sounded much like *chay* when it and the beverage first appeared in Europe. At the time the Irish were learning English, if they called it *tay*, they could have made themselves understood to the English, French, Dutch, Germans, Italians, or Spaniards. If they called it *chay*, it was perhaps what they might have got from Portuguese or Russians, if any ever came near them—so they could hardly have gone wrong except by sounding it as we do to-day. Words, too, like *blaspheme* and *deceit*, that come to us from Latin through French, in which the vowels were respectively *ê* and *ei*, would to-day sound more like their source words if we pronounced them as did Doctor Watts.

Examples could be multiplied almost without number until the list included practically the whole dictionary. Even comparatively recent words have undergone changes within brief periods. It is not long, for example, since the comic fabulist (Guy Wetmore Carryl) wrote of the still new word *appendicitis*:

The fox was one of the élite
Who called it *-site* instead of *-seet*.

Students in college to-day who were learning to talk not far from the time when these lines were written have never heard any other pronunciation of the word than the one which the fox considered to be the property of the favored few. "What nedeth it to sermon of it

more?" All these are but a few concrete examples of the fact that the language has changed so completely since it appeared in the island of Britain that the earlier stages of it are studied almost as if they were foreign tongues. Open the Oxford Dictionary at random and note how the changes in the appearance of words from age to age suggest the variations in their sounds. The word *lodge*, for instance, shows, as a substantive, such forms as *loge*, *logge*, *loghe*, *luge*, *loigge*, *looge*, *ludge*; as a verb it appears in the forms *lodgyn*, *logge*, *loigge*, *luge*, *louge*, *ludge*, *lodg*, since the thirteenth century, when it seems to have come into the language; an older word would show even greater variety.

When to these variations we add those of locality, chaos and pandemonium seem insufficient terms for the state of the English language. The printing-presses, telephones, railroads, and automobiles of the twentieth century have dimmed but not obliterated the geographical divisions to which our tongues are still loyal. When a Freshman writes, "The organist then rendered the beautiful Starboard Martyr of Rossini," or, "I ran forehead on the promenade-deck," no one suspects him of coming from any farther west than an east wind can blow an Atlantic fog. The word *girl* in seven centuries of literary usage has assumed such forms as *gurle*, *gerle*, *girle*, *guirle*, *gierle*, *gyrll*, *garle*. We could easily match the list to-day if we attempted to represent what any traveler might hear in the United States—*gal*, *göl*, *gûl*, *göil*, *geöl*, *gyurl*, *gurrul*, *girrel*, *gûrl*; all these on the tongues of the native-born, and many others if we try to register the attempts of our unassimilated foreigners. And without adding further to a list of instances which might, by reference to the records of the Dialect Society, or even to the pages of our writers of fiction, be extended indefinitely, we may see in this word alone the confusion into which these divergencies of pronunciation in time and space may throw us. Propound the simplest possible question in pronunciation: "How shall we pronounce *girl*?" "Why," says one, "just as we always have pronounced it!" Thereupon we open the dictionary and find the first list

cited above. Says another, "Just as everybody pronounces it," which brings forward the second list. The sum of the two lists represents the sum of the confusion in so far as this particular word is concerned.

If we turn to the "authorities" for help, we are likely to be disappointed. Are they so busy quarreling among themselves that they have no eye to the practical problems? Or are they all engaged on the larger strategy, and none detailed to lead the troops? Indeed, their problem is one of infinite complication; small wonder that they cannot reach agreement. The sounds of language, English or any other, are as nearly infinite in their gradations as are the shades of colors. How shall we detect them all? How agree on them? And how, above all, shall we write them? Shall we carry out the gradations of vowel sounds to the *n*th decimal place, to the tenth, or only to the third? Is there, for example, an intermediate sound of *a* between *arm* and *at*, or is the sound so often heard merely the despicable compromise of men who were born in the Mississippi Valley and educated at Harvard? Some "authorities" recognize this vowel and others do not; of those who do, scarcely two agree on words in which it is to be found. If they agree on *half* and *calf*, they disagree on *brass*, *grass*, and *sample*. Has *r* one sound, two, or none at all? While laymen argue vigorously on this question, dictionaries (American ones, at least) remain conspicuously silent.

Their disagreement on general principles is perhaps less confusing, but rather more acrimonious. Here the main argument is between the radicals who welcome change and conservatives who oppose it. The conservatives see in the shifting currents of our speech sure signs of degeneracy and decay. The radicals see in the same phenomena simply the working of natural processes comparable to various processes of change in the physical universe. "Change is bad," say the conservatives; "let us have none of it." "Change is inevitable," say the radicals; "let us have as much as we can." They believe that in language, as elsewhere, "all changes and naught abides"; that the present state of the

language is merely a point in a line, a moment in an ever-moving process, not a halting-place, if halt we could. To which the other party cries, "Are we, then, to have no standards?" Thus with one faction throwing bricks due north, and the other throwing them west by a point south, there is much cry and little wool. The advocates of standards say, "We must make laws and enforce them." They would place themselves in the seats of the mighty and deliver judgments. "There is nothing," they believe:

so certain to make
Our weak fellow-mortals their errors forsake
As to tell them abruptly, with unchanging
front,
"You'll be damned if you do, you'll be
damned if you don't."

The process is less effective than they wish it were, for to the ears of the vulgar their decrees never come, and many of those within sound of their voices dispute their judgments or deny their authority. On the other hand, it is more effective than their opponents are willing to admit, for many of us mortals are weak enough to waver in every wind. In our confusion we follow almost any boldly issued command. "Teacher says you have to say *ongvelope*," Johnny reports to his parents, and if Teacher doesn't know, who does? We imitate almost unconsciously, and after listening to an Englishman (or perhaps a college professor), we catch ourselves, or are caught by our friends, in tricks of speech which to our normal habits would be rank affectation. We believe almost anything we see in print. If "the dictionary" says so and so, who will ask what dictionary, or who made it and how? Even "the newspapers" or "the magazines" are unimpeachable authorities to many of their readers. Here, then, are standards, such as they are; decrees that are effective, within limits. Can we not have sound standards, and make them broadly effective?

"No," says the radical; "pronunciation follows natural laws, and it is useless to try to tamper with them." He points to Grimm's Law, Verner's Law, and the regularity with which such a vowel in Latin gives this in Italian, that in French, the other in Spanish. He makes

a beautiful tabular view of the seven classes of strong verbs in Gothic, Anglo-Saxon, and Middle English. The beginner gets the idea that language is a science, and is no more human than mathematics. Before long he finds his mistake. He gets befogged in exceptions, "foreign" words, dialect variations, among which his fixed lights of law and order seem for the time as elusive as the very will-o'-the-wisp. It is an error to think of phonetic laws, in the scientific sense, as inevitable and inviolable. The law of falling bodies is a law in the sense that, so far as human records go, no falling body has ever succeeded in violating it. There is no law of language that cannot be broken and has not been broken, times beyond number. The "laws" of language are merely generalizations that approach sometimes more and sometimes less nearly to universality, but it is safe to say that not one of them is truly universal, nor is the study of language truly a science. What we have, then, is laws, such as they are, effective within limits, differing from those which the purists would make and enforce chiefly in that they are not man-made, but "just grew."

Such is the disposition of the forces. The radicals are busy pushing forward the advance; the conservatives in organizing the positions already won. There is no necessary antagonism, but antagonism there is and will be so long as each party thinks the other is inactive or futilely busy. And while the leaders disagree the rank and file have no assurance that they are on their way, much less that anybody knows where they are going. How shall we decide which party to join? We cannot follow the leaders unless we can tell which way they are headed, but we can follow their trails back to their last, and perhaps their first and only, point of agreement, and try to make a fresh start from there. Both parties agree that progress is necessary.

Whether or not the conservatives are on the road of progress we may decide if we can determine whether we could get ahead by adopting and adhering to a standard of pronunciation. Toward an answer to this question the

conservatives themselves help us only negatively. They say, "Without standards we dwell in chaos," and, seemingly, do not ask where we should dwell if we had them. "Shall we," they ask, "have no standards?" To which we might answer: "Certainly. The more the better." If they are before us, they lure us on. If they are behind us, they mark our progress. And sometimes it cheers us on our way to see in the rear a tin standard soldered to a gas-pipe pole fixed in a concrete base, with a group of faithful fossils beckoning us back to rally round it with them. A fixed standard is good only when it is fixed at a set distance in front of us, like a turnip dangling in front of a donkey. It should be at once as free and as fixed as the needle of a compass, and should be valued for its power to show us where we are going, but should not be used to set limit to the advance. Absolute uniformity is impossible so long as we have individuality; it is undesirable if we wish to have individuality. A single standard in speech would be no more helpful than a single standard in clothes or a single ideal in architecture. Is there any one type of building, however desirable or practical, which we should care to see supersede at once the pillared mansion of Virginia, the one-chimneyed New England farmhouse, and the Spanish country house of California? Or of speech that would compensate us for the loss of the soft, slow vowels of the South, the twang of New England, and all else that enables us to distinguish Indiana from Arkansas, or Iowa from Louisiana, more surely than does anything we read in the geography? Shall we give up all the humors of our dialects at the call of the conservative? If what he demands is unchanging standards and universal conformity, we may be glad that he cannot have what he wants. If our language is to be a living language, it must have room to grow. With rigid restrictions round it, it would be like the pine growing in the crevice, which either perishes or splits the rock. Doubtless the conservative would say that he desires nothing so rigid. "I said *standards*," he protests, "not *a standard*." But those we have already; they wave at us from every point of the compass. If, then, he

goes a step farther and defines his contention as merely for intelligent direction, a view of some goal not necessarily ultimate, and a determination of the road thereto, we may admit at once that he stands for the best sort of progress, and wonder as to the grounds of his quarrel with the radical.

The radical leaves us in no sort of doubt as to the nature of his quarrel with the conservative. "To the pure," he cries, "almost everything's rotten." What the conservative calls "decay" in language to the radical means progress to something else, just as physical decay means change of form, and he ridicules those in whose nostrils change is offense. He would have us release the brakes and abandon the wheel; take no thought for either the rate or direction of our motion—no matter what happens, it is all "perfectly natural." If it were done, the result would, of course, be the chaos that the conservative so dreads, a working machine reduced to incoherence. The radical sees only the bits, and professes not to care whether they are put together as a machine or scattered about. If there are no restraints and no standards, every man will pronounce as he pleases, and that, says the radical, in no essential differs from the present state. The fact is that some of us please to pronounce like educated men, and some please to pronounce otherwise. Not even the extremists among the radicals would have us all pronounce like uneducated men. And right here lies at least one barrier between us and complete chaos, of which neither party to the controversy seems to take full account, the social penalty on eccentricity. Conventionality is the only law of pronunciation that has any teeth, and though its influence is, on the surface, reactionary, it does give us a sort of progress. Even conformity is an ideal of a sort, and just as social conformity is brought about by social ambition—conduct is shaped according as things are or are not done "in the best society"—so it is usually in matters of speech. A school-boy conforms to the best usage of his kind and talks slang, but he finds that if he wishes to pass into some higher circle he must talk something better than slang. The only law that

compels him to change is that which gave him his ambition. The only law that compels us to pronounce as others do is that which compels us to take the consequences if we do not; to accept and rise above the dislike and suspicion with which we regard any one who is not as nearly as possible like every one else. The solid barrier between us and chaos in pronunciation is the fact that the path of conformity is the path of least resistance, but it is the path of progress only when it is conformity to something just beyond, and is a long way round compared with the short cuts made by vulgar pronunciation.

"It is difference of opinion," says Mark Twain's profound philosopher (Pudd'nhead Wilson), "that makes horse-races." It is often differences of pronunciation that make languages, and we may be thankful for the vulgarities of speech that have relieved a continent or two of complete uniformity of language. We think of Latin as a "dead" language, but it is not dead except in the sense that we have a fixed and unalterable portrait of it in one stage of its existence; it is no more dead than is the child you once were, whose portrait, unchangeable in any slightest feature, looks out at you from the confines of its rigid frame. "Vulgar" Latin, the colloquial or spoken Latin which differed from that of Cicero as the speech of our city streets or of our country roads differs from that of Daniel Webster's orations, changed gradually century by century, till the accumulation of the changes of twenty centuries is the difference between Latin and modern Italian. It was carried into Gaul, where Gallic tongues turned it differently and made it ultimately into modern French; into Iberia, where changes similar in process but different in direction and effect turned it at last into Spanish. Latin has changed greatly, but it has never died; it is vigorous in itself and in its descendants. Modern Italian is just as clearly Latin as English is Anglo-Saxon; the history is continuous from one to the other. And just as Italian and French come from Latin, so Latin comes from something earlier; at the beginning of the process we can only guess. Similar is the course of the Eng-

lish language by branching roads that come out of obscurity on one of which we find Gothic, on another Saxon. Now in Pudd'nhead Wilson's thought, we may assume, the value of horseraces was that they relieved the monotony of life, but many groups in modern society have decided that the train of attendant evils is too heavy a price to pay for the relief. Relief from monotony is not necessarily progress, in language or in any other department of life. Uniformity of language, for example, in the Romance countries of Europe, would have many practical advantages that might have made more rapid our progress in science, in commerce, in the arts. Is there any compensating advantage in the course language has followed? Is the road of our own tongue from its early Germanic form to English the road of progress?

A Danish student (and friend) of English, Prof. Otto Jespersen, thinks that it is. In his *Progress in Language* he has shown to the satisfaction of most of his readers that the "decay" of inflectional endings, such as has taken place between Gothic and English, improves the language and carries with it no loss of clearness that need make us regret the change. As one instance he takes up the example cited by some of his predecessors, the shrinkage of the Gothic *habaidêdema*, which, by rolling for centuries on various more or less Germanic tongues, has been worn down to the English *had*. The tenor of his comment on the process is:

The English form is preferable, on the ground that any one who has to choose between walking one mile or four miles will, other things being equal, prefer the shorter cut. . . . If *had* has suffered from wear and tear in the long course of time, this means that the wear and tear of people now using this form in their speech is less than if they were still cumbered with the old giant *habaidêdema*.

Indeed, it is not only one Goliath, but fifteen, that this one little word, worn down by centuries in the stream of popular use, has displaced:

Had corresponds not only to *habaidêdema*, but unites in one short form everything expressed by the Gothic *habaida*, *habaidês*,

habaidêdu, *habaidêduts*, *habaidêdum*, *habaidêduth*, *habaidêdun*, *habaidêdjau*, *habaidêdeis*, *habaidêdi*, *habaidêdeiwa*, *habaidêdeits*, *habaidêdeima*, *habaidêdeith*, *habaidêdeina*—separate forms for two or three persons in three numbers in two distinct moods!

Professor Jespersen points out further that our system of pronouns and auxiliaries which express the shades of meanings carried by the old cumbersome forms is much simpler than the old system of inflectional endings.

The personal pronouns are the same for all tenses and moods, but the endings are not. Secondly, the possession of endings does not exempt the Goths from having separate personal pronouns; and whenever these are used, the personal endings which indicate persons are superfluous. They are no less superfluous in those extremely numerous cases in which the subject is separately expressed by a noun or is understood from the preceding proposition. So that, altogether, the numerous endings of the older languages must be considered uneconomical.

The change means also, as he shows us, a gain in precision, in certain cases at least. How would the Roman, with the word *cantaveram*, express the difference between "I *had* sung" and "I *had sung*"? And if he wished to emphasize the *I*, he must add *ego*. "Note also the conciseness," Professor Jespersen continues, "of such answers as, 'Who had sung?' 'I had.' 'What have you done?' 'Sung.'" It seems demonstrable that the simplification does not mean loss of power, any more than would the use of a small engine to do the work of fifteen yoke of oxen.

Now, "mispronunciation" does not account for the whole of this change, nor do we, when we so name a part of it, understand the whole complicated interplay of tendencies and forces which make vulgar mispronunciation an effective power in the formation of language. But even the briefest historical perspective will show us that it is a force too important to be dismissed as mere "vulgarity," too strong to be dammed back by the frown of the schoolmistress. The schoolmistress who quotes the dictionary-maker as an authority seldom realizes that he has spent a lifetime solemnly studying the same sort of vulgarity in past ages that she is sternly

repressing in the present. Phonetic "laws" work as well to-day as they ever did, and if the philologists of the thirtieth century find no traces of us but Emerson's Essays and a Farmers' Almanac, they will be able to tell as much about our English as we know about Gothic from Ulfilas's translation of the Scriptures and a fragment of a Gothic calendar. Just as to-day we frown upon *gonna* and *gotta* for *going to* and *got to*, so doubtless did our forefathers frown on the slipshod speech that joined *be* and *utan* into *butan*, prefixed *on* and shortened it to *abutan*, then to *abute* (three syllables), and at last to *about*. If *gotta* for *must* and *gonna* for *going to* prove useful auxiliaries, vulgar pronunciation will have shown us helpful short cuts in speech. But the question whether they will disappear if they are not useful is not easy to answer. The temptation is to infer that a pronunciation must have survived because it was advantageous, even if it is not easy to see the advantage. *Punkin* is easier to say than *pumpkin* or even *pumkin*; *sparrowgrass* is perhaps easier than *asparagus*. If they oust the orthodox forms it will not be surprising. But why do we prefer *cucumber* to the earlier, now despised, *cowcumber*? And why have we changed the sounds of most of our vowels in the last five centuries? It might be possible to find a physiological reason, but no logical one is apparent.

If this were the whole story, our course would be plain before us. We should acknowledge that the extreme radicals were right, that vulgar pronunciation makes automatically for progress, and we should have only to pronounce as vulgarly as possible in order to get ahead with all possible speed. But it is not the whole story. Popular tendencies in pronunciation are not the only forces at work—to assume that the best progress could be made by removing all restraint on them would be like removing the escapement mechanism of a watch in order that the mainspring might do its work unhindered. And the mainspring and escapement are not all. Not only are there other agencies than the popular tongue for licking pronunciation into shape, but also other forces than pronunciation at work shaping language.

There are doubtless forces and tendencies that we do not so much as know of; of those we know, we understand some better than others. But we may for the moment, with the understanding that it is not the whole machine, look at the mainspring and escapement (vulgar pronunciation and one of its restraints) to see how they work together. What we see is individual and group variations in speech giving us ceaseless experiment in sound and form. These are firmly and persistently opposed by various social forces. Freest in their unconscious experimentation are the unlettered folk, who seek short cuts in speech regardless of consequences. Firmest in opposition are the educated, who consciously or unconsciously fear that the breaking down of established customs will impair the efficiency of language. The people, who have no fine shades of meaning to express, are willing to reduce their speech to very low terms. The man with the hoe has thoughts as dull as his implement; a few blunt words suffice for them. As for his feelings, they may have subtle shades, but we should not expect him, if, for example, he were afflicted with melancholia, to care to tell us whether it were "a grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear," or whether it were such that he would fain "lie down like a tired child, and weep away a life of care." But to Coleridge and Shelley, doubtless to Edwin Markham, the English language is none too subtle for the delicate shades of thought and feeling they have to express. So we may imagine the poets and philosophers of the ages between Ulfilas and King Alfred opposing the gradual change from *habaidêdema* to *had*, or fighting step by step the whole attack of slovenly pronunciation on inflectional endings. Thus, opposed to the tendency to simplify is the pressure from those to whom simplification seems to impair efficiency. Their opposition should be vigorous and protracted, for it is perhaps our best assurance that the changes which become permanent mean progress. The fact that vulgar pronunciation has helped language does not mean that it is to be practised always and by all; that its influence, if unrestrained, would be for good; that it should even be en-

couraged. It does represent decay, and if left to itself would corrupt the whole. In combination with other influences it is helpful, for it decays the surface enough to make it workable by the constructive forces; but these forces must not relax; it must be met always by vigorous opposition.

When we have gone so far as this, when we have found a position from which we can see at once two of the many sides of the problem, we wonder what can be done toward solving it. Grant Professor Jespersen's theory of progress in language; how far may it be a conscious process? To what extent may intelligence direct it? At first we might be inclined to give over in despair. The forces at work are so many and so complicated—many must be hidden, how many we do not know—that we feel we might as well try to direct the stars in their courses. But such a situation has never yet withheld the human mind from persistent attempt at solution of any problem it really wished to solve. One by one we learn the secrets of the physical world, and how far we can control it, and how far we must adapt ourselves to it. In language there must be far more of control than adaptation, if once we could see the problem steadily and see it whole. Unruly member though the tongue may be, we may imagine it to be easier to harness than the lightnings if we have the collective will to do it and set our science to work on the problem. The first step at least is clearly indicated; we must find out how we actually do pronounce. Without this, the attempt to improve is like dressing in the dark or without a mirror; we may know how we wish our clothes to look, but how shall we know what to do to make them look as we wish unless we can see what condition they are in? Our mirror might be provided by a series of studies in the speech of different sections of the United States, such as Sweet, Jones, Grant, and others have made of the speech of England and Scotland. If we were to collect from

the living tongues of our own people the data in regard to the language of to-day that philologists would give their eye-teeth for in regard to past stages, then we might be in a position to study the problem till we understand it. The next step would be determined by what the data revealed—by what the mirror might show us. We might then know how many sounds of *r* and how many of *a* we have in the United States, and by charting movements, areas, and currents as we do weather on a map we might to some extent be able to predict, possibly at last to agree and control. Our hope is in the amount of this work that is under way in the hands of dictionary-makers, the American Dialect Society, and others, including many individual workers. The discouragement lies in the slowness of the work and the lack of organization and unity of purpose. But we are at work on the problem, and some day we shall have it before us; then we may be able to solve it—if we care enough. Here lies the real work, and such as are engaged in it are the true leaders.

Meanwhile we can do naught but sweep each before his own door and hope that the village will be clean. If each one of us had ideals for his own speech, the language could not but improve; the more of us there are who hold and strive to follow them the more will be the improvement. The duty of each is to exercise such intelligence as he has. He who has a strong, original mind may be a leader. He who has not must conform, as in matters of dress, to the best usage he can find. At least, he can use judgment in choosing his leader, and common sense in following. If each one of us made up his mind how he wanted his words to sound, and tried to make them sound so without mumble, drawl, or affectation; if he meant something and sincerely strove to say it; if he spoke from a full mind a full heart, full lungs (and an empty nose)—he might safely leave the rest to "laws"—or chance.

A Bird of Passage

BY HOWARD BRUBAKER



WHEN the school-room door opened, upon that drowsy October morning, with every eye focused upon it in hope of relief from tedium, it let in the following fresh and lively elements: the superintendent, a strange lady, and a still stranger boy. As the teacher was meeting the mother and child, it was noted that this boy was black-haired but milky-faced, that he had a "cowlick," and that he was somewhat pigeon-toed. While the authorities were talking over his future without reference to the principle of self-determination, he was seated upon one of those deskless front seats normally reserved for the criminal classes. The intruders presently departed, and life slumped back to its dead level of monotony. But Tom Rucker, who was also occupying one of those penal front seats for an operation upon his comic spirit, got the main facts for free distribution at recess-time. The strangers' name was Tabor; they had moved into the "old Thompson place" and were therefore eligible to the Center School; the boy was to be taken into their class; he would appear with his books and equipment that very afternoon.

Tom, as the bearer of bad news, suffered some illogical unpopularity.

"What's he doin' in this town? Tell me that," demanded "Fatty" Hartman. "I never seen him before."

"I only told you what I heard," was Tom's defense. "It ain't my fault. I didn't make him come here."

"He better not get fresh around *me*," said Ted Blake, "or he'll wish he never come to this town."

It immediately developed that the new-comer had better not get fresh around "Fatty" or Tom or Bud Hicks or Randolph Harrington Dukes. It was clear that if the Tabor boy insisted upon

making his appearance at school that afternoon, it would be his last appearance anywhere.

This attitude was not so much personal brutality as a solemn duty to the species. If rank outsiders could walk right in and make themselves at home, where would society be then? "The dread of alien" faces, anthropologists call it, a legacy from the childhood of the race. Ted Blake was therefore nourishing a tribal atavism, though he would have been surprised to hear this news, when, after the noonday meal, he waylaid the new-comer, who was offensively journeying toward the school-house.

"What's your name?" he asked, hoarsely.

The strange boy looked at the able-bodied Ted, then at his reserves leaning against the picket fence.

"Tavy Tabor," he replied.

When Ted heard this ridiculous sound he fainted slightly upon the neighboring bosom of "Fatty" Hartman.

"Fan me with a toothpick," he said, with exquisite humor.

"What kind of a name is that—Tavy?" asked Ranny, earnestly. "Nobody's name is Tavy."

"My real name is Octavius, but I am generally called Tavy."

"Fatty" was already engaged in repeating, "Tavy, Tavy, Tavy"—trying it over upon his tympanum. He presently achieved, "Tavy, Tavy, et some gravy." But Bud Hicks was uncovering a new grievance.

"What's the reason you talk that stuck-up, stylish way? Are you a foreigner or what?" There had once been an immigrant boy in school who spoke in that odious correct fashion, one who did not know English well enough to take liberties with it.

"No. I learned it from a governess," answered Tavy. "She taught me to speak that way."

"From a what?"

"A governess."

"You did not." Bud clenched his fists. "What do you take me for? You never even *seen* a governess." He appealed to the old families to settle this matter. All agreed that Tavy had never seen a governess; all would also have agreed that a governess was probably the wife of a governor. This dispute did not at the moment reach its logical conclusion because of the school-bell.

"Lucky thing for you," said Bud. "Nobody can't get fresh around me."

On the short way to school Tavy learned that he could not get fresh around anybody present, that he had a ridiculous hat, and that he walked funny. In the afternoon session Tom Rucker, while ostensibly going to the big dictionary to refresh his memory, managed to work in a splendid imitation of a pigeon-toed foreigner taking a walk.

Within two peaceless days Tavy's position was established as between that of Ted Blake and that of Bud Hicks—

but not midway between. That is, Ted licked Tavy with difficulty, but Tavy licked Bud with considerable ease and thereby established the proposition that he *had* been educated by a governess.

"That's nuthin'"—thus Bud collected remnants of honor out of the wreck. "My uncle knows the governor. He shook hands with him an' ever'thing."

Tavy's place in the class-room was more vague, for the teacher was inclined to let the little stranger alone for a while and not to bother him with embarrassing questions. If he did not make himself offensive by brilliance of intellect, he did score a success in geography. Tavy seemed to make a personal matter of geography. He described the conduct of the Colorado River with almost indecent accuracy.

"I have been all through that country," he added.

There was something about this remark that stirred a faintly favorable feeling in the breast of Randolph Har-



WHILE THE AUTHORITIES WERE TALKING OVER HIS FUTURE, HE WAS SEATED ON A FRONT SEAT



THE STRANGE BOY LOOKED AT TED, THEN AT HIS RESERVES

rington Dukes. Ranny had never enjoyed the advantages of travel, but he was not without curiosity about places mentioned in maps and atlases. He therefore managed to be happening to pass the old Thompson place alone after school that afternoon. As he did not see Tavy, he decided that he would happen to pass down the alley and look into the back yard. There was Tavy, alone. Moreover, he seemed to be doing something interesting with the wood-pile—not working at all, but building something.

Then and there Ranny decided that, as far as he was concerned, the fellow had been sufficiently punished for being from somewhere else. He did not always take his duty to his tree-dwelling ancestors as seriously as he might. So, looking up and down the alley to see that he was not observed, he thus spoke over the fence:

"What's that you're makin' there? It don't look like much of anything."

"I'm just building a little house."

"Funny-lookin' house." Here, sud-

denly, was the opening for which he was looking. "Mebbe that's the kind of houses they have out there by the Colorado River."

"No. You know what kind of houses they have down there in that country? Adobe."

"Well, what if they do?" Ranny replied, crawling to the top of the fence.

This was not a damaging admission, yet it was probably the first statement which Tavy had made in Lakeville that was not denounced as mendacious. He seemed grateful for this slight kindness, and Ranny slid down from the fence—inside.

In the course of this call Ranny learned little about the Colorado River, but a great deal about Tavy Tabor. He had never seen anything except a freight-car which had wobbled over as much geography as Tavy had. His grammatical, yet interesting, talk abounded in such phrases as, "I remember one time in Youngstown, Ohio," or, "They have a funny way of doing things in Las Vegas, New Mexico." And he spoke

familiarly not only of places, but also of people.

"I know an office-boy in Milwaukee," he said. "Talked with him a thousand times. He gets five a week."

"Phew!" Ranny replied.

"Golf caddies make more than that sometimes. I've known them—everywhere." Tavy's gesture took in the solar system and the nearer fixed stars. "Bell-hops, too."

"Do you always have to talk so high-toned?"

"I got started that way when I was little and can't get over it. I might stop sometime." This victim of the pure English habit, which even association with office-boys and bell-hops had not cured, still had hopes.

"You talk like a book or a lecksure," said Ranny, with brutal frankness.

"I know about a million hotel clerks," the unoffended globe-trotter went on. "I always josh with them."

"They's one down at the Commercial House. We josh with *him* sometimes." It might as well be clear that there was more than one man of the world now occupying the back yard of the old Thompson place.

Ranny left presently with a mind full of new and vital information. But he was no fact miser; he always shared generously with the worthy ignorant. At supper he suddenly said, apropos of nothing:

"Chillicothe, Missouri, is larger than Lakeville."

Father bore up bravely under this blow.

"Well," he said, "it's best to face the facts."

But mother took a more personal angle. "Those Tabor people must gad about a great deal."

Ranny took this as a tribute, though none was intended—for the prejudice against rolling stones is not confined to children of the semi-barbaric age.

"Yes," he said; expansively, "they have been *ever*' place—Youngstown, Illinois, and the Colorado River, and Milwaukee, and *ever*' place."

"Is there a—Mr. Tabor?" asked father.

"Yes, but I haven't seen him yet. I think he's some kind of a traveling-man or something."

"The whole family seems to be afflicted that way." Mother clung stoutly to her slender little prejudice. "I wonder if anybody knows anything about those people."

But Ranny was not to be deterred from his duty of passing on the light of truth.

"They have a funny way of doing things out in Las Vegas," he said.

But if these matters might be broached in the privacy of the home, the time was not ripe to mention them to the larger (or perhaps more properly, the smaller) public. Tavy was still under the ban; anybody associating with him did so at his own risk. If Tavy was sometimes allowed to drift along with the after-school crowd, his every observation was hotly disputed. Nobody was more unyielding than Link Weyman, whose own title as one of Lakeville's old families was most cloudy. It had not been many months since Link had moved in from the country, to allow his father to take up the duties of county treasurer, and had undergone a similar period of ostracism. On the morning after Hallowe'en, Link was the messenger of pleasing disaster.

"You hear what they done to Tavy last night? My gosh! They went and took his gate and hid it. Don't s'pose he'll *ever* find it."

All agreed that it served Tavy "good and right." That the gate belonged in reality to the local Mr. Thompson, that Tavy had no possible use for a gate, that its loss was, if anything, a convenience to Tavy—these facts were not allowed to complicate this discussion.

"I won't never tell 'im where it is," Link added.

"No," said Ranny. "Good reason."

Ranny thus put his finger upon the weakness of this situation. Pleasant and humorous things had happened overnight. Other gates besides Tavy's had gone astray—for gate-removing is a Hallowe'en classic. The delivery-wagon of Garvin, the feed-store man, had been found upon the court-house steps, a lager-beer sign had been attached to the Brick Church, timid maiden ladies had been presumably frightened out of their wits by "tick-tacks" upon their windows. Moreover, a new high level of

wit had been attained. A cabbage head had been run up the school flag-pole and the rope cut so that this vegetable could not be removed without taking down the pole. All this news was stimulating, but there was a drawback—these depredations had been committed by older and rougher and less sheltered characters. None of the present company had taken part in these current events.

"They never let us go out at night and have any fun," Ranny complained, bitterly. "We got to stay home and go to bed."

"Maybe—now—listen here a minute—" Thus Tug Wiltshire struggled for the expression of an idea that had been gathering within him for some time. "What if we made up a night club to study something—like this book I got out of the lib'ary—all about Egypt and China and Babylon." He displayed the paper-jacketed volume of ancient history.

"Babylon, Babylon"—"Fatty" was off on his favorite pursuit of strange sounds—"I'm babbelin' now."

"What do you want to study for?"

To Bud Hicks self-improvement seemed a sorry substitute for stealing gates.

"No, listen; it's nuthin' about school work. We don't have this. We won't have this for years and years."

"I can wait, all right," said Bud. But Ranny was wrapping his mind about the new idea.

"I know—a hist'ry club." He had heard of such an organization.

"Yes, kinda. Maybe they'd let us have it on Friday night—an' meet at somebody's house," Tug went on. "We wouldn't have to study every *minute*. They'd never know the difference. We could play games an' have fun."

"Proba'ly they would have something to eat," said Tom Rucker.

"Where'll we have it?" asked "Fatty."

That was the question. That continued to be the question for several days. For, though parents gave an evasive consent to the plan, saying, "We'll see about it," or, "Where do you expect to meet?" they did not struggle with one another for the privilege of entertaining these earnest delvers into the past. One



TAVY LICKED BUD WITH CONSIDERABLE EASE

might have thought that ancient Babylon was not quite a suitable subject to bring into the pure American home.

Ranny, who had come to count rather heavily upon this unique scheme for staying out late, grew desperate because the week was galloping on toward Friday and nothing was happening.

"Listen here," he said to his fellows,

Spanish for us. He can talk a lot of Punch and Judy—all squeaky."

"Course it's a hist'ry club," said Tug, "but we could fool him easy."

So it was decided that the gullible Tavy be asked to propose this matter to his ignorant mother. Ranny, prepared for opposition, was surprised to find how easily he had won his point. He did not

know that the prehistoric dread of alien faces had come into collision with another force equally venerable and more powerful—the fear of solitude—that cohesive instinct that has marched down the ages from the first tribal organization to Friday-night literary societies.

Tavy proved to be easy to handle. The temptation to tell people about the eccentricities of the Colorado River and the carryings-on at Las Vegas, New Mexico, was not to be resisted. As for Mrs. Tabor, she assented not only gracefully (as some people do when cornered), but almost eagerly. Her attitude might have been flattering, except that she did not know these boys very well.

During this visit to the Tabor home Ranny learned for the first time that Tavy was not a complete entity; that he was, in fact, only the shadow of his former self. In his progress about the temperate and adjacent

zones this restless character had left portions of his anatomy everywhere. His teeth were scattered far and wide. He had known many dentists, each worse than the other; he had once worn hardware in his mouth for six months in the enterprise of straightening his teeth. His tonsils had been removed somewhere in Pennsylvania; his adenoids were in the western section of the central states, sometimes spoken of as the Missouri Basin. His collar-bone had been broken and repaired in Detroit, a large and interesting city. It further appeared that this remnant wore No. 4 skates, that he threw left-



"WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE MAKIN' THERE? IT DON'T LOOK LIKE MUCH OF ANYTHING"

"that crazy Tavy Tabor claims he's got a magic lantern."

Bud gave a cautious glance about and said, "He's a liar."

"I seen it my *own* self," said Ranny, growing bolder. "They got a furnace in their cellar and a gas to light down there an' ever'thing. Maybe his mother would let us have it there. She don't know us very well."

"You think he'd do it?" asked Tug.

"We could tell him it was—you know like a travel lecksure—pictures an' ever'thing. He's been lots of places. He can even talk Spanish. He could talk a little

handed but batted right-handed, that he could "crack his knuckles" interestingly, and that he had once heard about a dog called a sleuth-hound.

The boys, Tavy, and Mrs. Tabor had succumbed in turn, yet there was work to be done, work requiring tact and strategy. In this case a straight announcement seemed to Ranny more valuable than a query.

"We're going to meet at Tavy Tabor's to-morrow night," he told his family that evening. "We're going to fix up the cellar fine with porch-chairs and things. So ever'thing will be fine."

"Does Mrs. Tabor consent to this?" asked mother.

Ranny had been hoping for that question.

"She *wants* us to come!"

"I don't think this thing ought to start with total strangers, father," said she. "Several of the ladies have called there. Mrs. Tabor seems nice enough, but nobody really knows anything about that boy."

"Well, we'll think it over," father said, "and let you know in the morning." Father had a superstition that problems often solved themselves in the middle of the night.

He seemed to be right in this case; at least all opposition had melted away by breakfast-time. Moreover, there had been mysterious overnight conversions in other homes, notably in that of County Treasurer Weyman.

"First they wouldn't let me go," said Link, "but this morning they said all right. I can stay till ten o'clock if I want to."

Accordingly, the late afternoon was devoted to sweeping the cellar of the old Thompson place, installing the old wicker furniture, supplying a leg or two now and then, filling the stereopticon with oil, and putting up the sheet. All members of this improvement society bore a hand. Tavy did a number of things by way of dress rehearsal. He spoke a little Spanish—and everybody conversed in barbarous tongues for a period. He did a slight and squeaky fragment from the classic Punch and Judy. As they worked Tavy discoursed easily upon archery, boomerangs, the art and practice of garroting, with frag-

ments of information about laughing-gas, ginseng roots, and tarantulas. Tavy introduced the "triple dare" into Lakeville; heretofore the "double dare" had been as high as anybody had ever gone. At Ranny's prodding he also described some of his more interesting diseases and operations.

For the evening it was agreed that Tug could bring his history—now popularly known as the "Babylon book"—that Tom Rucker contribute a once-hand-some illustrated volume, *Sights and Scenes of the World*. Bud Hicks promised to bring a bottle of sand that his uncle had brought home from a visit to the battle-field of Gettysburg. Ted Blake had a splendid game about Nellie Bly going around the world, instructive yet not at all painful. Link Weyman offered to read his composition on the Mammoth Cave which the teacher had praised, but nobody else seemed to share the teacher's enthusiasm over this essay.

Tavy said that if somebody would bring dominoes, he would teach them a game that was just as wicked as cards, yet could be played under the very noses of parents—a little trick he had learned from a bell-hop in East St. Louis.

The festivities were set for eight o'clock, so by half past seven all the culture fiends were on hand in the fear of missing something. Several testified that they would have been even earlier had not their parents insisted upon their eating supper and changing clothes—for everybody was dressed more elegantly than the occasion warranted.

"It's jest because it's the first one," said the optimistic Ranny, referring to the epidemic of white collars and shined shoes. "After this proba'ly we can come in our regular clothes."

Mrs. Tabor welcomed the boys with a cordiality that was almost embarrassing.

"It's lovely to have you here," she said. "There's nothing in the world I like so much as boys. Tavy insisted upon sticking you in the cellar, but perhaps when you get tired studying, you'll come up-stairs."

Perhaps Mrs. Tabor's idea was that the heavier forms of thought would naturally sink to the cellar.

A surprise awaited them in the base-

ment—the place showed the touch of a woman's hand. Although the place was lighted by a gas-jet, the Tabors had installed half a dozen candles; an old rag rug had been spread on the brick floor near the furnace. It was therefore a scene of high living as well as high thinking.

"It's our club-room," Tavy explained. "My mother says we can have it permanent—I mean all the time."

"Oo! That'll be fine," exclaimed Ranny.

"We'll use the outside door after this," Tavy went on. "Every time anybody wants to study a little or something, he can slip right in here and do it."

"All right, I'll do that," said Bud Hicks, who had never been known to study anywhere. "It's a nice quiet place to study."

Tavy further developed his thought.

"If it's a club, the members ought to shake hands with each other whenever they meet. That's the way they do in clubs."

This suggestion was instantly accepted; in fact "Fatty" Hartman at once shook hands with everybody present, including himself. "How do?" he said to each, adding, as he shook his own hand, "You're a fine member."

"Well, let's have them movin' pictures," said Tom Rucker.

"No, let's have Babylon." Tug had been clinging stoutly to his book ever since his arrival. "Let's have it first and get it over with."

History and travel now came to their inevitable collision, and history lost the encounter. Tug's idea of a Friday evening in Babylon went into eclipse. So the lights were extinguished and Tavy installed himself at the stereopticon.

"The first picture," he said, "is all the different races of the world." This five-part slide was well received—the American Indian got the most applause and the African negro the most laughter.

Geographical scenes followed in bewildering succession—Niagara Falls, a



street scene in Beluchistan, the Capitol building in Pierre, South Dakota, a water-buffalo, rural life in Sweden. All these pictures got a cordial reception, but when Tavy inadvertently got one slide in upside down the members almost fell out of their chairs with enthusiasm.

Perhaps on the theory that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, Tavy's collection of slides presently went into a lighter mood. A series dealing with a colored person's ill-advised attempt to ride a mule was one of these—not too subtle for tired minds. A well-dressed gentleman with a high hat passing under a ladder and being deluged with paint was another. Such slides were repeated by request over and over again, and Tavy was required to jiggle the machine so that the pictures would actually move. When the all too limited repertory was exhausted, the host obliged with some shadow pictures of his own contrivance with which he combined his famous Punch-and-Judy act.

"Now we'll have a little Babylon!" shouted Tug. Nobody was thirsting for ancient history, and Tug had a hard time getting any attention for his proposal. "Didn't we tell 'em we would have it?" he demanded, hotly. "Are we a liar or what?"

"That's right," said Ranny. "We got to keep our promise."

Finally the sturdy honesty of these boys asserted itself and Tug was allowed to read from the Babylon book. Three improving and difficult sentences followed.

"Now we kept our promise," said Ranny. "We didn't say how much we'd have."

His informal motion was carried by an informal shout. Having paid their debt to the higher life, the members now settled down to solid enjoyment. Nobody had taxed himself with the duty of bringing dominoes, so that East St. Louis vice did not get a foothold, but Nellie Bly took many a merry trip around the globe and a lot of important new thumb-prints were added to *Sights and Scenes of the World*.

The moving pictures had stimulated a mood for amateur theatricals. There was a period in which everybody was somebody else. "Fatty" relapsed into

comic opera and soothed his own savage breast with song. Ranny, who was, among many other things, a Bible student, achieved what was, up to that time, the loudest success of the evening. He opened the furnace door and invited four Hebrews to jump in and see what would happen. Many members volunteered—to put other members in—and the fiery-furnace act was good for fifteen minutes of pure enjoyment.

The night school reached that stage pretty soon in which everything was indescribably funny; an ignorant outsider might have thought it was not so much historical as hysterical. If "Fatty" Hartman said, "It's a fine evening," the house rocked with mirth. Members became weak with laughter. When it seemed that nothing could possibly be any funnier, Tom Rucker discovered the safety-valve in the furnace which, when pulled, emitted a pleasant hiss of steam.

"That's laughing-gas," he said, in compliment to Tavy's dentistry reminiscences. "Whenever I pull that, everybody's got to laugh."

Now Bud Hicks conceived the daring idea of giving himself a mustache with the aid of a piece of coal. To constitutions already weakened with mirth, this was a dangerously contagious action. Mustaches grew into whiskers—more and more luxurious under competition, until all were negroes. "Fatty" now sang darky songs exclusively, Tavy talked Spanish with a colored accent, Ranny chucked darkies into the fiery furnace instead of Hebrews, Tom turned on the laughing-gas and the ultimate climax of disorder was reached.

Presently through the din it became evident that Mrs. Tabor was calling down the stairway, though delicately refraining from descending in person.

"Now, boys, if your study period is over, come up-stairs. I have a little surprise for you."

Blank silence fell upon the group, during which Tavy replied:

"All right, mother; we'll be right up."

It was a most untimely invitation. The luxurious club-rooms were not equipped with boy-washing apparatus. Despite the outside cellar door, escape was impossible, for, in the careless and short-sighted way of youth, all hats and

coats had been left up-stairs. Besides, everybody wanted a plateful of that "surprise."

So, sticking close together for protection, and pushing their genial host before them, the filthy young things climbed the stairs and debouched into the dining-room.

"Come right in here, boys." Mrs. Tabor's cheerful voice came from the adjoining sitting-room.

They went—not as care-free youth dancing toward light refreshments, but as galley slaves scourged to their dungeons. At the living-room door the front ranks recoiled, the party telescoped itself, folded up like an accordion. From ahead came gasps, came reproaches, came little cries of dismay. For the sitting-room of the old Thompson place was absolutely packed with parents!

"Oh, Tavy!" cried Mrs. Tabor.

"Oh, Link!" cried Mrs. Weyman.

"Oh, Ranny!" cried Mrs. Dukes.

Every mother reacted instantly to the familiar idea that the fault for the disgraceful scene, for the perfidy of the study hour, for the affront to a kind hostess, lay with her own child.

Mrs. Tabor, who had every right to be prostrated by this blow at her social entrance into Lakeville, was, on the contrary, the first to regain consciousness.

"Don't you care, friends," she said. "I think they're perfectly lovely. I wonder if you know how wonderful these boys are?"

Ranny, who had managed to squirm himself into a less exposed position in the doorway, peeped around a fellow-student to see how his parents had been impressed by this tribute. He saw nothing to indicate that their morale had weakened.

"Take them up to the bath-room, Tavy"—Mrs. Tabor reverted to the practical—"and give them everything they need. And don't forget *yourself*."

The social failures tramped up the stairs and presently there came filtering down the sound of splashing water and gurgles and snorts and—so limited is a boy's capacity for humiliation—hints of aquatic sports.

Meanwhile Mrs. Tabor was trying to save something out of the wreck.

"We're all in this trouble together."

There was a touch of mock tragedy in her voice. "There's nobody here who hasn't—paid an admission fee of one boy. Of course I had no idea what they—"

"It's all right, it's all right," interrupted Mr. Rucker, uneasily. "Liable to happen to anybody."

"I'm afraid I'm kind of—intemperate—in my fondness for boys. Perhaps you are, too, Mr. Rucker."

Tom's father evidently thought that the situation was getting too tense, for he replied:

"I like 'em now and then. But I can take 'em or let 'em alone."

Mrs. Tabor chuckled gratefully and took a chair within the circle of her guests.

"I'll have to tell you good people something or you won't understand. You know Mr. Tabor is a traveling-man, but he has no fixed territory—he has to introduce his product and organize new sections. Of course we—stick close together, so—it keeps us rather on the move."

It was a strange, almost a tragic story that Mrs. Tabor told: the tale of the chronic mover, of boarding-houses and the cheaper hotels, of countless towns turning their unlovely sides toward the railroad, of a family which could never stay long enough in one place to take root.

"We are generally comfortable enough physically, but somehow it is never real rest. It's a kind of—I don't know—spiritual insomnia. Do you understand what I mean—Mr. Dukes?"

Lakeville's prominent wagon manufacturer pressed two honest thumbs together and nodded.

"Yes; I think I get your point. I'm a great home body myself."

"I sometimes think it's—rather bad for Tavy. The book-study I manage generally myself, but I can't give him a home. And I can't give him the companionship he needs, and he's got to take what he can get. And sometimes I think the wanderlust is getting into his blood."

"It's only now and then that we get a chance like this furnished house of Mr. Thompson's. You don't know how wonderful it is to have a home for a little

while, to put Tavy into a public school, to have the house full of normal, healthy boys—like those rascals up-stairs there—spoiling my bath-room towels.”

These Lakeville parents suddenly saw the familiar interior of the house in a new light—this old house which Mr. Thompson had abandoned when he was able to build a new one, and which ever since had been the refuge for the decrepit furniture of the more exacting establishment. Yet this to Mrs. Tabor was a harbor.

“This is the time of year, too,” Mrs. Tabor went on. “It isn’t so bad in the spring; the summers are pretty dreadful sometimes; but in the fall when the fires are lighted and the—well, a person just naturally gets hungry—for—a—home.”

The smile that came with this was brave, but not wholly successful, and the hand that gripped the arm of the chair was white about the knuckles.

There was a murmur of genuine sympathy.

“I didn’t mean to tell you the sad story of my life.” Mrs. Tabor laughed apologetically. “Anyhow, we think now there’s a good chance—Mr. Tabor is working on a plan—I don’t dare to hope too much. But maybe we can stay right here in Lakeville for quite a while. I haven’t had such a gathering of folks in my house for—I’m afraid it’s ten years!”

There were sounds now indicating that a drove of cattle was coming down-stairs to break into society.

“I hope you will let them come here a good deal. We need them—Tavy and I. My husband will welcome them, too, when he is at home.”

Whatever devastation had been wrought upon Mrs. Tabor’s towels, the boys had undoubtedly regained some of their original whiteness—they looked at least like non-resident members of the Caucasian race. Nothing but a steam laundry would be able to do anything for their linen, but the hands scraped through parental inspection against that time when, as next day’s *Bulletin* reported, “delicious refreshments were served.”

What the *Bulletin* did not report was a vague and intangible era of good feeling between certain Lakeville parents

and their children, new tolerances and appreciations. And if there were, for the time being, no further night orgies in the Tabor basement, the boys were allowed to spend Saturday and a week of after-school periods in those elegant quarters which came to be known as the Tavy Club.

Mrs. Tabor made a great point of encouraging perfect freedom among her young guests, and though, as in the case of the lamented Kosciusko, “freedom shrieked,” the treatment seemed to be good for Mrs. Tabor’s spiritual insomnia. Mrs. Weyman, after making her party call, declared that Mrs. Tabor had already lost that tired look about the eyes and seemed to be growing younger.

Tavy continued to wear well. Though his nomadic life had marked him with a restlessness of spirit, though his mind never stayed long in one place, the boys did not complain; they were willing to skip from peak to peak with Tavy. They flattered him with imitation; everybody was more or less Tavyish according to his ability. There was even a movement, carried on with intermittent success, to speak his pure classic English as a kind of secret language of the organization. As an instance of how the conqueror is often vanquished by the conquered—this suggestion was actually made by that rough-spoken pugilist, Ted Blake.

But the official club handshake was even more successful. Whenever two or three members were gathered together they presented the appearance of a soldiers’ reunion. To see Ranny and Tom Rucker greet each other after the noon-day meal one would suppose that they had not met since the battle of Antietam.

When, therefore, upon a gray November Wednesday, Tavy’s seat was vacant in school, it was as if somebody had turned down the joy of living a notch or two.

“Maybe he is sick,” the teacher said, just before the noonday adjournment. “Will somebody step in and inquire?”

The Tavy Club volunteered in a body. If the fellow was sick, the Order had better know it right away and take the proper measures.

But Tavy was not sick; the drawn

shades, a few shreds of excelsior on the porch, a deep wheel-track by the curb, told another, a more tragic story. The house which but yesterday had held out its arms to all boys now turned upon them the stony stare of the old Thompson place. Tavy Tabor had moved away!

Perhaps, for the glory of Tavy's memory, it was just as well, for he left at the peak of his fame. The current of his life had been broad rather than deep. He was beginning to run low on recollections and anecdotes; it was already noted that whenever he "spoke a little Spanish" it was always the same Span-

ish. Though he had walked with caddies and talked with office-boys, yet he had human limitations. Time might have withered, custom staled, his not quite infinite variety.

As it was, boys might sit down together six months later, and put their chins upon their knees and stew gently in reminiscences, as those do who have touched life at hot points and say, as they had often said before:

"Member that fella, Tavy Tabor?"

"Talk about fun!"

And Ranny might look out through the red sunset to the west central states or the Missouri Basin and say:

"I wonder where ol' Tavy is now."

A Ballade of Pot-Pourri

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

ONCE more the garden leaps in fire,
The lips of June how red, how red!
But the young rose of my desire
Blooms in the garden of the dead;
Nor will she raise her dreaming head
For any song, how sweet it be—
Flame on, ye flowers in glory spread!
Bring me my jar of pot-pourri.

With brimming cup and soaring spire,
Glows and smells sweet each garden bed;
The haughty tapestries of Tyre
Never so many glories wed
Into their pomp of royal thread;
Nor ever yet hath honey-bee
On such delirious nectar fed—
Bring me my jar of pot-pourri.

Lover, that, with enamored lyre,
Love at thy side with aery tread,
Sings in this garden, to a quire
Of answering angels overhead:
Long be it ere thy joy be sped!
Here is no fairer flower than she;
Yet mine a lovelier thing instead—
Bring me my jar of pot-pourri.

ENVOI

Prince of Life's Garden, hear it said:
However rare thy rose—shall be
More rare her hoarded petals shed:
Bring me my jar of pot-pourri.

Woman in Politics

BY W. L. GEORGE

Author of "The Second Blooming"



IN despite of tradition, facts are not always stubborn things. That is to say, facts indicate tendencies rather than demonstrate truths, and so, from the point of view of a Feminist, it matters less that women should enter the parliaments of the world and pass laws than that the direction of woman's thought should be thereby modified. This, I think, will happen. No one supposes that in any parliament women members will ever have a majority; if they had, it would be as regrettable as the present condition where they are in an infinitely small minority. Nor do many think that women members will ever be very numerous; this may be pessimistic, but even so the presence of a group of women in parliament is immensely important, not only because they will protect the interests of women voters, but because they will brace the political consciousness of those voters.

Though women's political opportunities are not yet great, they are certainly far greater than they were ten years ago, when the first women members entered the subordinate Finnish Parliament, a poor little parliament, as defenseless before the Russian Duma as was the Duma before the Czar. To-day women are eligible to the legislatures of Norway, Finland, America, Holland, Australia, Denmark, Britain, and Germany—a field broad enough to determine within a reasonable time how far they can hope to gain the support of male voters. It is too early to answer that question with any security, because the privilege is too young; at present there are 20 women in the American state legislatures, there has been one in Congress; Holland has one such member; Denmark, 7; Britain, 1; Finland, 19; there are women members in most of the Canadian state assemblies, and nine have been elected to

the Diet of Baden. It cannot be said that this will afford anything conclusive in the way of evidence, for most of the members are picked women of considerable status; thus they do not represent the average run of women candidates who will come forward as the chances of election grow greater; the average type will be cruder in mind; it will approximate to that of the male candidate, be actuated as he is by a mixture of public spirit and personal ambition. The action of the present members will be of a loftier kind than the one we should ultimately expect from groups of Congresswomen.

A certain amount of information, or rather impression, can be gleaned from the list of candidates put up last December for the British Parliament. There were 17. Two, Miss MacArthur and Mrs. Despard, were trade-unionists of the highest standing; two were practised and respected leaders of the Women's Liberal Federation; three more, among them Miss Pankhurst, are exceedingly well known as militant suffragists; we find also the president of the National Union of Women Teachers and a prominent university graduate. Nearly all the others were also women of standing; it was a list singularly free from political adventure, and it is a pity that only one, the rebel leader, Countess Markievicz, was elected by Sinn Fein votes in Dublin. We shall have no opportunity yet of seeing woman at work in Parliament; until she enters it as a group of at least twenty or thirty we shall not be able to generalize as to the effects of her presence. But, taking as a basis the speeches the candidates made and the contents of their election addresses, though it might be dangerous to generalize, it may be possible to anticipate. Notably, it is interesting to consider what the probable effect of a *woman's right to enter legislatures* will have on the woman voter and through

her on the family; what influence this possibility will have on the woman voter in her relations with national life; and what figure women legislators are likely to cut in the parliaments themselves.

At present the political influence of women is not considerable in the family. One reason is that the right to vote is of recent origin; even in the most advanced American states it has been exercised by women for less than a generation. Their political interests are not traditional. Whereas a man as automatically decides to be a Republican or a Democrat as he decides to become a lawyer or to go to sea, a woman has not until recently found herself compelled by her position as a human being to choose a political party. Often she had done so, and with the greatest sincerity, but she was pledging herself only to support a cause with money and activity; she had not the faculty to support it by means of an actual force like a vote. Because of this, woman in the family has not, as a rule, taken a close interest in political debate. The tendency of man has been to leave her out. There are many reasons for this, and they are not all traceable to masculine arrogance; many men still hold the view that politics are a necessary evil, a nasty thing, a soiling thing, and sentimentalists of that kind have quite honestly tried to wean their women away from politics, because they had erected an altogether false picture of a creature so ethereal and saintly that she must not think of political questions, though she was not too ethereal to clean the grates. Those men mean well, but they find it difficult to make themselves understood.

Other men have taken up the attitude: "Oh, leave the government alone and go and buy a hat. Here's a check." Yet others, of a more old-fashioned type, have practically put it, "Don't you dare to start thinking; you might disagree with me." Faced by such influences, and lacking the encouraging power to vote and to sit in parliament, women were not tempted into the political field. Few came to think of politics, and this explains why most female political pioneers were spinsters—they had not to contend with discouragement from a man. (This does not apply to those who

followed the pioneers; married women joined them in masses, as a protest against male hegemony.) As the married woman does not often evolve political ideas, it follows that hitherto she has not discussed politics with her male relatives. She had nothing to discuss with; as a rule, she agreed with her men, partly because she did, partly because it was more comfortable. For few men have outlived the view that a nice woman is a woman who agrees with them. The same applies to the child. Most mothers take a vigorous interest in the education of their children, and they are responsible for many of their ideas. It is women who inculcate in the child its elementary ideas of religion, morality, manners. The father seldom takes a hand until the child attains the age of twelve or thirteen—that is to say, until the child becomes less of an emotional creature and more of an intellectual creature. It will be argued that many men delight in their little children, but if we analyze the quality of their interest we find that they treat them like kittens with which it is pleasant to play; they seldom consider them as human beings in an elementary state of development. Men will take seriously a Mexican Indian, yet, to a white child of ten, who is infinitely more educated and reflective, they will only reply, "Don't ask questions." (This rudeness often hides humility; I have a son of eight who unfortunately has developed a speculative temperament; his questions and hypotheses lead to a metaphysical realm where Kant might wander blindly. The other day he asked me, "Why am I?" I said I didn't know.) The mother's attitude is different. Whereas the father takes a sharp interest in his child of twelve or thirteen because the child is capable of intellectual ideas, she, about that time, begins to detach herself from it. That is why, perhaps, in infancy, children generally love their mother better than their father, while in youth they turn to their father, who can meet their new intellectual needs. But this is also a criticism of the mother's influence.

Whereas, during the early years, she inculcates ideas, moral and religious, she stops when the time comes for intellectual ideas because these are mainly

political ideas, for which she has, as a rule, neither the taste nor the equipment. This is the condition which, I believe, is swiftly changing, and which will change more swiftly as the exercise of political power by women and, above all, the opening to women of political careers, develop her outlook. Before she can preach a gospel to her family she must learn it, though ignorance of gospels has not always proved an impediment to preachers. Now political feeling has been growing very fast among women during the last thirty years or so; though women who actively care for politics are still much less numerous than men of similar mind, still we have in England some powerful societies, such as the Women's Liberal Federation, the Primrose League, the National Federation of Women Workers, who among them have many hundreds of thousand of members who are all more or less politically educated. Women have formed also a number of semi-political societies concerned with the status of churches, teachers, nurses, with temperance, purity laws, etc. In England and Canada many women citizen associations have been formed, whose object is to encourage the study of political, social, and economic questions. They are growing fairly steadily, and doubtless have their counterpart in America. The suffrage societies, which were very strong, are nearly all maintaining their organization; I have no doubt that the National Woman's Party, in America, which has branches in every state, will continue its labors on political lines long after the missing vote is obtained in the Senate, and all women enfranchised under your Federal law. It follows that by degrees the proportion of women with political interests will tend to equal the proportion of men addicted to politics. Notably, when in America, as in England, a woman is standing for the legislature, she will tend to stimulate the interest of her female constituents. For a long time the sex issue must be set; we cannot, for many generations, choose between Mrs. Brown and Mr. Smith in a manner as unsexed as we do between Mr. Brown and Mr. Smith. Women feel this sex difference still more than men; while a man may vote for a woman because he

thinks her a good candidate in spite of being a woman, for a long time many women will tend to vote for another woman as a demonstration of *esprit de corps*. That is unavoidable, because woman is still inferior in the state, and the persecuted must, in the words of Franklin, "hang together, or assuredly they shall hang separately."

I believe that the effects of this growing political consciousness will be considerable. They will not be very great on the men of the family, because most men are beyond argument; the best even a man like Lincoln could hope to do was to pull over to his side the waverers and thus to obtain a majority over the stalwarts who were determined to vote against him, even if he came over to their side; what a man will not take from Abraham Lincoln he will certainly not take from his wife, however often she may say it.

Children, however, are in a different position because they are curious, because they naturally want to know: "What is a Socialist? What do people do in the Senate?" etc. The growingly political woman will tell them; she will explain elementary political ideas, as a result of which the child will develop intellectually a little earlier than it did. I have no illusions as to the quality of these ideas; there is no reason to think that the political women will be less crude, less stupid, less intolerant, and less smug than the political men. They may even be worse, being more passionate; they will fill their children's heads with atrocious political prejudices. But when it comes to heads a prejudice is better than a void, because at least prejudice leads to a political attitude, whereas the void is the natural home of passing error. This forecast is, of course, conditioned by locality as well as period. In countries where women are already politically advanced, such as New Zealand, Norway, Finland, etc., the political influence of women will be more thorough than in countries such as America, where women are less inclined to take a part in politics, in countries such as Spain and Italy, where a woman's interest in politics is looked upon as an evidence of bad manners. And this kind of influence is likely to be slower in

development, less in effect. But all over the world, as the right to vote and the right to sit develops, as it inevitably must, now that the women of England, Russia, and Germany are enfranchised, and that America hesitates on the brink, there is likely to be a shift in the intellectual focus of women.

Up to the last thirty years or so women's interests were hardly ever political. They did not take part in elections; an English duchess, in the eighteenth century, did kiss a butcher to obtain his vote, but this is not exactly what is meant by political power. A sign of this withdrawal from politics is found in the fact that in the middle of the nineteenth century there were hardly any English women Radicals; there were female reactionaries, but they backed their party, not because of its politics, but because their party meant their class, their pleasures, and their income. That was not politics, but self-defense. During the last two generations, however, a change took place. Our grandmothers began, about 1850 by an increasing interest in religious administration and foreign missions; they passed on to an interest in the regulation of morals, which carries us to about 1870; the next step was the development of women's groups interested in prohibition, women's suffrage, local government. Briefly, they entered the political field, and when, in the 'eighties, they began to form political organizations absolutely parallel with those of the men, they had staked their claim.

My own feeling is that the movement will accentuate itself; that while they will maintain their old and natural interest in questions religious or moral, in matters affecting children, health, housing, they will travel farther into general politics. How far this will go and in what direction it will travel is not clear. Though believing that there are no men and that there are no women, but only majorities, the fact remains that there are majorities, that there are essential differences of mental outlook between men and women; these differences must find expression in coming political ideas. Though it be comparatively easy to forecast the influence of political women on the family, it is not so easy to figure what it will be on national life. There is

very little to go upon. The present condition of Russia and Germany, which will certainly provide important evidence because they are large nations of various composition, prevents us to-day from drawing conclusions. In Finland and Norway the female vote is, on the whole, advanced, but I suspect that this arises from the fact that only very advanced women stand for the legislature and that the majority of Finnish and Norwegian women either abstain or vote for the moderate parties. From America also we can obtain no information until the Federal amendment discloses what women do in a general or Presidential election; so far the American Woman's Party has been so busy extending the franchise that it naturally had no time to take up an attitude on broad political questions. The same applies to Britain, where suffrage is too young; it is also too partial, as no woman under thirty can vote, and it leaves out the great mass of working-girls. Probably, for that reason, it tends to be mainly conservative. Also there has not yet been time to collect British women into strictly female political groups. So far we have only a ridiculous organization called the Women's Party, run by Mrs. and Miss Pankhurst, Miss Annie Kenney, and Mrs. Drummond. This organization has put up a program entirely devoted to the most vulgar forms of jingoism. It aims notably at a revengeful reduction of German mineral resources, and at the maintenance of the present alliances after the war; therefore it opposes the League of Nations; it asks the government to refuse naturalization to Germans, regardless of resultant hatreds; it apparently desires a tariff. Briefly, it is arrayed on the side of the coarsest thinking, and seeks recruits among people of the coarsest passions. It has no conception of an evolving world, no desire for the limitation of aristocratic or capitalist tyrannies, and supports a future of commercial hatred and competitive armament. The fact that out of six printed columns in its program only one and a half deal with purely feminine questions deprives it of the right to call itself a "woman's" party. Our alleged Women's Party is following the road to junkerdom.

The future influence of these coarse thinkers on the masses will be as considerable as the present influence of the coarse men. Both will trade on passion and sensation, and both must be overthrown by love and justice. To a certain extent, love and justice will find recruits among women. Whether they will find as many among women as among men is at present doubtful, because in political matters, where none shall survive who are incapable of moderation and fellow-feeling, if you want real, obstinate stupidity and brute cruelty, you will readily find it in a political woman. As usual, her defects go with her qualities; she is capable of enthusiasm, therefore of great hates as well as of great loves—Rosa Luxemburg was more than Liebknecht, just as Catherine of Russia was more than Potemkin. In England, at least, apart from the old political societies, there is as yet no indication of interest in *general* political questions except among the labor women. The bulk of women politicians in England—and this applies as much to the parliamentary candidates as to the voters—tend to specialize along four main lines—namely, the care of the child and mother, liquor, purity laws, and social reform as represented by matters affecting unemployment and housing. The present trend is, therefore, domestic, and when we consider that in nearly all the American states where women are enfranchised, liquor prohibition was put forward; when we note that the same is valid in New Zealand, where also pensions at a rather earlier age have come in; when we note that in Norway and Finland very liberal divorce laws have been introduced—it is legitimate to expect that the development in England, and the further development in America, will be much on the same lines. That is to say, we may expect that the main influence of woman on national life will be in home affairs. It is true that there is no close correspondence between the vote the elector casts and the act which the parliament eventually passes—from San Francisco to Congress the political tank leaks all the way. Still, it matters a good deal how this political tank was originally filled, because this determines the nature of the residue. I

suspect that woman's contribution will consist mainly in block votes demanding measures such as mothers' pensions, Puritanic laws, liens on men's incomes, possibly better provision for the illegitimate, extended education, providing it doesn't cost too much. Not a sufficient program, but that is all the program which we can at first expect from a new political class.

I do not suppose that for some time the female vote will concern itself much with general politics. The old organizations do indeed take an interest in imperial affairs; societies such as the Women's Liberal Federation, and the various conservative associations, frequently hold meetings at which the political faith of the group is preached in regard to the affairs of the day, generally by men, sometimes by women, and always to an audience of women. These women are not an independent nucleus; they take their politics as a baby takes its bottles, but still, they do form a nucleus of political interest; as the franchise educates them in selecting their allegiance, and occasionally swerving from it, they are likely to develop a greater keenness for such questions as finance, military, naval, colonial, and foreign affairs. At present they are politically blank; generally in England Conservative women want a big navy, Liberal women a little navy, just as I suspect, once upon a time, Democratic women wanted free silver and Republican women supported the Dingley bill. For to support a cause does not always mean that one believes in it, and may mean that one has not thought about it. Thinking about causes is often fatal to loyalty.

Still, women will have to think about general questions as much as men, which is not a great deal to ask, if a streak of common sense is to run through their views. At present few women are so concerned; here and there we find an expert, like Mrs. Sidney Webb on industrial inspection, like Mrs. Besant on India, like Miss Ida Tarbell; we have anarchist leaders like Emma Goldman, peace propagandists like the late Baroness von Suttner, and Olive Schreiner; now and then a woman breaks into philosophic theory, such as "Vernon Lee," or

into finance, like the late Mrs. Hetty Green. But these are single swallows, and few will deny that when women mix with men their rôle, while general politics are being discussed, is either to agree with a smile of admiration, or to bristle in contradiction unsupported by fact and even by argument. In the main, they do not care, they do not think about these things; so far there was no reason why they should, because for centuries their opinion has not been asked. Being kept out of that world, they have never realized the connection between their home life, their comfort, and, let us say, foreign policy. I do not suppose that the war will have altered this much; woman is so used to calamity that it is quite possible that Belgian women who, for four years, have lived under the thrall of the German kommandantur, will return peacefully to their babies and their stews, considering German rule as one of the evils such as poverty, bereavement, or pestilence, which have always come woman's way and always will. It is easy to overrate the effects of the war—the war has had, and will have, no *direct* effects; it has merely stimulated into advancement or reaction factors which are already at work. War develops; it does not create.

That development will powerfully affect women. Though, for the last four years, most have read only head-lines, some the war news, a very few the only thing that matters—namely, the obscure political news from the little states, and the apparently dull decisions of their own governments as to controls, conscientious objection, restrictions of the liberty of meeting and of the press, etc., all have had to move in this atmosphere, and all have had to take in a little of it. They have not taken in much; they are in the same state of obscurity as their men, who glimpse the world through seven thicknesses of glass darkly. But they do glimpse something. Shades move across their cloudy retina, and the future of the world is all illumination. That is an optimistic way of putting it; it is possible to be optimistic about mankind when we compare the intellectual development of a man of to-day with that of a man of the stone age. After all, another thirty thousand years draws no time from Time.

Development being then assumed, I suspect that it will take place in women, not from any love of knowledge or justice, but through the source which has so long been potent in mankind—hatred. One dislikes being beaten in argument; therefore one works up a case so as to be able to defend one's views, and, still more, to stifle another's views. Most women will have to do this, because at present most women are of the conservative temperament. Now so long as there were no radicals the conservatives of this world lived in political happiness—they were not compelled to think. That has, until lately, been the position of woman, for nobody cared what she thought. So she didn't, and proved a valuable conservative. But during the last forty or fifty years, first in Russia among the nihilists, then in Scandinavia among the moral reformers, a little later in England and America among the women's rights advocates, in Germany among the social democrats, there have arisen women who thought, and nearly all turned to some form of socialism. A great many are eloquent, some are practical, all are intense, pugnacious, and incredibly active. Among us to-day they form committees, issue manifestos, send deputations to Mr. Lloyd George and President Wilson, trundle round the country enormous petitions. They are intensely irritating to their conservative sisters, who do wish they'd let the old world alone. But they don't, and they won't. They insist on invading peaceful villas, and, when confronted by ignorant opposition, belch forth such masses of figures about infant mortality and exchequer receipts, so many facts and names and dates, that, enraged by having no similar ammunition with which to reply, the conservative woman is being more and more driven to acquire some. That is good, for the poor thing who goes out to collect political shell with which to pulverize the labor woman, often comes home with a boomerang which, when discharged, flies back, hits her between the eyes, and wafts her into an entirely unexpected political paradise.

It is not an ideal way of acquiring education. Still, the goose who takes in her food through a machine that forces

it down her neck, somehow or other gets fed. I suppose it is better that one should come to knowledge, intending to use it against instead of for mankind, than not come to knowledge at all. All this, I believe, will have its good effects, particularly in England and America, where, much more than on the Continent, men tend to take an interest in home affairs to the exclusion of foreign affairs. Because England is an island, because America is a distant continent, their male inhabitants have never felt the foreigner so actual as did the Frenchman, the German, or the Serb, who are conscious of him all the time behind a thin frontier of bayonets. The war has made general politics more actual in England and in America; we have had to concern ourselves with Vlachs, Czechs, and Bosniacs, with socialism and Bolsheviks, with foreign exchange and shipping capacity. None of that will die; it will merely go to sleep, and in its sleep, toss. It will help a great deal if the general politics of the future toss in their sleep, rather than lie in a stupor, to start up now and then in cold-sweated nightmare. Woman will have her part in this drama because she is newer to the game. Woman in mankind is rather in the same position as the United States among nations. Both are Benjamins. Just as the United States, by rising as a political form only a century and a half ago, by becoming fathers of the French Revolution, and of all revolutions right down to the Bolshevik, just by having made an imaginative leap, created a modern civilization with a new theory of government, a new political morality, and a new humanity, so will woman benefit. The United States started on their career unhampered by monarchs, titles, class traditions, and yet they inherited the culture of the world. They could take what they wanted from the legacy, and leave the rest. This they did, sometimes wisely, and thus they have become the most hopeful political force in the world, the rallying-point of internationalism, and perhaps the center of political harmony and peace toward which the troublous little atoms we call the European states will gravitate as into a political Nirvana. The political woman of the future has opportunities of

that kind. She is not hampered by the old political allegiances. Such political knowledge as we possess lies before her; she is going to learn less from experience, that dull old fool with the solemn face and the slovenly rule of thumb, than from bright young knowledge, pitiless chronicler of fact, and cold deducer of absolute conclusion. She may learn her lesson badly, but it will not quite be the master's fault.

What effect the entry of the political woman will have upon the legislatures themselves is not easy to say, because what we know of the female temperament does not necessarily apply to the political woman. The comic papers in England like to make jokes about female Members of Parliament, to print cartoons where they are shown doing fancy-work or powdering their noses during the debates. I do not think that the women legislators will be as representative as all that, and I chronicle with regret the view that they will seldom powder their noses. No, the woman legislator will not become a legislator unless she has some virile quality. She will approximate to man, but I think her influence in Congress will be rather different; she will probably import, as did Miss Rankin, a certain emotional atmosphere, which I for one think valuable in assemblies always a little inhuman. As regards the question that interests the public more—namely, her influence on the moral tone of politics, this will depend upon the politics she finds herself in. Thus, in France, she will find herself in a parliament inclined to financial corruption; in countries such as Spain and Portugal, in a mechanical system of alternative rule by sham conservatives and sham radicals; in America, in an assembly where financial interests juggle with the law and continually conflict with the representatives of popular morality and justice; in England, in a Parliament where financial corruption is very slight, but where faiths can be seduced by a post of power or a lunch with a duke. The woman legislator will be influenced by the nature of her temptation, and I think she will best resist the temptation of money. The type of woman who is interested in politics does not, as a rule, care for money,

either because she belongs to the laboring class and has few desires, or because she belongs to the rich class. In England we don't bribe people; we make them rich first, and, as Anatole France says, the rich exhibit over the poor this moral superiority, that they neither beg in the street nor steal bread.

But where her weakness may lie is probably in the direction of honors and of power. For thousands of years we have so much encouraged woman's vanity that self-exaltation has in many become a habit; I am credibly told that a large proportion of the titles which have showered from the Lloyd-George government as water from a leaky bath, have been accepted by men because their wives wanted to be Lady X. And, whereas it is becoming an act of good form to refuse the Order of the British Empire, I hear of no woman who has declined to be made a Dame. As to power, I have, during this war, seen women in minor positions controlling nurses, directing wages, even running filing-rooms, and always filled with a bitter, earnest delight in controlling other women. From that point of view the woman legislator will be corruptible; she will expose you if you offer her a hundred thousand dollars, but if you offer her a sub-deputy-assistant-directorship, she may very well vote for you. That is if you make no bargain, for the art of corruption consists in not seeming to corrupt; the born corrupter prefers to inoculate with the microbes of gratitude and loyalty.

Loyalty will certainly be a feature of the woman legislator. Causes may be lost, but seldom lose their women. The result of that, in legislatures where women are at all numerous, will be the consolidation of the parties. Woman is a born party hack; the leader she has adopted she continues to support beyond the point of confidence, because where confidence fails loyalty steps in. If she feels that soon she may see her leader too clearly, she imitates Nelson, puts up the telescope to her blind eye. If she did not do that in other relations divorces might be more numerous.

But, whereas every cloud has its silver lining, every silver lining has its cloud, and I am convinced that the very ex-

tremism of woman will militate against this loyalty. Women do not readily compromise; what they think and what they want, they think and want with crystalline sharpness. In the home they seem to compromise, but that is not so; they give in. And when they have given in they return to the charge, give in again if they must, and try again, and eventually get what they want from a man who has grown sick of the subject. I think, in the legislatures, they will treat the president rather like a husband, say, "Yes, dear," out loud, and, "Sha'n't," *sotto voce*. I think this an excellent thing, because none but a liar can entirely agree with a political party, but if women independents become numerous in the legislatures, it is likely that loyalty on the one side, and particularism on the other, would import a certain restlessness into the political atmosphere. The parties that have women supporters can rely on them as solid and impervious to the arguments of the other side; but, on the other hand, they will never know when an apparently minor question may cause the women to form a block and to separate from the party. This is my own experience on committees, and it is borne out by the observation of bitter departmental feuds in the British civil service. The women were often irreconcilable. Brick walls and schisms are likely to be strengthened by the woman legislator.

This does not mean that she will not be able. Indeed, I believe that the average woman legislator will be far superior intellectually to the average male legislator, because, while women vote readily for men, men do not readily vote for women. The women who overcome male prejudice must therefore be women of unusual attainments, and so their presence in the legislatures is bound to raise the intellectual level. In general, the expansion of political interests among women is bound to profit the states where it takes place; it will reduce the sluggishness of mind which bars progress because it is progress; by realizing her rights in human affairs woman will be brought closer to her responsibilities. That, I think, is ideal politics—to learn your debt to humanity, and the best way of paying it.

The Industrial Effort of France During the War

BY HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS



ON the last day of August, 1914, the superintendent of a steel-plant said to me: "You have heard that the government is preparing to go to Bordeaux. Since Charleroi, it is not surprising news."

"Yes," I answered, "the panic seems to be on. But you have confidence, have you not, that you can hold your people?"

"Oh, the Parisian working-man does not think of flight. He has nowhere to go, and no money to go with. Anyway he has much more *sang froid* than the bourgeois."

Three weeks later, while we were still rejoicing over the battle of the Marne, I met the steel manufacturer in a restaurant, eating sauerkraut and sausage. Beside his plate stood a big mug of beer. It was just as if there were no German invasion.

"Back from Bordeaux?" I asked, jokingly, for that was the teasing question of the moment. To my astonishment, he answered affirmatively.

"I must explain," he added, "though you know I am not the *froussard* type. But the explanation is confidential. You must say nothing about it until after the war. I was summoned to Bordeaux by the government with other metallurgists and members of the Comité des Forges. What we were told down there in Bordeaux would have been a real tragedy if we had taken it as a tragedy. Thank God, there wasn't a man of us who lost his nerve. We French are a happy-go-lucky people, perhaps, but we do know how to rise to emergencies."

When the waiter had taken the order, the steel man told me about the munitions situation in France. The war is over. Now—for the glory of French in-

dustry—I can write about what I learned that night, and what I have heard and seen since.

A few weeks of fighting had upset the theories and calculations of strategists, publicists, economists, military critics, and statesmen. It had been an axiom that the next European war would be very short. The decisive battles would take place within the month after war was declared, and the decisive factors would be speed of mobilization and ability to use to the greatest effect the means of destruction amassed beforehand. Consequently, military authorities had concentrated their attention upon mobilization and transportation. France and Germany had both worked out their plans for "the next war" with the idea of giving quickly the decisive blow or stopping once for all the enemy's offensive. Germany's preparations were more thorough than those of France, and on a larger scale. But no more than the French did the Germans conceive the possibility of continuous fighting, with artillery preparation and support, extending over hundreds of kilometers and lasting through weeks. The war had not been on a month before it was realized—on both sides, luckily!—that the amount of artillery and the supply of ammunition were woefully inadequate to the new necessities of offensive and defensive fighting. Ammunition was being used ten times as fast as was anticipated.

When M. Millerand, the Minister of War, summoned to Bordeaux the leading steel and iron men of France, it was to tell them that the fate of the country was in their hands. The 75-cm. field-artillery cannon was proving itself, as had been foreseen by the Balkan wars, the weapon *par excellence* of armies in the field. But the consumption of shells was far beyond what had been provided for. If France was going to make full use of this

one source of superiority over the Germans, a supply of shells would have to be furnished without delay a thousand per cent. in excess of the capacity of the state arsenals. Unless private firms could produce these shells the cause of France was hopeless.

The estimates given by M. Millerand to the steel men staggered them. State arsenals were producing twelve thousand shells a day. Before the Germans resumed their offensive, the armies must have at least one hundred thousand 75-cm. shells a day. And along with this mammoth increase in shell production, the War Department would look to French factories for cannon, auto-trucks, shells of larger caliber, explosives on a scale never dreamed of, and a bewildering amount and variety of railway material. Steps were being taken, of course, to import, especially from the United States. But in the final analysis France would have to rely upon her own industrial resources.

The little group to whom M. Millerand outlined his demand could have given many reasons to prove the impossibility of executing it. General Joffre's forced retreat abandoned to the enemy the industrial regions of the north and east, which contained the greater part of France's plants for the production of steel, and most of her iron and coal. In the invaded regions were 70 per cent. of France's coal and 80 per cent. of her iron ore. The north and east had contributed four-fifths of France's coke and four-fifths of her cast iron and steel. Not only had these resources been lost to France. They had been added to the enemy's producing capacity. Before the war, France imported annually twenty million tons of coal and three million tons of coke. Most of the coke came from Germany, and was destined to the steel-plants of central France and Normandy! Even could foreign supplies of coal and iron be drawn upon, transportation was lacking.

The problem of labor was not less formidable than that of raw materials. Since the possibility of a long war had not entered into France's calculations, the mobilization of industry was not foreseen. The military arsenals were called upon to send an important part

of their personnel to the front. Exemption was not granted to superintendents, engineers, and working-men of private establishments. Every plant represented at the Bordeaux conference was crippled by the mobilization of its staff and hands, as well as paralyzed by the commandeering of transportation facilities for military purposes. To call back at that critical moment the men who had gone to the front was a delicate matter. National sentiment was against it, and could not be enlightened as to the necessity of such a measure without revealing France's weakness to the enemy. It was the nation's instinct that the armies were all too small to stem the German onslaught. Feeling was bitter against *embusqués*.

There were also technical difficulties. Before the war, the French government manufactured its artillery and shells. Private industry was called upon only for raw materials. Steel was delivered in raw state according to serial specifications, and had to pass the most rigid inspection. The government made cannon at Bourges and Puteaux; munitions at Lyons, Tarbes, and Rheims; rifles at St.-Etienne, Châtellerault, and Tulle. For accessories, each *corps d'armée* had its arsenal. The specifications for the 75-cm. shell demanded manufacture by hydraulic presses. As the shell was a bottle with thin sides, the steel had to be highly tempered. Then there were the copper cases, and the fuses, with seventeen parts to think about. The manufacturers at Bordeaux knew they could not improvise hydraulic machines and produce an unlimited quantity of high-tension steel.

Doctor Schroeder assured the German Ironmasters' Association on January 31, 1915, that the French metallurgical industry was paralyzed by the invasion of the northern and eastern industrial regions to the point of hopelessly compromising the national defense. But the *Herr Doktor* knew nothing of the Bordeaux meeting, and of how M. Millerand's appeal was being answered at the very moment he announced complacently the ruin of French competitors. One of the most damning indictments of contemporary Germany is to be found in just such speeches as this, which re-

veal a lack of moral sense in the industrial leaders of the German people. But we owe much to the tendency of these *Herren Doktoren* to believe that the fatherland has a monopoly of organizing ability and scientific knowledge, of power to mobilize and utilize material forces. Victims of their own conceit, the Germans discounted the possibility of France mustering an army in the rear, with captains of industry in command, to put into the hands of the army at the front the means of saving the world from *Deutschland über alles*. On our side, when we come to write the history of the war, let us not look for the effort and the genius, which brought the victory, in generals and combatant troops alone.

During the winter of 1914-15, when the armies were digging themselves in from the North Sea to Switzerland, the steel and iron manufacturers started to make up for the formidable diminution in raw-steel production caused by the loss of the northern and eastern regions. Long-neglected coal and iron deposits were utilized. Mines in uninvaded Departments, from the Pyrenees to the Pas de Calais, were developed to the limit of production. Coke-ovens were set up. A new system of transportation was organized, and the rolling-stock found somewhere. Plants that had never competed with the north in raw steel were equipped with blast-furnaces and converters. Labor-recruiting agents scoured Italy, Spain, and North Africa. New methods and new machinery were devised so that women could be used as manual laborers. No foundry or machine-shop was too small to be overlooked in the inventory of shell-producing possibilities. Factories got their steel and expert instructors. In quantities ranging from ten to a thousand per day, 75-cm. shells were turned out. In April, 1915, the French armies were receiving nearly a million shells a week for the precious *soixante-quinze*.

This was only the beginning. The *soixante-quinze* cannon had to be replaced and increased in number. Trench warfare called for heavier cannon and shells. Larger shells cannot be manufactured, like the 75-cm., from cut-steel bars turned and drilled on lathes. They must be forged. This required new in-

stallation of machinery in factories, and an enormous increase in consumption of raw material. Since tempered steel in sufficient quantity could not be furnished, the big shells had to be cast in foundries.

The ingenious makeshifts applied to shell production, however, did not work when it was a question of cannon. Fortunately for France, the navy had not followed the example of the army in manufacturing its own equipment. Fortunately, too, the old law which forbade French industry to accept foreign orders and to export war material was repealed in 1885. For thirty years the big establishments of central France—Le Creusot, Montluçon, St.-Chamond, St.-Etienne, and Firminy—had been working for the French navy, and for the armies and navies of a dozen foreign countries. They were equipped with open-hearth furnaces, and produced fine steel in ingots. In competition with Vickers and Krupp, their export business had demanded the most delicate and powerful steel products. The resources and capacity of these plants, constantly increased during the war under the stimulus of danger, saved France and her allies from defeat. By the time we Americans made up our minds to come into the war, French industry was in a position to give us, also, the artillery without which our armies would have cut a sorry figure at the front.

Throughout the war, France received less than 10 per cent. of her artillery and shells from abroad. The exact figures will not be available for a long time yet, but in saying "less than 10 per cent." I am certainly on the safe side.¹ This is an illustration of how French metallurgical industry responded to M. Millebrand's appeal at Bordeaux. It should correct the curious impression of many of my compatriots that France's needs

¹ The last tables, published in February, 1919, show percentage of increases only as far as the beginning of October, 1916. These are sufficiently eloquent to indicate France's effort in the manufacture of cannon and ammunition. Taking 100 as a basis on August 1, 1914, the Ministry of Armament shows the following stupendous results for the first two years after the meeting at Bordeaux: machine-guns, 16,430; rifles, 29,570; explosives, 3,750; 75-cm. shells, 3,940; other shells of larger caliber, 8,900; 75-cm. cannon, 3,220; heavy cannon, 2,300.

were supplied by the United States. One remembers with amusement the campaign of pro-Germans and pacifists in the unhappy days of our neutrality "to stop the war in Europe" by an embargo on the export of cannon and ammunition. Up to the day the armistice was signed, France's industrial attitude was that of the little boy who was told by the old gentleman that he could not capture a ground-hog by digging in his hole. "Can't catch him? Got to catch him! The family's out of meat," answered the little boy.

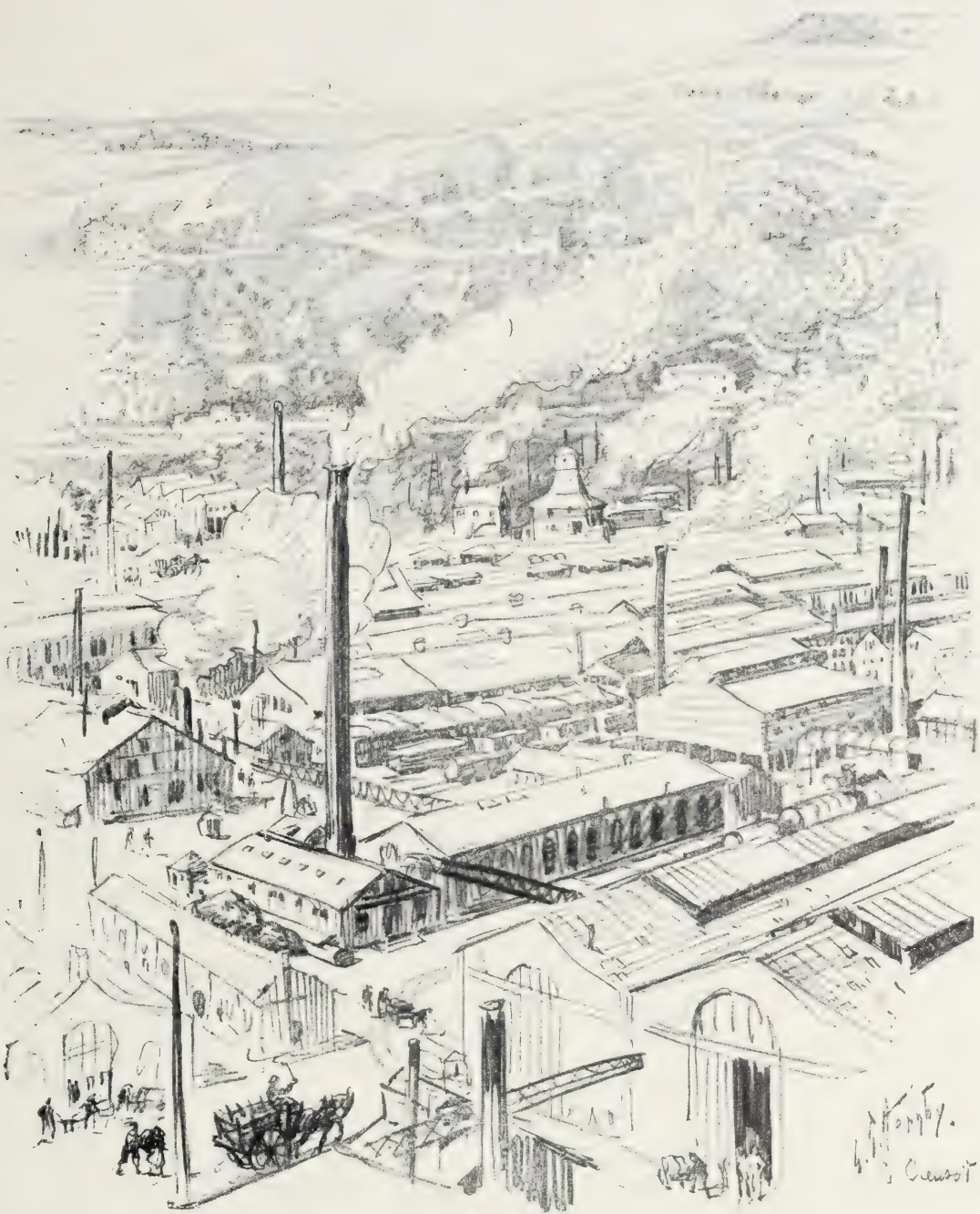
In every corner of France, superintendents and engineers and foremen and laborers knew that France was out of meat. But one did not need to go from Paris to find concrete examples of industrial effort. On the banks of the Seine, under the shadow of the Eiffel Tower, were two men who seemed to possess Aladdin's lamp.

At Billancourt, twenty years ago, Louis Renault passed his play hours experimenting with gas-engines in his mother's carriage-house. The old suburban home and the carriage-house are still there. Around them have been built acres of shops to keep pace with the development of Renault's gas-engine. At the outbreak of the war the Renault plant was sending automobiles all over the world. Louis Renault did not go to the Ministry of War with the proposition of supplying his product. He simply asked what was the need of the moment. He undertook to fill that need. Seventy-five-centimeter shells, of course, came first. There was no hesitation about a radical transformation of his plant for this purpose. When there were enough shells, aeroplane motors were in demand. Renault made them. He developed his own models. After the surprise at Cambrai, in the autumn of 1917, France saw the possibility of the use of small armored tanks. In June, 1918, when the Germans were threatening Paris for the second time, I went out to the Renault factory to speak to the hands. Monsieur Renault was not a bit depressed, and he showed me why. One of his tanks was ready. He ordered it out into the street. It slid down the embankment of the quay to the Seine, climbed up again, went through a hedge,

rode over a big tree, and knocked down the walls of a building that was being demolished. Then, turning a half-somersault to shake off bricks and plaster, the tank crawled back to the factory.

"I am making as many of these as I can get the material for," said Monsieur Renault. A month later, the Renault tanks entered into action between the Marne and the Vesle. Ask any American who took part in those glorious July days, and he will tell you what happened.

André Citroën was one of the engineers with special training released from service at the front when public opinion finally realized that the industrial effort of the rear must have technically trained men in the prime of life. Citroën disliked to leave his artillery regiment, but he knew the gravity of the situation and had one idea in his head—shells, shells, and more shells. Shells without limit alone could bring the victory. Unlike Renault, Citroën had no established business with a large plant and thousands of hands. In the summer of 1915, when the Ministry of Armament told him to go ahead and make shells, he possessed only a plot of land on the right bank of the Seine beyond the Pont de Grenelle. Business enterprises had not prospered along the Quai de Javel. The land was used for growing cabbages and cauliflower. But the quarter was a populous one, and Citroën was looking for labor. He started with one building and a hundred 75-cm. shells a day. Three years later his plant covered acres. He was turning out in Paris over ten thousand shells a day, and directing another large plant, almost as important as the Paris one, at Roanne. In 1918, nearly five thousand people were working on the cabbage-patch of 1915. When I spoke at the Citroën factory at the time of the last German thrust toward Paris, I lunched in a great hall with the three thousand working-men and working-women of the day shift. We were served by white-garbed girls who brought piping-hot food to the tables in motor-driven wagonettes. Monsieur Citroën has co-operative stores for his hands, and a model *crèche* where hundreds of babies are cared for from Monday morning until Saturday night.



LE CREUSOT FACTORIES AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF PEACEFUL, ROLLING HILLS

"All this created out of nothing, in the midst of the war, with the Germans fifty miles away! How did you do it?" I exclaimed.

"Had to," answered Monsieur Citroën.

The metallurgical industry had other burdens than those of munitions and cannon imposed upon it. Rifles were never before manufactured except in arsenals of the state. They were now called for by the million from private

industry. Bayonets and trench daggers required tempered steel. The thousandfold increase in aviation and in automobile transport was possible only if steel and iron parts were delivered promptly. Machinery for shops was imported, but most of it had to be made in France. The armies could never get enough barbed wire, picks, shovels, crowbars. As trench warfare developed, light railways for feeding ammunition to

the batteries all along the front were needed. Steel-plants had to furnish the rails. Later, heavy artillery could not be handled without wide-gauge railways and special trucks. Then came the idea of armored trains and automobiles. At the very time the steel-plants were working to the limit to turn out heavy artillery, the General Staff realized that the defensive, much less the offensive, could not be successful without machine-guns and armored machine-gun emplacements. Even with labor assured and factories expanding and machines installed to keep pace with the insatiable demands, steel and iron men were not free from the constant fear of running out of raw material and coal. Iron ore, pig-iron, and steel—the figures mounted from month to month like the figures of the budget of the Ministry of Finance. But steel could not be multiplied, like money, by paper and loans.

France imported pig-iron and brought ore from the Pyrenees. Up to the end of 1916 much coal came from England. The intensification of submarine warfare necessitated the recall from their regiments of all the miners. This did not remove the miners from danger. They were put to a greater test than when fighting. Right up to the front lines in Flanders and the Artois, the precious coal-mines were exploited. During 1917, France succeeded in mining thirty million tons of coal—three-fourths of her ante-bellum output! When imports in pig-iron fell off, blast-furnaces in the Gironde, the Loire Inférieure and Normandy, enabled France to increase her production 210 per cent. between July, 1915, and July, 1917. Before the war there was no fire-brick industry in France. All the supply came from Eubœa in Greece. This was cut off entirely. To keep blast and open-hearth furnaces, coke-ovens and converters lined, a new industry was created.

Next in importance to the metallurgical effort of France, and not less difficult to succeed in, was the chemical effort. This was a field in which Germany had excelled in time of peace. Her doctors of philosophy, engaged wholesale by huge industrial enterprises, gave their employers the benefit of tireless and systematic experimental labora-

tory work. We have heard much since the war of aniline dyes. The personal experience of each of us has taught the lesson of our dependence upon Germany. Aniline dyes were only one field of superiority. German chemical products of every kind competed successfully with French products in French markets. The Ministry of War, in spite of the loss of the iron and coal of the north and east, had something to fall back upon in metallurgy. In chemistry, there was practically nothing to supplement government provisions for manufacturing explosives. It was impossible to divert to the production of explosives the plants that were struggling to meet a tenfold increase of demand for drugs. Other plants were built. And when the Germans started to use asphyxiating gases, an unexplored field of chemical effort was entered upon on a large scale. Observation balloons alone were overtaking the existing gas-producing capacity of the nation. But one never finds the French at their wit's end. By a superhuman effort, raw materials were found. Of coal, however, adequate supplies could not be diverted to the chemical factories. The chemical manufacturers concentrated their plants in the Departments near the Alps and Pyrenees, and used electricity generated by water-power. For decades, economists and scientists urged the harnessing of mountain watercourses fed by the perennial mountain snow. It required the pressure of the German invasion to secure wide-spread use of what the French call *houille blanche*.

I am often asked what scene of war made the deepest impression upon me during the ten years I have been following armies. I know that I am expected to speak of a battle, a massacre, an air raid, refugees, or the havoc of destruction. For there is surprise when I answer, "An endless chain of auto-trucks passing by night along the Verdun-Barle-Duc road in March, 1916." The Germans had concentrated their artillery and best troops for the final battle of the war. The railway behind the French was destroyed. In spite of the heroism of the defenders of the forts of Verdun, they could not have held back the Germans without food and ammunition.

Those auto-trucks saved France from the fate that has finally been meted out to the aggressor. The ammunition they carried enabled the French to hurl back shell for shell. As I watched them pass toward the thunder and lightning of the valley of the Meuse, I realized that they formed the link between the army of the front and the army of the rear. France was resisting victoriously because her entire population was working night and day. The *Herren Doktoren* had made a false calculation.

A few figures, to illustrate the growth of France's army in the rear, show how wrongly Germany reckoned when she believed that through the violation of Belgian neutrality she was going to strike a mortal blow at France's industrial life.

NUMBER OF WORKERS

	July 1914	Aug. 1914	Jan. 1918
Food products.....	93,775	50,469	80,557
Chemical products...	78,892	35,470	93,667
Rubber and paper....	55,298	17,606	42,506
Textile industries....	309,287	104,698	255,227
Clothing.....	137,764	44,332	109,743
Leather and skins...	70,212	26,864	59,375
Wood.....	84,790	19,315	72,581
Metallurgy.....	371,300	122,356	642,539

The second column gives the diminution through mobilization. In September, 1914, the figures for textiles and metallurgy were cut in half—if not more—by the invasion of northern and eastern France. The third column was established before the last German offensive. In comparing it with the other two we must remember that only workers in



MAKING ARMOR-PLATE

metallurgy and chemical products had been returned to their trades, and that the figures indicate France at work in the fourth year of the war and without her richest industrial provinces.

The textile, leather, and rubber industries supplied the armies with clothing, shoes, and tires. In every Department of France, tailors and cobblers, often in little shops, were busy on piece work for the government. I have lectured in towns of from fifty to eighty thousand inhabitants, all of whose industries were engaged exclusively in army work. The making of automobiles and aeroplanes depended as much upon workers in wood as upon workers in metal. Weaving-mills, also, contributed to the intensive production of aeroplanes. In July, 1917, after three years

of war, fifteen thousand factories were classed as *usines de guerre*. They employed one million, seven hundred thousand hands, of whom only six hundred thousand were mobilized. Four hundred thousand of the civilian hands were women. In factories other than *usines de guerre*, nearly half a million workers were employed.

The president of a chamber of commerce told me shortly before the armistice that French industry, without counting the mobilized soldiers in the *usines de guerre*, was employing more labor than at the outbreak of the war. "When you consider that in making this statement I am comparing the figures of all of France 'before the war' with those of France, deprived of her richest industrial regions, in the autumn of 1918, you will realize the miracle we have performed and its significance for the future."

Writing about the industrial effort of France during the war has not for its purpose simply to glorify the army of the rear and emphasize a chapter of war history that has escaped notice. What French manufacturers have done for national defense has wrought a profound change in the internal and international situation of France. Ante-bellum economic conditions will not be re-established with peace. The reconstruction of northern France, in industry and agriculture, is no more of a problem than the utilization of the new equipments for manufacturing called into being during the last four years in other parts of France. Capacity for production has increased several-fold. Industrial centers have a labor supply that has kept pace with this increased capacity. Now that the war work is finished, what will these plants produce? Where will they sell their products? Without the aid of a government vitally interested in supplying them, will the flow of raw materials be uninterrupted? When the factories of the north get back to work and the products of Alsace-Lorraine pour into France, there is danger of overproduction at home and keen competition for exporting facilities. France lacks shipping—which means high overseas freights—and fears meeting the prices of other nations in the world

markets. When the armies are demobilized, work must be found for two million artisans and two million unskilled laborers.

French manufacturers and labor leaders do not view the problems of peace and reconstruction from the angle of politicians and journalists. The speeches of our peacemakers and the editorials of newspapers fill with uneasiness those who have actually to confront questions of reconstruction. Although the theories of manufacturers and labor leaders are radically different, they agree in being less interested in preserving France's *amour propre* than in assuring France's *bien-être*. One cannot live on pride. Where patriotism is not tempered by common sense, it is not patriotism at all, but blind and dangerous sentimentality. As for the ideologues, did not Christ tell His disciples to begin spreading the gospel at Jerusalem? A Frenchman, whom we would call in America a captain of industry, said to me recently: "Most of the propositions aired in the press fly in the face of economic laws. Among Allied statesmen I have found only one who has had the courage to tell people the truth. Pasted over my desk there you see the speech delivered by Sir Eric Geddes at Cambridge on November 28th." I looked at the newspaper clipping. One sentence, underlined with blue pencil, read, "The indemnity question must not be allowed to become a fetish to lead to the ruin of our working classes."

The war lasted too long in Europe for political aspects to dominate at the moment of final settlement. By agreements between statesmen or by the application of force, it is possible to smooth over or cause to disappear political difficulties. The economic situation politicians do not control. The entire population of belligerent countries was called upon to make an industrial effort which changed internal social and economic conditions more than armies changed international political conditions. In making peace, governments have to take into consideration factors which never before appeared in a diplomatic settlement. Just after the opening of the Peace Conference, a French Cabinet Minister spoke at a manufacturers'



WORKERS' DWELLINGS ALONG A MILL STREAM

banquet. He felt that he had unusually restless and impatient listeners. He asked the reason. The frank question brought forth a frank response. "Mr. Minister," said the toastmaster, "we may be divided about the League of Nations, but we all want a peace that will put Germany down and keep her down. In themselves, your propositions do not displease us! But it is evident that you do not realize the necessity of putting the economic test to each of them. You have not satisfied us that in establishing its program, the members of the government have asked themselves how, singly and collectively, the measures are going to affect the economic life of France.

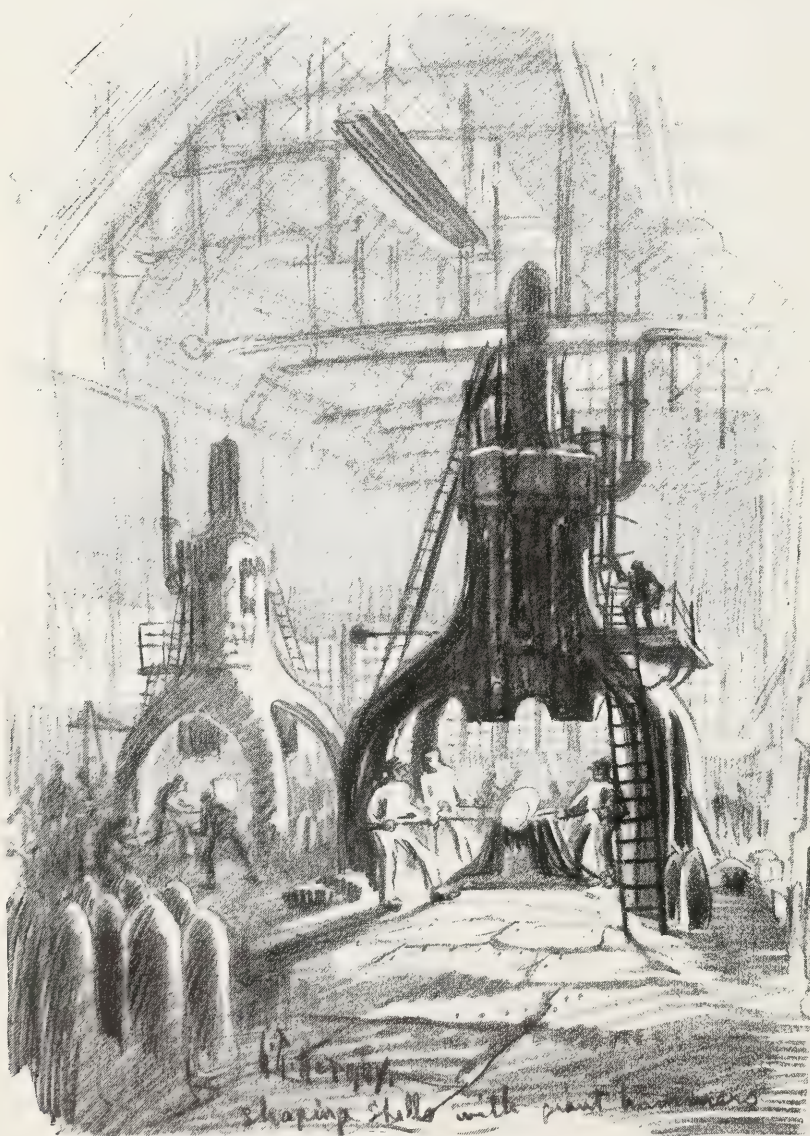
You did not need to emphasize to an audience of Frenchmen the danger of a renewal of German aggression. But you did need to assure an audience of producers of goods and hirers of labor that the government, in peace negotiations, is equally alive to the twin dangers of over-production and unemployment. In order to win the war, you stimulated us to a miraculous industrial effort. In order to win the peace, do not ignore the revolutionized industrial situation of France. The producing capacity of our factories is greatly increased. The field of labor recruiting is widely extended."

Since the armistice American business men have flocked to France. Eager to

help in the economic rehabilitation of the country, they want to provide France with building materials, agricultural machinery, automobiles, locomotives, rolling-stock, and steel rails. They are amazed at the difficulties put in their path, especially since they thought that the French government would encourage importation. They become angry and declare that the French are blind to their own interests. The inertia of the government and the government's fear of lowering the value of the franc abroad are blamed for the strict barriers maintained against importations. The president of the American Chamber of Commerce in Paris has issued a statement criticizing the French importation regulations, which he attributes to exchange considerations. The government's policy, however, has a

deeper and more significant cause which has escaped the Americans who are anxious to do business with France. France makes no objection to the importation of raw materials. Machinery that she cannot make herself she is as eager to get as during the war. But all manufactured articles that can be made by French factories are practically prohibited entry. Nor has France shown great willingness to purchase the equipment of the American Expeditionary Force. It is a mistake in policy to want to keep for France the labor cost and the manufacturing and selling profit of merchandise for French consumption? The real reason why Americans and British are finding business difficult in France is the industrial effort of France during the war.

French captains of industry were not shortsighted during the years of formidable production of war material. In extending their plants, they kept constantly in mind the present crisis. Schneider & Co., for instance, when they were putting up acres of new shops to turn out cannon at Le Creusot and Honfleur, had already decided to become locomotive manufacturers after the war. The new buildings were constructed accordingly. While André Citroën was developing from hundreds to thousands his daily output of 75-cm. shells, he and his staff did not forget that shells would be a drug on the market after the collapse of Germany. When the armistice was signed, they put into effect the plans they had conceived while they were making shells. The Citroën plants were transformed in a few weeks, and on January 1, 1919, Monsieur Citroën offered to the French public three types of



SHAPING SHELLS WITH GIANT HAMMERS

low-priced automobiles. In vain the Ford Motor Company protested by display advertisements against the refusal of the French government to allow the French market to be flooded with Ford cars. Citroën cannot compete with Ford in cost of production. But even if the French market has to pay a little more and wait a little longer for deliveries, the manufacturers and war workers who saved France are not going to be without a means of earning a livelihood.

The war has not changed the old system of international trade relations. We are far from the era of free trade between nations and the open door in colonies. Unless reaction goes so far as to cause a revolution, and if economic conditions in other countries are like those in France, we may expect the third decade of the twentieth century to accentuate the tendency to high protective tariffs and to governmental backing of large enterprises in marketing goods in secondary states, protectorates, and colonies. The industrial effort of France during the war made victory possible—but at the price of a commercial war after peace is signed. And if, with peace, the world secures a diminution of armaments, international commercial rivalry will be all the more intense.

While manufacturers are reminding the government of its increased responsibility toward industry, which involves protection in home markets and aid in capturing foreign markets, the laboring classes warn the government of its increased responsibility toward them, which involves radical changes in the conditions and compensation of employment. Employers of labor, they say,



IN THE FOUNDRY AT MONTBARD

have been well rewarded for their effort in the national defense. Here are two examples, taken at random, of profits to shareholders:

CIE. COMMENTRY-FOURCHAMBAULT ET DECAZEVILLE

	<i>Francs</i>
1914.....	3,337,750
1915.....	7,229,335
1916.....	10,635,346
1917.....	20,266,848

SOCIÉTÉ DES ACIÉRIES DU SAUT-DU-TARN

	<i>Francs</i>
1914.....	1,029,876
1915.....	1,115,385
1916.....	6,795,316
1917.....	15,873,970

Wages increased, but in most cases no more than the cost of living. So the workers are questioning to-day, with



THE ENERGY OF LE CREUSOT NOW TURNS FROM WAR TO PEACE

more boldness and insistence than at any time in the history of French industry, the justice of the present system of the distribution of wealth. They declare that increased taxation to pay for the war must be only at the expense of capital. On the other hand, they demand shorter hours of work and higher pay. If capitalists do not care to continue to manage and develop enterprises under new conditions, they advocate the taking over of industries by the state.

A Socialist newspaper expresses the feeling common in France, now that the soldiers are being demobilized, in these words: "While *poilus* were receiving shells, stockholders were receiving dividends."

All this does not prevent one who has lived in close touch with French industry during the war from being optimistic about the future. The French boil over easily. It is in the Gallic temperament to be extravagant in demands and to

press claims with violent words. But it is also in the Gallic temperament to cool down quickly and to let reason win the day. Unless he has a long time been removed from the soil, the French working-man retains his peasant instinct of respect for property and his peasant ambition of becoming a small capitalist himself. In the country where bureaucracy has been carried to an extreme and where the enterprises controlled by the state are so badly run, the doctrine of

state control of industries has little chance of taking deep root. Its loudest advocates would be the most dismayed if they saw it gaining ground. In spite of surface indications, there is a solidarity between employers and working-men. They know that their interests are bound up together, and serious trouble would come only if the captains of industry were to find themselves unable to carry on in time of peace as they have so admirably carried on in time of war.

Summer Night

BY LAURENCE HOUSMAN

LIGHT, like a closing flower, covers to earth her herds;
 Out of the world we only watch for the rise of moon.
 Darker the twilight glimmers, dulls the warble of birds,
 Over the silent field travels the night-jar's tune.

Here, at my side so bound that even your breath I hear,
 Face and form that I love, now with the night made one,
 Pray not for any star! Come not, O Moon, for fear
 Lest in thy light the way be missed, ere the dream be done!

Gather, come close, and be kind! Kiss, oh kiss, and be warm!
 What is here, O beloved, so like a sea without sound?
 Under the swathe at our feet, swifter than wings of storm,
 Summer speeds on her way; Spring lies dead in the ground.

How like a folding flower clasped by a sleeping bee,
 Life has hold of us now; and here in its midst love lies.
 O beloved, O flower of night, no morrow's morn shall we see:
 Between a dusk and a day we meet, and at dawn Time dies!

The Colleges and the Nation

BY ARTHUR TWINING HADLEY

President of Yale University



FOR two years past the American public has been interested in knowing what our schools and colleges have done for the war. To-day it is beginning to ask what the war has done for our schools and colleges. What merits has it emphasized and what defects has it brought to light? What improvements in the course of study has it suggested? What direction is it likely to give to the development of our educational system?

It is hard for the onlooker to realize the eagerness with which these questions are asked or the unrest which they are creating; for the American college of 1919 looks singularly like the American college of 1916. The military excitements of 1917 and the military organizations of 1918 have left few visible traces behind them. The older students have returned in surprising numbers to complete their college course—not only the members of the classes of 1920 and 1919, but even those of 1918. They are glad to get back from the dreary work of war to their studies and sports and societies. Were it not for the absence of grass on the campus where the feet of drilling companies have worn it away, it would be hard to realize that such an institution as an Army Training Corps had ever monopolized college life. But underneath this quiet there is a sense of impending change. Professors, students, and graduates realize that their responsibilities to the nation have not ended with the armistice, and that we must use the lessons taught by the war to enable us to meet the country's problems in time of peace.

The school system of a nation consists of three parts: the common schools, in which children are taught certain fundamental subjects of study and habits of conduct which are essential to every-

body; the high schools and colleges, in which older students with a taste for books can pursue courses which will give them a wider outlook on life and develop their powers of independent thinking; and the technical schools, in which students of every age can secure vocational training which will make them efficient workers in their several callings.

Our common schools have always been regarded as first-rate, and the war has confirmed this opinion. The rank and file of American citizens, as represented in the National Army, were certainly more intelligent and probably more amenable to quiet methods of discipline than those of any other country. When we consider the diverse materials out of which the army was created, this fact redounds strongly to the credit of our educational system.

The product of our technical schools was good in quality but deficient in numbers. We had not enough trained engineers and surgeons and chemists to meet the needs of the army; and this placed us at a disadvantage as compared with Germany, which no amount of good individual effort could overcome. The years 1917 and 1918 were marked by "hurry calls" upon our universities to open their laboratories for the instruction of large numbers of officers and assistants for the Medical Corps and the Signal Corps, and other technical branches of the service, and to send their professors into factories and shipyards and into the field itself, to offer under stress of war a little of the training which Germany had given her citizens in time of peace.

The educational product of our high schools and colleges, when brought under stress of war, showed a curious mixture of merits and defects. Morally it was excellent; intellectually it left much to be desired in the way of thoroughness. Nothing was finer than the way in which our college boys responded to the call

to arms and adapted themselves to the hardships and exigencies of camp life. The popular idea of the college student as a spoiled child of fortune, who took his ease for three-quarters of the year and was only roused from it by the excitement of a football game or a boat race, vanished at once. The typical college boy or the typical high-school boy had high ideals and good habits of self-control. He knew how to deal with men. He was ready either to give orders or to receive them. But he did not know how to deal with intellectual problems, whether in books or out of them. He was conspicuously weak in mathematics. His arithmetic was poor, his trigonometry was poorer still. The number of officer candidates who had a practical working knowledge of logarithms was too small to meet the immediate needs of the artillery regiments of the new army. Nor was this difficulty confined to any one subject. The number who knew French or German in any practical way was insufficient for the demands of army intelligence. The number whose general courses in chemistry or physics had fitted them to take hold of the simplest technical problems was probably smaller still.

This want of thoroughness in the work of our colleges and high schools had its roots in lack of definiteness of aim. We knew what the country required of its common schools, and we knew what business required of its vocational schools; but we have never been quite sure what was required or expected of our high schools and colleges. We were in the position of a rifleman shooting at several different targets and never definitely deciding which one he should try to hit. No wonder that our score was unsatisfactory.

For the history of American high school and college education for the last hundred years is the record of a three-cornered fight between opposing views: the traditional idea, which aims to give the student acquaintance with certain subjects which have formed part of the training of a gentleman; the vocational idea, which would separate students into groups and give the members of each group knowledge of the subjects which were likely to contribute to their success

in life; and the psychological idea, which would treat each individual as an individual and develop his mind on the lines which seemed best suited to his specific case. The traditional idea was represented by most of the older colleges; the vocational idea by West Point and Annapolis and the various polytechnic schools; the psychological idea by the University of Virginia in one generation and by Harvard in the next.

There was a time near the close of the nineteenth century when it seemed that the psychological idea would prevail and that the elective system as developed at Harvard would be adopted as the typical American college course. Those were the days of extreme individualism, when the great body of thinking men accepted without question the political philosophy of Herbert Spencer and the educational philosophy of Charles William Eliot. But the opening years of the twentieth century witnessed a decided reaction against individualism both in politics and in education; and there is no more consensus of opinion as to the proper purpose and basis of a college course to-day than there was fifty years ago.

As a result of this uncertainty of aim, our high schools and colleges have been unable to develop a coherent system of intellectual traditions like those of either England or Germany. Their moral and social traditions are first-rate. They have given their students habits of self-control, breadth of acquaintance, and a facility in dealing with other men. But they have not given any considerable proportion of them the firm intellectual grasp on their studies which is obtained in European universities, nor the thoroughness of training which results from the maintenance of consistent national standards through a long series of years.

What shape shall these standards and traditions take in the days that are to come? What motives and influences can we bring to bear in order that study may be made the chief concern of our colleges, or, as some one ironically expresses it, "raised to the level of an extra-curriculum activity"?

One group of educational reformers would make the college course frankly

vocational. They point out that the student of law or medicine or engineering, who has a professional motive, habitually works harder than the student of literature or history, who has only the ordinary college motives to dominate him. They believe that our colleges and schools would be better off if the subjects were so chosen that each pupil could see the relation between what he did in the class-room and what he was going to do in his life afterward.

They also believe that this change would be good for the country. Both in peace and in war Germany had the advantage over the Allies, and particularly over England and the United States, in the abundance of technically-trained men at her command. In drugs and in dyes, in optical instruments and in airplanes, Germany could do things which we could not, because she had the men to do them; not a few individuals only, but large bodies of trained scientific workers.

All of these arguments are sound as far as they go. They prove the necessity of more technical training than we have at present. But they do not prove that technical training should be allowed to crowd out training in the duties of the citizen or the ideals of the scholar. The war has shown that if we had to choose between the two groups of subjects, the "liberal arts" taught in the colleges of America and England and France are more fundamentally necessary than the technical arts taught by Germany. The most enthusiastic American advocate of vocational training would scarcely be willing to have us purchase it at the price which the Germans have paid.

We shall undoubtedly provide more space for vocational training in the college courses of the future than we have done in the past. Particularly will this be true of training in medicine and other forms of applied science which involve education of the hand and eye as well as of the mind, and must be begun early in order to secure the necessary proficiency. But there is no indication that the American public will allow professional study to monopolize all the years of a student's freedom and thus destroy the usefulness of those years as a means of training for citizenship.

A second group goes to the other extreme, and wishes to make training for citizenship the avowed purpose of our colleges, subordinating other needs to this end. They believe that if this object were clearly placed before the student the motive of public service might be made as strong in the college course as the motive of private gain has proved in the technical courses. During the last two years we have witnessed the fervent loyalty of all classes of the nation in time of war. The contemptuous belief of the Germans, shared to some degree by the French, and even by the English, that Americans cared for nothing except the almighty dollar, has been definitely set at rest. Why not use this same loyalty in time of peace? Why not make high school and college places where a body of citizens can be trained, not in the things which each man individually enjoys, and not in the things out of which each man individually expects to make money, but in the things by which a people achieves greatness: knowledge of history and government, of its own literature and that of other nations, of the ideals of character and performance which have stood the test of time? The advocates of such a system do not deny the value of technical education or vocational training; but they believe that it should be built on a foundation of this kind if we are to avoid the perils in which Germany became inextricably involved.

As a statement of the main reason for the existence of the American college (and of the American high school also), I believe this is correct. But something more than this mere statement of purpose is needed to make preparation for citizenship an effective stimulus for hard study. The visible connection between study and result, which is so clear in good technical training, is not obvious here; and the attempts to make it obvious have not been wholly successful.

The most important among these attempts in recent years has been the Reserve Officers' Training Corps. The members of this corps had daily object-lessons in the duties of the citizen. They were learning to serve their country just as surely as the law students were learning to serve their clients. They acquired

alertness of perception, obedience to orders, public spirit, and practical interest in some of the most fascinating problems of history and geography, by this means. Two years ago many of us thought that the Reserve Officers' Training Corps might become a central institution about which college courses could be grouped and college traditions and ideals developed. I for one still believe that it is destined to play some such part in the future. But for the moment we are in the midst of a reaction against army life and all that reminds us of army life; a reaction intensified by the unfortunate experience of many of our colleges with the Students' Army Training Corps at the close of the year 1918; and so long as this lasts it is idle to expect that military training can be made a dominant element in the college life of the great majority of our students.

There is one thing which we can and must do, without waiting for agreement as to the principles on which the American college course can be arranged. We must provide better teaching. This is the need which most impresses itself on students who return from the war to complete their college course. Except where they are taking up professional studies with a view of shortening the time which they must spend in the law school or the medical school, they are choosing their courses of instruction for the sake of the men who teach them rather than for the subjects taught. As a result of a year's experience in the army they are impressed with the fact that the specific knowledge that you get in school courses counts for comparatively little; that the methods and ideals of work count for almost everything.

They want to learn to do things; to do them effectively and in the right spirit. For this purpose the particular subject studied is unimportant as compared with the spirit in which it is studied. "Put Mark Hopkins at one end of a log," said President Garfield, "and me at the other, and you have my idea of a college."

This is the soundest kind of educational theory; but it is none too easy to carry out. Logs are abundant, but Hopkinses are scarce—and in danger of becoming even scarcer. When I was

an editor of the *Railroad Gazette* we kept a tabulated record of the causes of accidents and of reasons for their recurrence. One day when there had been trouble at a grade crossing, the accident editor summarized the situation as follows: "Cause of accident, flagman had neither the decision nor the bearing of a Bismarck. Cause of recurrence of such accidents, Bismarcks not to be had for two dollars a day." The great obstacle to first-rate teaching is the short supply of good teachers. The reason for that shortage of supply is that the salaries of the teaching profession have been unfairly low for many years and are more conspicuously so now than ever before. This difficulty is not peculiar to our colleges and high schools. It is being felt through all the parts of our educational system. And as long as the present salary scale prevails the number of first-class men who go into the teaching profession will be too small to meet the wants of the community.

This evil is, I think, due more to the mistakes of school boards and college trustees in the past than to an undervaluation of the work of the teacher by the community as a whole. The school and college authorities have been more concerned to make it easy to enter the profession of teaching than to make it worth while to stay there. They have kept up the supply of teachers by giving them their professional training at an almost nominal price. A young man who looks forward to the career of a college professor can get free tuition in almost any of our graduate schools if he has had a good college record and shows that he needs the money. If, in addition, he has some inclination and capacity for research in some special line of study, he is soon promoted to a fellowship without much regard to the question whether many students will need to understand his subject or whether he knows how to teach it if they do. The market has been over-supplied with men who have no special qualifications for meeting its actual demands. The result has been a scale and standard of salaries which fail to attract first-class men in any considerable numbers.

This is a deep-seated evil, and the remedy must go to the roots of the

matter. It is not enough to pay increased salaries to a few first-class men. We must enable the first-class teacher to *earn* more as well as to receive more. We must give him the chance to work under conditions of maximum efficiency, so that he can furnish good teaching to as large a number of students as possible. To secure this result there must be active co-operation on the part of the pupils. Why is a law class of two hundred an easier thing for a first-rate teacher to handle than a history class of one-third the number? Because every student in the law class has a personal interest in learning all he can. It is for his obvious interest to listen to every suggestion of the professor, to follow all the discussions of the class-room as closely as if he himself were taking part, and to spend his spare hours in the library reading cases which illustrate the subjects taught, with only that minimum amount of guidance which will enable him to find his own way. This is why law teachers do efficient work, and why they can be paid salaries which are higher than those that any other teachers as a class command. The law student knows that he himself is responsible for nineteen-twentieths of the work of his own education, and that no excuses will be accepted by the courts if he fails to meet the responsibility.

But public opinion in America too often encourages the college or high-school student to think that the teacher is responsible for making him study. If he fails to pass an examination his parents and friends say that it was the fault of bad teaching. If he is censured for laziness they say that the teacher should have made the subject more interesting. Public opinion in Europe places full share of responsibility for failure upon the student. As long as we fail to do this we put our teachers at a disadvantage and compel them to work under conditions of minimum efficiency. To expect first-class results under such a system is folly.

The problem of higher education of the community can never be solved unless we realize that it is a national and not an individual one, an economic and not a psychological one. We have several hundreds of thousands of young

men and women to train each year. We have only a limited number of teachers competent to train them, and a limited portion of the nation's wealth which we are prepared to spend on such training. To utilize the means at our command, we must put the responsibility for education upon the pupils and the parents of the pupils to an extent which we have hitherto been unwilling to do. For this purpose there are three means at our disposal, each of which has been tried and proved serviceable in other countries.

The first is an adequate and intelligent use of examinations. There is a widespread prejudice against this whole system because examiners have set papers in unsuitable subjects or prepared them so unskillfully that they were worse than no test at all. But the fact that the system has been misapplied or administered by untrained men must not blind us to the fact that an examination paper set by a man who knows his business, and preferably not by the teacher himself, is the most potent method of getting the pupils to do as much as possible of the work themselves instead of leaving it wholly to the teacher. The thing that has kept German students hardest at work has been the prospect of the state examination which would follow the completion of their studies. The thing that has kept English students hardest at work has been the university examination where papers were set by skilled men who had no direct responsibility for the student's teaching. Such examinations at Oxford or Cambridge give rise to as keen a student competition as ever existed on the football-field or the river, and make study a dominant interest with good students instead of an incidental one. The College Board examinations in this country, with all their faults, have had a decided effect in making pupils in preparatory schools take an active responsibility for their work. When our colleges have offered to accept certificates on some subjects and require examinations on others, the chief objection has come from the teachers in the subjects where we were ready to accept certificates. They have said frankly that this would constitute a discrimination against them, because the

pupil would do all his work on the subjects in which he was going to be examined.

A second means for securing co-operation between parents, pupils, and teachers, adopted by nearly every country except our own, is the imposition of a moderate tuition fee in the higher grades of the public-school system. During the years in which we require school attendance of every child the teaching must, of course, be free. But when it comes to advanced training, and particularly to technical training, we are warranted in making a charge; not for the sake of the revenue thus produced, but for the sake of the efficiency of teaching thus obtained. The requirement of tuition fees in the higher parts of the public-school system will tend to secure intelligent choice of courses on the part of the pupil, and co-operation, both from the pupil and from his parents, in making the work of the laboratory and class-room effective. If it appears that a pupil cannot afford to pay a tuition fee, he must show that he is entitled to its remission by maintaining a specially high standard of scholarship. By thus confining advanced classes to pupils who are really anxious to get the good of the work, teaching can be made much more effective. We can give more technical training at less aggregate cost and can maintain the standard of a teacher's salary and the dignity of a teacher's position in better relation to that of other professions than we have done heretofore.

A third suggestion for reform concerns our graduate schools. We must find some means of regulating an indiscriminate competition which results in multiplying specialists in subjects for which there is no considerable or elastic demand. In other countries division of labor between universities is recognized as a legitimate and natural thing. Each strengthens itself in the specialty in which it is already strong; each is content to let others develop the lines in which it is comparatively weak. If we can once get through the public mind a realization that it is more important for a school to teach well the things that it does teach than to teach every subject for which a few individual pupils may

happen to ask, we can deal with this situation effectively. The large foundations not connected with any particular university should be able to help us greatly in this matter by distributing their researches and their research fellows among different institutions in accordance with some preconceived plan. This will mean real nationalization of our educational system; not the sort of nationalization which is involved in imposing one scheme or method of instruction upon everybody, but that which comes from apportioning the work to those who are likely to do it best, and leaving each group of men as free as possible to do it in their own way.

If we can grasp these great economic principles affecting education, the high cost of living may prove to be a blessing in disguise to the teaching profession, by compelling the public to face the problem of national education in its entirety, as part of the great problem of national efficiency.

And what will become of the college life of older days, amid all these changes? This is a question frequently asked by graduates who recognize the trend of the times, but fear that the useful and thorough education which their children will obtain may result in driving the poetry out of school and college life. I do not think that there is any serious ground for such apprehension. The life of the college depends on the traditions and ideals of the place rather than on the subjects studied. Four years spent in a place of high intellectual standards, with chances for reading and opportunities for seeing distinguished men, have pretty much the same influence on the student, whatever the particular subject to which he may devote his attention. For more than a century Oxford has devoted itself to the classics and Cambridge to mathematics; yet there are no two institutions in the world more alike than Oxford and Cambridge. Particularly strong is this collegiate influence when a university enjoys, as Oxford and Cambridge have done, the benefit of beautiful buildings—a thing which Cardinal Newman rightly emphasizes as one of the most effective means of education which we have at our command.

Nor need the lover of the past appre-

hend that the study of the classics will disappear from the face of the earth. It is true that they can no longer claim the position of special privilege in the curriculum which they enjoyed a hundred years ago. They must take their chances with other subjects. But Latin, when rightly taught, is an invaluable instrument of general education. Good foreign language teaching is a necessary element in high school and college work; partly because it is easier to teach a pupil to read with exact attention in a foreign language, and partly because it is easier to give tests which make it clear that he has done his share of the work and is acquiring power as well as knowledge. There are only two foreign languages which any considerable portion of our high schools were teaching well—Latin and German. We shall develop good French teaching and good Spanish teaching in time; but for the moment the gap left by the disuse of German must be filled by Latin or not at all. The prejudice against the study of German which has been created by the war has given

Latin its chance. It is for the classical teachers to show that they are equal to the opportunity which lies before them.

I am afraid that many readers, on finishing this article, will complain that its conclusions are rather indefinite. This complaint is justified. I frankly confess that I do not know, and I doubt whether anybody knows, how the balance will incline in the American college course of the future between studies which make a man a good citizen and studies which prepare him for his profession; between language teaching or history teaching on the one hand and science teaching on the other. I have indicated the direction which our progress is likely to take rather than the successive steps by which that progress is to be realized. The war has not been over for many months; and under these circumstances it is more important to present a straightforward picture of the prospect, clouds and all, than to lay claim to a clearness of vision which we do not yet possess.

Mnemosyne

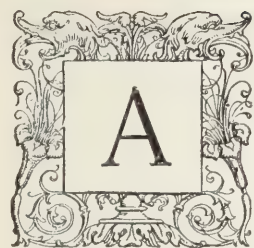
BY JESSIE LEMONT

SHE scatters poppies in the Lake of Dream,
 The petals slowly fall, fall one by one,
 While through the dim gray waters shadows seem
 To softly, faintly call in monotone.
 One poppy petal pale with velvet touch
 Clings to her fingers still as with Love's need
 To clasp the hand of Memory, lest too much
 The pain of parting thrill the hand that's freed.
 The music of the dream voice fainter grows,
 The petal pale descends into the deep;
 Trembling again, it once more gleams and glows,
 Then with the shadows blends and sinks to sleep.
 And Mnemosyne, proud and silent, stands
 With dark head sadly bowed and empty hands.

Something to Read

BY WILLIAM McFEE

Author of "Casuals of the Sea"



AS I follow my old friend and shipmate along the dockside and across the narrow gangway to the deck, some one pulls the lanyard on the bridge, and the whistle, clearing its throat with a gurgle of condensation and covering us in a fine spray, bursts into a hoarse bellow that reverberates against the tall, stark warehouses, with their wet roofs, dingy windows, and projecting cranes, and seems to vocalize, in a very epigrammatic manner, the clean, cold sharpness of the spring day, the brisk bustle of business, and the energy of the easterly wind that is drying up the puddles between the tracks on the quay and sending the exhaust steam from the winches in feathery swirls round the flapping red ensign on the poop. The carpenter is hammering home the wedges that batten down the hatch tarpaulins, and the second officer, an old badge-cap on his head and dilapidated double-breasted uniform coat buttoned up to his chin, is superintending the lowering of the cargo-derricks.

Laden with heavy portmanteaus and followed by a ragged, knock-kneed, shifty-eyed gentleman bearing a large canvas sea-bag on his shoulder, we pass along a narrow alleyway and enter a small cabin over the door of which is a shining brass plate marked "Chief Engineer." We deposit our burdens, and the shifty-eyed one, who takes one or two swift and all-embracing glances about the room, with a view to some possible future enterprise, is paid off and escorted out on deck. My friend murmurs something about "seeing the Old Man" and goes out, leaving me in the semi-darkness of the cabin. There is no electric light on this ship, for she is one of the old tramps which plowed the ocean in the days before dynamos were cheap or wireless compulsory. A

sturdy, two-decked, schooner-rigged, single-screw contraption, with wide hatches, accommodation amidships, and no patents. A comfortable ship. I can feel the railway-rep upholstery of the settee, and the walls gleam white as the enamel reflects the light that eludes the green silk curtains of the ten-inch window. I get up and strike a match to light the shining brass lamp that swings on its gimbals by the bunkside. Many a mess-room boy has rubbed industriously at that lamp as he looked curiously at the books on the shelf just above it. Now the lamp is alight, I can see them, a double row of heterogeneous volumes from *Breakdowns at Sea* to Robert Browning's *Pippa Passes*, from naïve sensuality to naked wisdom. I take down a book—neither sensual nor wise—and, sitting again on the settee, wedged between the sea-bag and a portmanteau, I open the book and for a short while lose myself in its pages.

And it is not very long before we are outside, going down the Estuary in the sunlight, past the low-lying shores with churches and mansions and factories in the dim distance, past the ruddy-sailed wherries tacking up toward Gravesend, past the tall liners from Australia and China coming in on the tide, past dingy colliers from the north and long black meat-ships from the Argentine. Past all these, until the shores fall away and leave us alone on the gray-green tumbling water and we begin to feel the motion of the ship, and we go in to arrange our dunnage in the drawers, and write up our logs, and plan the work of the coming days. And among the dunnage there will be books, to while away the long hours of the watch below, which isn't "below" at all nowadays, only we keep to the phrase for the sake of the days of sail gone by. There is a pleasure unknown to the landsman in reading at sea, and you may know the experienced seafarer by

the stock he purchases in the store where they sell chronometers, sextants, and nautical almanacs, besides books and pencils and writing-blocks and tag-labels for baggage. Such stores cater for all of us, from the skipper who likes fiction which is certainly not meat for babes, to the mess-room boy who follows Nick Carter through thick and thin, volume after volume of thrilling adventure. They cater for the grave-eyed, ruddy-faced apprentice who desires greatly to improve himself; who feels, inarticulately enough, that he is missing something his brother at college is getting, and buys serious books in a pathetic endeavor to fit himself for that splendid command with which his boyish fancy is occasionally preoccupied.

Midway between the earnest student who uses books to rise in the world, and the blasé patron of debilitating fiction, to whom reading is a narcotic, you find most of us who take books to sea. As the ship plows her way southward toward Gibraltar—for we passed St. Catherine's Point some time ago—so I plow my way, horizontal in the bunk, the silk curtains drawn over the little scuttle, the bright, brass gimbal-lamp swaying to the gentle motion of the ship, through Gibbon's majestic volumes. The very uselessness of so huge a mass of magnificent information gives an added charm to a jaded seaman. One reads only to enjoy, as one imagines men of vast wealth and ancient lineage adding luster to their names by a dignified patronage of the art. For we are, after all, wealthy in experience and the tradition of our calling, and [the literature of politics and sociology and commerce makes no appeal to us. The somber realism of modern human documents leaves us cold. What we desire above all is color and a grandiose conception of human life. We want barbaric splendor portrayed against backgrounds and amid scenes of ravishing beauty. It is true we often do not know where to find all this. We go astray, led into trivial blind alleys of deleterious sensualism by some lurid wrapper or pinch-beck reputation. But Gibbon is the real thing. Day after day, chapter by chapter, the narrative rolls on, the orderly rhythm of the day's toil

and repose weaving harmoniously into the complex texture of the story, until the Ligurian mountains above the marble city of Genoa stand sharp against the dawn, and the tall lighthouse guides us into our berth against the breakwater, to which a ladder is let down from the poop, and along which in due course we shall go ashore.

For once in harbor, of course, Gibbon is put away. There is a time for everything, and it is emphatically not time for grandiose historians when one can go ashore. The mood changes. Ada, for instance, would not harmonize with the *Decline and Fall*. No one can imagine Ada either declining or falling. She comes aboard with her little leatherette case of sample bottles of Ligurian wine on her arm, seats herself beside me on the settee, and regales us with a joyous version of the gossip of the port. Ada was a very pretty girl in her teens, which was not so long ago. Her deep-blue eyes, tawny hair, pink cheeks, and voluptuous modeling remind one of the colored illustrations in a Christmas supplement. Her nose is delicious, and when she throws her head back to laugh, showing two rows of big white teeth, it is infectious. She is a formidable example of virtue vociferously triumphant. She invites us all to go up to her little place and have supper before coming on board. We accept with enthusiasm, and Ada, repacking her absurd sample bottles of wine, which looks like red ink and probably is, announces her intention of going up to say "chin-chin" to the captain before stepping ashore.

We meet her again later in the Galleria Mazzini, where is a bookstore and a shop where you can buy the pipes and tobacco Englishmen love. She suggests a drink in the Orpheum, and into the Orpheum we go—a long room lined with little tables, waiters hurrying about with miraculously balanced trays of drinks, and an orchestra of young girls perched high up half-way along. The tables are crowded; but Ada, magnificently attired in blue velvet and nodding plumes, leads us to a corner, where a waiter produces additional chairs, apparently from his sleeves, and sweeps a score or so of empty glasses into oblivion. Ada,

seated with her back to the wall, beams upon us and takes my book to examine it. She says it is good. She has read and likes it, which is probable enough, it being D'Annunzio's *Contessa di Amalfi*. Ada comes from the country near Pescara. She tells me to get *The Sea-Doctor* as well. Over *The Kneading Trough*, which seems to be untranslatable, she says she has cried. It was from Rimini, sun-dried relic of the past, that she went to Bologna, and under the dusky arches of that old town met her dear Settimo, who traveled in wines. Settimo had ambitions toward ship-chandlery and settled in Genoa, which suits Ada, who likes life. By life Ada means, I fancy, happiness, for she is a joyous soul. If she could only have a baby her cup would be full. So far that is denied her. The last time I was here there was much talk of Ada having a baby, but just before we sailed Ada herself, accompanied by Settimo and her inevitable sample-case, came on board and told us it was all a mistake and they hoped for better luck next time. Of course Settimo does travel in wines, and makes a fair living without ship-chandlery, which requires more capital than he can command yet. He is a dried-up little man with black eyes twinkling on either side of his sharp nose, and he wears a small tuft between chin and lip that imparts dignity and which he is always disturbing with his thumb and finger. He has a striking resemblance to the foreign count in a film drama. He says things, too, which I cannot catch, but which send Ada into shouts of laughter. After a drink or two we go up there, high up among mysterious streets which defy any charting in one's mind. We only know that if we keep on going down-hill we shall eventually reach the harbor. As we leave the Orpheum, Ada waves her glove amiably to one or two of the *habitués* and they wave back. She is sorry for them. I wish the phrase "easy virtue" had not been assigned so sinister a particularity of meaning, for it would otherwise describe Ada exactly. She is virtuous and it sits easily upon her. Without being at ease in Zion, she has a delightful charity and breadth of view. As we go out into the Piazza Deferrari

we pass a horrible old bag of bones who apparently has been flung in a corner of an archway with one cadaverous claw extended. Ada demands a lira from one of us, and, on receiving it, puts it in the cadaverous claw, which is thus galvanized into movement, for it withdraws into the bag of bones and protrudes again slowly, empty.

If there are no babies, Ada's home is full of compensations. Most of them have four legs, and include two cats, black and white, four kittens highly camouflaged, and a poodle of imposing presence and advancing age. Other compensations have two legs and live in cages—the canaries by the window; the parrot, who immediately asks us if we want a cigar, want a cigar, want a cigar, by the sewing-machine behind the door. Others, again, have no legs at all, and swim round and round in a large bowl upon which the canaries drop seeds and pieces of cake. All save the last—and, whatever naturalists may say, goldfish are not demonstrative in their affections—are made much of, and the parrot, on being offered a cigarette, alludes to his grandmother and utters a piercing shriek. Ada's furniture is very Victorian and is particularly rich in anti-macassars, wool mats, fretwork brackets with satin backs, plush frames, and tinsel balls on elastic strings. As the Second Engineer remarks, it is a home from home, for your seafaring man appreciates snugness. If there were any doubt about Ada's virtue, one look into her parlor would dispel it forever. One look at Settimo, sitting by the table with the poodle at his knee and a long, thin cigar in his fingers, would make one wonder how it had ever been entertained. On the walls are Settimo's parents, life-size, in gilt frames. Opposite are the inevitable Garibaldi and Vittorio Emanuele. On the mantel is the inevitable model of a ship in a bottle, the ebony elephants with celluloid tusks, and a money-box in the form of a wine-cask. Ada bustles out and helps a diminutive daughter of Italy in a black apron to bring in the supper, which consists of fried mullet, spaghetti served in oval dishes, a sort of pudding made of rice, dried fruit, hard-boiled eggs, minced veal and curry, arti-

chokes served with olive-oil, and one or two other things none of us shows any desire to investigate. Ada makes coffee, and the big flask of Asti on its plated swing-bracket is well patronized. We all take a gallon or two away with us when we leave Genoa. Settimo has a joke about his wine, which, he says, does not travel far. He means we never give it a chance. A copy of the *Corriere della Sera* is spread on the rug and the cats forgather radially round the mullet bones. The poodle, somewhat too large for the crowded room, insinuates his weirdly tonsured person among our knees.

Ada regales us with items of interest in her world. So-and-so is dead. So-and-so, junior, has married and gone to America. A friend of hers, a domestic in a big house in the Via Carlo Dolci, has just won a thousand lire in the lottery. She is going to Ventimiglia to visit her aunt. The Second wants to know if she is good-looking. "*Si, si!*" responds Ada, and the parrot adds with deafening corroboration, "*Si, si, Maria!*" and gives the poodle a look of piercing inquiry. Yes, indeed, asserts Ada, flapping her napkin at the bird, as we might have seen had we been up the previous evening. The Second, much agitated, desires an introduction if the lady is yet unengaged.

"Oh, go on with you!" says Ada, throwing her head back to laugh, and the parrot, with a perfect torrent of shrieks, hangs upside down on his perch until, finding no one taking the slightest notice of him, he readjusts himself and attends to his neglected toilet. What, go after a poor girl's money in that shameless manner! Ada is shocked at the calculating villainy of the Second. Besides, she has a sweetheart. The Second slumps back in his chair and assumes a look of despondency. He says that ever thus from childhood's hour he'd seen his fairest hopes decay. Settimo, examining his long, thin cigar, as is his way when about to enunciate something in English, remarks that the Second has a tender heart. The Second sighs with his eyes turned toward the ceiling, and admits the soft impeachment. Always had, from a child. The first time he met Ada he was smitten on the

spot. Took to drink when he found she was married. Tried to drown dull care in three liters of the best chianti. Care still coming to the surface, was finally disposed of in a pint of rum.

So the talk goes on, and I fall to wondering how it is that, in the literature of the Latin nations, the Englishman is always cast for the part of a rather passionless stick, a dullard, an unobservant fool. I suppose it is because we have been chiefly represented abroad by those embodiments of dignity and self-conscious smugness—the governing classes, Young milord doing the grand tour, taking with him his servants and horses and carriages and a clerical governor, forever reminded of his majestic destiny as a ruler of England, fresh from one of those intellectual cold-storages, the English public schools, is largely responsible for this tragic misconception of our character. To read a novel of France or Italy with an Englishman in it, one would imagine us destitute not only of wit, but of humor and all human kindliness. In that *Corriere della Sera* on the floor is a serial in which one of the characters is an Englishman in Rome, a most lugubrious Englishman. He is, of course, the conventional heavy Englishman, just as in England we have the conventional frog-eating French schoolmaster and the conventional Italian waiter and drawing-master. The Second, in common with most of the other young seamen I know, belies this character. Without much culture, he takes the world of sentiment gaily. The Chief and Second officers, who are married, are very much the same. The Third Engineer, not long at sea, listens and joins in the laughter, which is continuous. This foreign atmosphere is novel to him. Once he has rid himself of the funny English suspicion that every well-dressed foreign woman is lax in her morals, he will lose his shyness and carry on with the best of us. He comes of the happiest class in England—the lower-middle—the class with the most adaptability for either good or evil fortune, the keenest brains and most dexterous hands, the only genuinely democratic class in England. If Ada were to live in England, you would find her in this category. And perhaps, if she does

eventually have that baby, he may turn out to be the genius for whom Italy is waiting, who will do for Genoa what Dickens did for London, and reveal to us the teeming life, the tears and laughter, of that city by the sea.

Not that Italy is without geniuses as yet. I know one in particular, and, sure enough, he is down to the ship the next day. While I am in the engine-room, discussing a job of work with the Second, who is extremely dirty and cheerful in spite of his sentimental misfortunes, the Mate calls down from the top grating.

"Are you there, Chief?"

"Aye. What's the trouble?"

"One of these Eyetalians wants to see you. That young fellow who was aboard last time, you remember?"

"Oh, all right. Tell him to go into my room."

When I go up, a short young gentleman with a sallow complexion and large, black eyes jumps up from the settee and bows. This is Mr. Ricardo Bertola, the genius aforesaid.

"Good morning, Mr. Chief. I saw in the newspaper your ship was in and I have come to ask you a question."

"Why certainly! What is it this time? Sit down."

As usual with Mr. Bertola, it is a word in a book. He produces the book, which is an edition of *Beowulf*. Not satisfied with a good working knowledge of every language in Europe, including (as the copyrights say) the Scandinavian; not even happy in his familiarity with Greek, Latin, Arabic, Turkish, Persian, and Sanscrit, Mr. Bertola craves a diploma in English literature. Gifted with an exquisite ear, he learns most of these tongues by conversation. Our carpenter cannot understand a Dago talking Norwegian without ever going to Norway. "He spick better Norwegian dan me!" he admits, in wonderment. He does, no doubt, for he speaks better English than most of us. He has that amazing gift of tongues which leaves the rest of us dumb. But when it comes to Old English, Mr. Bertola is occasionally at a loss. He points out the word "thegns" and observes that it is not in the dictionary. And it so happens that by a miracle of good fortune I am able to

help him. I take down a pocket Shakespeare and show him a speech announcing that "the thane of Cawdor lives, a prosperous gentleman." Mr. Bertola seizes it with avidity.

"The same word? How simple! And what is a thane?"

"Why, see what it says," I answer, pointing, "'a prosperous gentleman.' A wealthy yeoman, a rich farmer."

Oh yes. He is relieved. And how am I getting on with my Italian? Not very fast, I admit, not having Mr. Bertola's aptitude in that direction.

"But Italian is easy," he protests, smiling.

"Possibly, but I am rather thick."

"Thick?" Out comes note-book and pencil. Thick, applied to brains, is a novel word to him, and he makes a neat note. That is his way. At lunch, which he shares with us in the mess-room, he is confounded by substantives like mulligatawny, piccalilli, and chowchow, as indeed he is by the substances; but they go into the note-book all the same. He begs me to come to his home in the evening and he will give me a lesson in Italian. Which is very charming of him; but I know those Italian lessons. The pages of Metastasio or Pascoli lie open before us, but we talk continually, in English, of English literature. There has been nothing like it since the days of Aristophanes, he asserts, and he ought to know. He picks up a translation of *The Day's Work* and reads me the story of "The Ship That Found Herself" and says no other nation could produce anything like it. He opens a translation of *A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur* and calls it "something new in literature," a *tour de force*. He confirms my long-cherished suspicion that Fitzgerald's "Omar" is a much greater poem than the Persian original. He tells me that to study the Oriental languages he must obtain the grammars in English. He has written in English an essay on Persian literature for his diploma. And when he goes to Naples to study Chinese he proposes to write in English a thesis on Buddhism. As I sit in the little room, looking out across the roofs and domes toward the blue Mediterranean, I wonder what will be the future of this railroad conductor's

son who talks with critical judgment of Dryden, Gray, and Shelley, who has read Hamlin Garland and the plays of Rossetti. I wonder, too, what will be the future of this young Italy who is knocking at our old gates, the Italy of D'Annunzio, of Pascoli and Croce, the renaissance Italy of Ferranti, Rubattino, and Marconi. A young doctor comes in as we sit by the window. He is going later to Tripoli, and is taking lessons in Arabic in the mean time. His father, I am informed, was a lifelong friend of Pascoli, a fellow-professor at the University of Bologna. He speaks in a gentle voice of the great man whose poetry he seems to know almost by heart. Quite forgetting the Arabic, he repeats that strange, haunting ballad "*O Cavalla storna*," and they tell me the story of its origin. They tell me, too, tales of court intrigue that sound incredible to Western ears, tales told in a whisper, in confidence, and which lie, they say, at the back of Pascoli's somber history.

And so the days go by until the ship is discharged and we say farewell once more. Heading south, we drop our empty chianti-flasks over the side and take up the orderly flow and return of watch-keeping and repose; Gibbon comes into his own again. Nick Carter is to the fore in the galley after supper. The Skipper brings down a few of his shilling novels with their striking paper covers—strong meat for strong men, indeed—and inquires if I can give him something to read. I look over the shelves in some perplexity. I know what he wants; or rather, I know what he doesn't want. He is a tall, thin man with an expression of placid authority, the result of ten years' successful command. He regards seafaring as "a wasted life" and seeks forgetfulness of his mournful lot in tales of flaming passion and spectacular contests with fortune. It must not be supposed, however, that he is an uneducated man. He can express himself with forceful propriety upon most subjects, and his acquaintance with modern fiction, like Sam Weller's knowledge of London, is extensive and peculiar. The pity of it is that he stops at fiction. To get him to read anything else is like putting a balky horse at a fence. He is afflicted

with the modern Englishman's illusion that non-fiction is uninteresting. He is ironical at the expense of novelists, too, who, according to him, hand him the same old stuff in every book he buys. Here's the hero, here the heroine, he says, setting a can of tobacco and a bottle of ink on opposite sides of my chest of drawers. Here in between (taking a mass of cigar- and cigarette-boxes, hair-brushes, and a collar or two) are the complications of the plot. The problem is to get these two together with the complications behind them.

"Gosh!" he remarks, lighting a cigar, "he could do it himself!"

I suggest he try it.

"Easy as falling off a log," he continues. Try it? Why, he did have a try—long voyage across the Indian Ocean—nothing to do but take the sun—fine weather—got an idea. In reply to my inquiry about the idea, he smokes hard for a moment, laughs, and finally admits he didn't strike out anything very brilliant in ideas, but of course he didn't try very hard.

"There was a man—and a girl . . . in love, you know."

"A can of tobacco and an ink-bottle—yes?" I murmur.

The Skipper laughs. "Gosh! I don't believe there's anything else to write a story about," he declares, at length.

I give him *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, and he goes back to his bridge-cabin, to a new experience.

We make good speed now, being in ballast, and it is only a matter of two or three days before we tie up alongside the jib-cranes and the iron-ore dumps of Goletta, which is by Tunis, with Carthage a mile or so to the northward. Here Gibbon might have a reasonable chance of holding a student, supposing we had any students in the ship's company. But for most of us the present is too fantastically unfamiliar, the blaze of color is too insistent, for us to bother much about ruins. In the evening, when the cranes have ceased to tumble the red ironstone into the holds, and the Arab night watchman, with his big yellow dog and heavily knobbed staff, spreads his little carpet on the quay to make his two-bow prayer, we cross the entrance to the Lake of Tunis and climb

aboard the electric trolley-car that runs into the city. We wander round, looking at the shops where wealthy French tourists are purchasing curios and Moorish furniture; we peer doubtfully through the enormous gates which lead into the Arab quarter and decide that we are safer in the wide boulevards; we even discover a bookstore and pause in the hope of finding a stray English volume to read. I call the Second's attention to a cheap line of French classics, for he has sometimes incautiously owned to a knowledge of French.

"Not to read it," he parries, looking alarmed—"not to read what you call well."

So I purchase for half a franc a paper-bound edition of the *Barber of Seville* and a copy of *La Vie Parisienne*, and we go on to dine at one of the little open-air cafés near the Military Club, where there is a band playing Waldteufel and Mascagni. Here we take a table, and the proprietress, a handsome young Frenchwoman noting new arrivals, hastens to put us at our ease with a burst of unintelligible welcome. And what is it that we wish? I hand the menu, in French and Arabic—the French handwriting being about as easy to decipher as the Arabic—to the Second, who gives me a long and menacing look before clearing his throat and attempting a selection. The proprietress looks keenly at our grinning faces, and then at the Second, who is extremely warm and worried. He puts his finger on a line of hieroglyphics and seems to signify that we will have some of that. The proprietress utters an exclamation. I look over and note that he is asking for *plats du jour*. Ah! she comprehends. But which? We do not spick French? Then she will essay.

"See!" She points. "Feesh, rosbif, poulet, pouding, yes? Which is it? An' wine? *Vin blanc ou rouge?*" Eventually, to the great relief of the Second,

who is understood to remark, *sotto voce*, that he doesn't know French, "to speak it very well," we consummate an intelligible order, and madame makes a descent upon another table.

It is a very good dinner. When one considers that the total cost per head, including wine, coffee, and cognac, is three and a half francs, it is an astoundingly good dinner. The military band plays with enthusiasm, which leads one to hope that they, too, have either had a similar good dinner or are trumpeting their way toward it. Officers with clanking swords and pretty women; majestically bearded old *sherifs* in wonderful robes of silk with gold needlework and turbans with precious stones; Arab women so closely veiled that the Third pauses open-mouthed, with his fork raised, to stare; lemonade merchants with clinking brass cups; fezzed peanut-sellers; larky Arab newsboys; and an interminable procession of incredibly maimed and misshapen beggars—pass before us as we sit under the awning and eat our meal. We dally with the coffee and cognac and light cigarettes, and I notice the Second stealthily loosening a button of his vest. The Third, pushing his chair back a little, looks at me with an expression in his cheerful young eyes that I imagine to mean, "Say, life's not so bad, after all." As I return his smile his face grows indistinct in the cigarette smoke, the brilliant coloring of the striped awning fades, and the clash and jingle of the music die away. Some one is shaking me, and I sit up with a start.

"Come on," says my old friend and shipmate. "They will haul the gangway in in a minute. Just one before you go. Here's luck."

We drink and I hastily thrust back in its place the book I had taken down for a little while, a book which must have been, alas! only a Book of Dreams. . . .

And the gangway being about to be hauled in, I stepped ashore.



The Crossways

BY BETH BRADFORD GILCHRIST



HE had always wondered how it would go with her at a crisis, whether she would in fact be as quiet of mind as in fancy it seemed easy to be. Now, as the train shot her nearer The Crossways, she felt a sick distaste for the days in prospect. This shrinking was natural enough, Linda assured herself, a touch of nervousness inseparable from the occasion. However disguised by cordiality, it is an ordeal for a man's fiancée to enter for the first time the door of his mother's house.

That very fact, Linda reasoned, ought to help you through, if you had any qualifications at all. The family would expect you to be nervous, might, indeed, take it slightly amiss if you weren't nervous, as if to be quite at ease should argue to their supersensitive consciousness a flaw in that "nice" feeling inseparable from the event. She was glad to be able to furnish at least one of the proper emotions. No, the family was negligible from that point of view. Of course, too, she had foreseen the family. Hadn't she foreseen everything except the war?

But if she were to be ill at ease she hoped the servants wouldn't notice it. Linda was rather afraid of servants, despite the fact that a competent staff had taken their orders from her for five years. This fear was not in character, she realized. But so much was not in character! Her big, appealing gray eyes, the babyish innocence of the face her forebears had seen fit to bequeath her. Nature, Linda often thought when she looked in the glass, is a colossal joker. Certainly those years at Cousin Mary's ought to have wonted her to servants, to their uncanny inaccessibility, the unsailable aloofness of the position from which, with, but not of you, they pass their judgments.

Perhaps, however, the war would help her here. The staff at The Crossways, normally far ampler than Cousin Mary's, might have been reduced. Hadn't Bryce written that he and Pat, late footman, tied for target record in B Company? There, at least, would be one thing to thank the war for. Linda knew she was peevish about the war; it had, she felt, taken a mean advantage. In this attitude she was quite aware of her own ludicrousness. But the fact that she recognized her likeness to a kitten spitting at a volcano did not serve to abate her resentment.

Now, as the porter gathered up her bags, she was conscious through her nervousness of a distinct sense of relief that it was not to Bryce Somerset she would step down when the train stopped. Thank Heaven, that plan had miscarried. Whatever happened, she would at least stand or fall, as she had always done, on her own merits. It was conceivable, too, that she would meet Bryce in khaki for the first time in the presence of others, giving her an interval before coming to close quarters with him to readjust her impressions. That some readjustment would be necessary seemed certain. She had never been able to picture Bryce in the service. The life had changed him; that much had become increasingly evident from his letters. Those letters had of late rather disquieted Linda; she found herself a little dismayed by their ardor.

A girl stepped to meet her at the shingled station, a girl wearing Bryce's mouth and square-cut chin, but with a nimbleness of tongue that left Bryce's halting. Linda liked her instantly. There was nothing in the least embarrassing about Bryce's sister Anne, unless it were an insistent desire to talk of Bryce as she competently guided her car through the budding roads.

"You're like mother," chattered Anne. "I wouldn't think it, to look at



EVEN BRYCE'S BABY PICTURES WERE DISPLAYED BY UNCLE PETER

you. She is really as proud as Punch of him, but she doesn't want people to know it. She persists in saying it is only what he ought to do. But I think it was rather fine of him, don't you, not to go in for a commission? 'What do I know about officering?' says Bryce. 'If I'm going to rise, I'll do it from the ranks.' Now don't you really think that was fine of him? Be honest, please, even if Bryce does belong to you."

"Do you really want me to tell you what I think of Bryce?"

The girl turned shining eyes on the young woman beside her. "I'd love it, but I know you won't."

Linda smiled. Being Linda, she couldn't have done otherwise. It was her instinct to please, to give people what they thought they wanted of her. "No," she said, "you're right. I don't think I will tell you."

Anne squeezed her elbow, taking a

hand from the wheel to do it. "Oh," she breathed, "you *darling!* I don't wonder Bryce adores you!"

Anne, Linda reflected, rather took your breath away.

But so did the beauty of the scene unfolding before the little car. Beauty could always set Linda's pulses fluttering. It was the one respect in which she knew herself to be emotional.

"Bryce said you would like *The Crossways*."

Linda hardly heard the words. Here was what she had dreamed of. To be at home in this ordered loveliness, to know it for your own, to live with it day by day, night by night, to learn its moods and tenses, the face of its changing seasons—Anticipation brushed her face with radiance.

What a shame, thought Anne, registering that look by stealth through her eyelashes—what a shame that Bryce was

not here in the driver's seat. Never again could Linda see The Crossways for the first time. Anne felt like a thief, stealing from Bryce an irrevocable moment.

The car stopped at the foot of a flight of broad steps, and a woman in gray put out both hands to the guest. In point of fact she was a little woman, though there was something about her, the newcomer realized at a glance, that would preclude your ever remembering her as small. She kissed Linda. "Welcome to The Crossways, dear child. I only regret that my son could not bring you home himself."

Linda smiled exquisitely. She knew now where Bryce got his beautiful eyes. The face of Bryce's mother, serene, perfectly appointed, was the face of the gracious hostess; but the eyes that were so like Bryce's yearned over his fiancée with an ineffable tenderness. A premonition fell on the guest, an ominous sense of something approaching to which she could not measure up.

Almost immediately the vividness of the prescience faded. Only a dim disquietude haunted the hours that followed. Principally she was at a loss, Linda thought, because there seemed nothing for her to do, no adequate way of engaging her powers. With all her foresight she had not foreseen such immediate and complete adoption. Was there, then, to be no gradual approach to understanding, no reconnoitering the outposts of personality? What she might be like seemed to count for nothing with these people. It had not occurred to her they would be so simple. Being dear to Bryce, she was already dear to them. All the gallant zest with which she had expected to hold her own, to disarm criticism, fell away. Here was no criticism to disarm, nothing to overcome. More than once the impulse seized her to turn and run with all her might far from this loving acceptance, this utter taking for granted that she stood heart to heart with them in one common and complete absorption.

For that was the crux of it. Odd how the war was continually pouncing on her, defenseless against some new and unimagined malignity. Odd, too, that she who had prided herself on seeing the

thing through seemed to have been incapable of even ordinary foresight. Now, of course, she could perceive with quickened afterthought that this moment in her life must take its quality from its very differentness from a like moment in the lives of fiancées whom she had known in ante-bellum days, women before whom lay no reasonable certainty, save as they carried its germ in themselves, of any other outcome than the conventional fairy-tale ending, "So they were married and lived happily ever after." The one thing you were sure of now was what you had in hand. Not even Bryce knew the probable date of his sailing, only its extreme imminence and that this would be his last furlough home. The whole thing was colored by that fact.

In such concentrated existence there was no time for the exchanges of ordinary days. Everything was permissible, even Bryce's baby pictures displayed by Uncle Peter. They really, thought Linda, ought to prepare you for Uncle Peter. But Anne only threw over her shoulder: "Don't mind him, Linda. He's a confirmed romanticist." It was Bryce's mother who spoke of the view from the hill Bryce used to clamber up as soon as his sturdy little legs could scramble; Bryce must show her that view. "We think it one of the chief beauties of The Crossways."

Linda loved Bryce's mother for that touch of the objective. So little was objective in this experience. She caught herself longing for the very servants she had dreaded, to stand, a wall of formality, between her and this appalling intimacy. Where, by the way, were the servants? A maid had brought in the tea things; another maid had been in attendance in the rooms to which Anne had taken her. An ancient butler, with the help of a waitress, served dinner. Beyond a gardener or two, apparently as institutional as the butler, all the men about the place had gone to war. There was, Linda perceived, a certain matriarchal quality about the household. The servants, while losing none of their skill, were less intensively servants than she had expected to find them. The very prop she had, though uneasily, counted most on, fell away when she dis-

covered in the eyes of the maid who dressed her hair a look, neither of curiosity nor envy, but of honest human sympathy, a mixture of pride and pity. Marie confided that she, too, had a "young man"; Tom was "up" last week. The ex-footman who had tied Bryce for honors, Linda conjectured. Her hazard of the guess loosed Marie's tongue, on the whole discreetly. Linda listened, outwardly gracious, inwardly disconcerted at the discovery of how absolutely maid as well as mistress counted on her for sympathy.

The material perfection surrounding her only accentuated the guest's discomfort in the presence of an emotion she did not share. The whole beautiful, luxurious house pulsed with it no less impressively because it was kept so well in hand. To Linda's stimulated perception the very things her eyes saw and her hands touched seemed to have joined a league that left her cold. Their livableness triumphed over their art. Quite evidently it was a house that had been loved and cherished for many years, a

house wanted, as it were, to feeling; the sense of tradition met you on the threshold. And now it conveyed a subtle impression of awaiting, quietly yet consciously, a supreme moment.

The moment arrived suddenly with no flourish of trumpets, unexpectedly, by a freak of unlooked-for connections, a full hour before it was due. The opening of a door, a firm, swift, springing step in the hall, and he was there, erect, bronzed, alarmingly vital.

For a second demoralization threatened his fiancée. But she had had practice in walking, head up, through moments of panic. She knew you could get through such moments, if you stood your ground and faced them. Somehow they would pass. If you ran, you had to face something else afterward. It was inconceivable to be always running. She steadied her lips to a smile and waited. And then, mysteriously—Linda never knew how it happened, though she divined that his mother did—she found herself alone, save for Bryce, and in his arms.



"LINDA, WILL YOU MARRY ME? NOW, BEFORE I GO ACROSS?"

No one went to bed early. Weren't there coming nights in plenty in which to sleep? Eventually every one lay down. To do otherwise would be to stress the strain they were under. To be commonplace, even at the risk of losing precious hours, constituted their sole salvation. Only so could be put off the consciousness of possibilities. You thought as little of possibilities as might be, Linda reflected, if you cared as they cared.

But Linda had to think—and think at once. Sitting in negligée and slippers before her hearth fire through the weird wan hours, she knew herself solitary in this compulsion. Time enough for the others to-morrow night, a hundred nights, but not for her. Had not Bryce's three days' leave dwindled to thirty-six hours? How that let her out! But so everything seemed to conspire to let her out—or in, as you looked at it. A dreadful conviction of insufficiency oppressed her.

She tried to put the feeling aside. Was it her fault that the war had played a trick on her? She wasn't responsible for the war; let it shoulder its own misdeeds. She had been honest. She had never asked to get something for nothing. That was the crime of it, to thrust her into a false position. Hadn't she always paid for what she had? She wasn't used to the easy end of things, had never been easy at Cousin Mary's, however the situation might have looked to others. She had paid for her luxury, had paid with the endless subordination of herself, her likings, impulses, desires, had paid with infinite tact and patience. It had been worth while; she had not grudged the price that the fleshpots cost her. She liked fleshpots. But to be happy she must always pay. Her sense of morality would not allow her to take presents.

If she had not felt sure she could give him what he wanted—congenial companionship, interest in his work, a suitable mistress for his establishments, an intelligent mother for his children—would she ever have consented to become Bryce Somerset's wife? Oh, she had been ready to pay to the uttermost. And she had been solvent in those days. The little head rose proudly. Now there was no change in her, in her ability or

inclination; she remained just as congenial, just as charming, just as ready to spend herself in his interest as she had ever been.

She had never believed in passion. Better, far better, that the pot of marriage simmer gently over the pleasant coals of congeniality than cook in haste over too hot a fire. Linda had watched passion cool too often not to be able to forecast the pitiful, sordid risks. Congeniality would have been enough, she thought, for her and Bryce.

Would have been? With what hideous ease thought trips into the past tense. She had been honest once. She would be honest again some day, please God, when Bryce came home from France. What was there to do but wait?

But she wished his kisses didn't give her such a dreadful sense of present inadequacy. He had kissed her often enough in dinner-coat, in tweeds, in flannels. Why must she shrink when he kissed her in khaki? The fact that the war had somewhat altered the quality of those kisses was not, she knew, wholly the cause of her shrinking, though her face still burned at the remembrance of his ardor. How much more vigorous he seemed, how vital! She remembered the first time he had kissed her, the thrill of excitement that had tingled through her whole body and quivered on the happy lips that kissed him back. How strangely moved she had been at finding herself his fiancée, she who had, for the busy months since Cousin Mary's death, faced certain divorce from the fleshpots. But here in this house, with its subtle air of dedication, she could not deceive herself. Whatever thrill she had felt had been for love of having Bryce Somerset in love with her.

Well, what of it? The little hand on the arm of the wing-chair clenched vehemently. If, when Bryce Somerset came home from France, the new man were not content with what she had to give— She faced that possibility resolutely. It would be her misfortune, the last trick the war could play her. If Bryce failed to come back—that possibility she refused to face; she liked Bryce altogether too well to foot up his chances coolly. No, there was nothing to do but wait, as gallantly as possible, with

her eyes on the future. It didn't do to think too much about the present. She would be solvent again with the war's end.

But she wished that in some way she could pay for her present inadequacy. She thought she would give anything, *anything*, to be able to give Bryce Somerset something he wanted. Her fire had died down and she eyed its blackening embers dully. She could think of nothing that Bryce wanted which lay within her power to give. Toward dawn, with a shiver she crept into bed. Never in her life had she so dreaded the breaking of a day. Was it fair that mere inability to produce an emotion should make you feel like a monster, grotesque, misshapen?

How astonishingly easy it was to laugh the next morning! How merry they all made with a merriment deliberate, conscious, that savored to the full its own quality. If Linda had never before seen the ardent Bryce of the previous evening, neither had she met the Bryce of this morning. She had not known he could let himself go with such abandon, such charm of utter boyishness, as here in the safe circle of his own. The engaging lad of the pictures Uncle Peter had shown her seemed to have returned for an interval to take up his abode in the khaki of the soldier. Which was the real Bryce? Linda did not know, felt that she had no business even to speculate. Her position was that of a trespasser humiliated to be forced to see that which only the possession of a supreme emotion would have given her license to see. But how ready Bryce's people were to concede her right to be, of all the household, the most interested!

The most glaring of her failures to prefigure life at The Crossways during this visit was its beautiful tenderness, its en-

veloping sympathy for her supposititious sensations. With what delicate, heart-breaking conspiracy Anne and her mother maneuvered to secure privacy for the lovers. Their appreciation set her apart in an exquisite exaltation that



"DON'T WISH THAT, BRYCE!" SHE WHISPERED

humbled Linda to the dust. She wanted to cry out against it, to bid them take their own; never for her sake to rob themselves of precious moments. Her rights were worthless compared with theirs. Conversely, she schemed to bring them into it. She was aware how idyllic every one's attitude must look to a spec-

tator, each side passionately abdicating in favor of the other. The very perfection of their attitudes only added to the irony.

That treacherous ability to see with another's eyes which had made her indispensable to Cousin Mary played her false now. If only she had not appreciated so acutely what the day meant to Bryce's people, its poignant grandeur, its possibilities of irrevocable pain! If only her imagination had not pierced so clearly that gallant attempt to find in the commonplace sanctuary from the pursuing fear.

"You must take Linda up on the hill, Bryce," his mother said at breakfast.

"After the stables, Mater," returned Bryce. "Hobbs tells me Lady Holland has new pups. Like pups, Linda?"

Linda smiled the smile that meant to the one who saw it whatever he most desired. "How can I tell till I see them? I've never seen any very new dogs, Bryce."

After the dogs came the horses and a colt or two, and after the horses the hill. It was April and an opalescent mist veiled the woods. Through amber and palest green rose flushed. The old earth was about its immemorial camouflage. The sense of youth pressed on Linda like a pain. To what end but frustration, Bryce's strength and her own beauty and the wonder of this awakening world? Before her eyes stretched The Crossways, hers by right of the ability to enter in and enjoy it. She felt like Tantalus condemned to starve within sight of the feast her soul desired.

And then suddenly Bryce's words, spoken low and quick and eager in her ear, flung, as it were, the gift into her lap.

"Linda," besought Bryce—"Linda, will you marry me? Now, before I go across? To-day?"

Her first conscious thought was of relief. Here was the thing that she could do for Bryce. It had not occurred to her that he might wish her to marry him now.

"This afternoon, Linda? Here at The Crossways? Or shall we go over to the church?"

How easy it was, almost too easy. What made her so distrust the fates,

bearing gifts? Other women took them without qualms. If Bryce came back, she could pay, as she had planned to do, spend all her life paying, little by little, day by day, year by year. The fact that the fates had changed the rates and now demanded cash down, in terms of passion, wasn't fair. No, no, why had that thought occurred to her? She would be giving her note, that was what she would be doing; promising to pay when Bryce came back in a lifetime of devotion to his interests. And if Bryce didn't come back— Was her integrity too much to give for his happiness? She had said she would give anything, *anything*; was she to balk now at the price? Think of the frustration of her dreams. Or no, forget it. That much, at all costs, she must do for Bryce, keep her thinking clear. The Crossways, spread out in alluring beauty beneath her eyes, might have to complicate the situation; it should not muddle it. If there were no Crossways, if the place were less perfect, less the fulfilment of her dreams, would she draw back?

Her gaze lifted from the ordered loveliness of field and wood to the man's face. In spite of herself, in mutiny against her will, her tongue spoke.

"It's impossible, Bryce."

"Why? It's the only thing that looks possible to me."

Why couldn't she say, "Yes"? A little word, absurdly simple. She *would* say it. Her fascinated eyes fixed on a button of his uniform; with his khaki Bryce had put on a dignity quite apart from his own personality, a dignity symbolic, reverend. And Bryce loved her. Love, they said, was its own reward. How could she be merciless? Only the Huns were merciless. Since Bryce wanted her— You had to take a chance sometimes. If the fates threw her down, let them shoulder the guilt.

"Don't you love me, Linda?" Bryce's voice put the question like a convincing argument.

"If I did, I'd marry you in a minute."

"Don't tease, dear. I'm serious."

She had deserved that, too. How many true words she had camouflaged with jest. It had been her way of being honest, to speak the truth and let Bryce take it as a joke. Why not now? There

need be only a word—not a word, even—a smile, the sparkle she knew so well how to turn on in her eyes. Misleading, perhaps—a lie, if you liked. Why couldn't she lie to Bryce in khaki?

"This afternoon, Linda? You don't know what it is going to mean to me to know my wife's at home."

"But how can I do my share?"

"Your share? You little witch! I knew you'd come around." He caught her to him.

"Bryce, wait—wait, *please*. You don't understand. I—don't love you."

"It's a pretty good imitation, then."

"I meant you to find it so."

"Suppose we drop that kind of talk for to-day, dear. Somehow I'm not up to it this morning. I'm going to remember this all my life, you know."

She put her hand to her throat. "It is not a joke. I wish it were."

"Not—not— Hang it all, Linda! Aren't you engaged to me?"

She twisted his ring on her finger. "I don't know. I thought I was. I thought I could give you—enough."

He frowned. "Is it the war? I know you're not keen on the war, but—good heavens! if you ever loved me—"

"I have tried." Why couldn't she control her tongue? The words fell like lead on her heart. "I didn't know it was love you wanted most, Bryce. You didn't just at first, did you?"

He flashed her an odd look. "Good Lord! Linda, don't you know how you affect a man? But you can't mean— See here, take it all back. You must have been teasing, dear."

"Do you think it's a time to tease?"

The man drew a quick breath, sat erect. His shoulders squared as though to meet a blow, his eyes darkened with bewildered pain.

"Linda"—his voice was tensely quiet—"would you mind making it a bit clearer? If you don't love me, just what was your idea in getting engaged to me?"

She stood up to that, too, very quietly. It had all been perfectly legitimate; she must make him see how legitimate it had been.

When she had done he was silent for long minutes. "So I've deluded myself," he said at last, in a dry voice. "There's been nothing in it—nothing."

She could have endured reproaches more easily.

"I think we should have been happy, Bryce."

"If I didn't want too much."

Was this the end? She forced her lips to a supreme effort.

"Nothing need be different unless you wish it."

"A man wants all or nothing now, Linda." He lifted his head and looked at her. "God, if I only had time! I'd *make* you care."

She felt miserably awkward in the face of his passion, rendered ill at ease by her own irreparable lack. "I wish you had time, Bryce," she whispered. "When you come back—" Could she never inhibit that fatal impulse to give people what they wanted of her?

"If I come back, I may not have the right to make any woman care for me."

"The right?"

"I may be blind, or a stump of a man. I may wear a false face. Do you think I would make love to a woman if I had to put steel claws around her? No, Linda, we'll lay no mortgages on the future."

That gave her courage.

"Then I shall come to you, Bryce. You can't scare me that way. I shall come to you and I shall see when I look at you, whatever your lips may say, whether you still want me. And whenever you want me, Bryce, you shall have me."

"And yet you say you don't love me!"

"I had to say it."

Abruptly he got to his feet and left her.

Linda, sitting alone amid a loveliness the right to which she had rejected, felt triumphing over her pity and shame a strange exaltation of relief. She was free at last from the dogging insufficiency that had dragged her spirit in the dust. Hereafter she had nothing to conceal. Bryce knew the worst of her. It was his to take or leave her, as he chose. She had no doubt he would leave her, but her loss seemed of less moment than this recovered lightness of the spirit.

Then Bryce came striding back along the wide, clipped path between the rhododendron-bushes. And as he came the woman, watching, perceived with a sud-

den pang that the boy of the morning had vanished; a soldier, stern-lipped, approached across the young grass. She rose to meet him.

"I'm afraid I don't understand very well yet, Linda"—he clipped his words short—"but I've learned in camp to obey orders that I don't know the reason for. One thing I'd like to ask as a favor. I am mother's vulnerable point, you know. The day will be hard enough for her if she supposes I'm happy. Can't we let her go on thinking things are as they have been with us?"

What could Linda do but agree, while her heart sank under the prospect of meeting again that exquisite, undeserved sympathy? Would she never be free unless the war brought Bryce home again? She tried to suggest, obliquely but emphatically, the impossibility of allowing the *status quo ante* to continue as a livable basis for her relations with his people. "I will write," Bryce promised. "I can explain to mother easier

that way. There will be time enough for letters on the transport."

They left The Crossways together, a hastily framed engagement constituting Linda's imperative summons elsewhere.

"I'm not reconciled," Anne whispered in her ear. "I never had a sister, and I was counting on really getting to know you after Bryce went. But we mustn't be selfish. I expect you couldn't quite bear to stay here—just now—without him."

Obviously Anne knew nothing. But Bryce's mother? Linda, walking delicately through the afternoon, could not make out Bryce's mother. There were no reproaches. As she kissed Linda good-by she only said, "I am sorry, my dear, you did not find yourself ready to give my boy what he wanted."

Only then, when Bryce had handed her into the waiting motor, did the consciousness flash on Linda that what she had done was the worst thing possible. In coming away with him she had cou-



"MY DEAR, YOU WON'T MIND IF SOMETIMES I HATE YOU?"

pled herself for his people forever with Bryce, had stamped herself indelibly upon their final memory of him. Tears beat against her eyelids as she sank to her seat. It was the one way she might have spared them, the only mitigation open to her, and she had missed it.

Bryce put her in her train at the junction, commandeered pillows, tipped the porter, insured her comfort in the ways he knew so well. That final moment, too, arrived.

"I'm sorry, Bryce. Don't think more hardly of me than you have to."

"I don't know what I shall think," he answered, gravely. "Curiously enough, what I think now doesn't prevent my loving you. I almost wish it did."

Her throat ached. What could she say to mitigate the sense of worthlessness, of utter waste that was devouring him? "Don't wish that, Bryce!" she whispered. "It is the only thing that makes me hope there may, after all, be something decent about me."

Through the window she watched the tall khaki figure cleaving the crowd of lesser men. He walked, head up, undaunted, wearing his strength like a shining splendor, and he did not once look back. Linda leaned against her cushion wearily. No elation of conscious rectitude supported her now. Her body felt buffeted as by innumerable blows. Her very soul was sick. So the episode of *The Crossways* was over, or would be, when he had written his mother. What a fool, what a silly heartless little fool she had been.

It ought to have been unimaginable from the first, as Linda saw very clearly afterward, that the war should let her off so easily. The sense of escape was, she perceived, in looking back, only part of the cat-and-mouse game in which she had been cast for the victim's rôle. If—there were so many ifs, any one even of the least of which might have saved her. If Bryce had written, as he planned to do from the transport. If the letter he finally did write had not been unaccountably lost in transit. His note to her came through, the note saying that he was going up to the first-line trenches the next day and had written his mother.

A man learns over here how to do without a good deal he used to think indispensable [Bryce had written]. So don't blame yourself, Linda. I was a crochety cuss when I last saw you. I was sore. You had just taken away from me something I had grown used to thinking of as mine. Now I see it never had been mine and I am glad to know it. Do you get that? *Glad*. But I can't take back yet the last thing I said to you. Please God, I never shall take it back. Remember that, if you should see my name some day on the casualty lists. I've had a lot of happiness out of loving you, Linda. I've had my share. That's what I'm telling mother. So don't blame yourself.

BRYCE

Before the letter reached her she had his mother's telegram. The next day his name was in all the newspapers. "Bryce Somerset, killed in action."

Now, more than ever, Bryce's family felt that Linda Wakefield belonged to them. They saw themselves, Linda perceived, standing to her as much as was humanly possible in Bryce's place. Their grief found its outlet in thinking, planning, yearning over her. Their letters convinced her, against her first passionate refusal to credit the doubt, that Bryce's letter was lost. For their letters continued to come in beautiful, tender, courageous succession; letters from Bryce's mother, little notes from Anne:

You will come to us, won't you, Linda dear, just as soon as you feel you can? I know how "*The Crossways*" must seem to you now, but, oh, dear Linda, we need you so. You can help us more than any one else just by letting us love you, because you were Bryce's own.

It was a letter from Bryce's mother that opened Linda's eyes to the full horror of the situation in which she seemed inextricably mired. Unaccountably, Mrs. Somerset wrote, her son had failed to add a codicil to his will before he sailed. She could not quite understand it; Bryce was not wont to be careless of his obligations. He had had it in mind; the matter had been spoken of between them, but so far nothing had been found. Perhaps he had counted too confidently on making the written word unnecessary. Meantime, and in any eventuality, what was hers

was Linda's, since so Bryce would have wished it. Between two women united by a common grief there could be no question of give and take. Linda would surely not allow any feeling of shyness or of pride to stand in the way of giving Bryce's mother the happiness of knowing that she could still further his wishes.

It was then Linda began to draw on her scanty substance for flight. She was called to California; she was called to Butte. But the continent, it appeared, was not wide enough to put between her and the unimaginable thoughtfulness of Bryce's people; no place was insignificant enough to refuse them affiliations. The Somersets seemed to have friends everywhere. They leaped up overnight out of the ground to shower Bryce's fiancée with delicate attentions. The slums? Linda had no confidence in the slums. Psychologically remote, they were geographically too near. And she had no taste for slumming.

Neither had she any taste for France as it was to-day. But France at least was geographically remote, as remote as three thousand miles of submarine-infested sea could make it. In France the Somersets had innumerable friends, but in France you could ignore what you could not ignore here. In France you could reasonably pretend not to have received letters, if you had no answer to make to them. In short, in France you could evade indefinitely; for the duration of the war, that is, and the war at that time showed no signs of ceasing. France was sanctuary.

France was also hard and Linda craved expiation. She wanted to spend herself in something difficult and distasteful and tiring—drudgery that would dull the sparkles in her eyes and flatten the curves of her cheeks and put gray hairs in her head and fade the color from her skin and corrode the seductive exterior that had so misled Bryce Somerset. There was nothing for Linda but France.

It didn't much matter what she did in France. She hadn't the patience for children, and she knew next to nothing of nursing and she lacked training to deal with the blind. But she had the physique for hard work and more hard work, delicately made and dainty though she

looked, and she knew how to cook. In the old days before Cousin Mary's her pies and doughnuts had been besought for church suppers in the small New England town where she was born. She applied to the Salvation Army for service overseas.

When her plans were made, her examination passed, her passport secured, she wrote *The Crossways*. So much, at least, she knew that she owed to Bryce's mother.

Oh, you splendid Linda [Anne wrote back]. I'm so proud of you! *How you must have loved Bryce!* Once in a while I have wondered a bit whether you did love him—just because you showed it differently from the way I would have done. Silly of me, wasn't it? But I know exactly how you feel about France. You want to be where Bryce was—to carry on with him—close up to the front-line trenches. I'd give all my old shoes to go with you. I'd swim—if I were free to go. But I couldn't think of leaving mother this first summer; and while she would go in a minute if the doctors would let her, they talk long words that I never can find in a dictionary. Perhaps I don't know how to spell them! So you will have to be our representative, Linda, ours as well as Bryce's, you wonderful heroic big little-person!

Bryce's mother did not write; she came. She found Linda Wakefield, on the eve of sailing, in a hall bedroom whose chief recommendation to that lover of the fleshpots had been that it could be had cheap. If Bryce's mother felt surprise, she showed none. Linda was less patrician. Escape had been so imminent that she had figured it in her thoughts as actual. Nothing, she now perceived with consternation, is actual until it is achieved. But she would fight—she must. Sanctuary was too near not to make the struggle worth while at all hazards, except one. That way was closed to her, sealed by her own promise given to dead lips. And Bryce's letter was lost.

To Linda there was hideous harmony in the fact that the final horror should fall upon her in this dreary little room, whose mere existence was a profanation of *The Crossways*. The place seemed to increase the degradation of it, lift it, as it were, to an *n*th degree of shame that

almost broke her spirit past resistance. And yet how faultlessly, how exquisitely, Bryce's mother was doing it, with what perfection of tact. Tact? Linda discarded the word even in her thoughts. Here was sincerity, complete, moving, a sincerity so beautiful that there was no room in it for the subtlest shade of condescension, no place for tact, even of the most delicate. It *was* a favor Bryce's mother was asking; to accept would be the kindest, most daughterly act that Linda could ever do her.

A numb submission entered the younger woman's soul. She saw now that it was this subconscious realization that had winged her heels for flight, as though she had known all along that if she ever came face to face with Bryce's mother there could be for her no escape from defeat. Let it go then, the integrity for which she had so passionately longed. Perhaps that was the sacrifice demanded of her. But let her make expiation gallantly, with a smile on her lips, her colors flying.

"And now, Linda"—the exquisite voice rested its case—"will you not as a favor to me let us defray your expenses—for Bryce's sake?"

Linda lifted the gaze which had clung so tenaciously to hands, gown, the tip of a shoe, everywhere but the face of her guest. She was new to the sight of grief—it was still, for America, the unwonted thing—but Bryce's mother wore her sorrow like a crown; not in outward semblance—Linda remembered a sentence in one of Anne's letters, "Mother refuses to wear black for Bryce—she is a bit mystical about it; so is Uncle Peter—he would be, of course." The face of Bryce's mother blinded Linda a little. She felt it almost too sacred to look upon, touched with the accolade of her sacrifice.

As she met the gaze of those eyes so like Bryce's, for the second time in her life inhibition fell on Linda's will. She felt again that irresistible impulsion toward the truth.

"It will be my life-long regret that I did not love him," she said, simply.

And then Bryce's mother did a strange thing. She put both hands on Linda's shoulders; in the eyes that were so like Bryce's dawned a great gladness.

"I could not believe that you were altogether unworthy of him," she said.

Linda's ready tongue tripped. "You—you knew? Then you got Bryce's letter?"

"I knew, but not from Bryce. I was never quite certain of how much Bryce knew."

"I told him." In her confession she was as monosyllabic as a child. "He was to write you. He did write. I did not wish to tell him, Mrs. Somerset. I did not mean to tell you."

"You poor child! How you have suffered!"

There was compassion in the voice. How she persisted in seeing the thing from Linda's point of view! "So my boy had nothing."

"He had his love." To Linda, who hadn't it, love seemed a great possession. "Perhaps you would like to see his letter."

She drew it from a case on the table. For some reason, not quite clear even to herself, Linda liked to carry Bryce's letter about with her. She thought it was because Bryce had, in spite of deficiencies, found her worth while. Quite simply she began to state her case. She found it necessary to defend Bryce's choice to his mother.

"My dear," said that lady when she had done, "you won't mind if sometimes I hate you? I am afraid I shall not always be able to keep from hating you."

Linda drew a long, free breath. "I shall like your hatred better than I liked your love," she answered, firmly.

The two women exchanged look for look. In the eyes that could be both keen and tender Linda for the first time read respect.

Bryce's mother rose. She did not extend her hand. "Cases of special need will come to your notice in your work. I shall direct my Paris bankers to hold a fund subject to your draft. You will not refuse that."

"No," said Linda, "I shall not refuse that. I am glad you have made it impossible for me to refuse it."

A certain amount of nervous strain, if not of trepidation, was inseparable from a crossing in those days. As her boat

neared the war zone Linda Wakefield thought much of Bryce Somerset. She spent long hours on deck, wrapped in steamer-rugs, looking out over the interminable sea. Fellow-passengers found her odd and lonely and attractive, but unknowable. Romance made busy with her name. She was not lonely and she felt no fear. Increasingly the sense of a

presence held her company. She neither questioned nor argued; she did not theorize. She only accepted with an utter inexplicable content this unseen comradeship. She felt clean and at peace and strangely eager in every fiber of her being to measure her renewed soul against the want and work and danger that lay ahead.

If You Have Loved a Garden

BY LOUISE DRISCOLL

HAVE you seen tall larkspur
With rosy hollyhocks?
Or purple wings half folded,
Of irises in flocks?
Do you know the arrow sweet
Of honeysuckle bloom?
Have you seen the apple-trees
Weave color on a loom?

There is a wave of roses
Breaks on a wall I know,
And some are red as sorrow,
And some are white like snow.
If you have loved a garden,
My roses bloom for you,
For you the honeysuckle's sweet,
And the tall larkspur blue.
Though walls be high about them,
Your gardens bloom for me.
I have seen your heliotrope
Cut like a little tree!
I know the way the birds go
To pools I have not seen,
You know how the bees come
The high, blue way between
A garden and a garden.
Wherever it may be,
Because I love a garden,
Your garden blooms for me!

Have you yellow marigolds,
Vivid, pungent, strong?
Goldfinches will find them
With a lovely song!
I have little clove pinks,
Sturdy, fringed and gay,
And the golden bees come
A long, long way!



EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

THE question of domestic service has become so palpitant that amid the heart-throbs an appeal has been made to this tribunal and made itself heard. The appeal naturally comes from one of what used to be the employing class, but is so no longer because there is no one to employ, and it is from a former employer not because her class is more vocal, but because it is more literary than the class which used to be that of the employed, but which seems now to be independent of employ. How it exists without employ is not the point which the Easy Chair is asked to adjudicate, and we will waste no wisdom upon it, but will keep inflexibly to the case of a mistress who has now become her own servant, and who finds her case one of unusual hardship. She is more accustomed to being her own mistress and she does not like the change, but how to help herself she does not know. She has money enough to hire service, but there is no service to hire, even at the outrageous price which service demands; and we understand that her case is not uncommon, or at least not singular. This lady who has to do her own work and does not like it, or even find herself able for it, is not singular, in being a wife and mother. She is more or less a society woman, but rather more a wife and mother than a society woman. She is a lady of some fashion, but not extreme fashion, and there is apparently nothing in her social position forbidding her the domestic duties which she is unable to shirk. Many other ladies of like standing are equally helpless, and women of higher standing have been obliged to reduce the number of their servants; but she and her like cannot get even one servant, because the former servants prefer work which offers them not only better pay, but greater freedom and more social ease.

To be frank with this lady, we do not see how she is to be saved from her fate, and we will not insult her intelligence by the explanation that she is the victim of conditions. She knows as well as we that she is not to blame for being belated or antedated. She is probably quite aware that in her mother's day, and certainly her grandmother's day, she would have thought doing her own work no unusual hardship and would have counted all joy the children who now add to her griefs. She would then have accepted her husband as one of the inevitable consequences of getting married; she would have known how to utilize him in her household work, and would not have suffered his whims or tastes to be a burden or a bother. She would have loved him the more, or at least respected him the more even in letting him help mind the children, and wash the dishes, and do up the rooms.

This is what her mother and grandmother would or might have done in the past; and, though we do not say that the past is not past, we would make her observe that the present is merely requiring its effect of her on different terms. In complying with its behest she does not remand herself to the conditions or ideals of the simple life now irrevocably gone, but merely accepts a like effect from totally different conditions and ideals. What she would prefer, as we understand her, is the average cultivated American household run with the help of a cook, a waitress, and a laundress, but in the impossibility of these she would be glad of a general-housework girl who would perform all their different duties as well or as ill as may be. Instead of four dollars a week, as in other days, she would now pay nine or ten—not gladly, but at least not grudgingly; and she cannot get any such girl, not because such a girl does not exist, but

because she exists upon such different conditions that she might as well not exist at all. She has been getting as much money or more for work offering her definite hours and larger freedom and greater self-respect than general housework would, and at the bottom of her heart the lady who wants her but cannot get her probably does not blame her. Possibly some baffled ladies of the mistress class are waiting with clenched teeth the day, the hour, when the work which the girl likes better than general housework will fail her, and she and her like will be driven to accept the old antebellum terms of the hated domestic service which the baffled ladies are now obliged to perform for themselves.

It is for such ladies and not for the general-housework girls who fail or defy them that we are concerned, and until these ladies are reconciled to their fate and are self-taught to recognize its lovableness, if not loveliness, we cannot consider the fate of the recusant general-housework girls. It may be that the past will never renew itself, but rather that the future will repeat the conditions of the present indefinitely; and it will be the part of that wisdom which has never been vainly invoked in women for these ladies to accept the conditions. They may sometimes be daughters, or even nieces, but in far the vaster number of cases they will be wives and, in no rare instances, mothers. In fact, we prefer to think of them all as wives and mothers, and this is the reason why, in passing, we are going to commend to their attention Prudence Bradish's very admirable book on *Mother Love in Action*, which may also be commended to some readers who are neither wives nor mothers for its very humane philosophy of the rights of children in a world so many sizes too large for children. It is the right and the duty of mothers to adjust the world to these little people, and to keep them glad and good in its circumstances.

No office more angelic can be imagined of earthly life, and a peculiarity of the case is that the mothers who are the most fondly and gratefully remembered by their children are not those who were able to provide them with nurses and governesses in emancipating themselves

from all domestic cares by means of cooks, waitresses, and laundresses, or, at the worst, general-housework girls, but those who performed these domestic offices themselves. Mysteriously, even miraculously, these offices become labors of love when done in behalf of the little people so dependent on the mother who must discharge them herself. When they are grown full size her children will remember her with the tenderest gratitude as the mother who did everything for them herself, and not the mother who provided servants to do it for them. It may be that they will sometimes remember having helped her do something for them; but probably they will not, and in the adjustment of the universe to their need this will not matter. The question at present is not of the children, though Prudence Bradish teaches how important the observance of their rights is to the soul of the mother, but the question is of her hardship in having to do her own work. While the children are young she will have little or no help from them, but her husband will probably be grown up, even then, and if she will let him, he may be glad to help her in the housework. He will be glad in proportion to her toleration of him, and his help will bring no shame to either, but much honor.

The wife who is not a mother in the usual way is mystically maternal in her influence with her husband, as a good many husbands will have experienced. He is her big boy, uncouth but not unwilling, and oftener biddable than either realizes at the time; she controls and directs him more than he will allow at the time, or even afterward. It is generally supposed that she does this by the superiority of the feminine intellect, but some believe that it is by force of the feminine instinct. She leads him on without his feeling it, and he is a wiser and a better man for yielding to her unconscious force. In the case of a wife who is not a mother except in this mystical sort there will be a finer duty than the natural mother's toward her children when she is obliged to do her own work with his help. He will, we believe, willingly and perhaps hilariously offer his help, and it will rest with her to make it a happiness for both. But

she must be careful not to wound his susceptibilities in accepting his aid. Let her not crow over him, so to speak, by showing how much better she can bake and brew, or sweep and dust; she will be aware of a grace beyond his reach in her art of peeling potatoes, or broiling steak, or making coffee, but let her not betray her consciousness of it. Let her use his awkwardness delicately, and instruct without mortifying him. All husbands are not born the equals of their wives in housework, but they may become so, in time, if the wives will have patience with them. If here and there an exceptional husband proves the wife's superior in housework, let her still more carefully guard herself from recognizing his genius for it; not all husbands will be so proud of their proficiency in puddings and pies as to like being praised for it, at least before people, though they will brag of it in the privacy of home, and will exult over their wives in the pride of their superiority.

The difficulties in the way of utilizing the help of child or husband are perhaps so great for the lady who has to do her own work that she will rather do without it in the greater number of cases. She will prefer to toil on unaided and alone in the hope that some once proud menial will find herself out of a job and will gladly come to her rescue singly or severally. At the bottom of her heart she believes that, to reverse Tennyson,

The new order changeth, yielding place to old.

though in the stress of the war now past she has accepted a general belief that the world has been making itself permanently over in favor of the poor and against the proud. She had resigned herself to the world change if it would involve the subversion of the English aristocracy, which would be laid low as soon as the peace treaties were signed, and she would consent to give up our own plutocratic system upon like terms. But as time has passed she has not seen that cooks have replaced countesses in the social hierarchy of Great Britain, or that our own millionaires have ceased to be the leaders of our life with the following of the rest of us as far as we could afford it. In fact, the amount of human nature in woman, as well as in man, has

not been reduced by the terrible ordeals of the world war; and if she must do her own work woman expects sooner or later to make some one else do it for her.

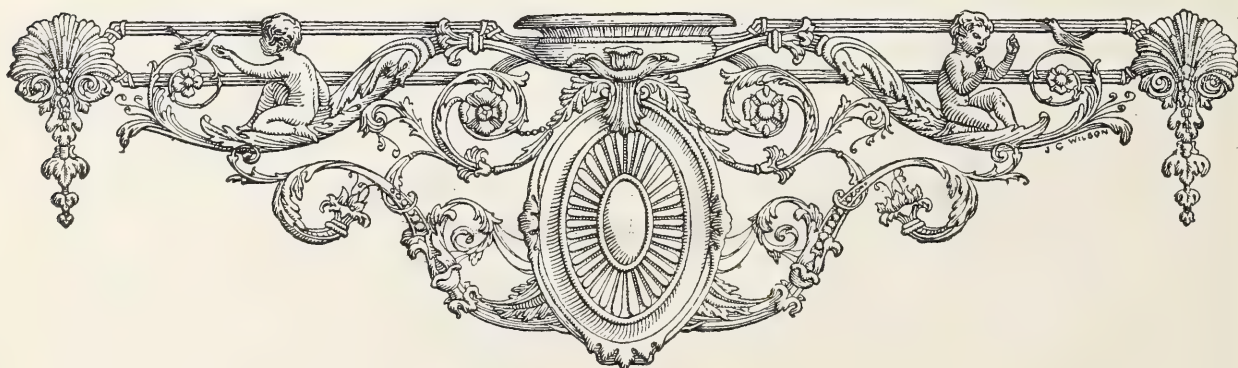
We do not say that this is so in all instances; some ladies are said to love housework for its own sake, and, though this is hard to believe, it would not do to deny it altogether. There are some people who do not expect the millennium to come back, with the household servant at the mercy of the mistress, and these are willing to eke out the actual situation by the various devices of light housekeeping in flats, or the different forms of boarding, especially hotel boarding.

Dreams of co-operative housekeeping return from the visionary past with the hope of getting some capable sister in the management, and shouldering all the care and responsibility upon her. A case of the kind once actually happened when the dreamer of that bright dream found herself doing the kitchen and laundry work for the whole association which cheerfully abandoned it to her. Still, the old-fashioned home, the single-barreled home, so to speak, is dear to the heart, even the heart that it often rests heaviest on—the heart of the wife and, above all, the heart of the mother; and many ladies would rather do their own work, and hope on, hope ever, for the return of the servant girl, or girls, than renounce it in despair. Women have in many ways shown themselves so noble in war work that we must not insult the ideal of the eternal womanly by supposing it incapable of its own housework, which is incomparably less onerous than the work of the hospital, or even the canteen. If we inquire a little further into the mystery, we shall perhaps learn that her own housework is so much more repugnant to her than other duties so gladly, so proudly performed during the war because it is without the reward of their obvious self-sacrifice. There is nothing heroic, or heroic, in cooking the family meals or doing up the family rooms; there is nothing that transcends the commonplace in getting the children out of bed in time for breakfast and then getting them off to school, nothing in satisfying a husband's hunger for breakfast, dinner, and supper, and

proving, if the things are not such as his mother used to make, that they are much better, and that it is unkind and unwise of him to prove them worse. With her children the case is hopeless; she must not expect due gratitude or affection till it is too late, till she is old enough to be cited as a model, or till she is dead enough to be commemorated as perfection. But with him, her mystical child, it ought to be different, and here we must put the wife's blame for not loving to do her own housework where all her blame properly belongs—namely, on the husband. The slightest reflection will convince the casual observer that if the husband had made more money, or had kept the money he did make, she could now go into the open market and buy all the help she requires; not merely in a general-housework girl, but in a cook, a waitress, and a laundress, such as she sees other women having, in spite of the nonsense you have heard talked about there being no servants to be had. The intelligence-offices swarm with them, and at the houses of some of her friends, whose husbands are different, even a butler opens the door to her. This sort of oppressed wife could be easily proved the victim of an inefficient husband in more respects than we will undertake to show; and if such a husband thinks differently she can prove him wrong by exchanging duties with him. She can carry on his business to greater honor and profit than he does now, and their children will not have to go to school out at elbows and toes while she slaves at the house-work.

There was once a wife of such a husband who had done her own work for a whole year when suddenly he did such an amazing stroke of business that she was enabled to keep all three of the servants who could not be had and pay them all the impossible wages. When he said that the money which the conditions enabled them to exact was simply piracy she retorted, "Not at all!" From her own experience she could conscientiously affirm that they were not paid half enough. She had done single-handed all that they did together, because she did it for love of her family. As for doing it for love of any other family, it was simply unthinkable; there was not money enough in the appropriations of a nation which spends in billions to hire such service of her. She wondered, she simply wondered, that any such thing as a general-housework girl existed, and she did not wonder that her existence was so universally denied. She—

"There!" her husband broke in upon her, at the sound of a railroad whistle. "There's my train," and he burst from the breakfast-table in their happy suburban home, and had just time to smoke half a cigar in the station before he got into his club-car. Of course this was a mere ruse on his part, the ruse of a husband who had always left the housework to his wife, and now helped the other children help her do it. If the domestic servant ever returns to her rescue, it will be no thanks to him either from the cook, waitress, or laundress or general-housework girl whose hateful toil his wife had singly or jointly done.



EDITOR'S DRAWER

Lover's Leap

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

THIS was back in the years when I was going about the country getting up "Beautifuls." That was what we called them. They were really local write-ups with about six half-tone engravings of Main Street and bits of local scenery that we got nothing for, and half a hundred or more portraits of prominent citizens, pictures of oatmeal-mills, banks, and so on, that cost us five dollars and for which we collected twenty-five dollars apiece, sometimes more.

There were twenty or so of us in the business, working on salary, and sent out by the Cities Beautiful Company, of Lima, Ohio. We went into a town, made a contract with some local newspaper, and set to work. Usually there were ten pages of local history and general "write-up" stuff, followed by all the way from forty to one hundred pages of paid advertising, either display or in the form of write-ups.

We stuck pretty close to sample in all cases. Every book was a "Beautiful"—*Kalamazoo Beautiful*, *Oconomowoc Beautiful*, *Columbus Junction Beautiful*, and so on. The six half-tone engravings followed a rule, too. There was always "Main Street Seen from the Corner of Third Avenue and Elm Street," or something of the sort; there was always the High School; there was always the City Hall. Nine times out of ten one of the three remaining pictures—which were scenic—included a Lover's Leap.

Lover's Leap was a good card, always. There was always an Indian legend, and always the same one. If there was no legend we wrote one, and it was again always the same one. It was our only way of getting romance into the "Beautifuls," and it made a hit with the ladies. It helped the sale. American towns are utilitarian, and for that reason admire anything romantic that can



"I'LL BET THIS IS ONE TOWN THAT HASN'T A LOVER'S LEAP"



"THERE SHE IS," HE SAID

be hooked up with the local history. It was always safe to ask where Lover's Leap was when we struck a town, because there always was one if there was a side hill ten feet high. And it was always the same Indian lover and his dusky sweetheart and her cruel father that took part in the ancient tragedy.

One August I struck a town in Kansas—Kildare, I think it was—that was situated in the middle of a stretch of prairie that was as flat as a table. You could ride fifty miles in any direction without coming upon a dip or a rise as prominent as a wrinkle in a tablecloth. I made my deal with the editor and owner of the newspaper to print and bind the *Kildare Beautiful* book and then, jokingly, I said to him:

"I'll bet this is one town that hasn't a Lover's Leap."

"Oh yes, it has!" he said. "Every decent town has one. If there isn't one, the City Council votes one."

I thought he was joking.

"Did the City Council vote this one?" I asked.

"No, sir!"

"What did the fearless Indian hero jump from?" I asked him. "The top of the High School?"

"No, sir!"

"Well, listen, Briggs," I said, that being his name. "Is it a thing I can photograph? Because, if it is, I'm going to have it in *Kildare Beautiful*."

"No, don't!" he said.

"Why not?"

"Well, no matter why. Don't do it. It would make this book ridiculous. Put in a picture of the cemetery instead, showing the new fence. That will please old Hillis. He gave the fence. You can say that, and he will give you his own portrait to print, and a picture of his lumber-yard."

I was busy a few days, rushing around the town signing up the first twenty display-pages that were needed to make the book a safe go, and I forgot about Lover's Leap awhile, but one day, after dinner, I came out in front of the Kildare Hotel and pulled a chair into the shade. Old Billy Miffin was half asleep in the only occupied chair, so I handed him a cigar. He looked like an oldest inhabitant or something of the sort, and somehow it re-

minded me of Lover's Leap.

"Uncle Billy," I said, "there's only one thing this town needs."

"What might that be?" he asked, getting ready to declare that Kildare did not need whatever it was.

"It needs a Lover's Leap," I said.

"No, it don't, nuther," he declared. "It's got one."

"No, you don't understand me," I said.

"I said a Lover's Leap. A spot where Unconquerable Love and Fearless Bravery brought Two Fond Hearts together forever."

"I knowed what you said the fust time," he said, peevishly. "I said we got one. We got a Lover's Leap. I don't know as it ever fetched two fond hearts together, but it fetched one of 'em."

"Unconquerable Love—" I murmured.

"That, or a blat like a sick sheep," said Uncle Billy. "What I say is we got a Lover's Leap. There ain't no modern improvements this town—"

"Where is this Lover's Leap?" I asked.

"Out yonder," he said, indicating a spot beyond the corn-elevator on the other side of the railway track.

"Want to walk over and show it to me?"

He got out of his chair and led the way. I tried to see something that might be a hidden depression into which a love-mad Indian might have leaped if there had been such an Indian, but I could not. Old Billy trudged along half a step ahead of me. We crossed the

railway and entered the unfenced field. There was nothing in it but weeds and a pile of decayed timbers, thrown together, hit or miss, and left to rot. The old fellow led me through the weeds until we reached the rotten boards and two-by-fours.

"There she is," he said.

"I don't see anything," I said.

"Well, that ain't no fault o' mine. There she is. There's Lover's Leap. If you don't take a fancy to her, it ain't no fault o' mine. All I done was fetch you, and if you don't like her it ain't no fault o' mine."

"But I don't see anything," I said.

"Well, she's sort of hid by them boards, and that's a fact," he said. "When she stopped blowin'—"

"When what stopped blowing?"

"Th' well."

"Oh, it's a well!" I exclaimed. "The fond lover jumped down a well!"

"Nothin' o' th' sort! And he wa'n't no fond lover. He was a fugitive. That's what he was—a fugitive."

"I see! He hid in the well—"

"No, he wasn't ever in no well. Not that I know of, anyways."

"Then the girl was in the well, and—"

"She wa'n't no girl, and she wa'n't in no well. Neither of 'em was in the well. It wa'n't that kind of a well. It was a 'tesian well."

"An artesian well? But how—"

"It was a bored well. I ought to know because I was the feller what bored it."

"Uncle Billy," I said, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you a dollar if you will tell me why this is called Lover's Leap, and what happened. I'm not in much of a hurry. I expect to be here quite a while. I have time. But I'm impatient. I want to know about this thing some time during this century."

"Well, this here man by name of Joe—that was what I allus called him—Joe. This here man by name of Joe come to town and aimed he would set up in business here. I didn't have nothin' ag'in' him. He was a likely feller, but meeklike. He was sort of scared-like, as you may say. If you popped out at him, sudden-like, 'What's your name?' he would go red and say, 'Ah—ah—' like that. So this here Sally Hodgers

she made up her mind he was goin' to wed her. I guess so. She acted like it, anyways. She done her hair up in curl-papers and took the papers out afore noon, anyways. She acted kittenish when he come around. I guess she made up her mind to grab him. Leastways, I know she did.

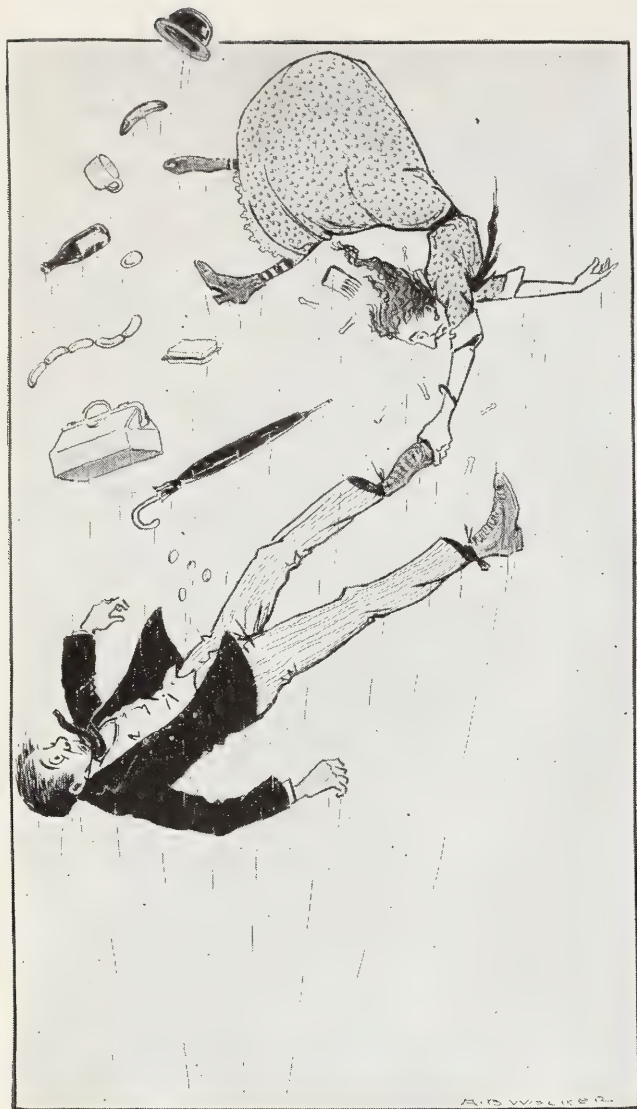
"So this here Joe feller he got scared at last. For a while he didn't know what Sally was up to—he just thought she was crazy or the like of that—because he was sort of young and Sally wasn't. Not what you would call so. She was forty and more. She was what I would call a dad-basted old vinegar-cruet, that's what she was. I've told her so more 'n once. 'Sally,' I says to her, 'you're the dad-bastedest old vinegar-cruet I ever laid eyes on.' I have so. And she was. Nobody needn't tell me nothin' else.

"So when she got this Joe feller scared of her she up and proposed holy wedlock to him. I guess she did. That's how I understand it was. I been told so. Anyhow, that day this here 'tesian well I was borin' come in. She come with a rush and blowed all my contraptions sky-high, only she didn't come in with water—she come in with air. She was an air-well. She blowed out air like all-git-out. Like water out of a fire-hose nozzle. That's how she blowed.

"That was June eighteen, and I remember it mighty well, because J. C. Burling, what I bored that well for, never paid me a cent. So along about nine o'clock this Joe feller snuck out of the back door of the hotel and started across country for Minnesota or the North Pole or somewheres where Sally wa'n't. He



"SHE UP AND PROPOSED HOLY WEDLOCK TO HIM"



AND GRABS HER WELL-INTENDED BY THE FOOT

run like the dickens and fust thing he knew he run right into this here dry 'tesian well o' mine, and up he went."

"Up he went?" I asked Uncle Billy.

"Up was what I said," said old Billy, "and up it was. He went up and he stayed up. Hain't you ever seen one of them jets of water that keeps a leetle glass ball a jigglin' around on top of it and don't let it drop? Say, didn't you ever see a boy stick a pin half through a pea and put the bowl of a pipe in his mouth and blow, and send the pea dancin' and jiggin' in the air over the top of the stem? That's what that Joe feller done. He run right into the colyum of air that was shootin' out of that dry 'tesian well and it shot him straight up one hundred and fifty-two feet and kep' him there, kickin' and tossin' and yellin'. Yes, sir!

"I sort of heard him yell myself. I says to my wife, 'Somebody is drunk and yellin' like blazes.' But I never thought what it was. Nobody would. So nobody knowed this Joe feller was bein' tossed and jiggled up there in the air one hundred and fifty-two feet. Nobody knowed it until next mornin'

when I went out to see if maybe the well had changed its mind and started to give water.

"I come out of my house and started for the well, and the fust thing I see was something black bouncin' around right up yonder in the air one hundred and fifty-two feet. This Joe feller had been up there all night. I run to the well here, and before I got here I seen it was a human bein' and I turned back and got a gang of fellers together.

"I knowed how serious it was. You can't tell nothing about them 'tesian wells. This one might keep on for seven thousand years, and by that time this Joe feller wouldn't be nothin' but bones, so to speak.

"Every once in a while he let out a weak sort of yip, but for the most part he was bein' rossed and turned head-over-heels. I got a barn door and us fellers slid it over the well, but the air was too strong for us. It wrested the barn door away from us and the barn door flew up and hit this Joe feller a wallop and then skidded off and come down.

"We done everything we could think of to fetch him down. We tried a rope, but when one end would get up a ways it would get out of the air current and the whole caboodle would come down. It was right pitiful to hear him yip once in a while, and it looked like he would stay up there until he starved to death and then keep on right where he was. We tried tossin' victuals into the air-current, but it wa'n't what you'd call successful. They went up all right but, bein' lighter than this Joe feller, they went right on beyond him. In no time at all we had a sort of bouquet of victuals bouncin' and jiggin' ten or twelve feet above his head, but it didn't do him no good. So it looked like the best we could do would be to get a gun and shoot him. There wa'n't no use lettin' him die of starvation.

"It was whilst Orley Morvis was goin' for his rifle that this Sally person come to where he was. The news that this Joe feller was gone but not forgotten had come to her and she come with all speed. Right away she begun to blat like a sick sheep. It wasn't nothin' but, 'My dearly beloved!' and, 'Save him! save him!' and blaw-blaw-blaw. That woman sure did git on my nerves.

"'For the land's sake, shet up!' I says, when I couldn't stand it no longer. 'If you don't,' I says, 'I'll chuck you into that air-shoot with him.'

"'My Joseph!' she blats, and what does she do but jump right into the air-current! My stars! I give one grab for her, but it was too late. Up she went!

"Up she went, and I says, 'Now there's two of them!' but as she went shootin' up past him she reaches out a hand and grabs her well-intended by the foot and clings on. For a second or two they was all one ball,

and then down they come. Gradual. Slow and gradual. They was too heavy for the air-current when together that way, and down they come. So that's why we call this here lot Lover's Leap. This Sally person leaped up and saved this Joe feller."

I looked at old Uncle Billy, but he did not bat an eye. He gave me stare for stare.

"Is that the truth?" I asked.

"Ask anybody," he said.

"You mean every one here believes it? That it is the legend that clings to this ground?"

"I don't know nothin' about legend," he said. "It's whut happened, like I'm tellin' you."

"Well, I say it is a good story," I said. "I say I'm going to use it in *Kildare Beautiful*. It is as good romance as any Lover's Leap story. I don't see why Briggs objected to my using it."

"Well, mebby"—said Uncle Billy, slowly,—"mebby one reason is he was the Joe feller that got h'isted. Mebby that sort of influenced him ag'in' the facts in print. His wife Sally might not favor it. She kind of thinks it was undignified to be shootin' up in the air like that before a gang of us fellers. Well, I don't know!"

"You don't know what?"

"Well, I don't know but what it was, seein' as she went up feet first," said Uncle Billy.

It's Great to be Bolsheviki!

BY JOSEPH LAMONT GAVIT and NOBLE A. CATHCART

*DO you want a life of bliss?
Do you covet Fortune's kiss?
Is it happiness you miss?
Join the merry Bolsheviks
And handle things like this:*

Perhaps the ice-man's too attentive to your wife at home—
That's simple! From a window drop a trunk upon his dome!
Suppose a chatty barber slips and cuts your tender chin—
Just grab a handy razor and eradicate his grin.

(Chorus) *Slish! Slash!
Another one is hash!
It's great to be Bolsheviki!*

Your pocketbook is empty and you haven't got a cent?
Assassinate the landlord; he'll forget about the rent!
Or if the boss gets in a grouch and takes away your job,
Pick up a near-by letter-press and bounce it off his knob.

(Chorus) *Slish! Slash! etc.*

Perchance a waiter tries to cheat in adding up your check—
Select a nice sharp salad-fork and stick it in his neck.
And if on earth these simple hints don't seem to work out well,
Just plant a bomb beneath Old Nick and start in raising Hell!

(Chorus) *Slish! Slash! etc.*



The Bargain Instinct

SHE: "Maybe we can buy one of those kittens cheap after they get a little shop-worn"

Apologies Never To Late

MRS. TANSEY, a nervous and inexperienced hostess, rose hurriedly as one of her guests finished the song she was singing.

"Ladies and—er—er—gentlemen," said she, nervously clutching at the side of her gown, "before Miss Jepson began she asked me to apologize for her voice, but I omitted to do so—er—so—er—I apologize now!"

Foresight

A HARD-WORKING farmer in Ohio had sent his son to a good school of music so that he might receive the best instruction from the beginning. It was necessary to buy a violin for him, but he was such a little chap that his teacher thought that a so-called "half-violin" would do. The father, whose resources had been badly taxed, was loath to part with the money for the instrument, but finally did so.

The lad made rapid progress, and became so proficient that a half-violin was no longer good enough for him. Again he went to the music-store with his father, to whom the salesman showed the entire stock of violins. The parent was apparently dissatisfied with all of them, and his gaze wandered round the shop seeking for something better. Finally he saw a violoncello.

"We'll take that big violin there," said he, as a smile of satisfaction spread over his countenance. "The boy won't outgrow that right away!"

Ambitious Albert

A MOBILE man tells of this conversation between two darkies of that town:

"Al, I heahs yo' was courtin' dat Morgan gal down my way."

"I sho' was. An' I was in love with dat gal, too; only I heahs later she 'ain't got a cent. So I says to mahse'f: 'Al, be a man.' An' I was a man, Bill, I was a man; an' now I passes her by with silent contempt."

A Soldier's Grace

AN English soldier had recently been discharged from the hospital and returned to his home in broken health and spirits. A few days later the clergyman was invited to dinner and had

just finished saying grace.

Little Muriel, aged five, who was seated opposite the clergyman, glanced up with considerable surprise and said:

"That's not the kind of grace my daddy says."

"No?" questioned the minister, sweetly. "And what kind of grace does your daddy say?"

"Why," replied the little dear, "he came home last night, an' when he sat down to the table he just said: 'Good Lord! What a supper!'"

A Dangerous Remedy

AN American Red Cross man tells of a wounded Highlander in England who seemed to make no headway toward recovery. He was forever talking about his "bonnie Scotland," and the idea occurred to some one that a Scotch piper might raise his spirits. Accordingly, a piper was found, and it was arranged that he should pour forth all the gems of Scottish music the pipes were capable of interpreting. When the doctor called the next morning, he asked the matron:

"Did the piper turn up?"

"He did, sir."

"And how is our Scotch patient?"

"Oh, he's fine! I never saw such a change."

"That's splendid. It was a fine idea of mine," said the doctor.

"Yes," assented the matron, "but the other thirty patients have all had serious relapses."

Tangible Proof

TEACHER: "For what was Abraham Lincoln noted?"

PUPIL: "For his great memory."

TEACHER: "What makes you think his memory was so great?"

PUPIL: "Because I saw a monument erected to his memory."

A Trying Prospect

MOSES, a colored man, is a farmer in a small way in a certain Southern county. Once a party of engineers was tracing a township line which happened to pass directly through Moses's barn. The engineers found that they could continue their measurements through the barn by opening the double doors on each side and thus avoiding the detour. The owner watched their progress with much interest, but without comment until they had reached the farther side of the barn, when he asked:

"That a railroad you-all surveyin' for?"

"Certainly," said the chief, with a humorous glint in his eye.

Moses reflected a bit as he closed the barn doors behind him, when he remarked, aggressively:

"I 'ain't got no objection to havin' a railroad on my farm, but I'll be doggoned ef I'm gwine to git up at all hours of the night to open and shet them doors fo' yo' train to go through!"

Biblically Expressed

A PROSPEROUS dentist fixed the teeth of a young parson, an old school-mate of his, and declined to accept more than a nominal fee, since his friend was struggling along on a very small salary.

In return for this favor, some time later, the minister gave the dentist a book. It was a disquisition on the Psalms, and on the fly-leaf the young clergyman had inscribed this appropriate greeting:

"And my mouth shall show forth thy praise."

Overtime

A MEMBER of the board of trustees was speaking to some school-children in an Ohio town.

"My young friends," said he, "let me urge upon you the necessity not only of reading good books, but also of owning them, so that you may have access to them at all times. When I was a youth I used frequently to work all night to earn money to buy books, and then get up before daylight to read them!"

Mates

LITTLE Louis Lucas had just made an interesting announcement to his playmate.

"So there's twins at your house!"

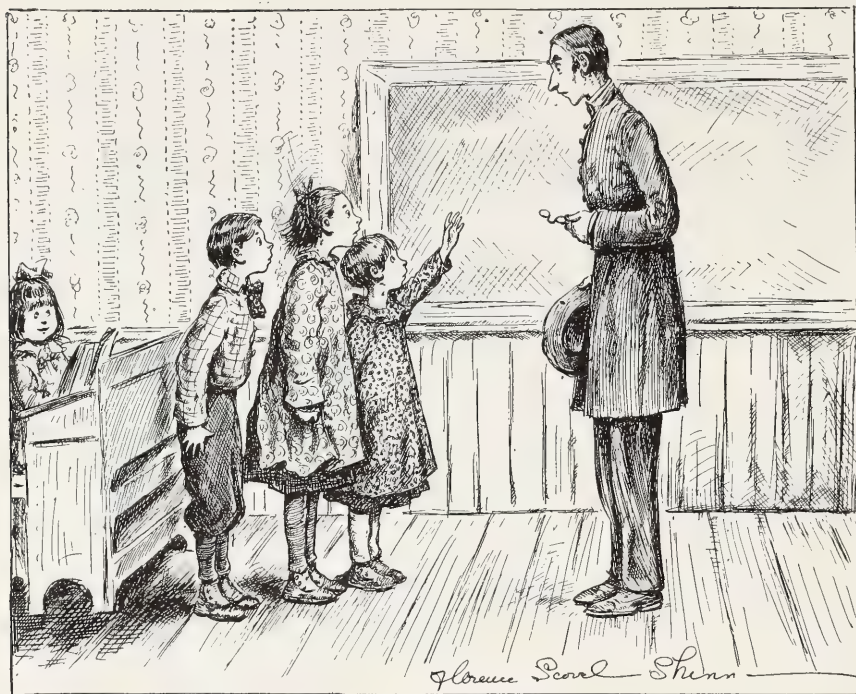
"Honest!" burst out Louis. "And they're just alike!"

His playmate reflected a moment and then asked, "Are they built the same way, or are they rights and lefts?"



LADY: "And oh, were you wounded by the Germans?"

SARCASTIC CASUALTY: "Oh no, mum. It was like this: I was cleaning our canary cage out, and the little blighter flew at me and bit me"



And There Has Been Trouble Ever Since

RECTOR (calling at parish school): "*Which of you can tell me something about Adam?*"

LITTLE DORA: "*Adam was the first man, and had trouble with one of his ribs*"

A Legal Maze

A TIREsome attorney in a Western town, in arguing a complicated case, had looked up authorities dating back to Julius Cæsar, and had consumed more than an hour and a half in the most intricate part of his plea when he was pained to observe what seemed to him inattention on the bench. It was as he had feared—his Honor was unable to appreciate the nice points of the argument.

"Begging your Honor's pardon," said he, "but do you follow me?"

The judge shifted uneasily in his chair. "I have, so far," he answered, "but I'll say frankly, Mr. Jones, that, if I thought I could find my way back, I'd quit right here."

A Natural Reticence

A PARTY of Americans was awaiting the arrival of a body of English soldiers, who presented a tattered and hungry-looking appearance.

Suddenly a captain who had been assigned a new company came upon the scene. He glanced down the muster-roll, on which the names ran: "O'Toole, Flinn, Sullivan, O'Brien, Murphy," and so on.

"Is every man in this company Irish?" he questioned of the sergeant.

"There's wan Swede, but he doesn't nave much to say," came the quick response.

Backwoods Currency

INTO the general store of a village in Virginia there came one day not long ago a diminutive ducky, who laid upon the counter a single egg, and said:

"Boss, my mudder says please give her a needle for dis aig."

The storekeeper smiled. "Why," he said, "you can get two needles for an egg."

"No, boss," continued the ducky, "my mudder don't want no two needles; she says, please give me de change in cheese."

Conscientious

A BIG Irishman, while carrying a ladder through a crowded street, had the misfortune to break a plate-glass window in a store. He immediately dropped his

ladder and broke into a run, but he had been seen by the shopkeeper, who dashed after him in company with several salesmen, and was soon caught.

"Here, you big loafer!" shouted the angry shopkeeper, when he had regained his breath. "You have broken my window!"

"I sure have," admitted the Celt, "and didn't you see me running home to get the money to pay for it?"

The Life of the Bee

THE Bee's a frump.

Her form is plump
And clothed in velvet fuzziness;
When days are bright,
In busy flight
She goes about her buzziness.

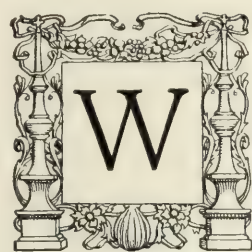
Though counted wise,
She fails to prize
The weather's pleasant Springiness;
She's quite morose
And awful close!—
An elf of stingy stinginess.

Yet Maeterlinck
Through pen and ink
Has made her name illustrious,
For, always mused
With pollen-dust,
She's dustily industrious.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN.

Effect of Victory Loan upon General Conditions

By JOHN GRANT DATER



WITH the announcement by the Secretary of the Treasury, on April 13th, of the terms and conditions of the Victory Liberty Loan—the fifth in point of number and the last, in all likelihood, of the large war borrowings by the Government—a feeling of uncertainty, if not of apprehension, passed out of the financial markets. The circumstances were peculiar, for, despite the nervousness of many bank officials over the details of the issue, neither they nor any one else entertained any serious fears of an inadequate sub-

Victory
Liberty
Loans

scription, far less of a failure of the loan. They were aware that the safeguards against such a contingency were ample; that the bonds were underwritten, practically, as a result of the anticipatory sales, in recent months, of an enormous quantity of Treasury certificates of indebtedness; short-dated paper which had been issued by the Treasury with the definite understanding that it would be acceptable in payment for the Victory bonds.

BUT the fact that the loan could not fail, because \$5,355,000,000 in debt certificates were outstanding and in the

hands of the banks and the trust companies, did not convey a definite assurance that the issue would be successful to as high a degree or in the precise way that bankers and financial experts regarded as most desirable. In other words, there were grave doubts as to whether the new bonds could be made attractive enough to appeal to individual investors, and also as to whether this could be accomplished without influencing a further decline in all outstanding Liberty bonds and in a general unsettlement of the investment market. It was this phase of the situation, the possibility that banks might be compelled to take the loan, in whole or in very large part, as an exchange, virtually, for the certificates of indebtedness, which disturbed the sentiment of the financial interests so generally.

THUS disposed, the Victory Liberty Loan might have been termed a success; that is, all the bonds would have been placed, but the transaction would have imposed very heavy additional burdens upon the banks and the trust companies, and this would have been to the detriment of general industry. And of course the net results would have been to concentrate the holdings of the securi-

Facing
Actual
Facts

ties with a limited number of institutions, whereas the only true measure of success of a public loan is to affect a wide-spread distribution of the obligations among individuals. The doubts and uncertainties of the bankers over the outcome of the offering, in advance of the official announcement of the terms and conditions of issue, were predicated upon a variety of considerations, some real and some imaginary, with the latter as influential, fully, as the former in disturbing and unsettling qualities.

IT was obvious that, as a result of the armistice and the termination of the war, the appeals to the passions and the prejudices, to the imagination and the patriotism of the community, so effective when employed in connection with earlier Liberty bond issues, would have to be modified in many particulars. The radical change from war to peace was the principal reason, perhaps, why the bankers felt uncertain as to the outcome. They knew that in all likelihood it would be much more difficult to wring the dollars out of the pockets of the public with the soldier-boys at home and engaged in peaceful avocations, than when they could be depicted in the trenches; in "going over the top"; in "battling with the Huns"; or in laying down their lives "to make the world safe for democracy."

OBSTACLES to success were conjured up, also, in the amount of the issue, which was estimated at the huge total of \$6,000,000,000. Some careful observers held that, while an offering of such magnitude might be floated, under the spur of patriotism, at a time of war, it was doubtful if it could be done in times of peace.

Horns
of the
Dilemma

And the point was made also that while patriotism had enabled the Government to sell successive issues of low-interest-bearing Liberty bonds, even in the face of an assured decline in price, the new loan would have to be governed by established investment standards. In other words, the success of the issue, so far as the public was concerned, would be determined by the worth of investment capital, a consider-

ation which was ignored with the Liberty loans, but which has been chiefly responsible for the decline of the bonds.

THERE were two horns to the dilemma which confronted the Government in determining the Victory Loan. If it settled upon 5 per cent., which, according to the bankers, was the proper rate and the lowest rate that would attract the public, the higher income yield would have the tendency to depreciate the outstanding Government issues still further and unsettle the entire bond list. On the other hand, if the contention of the bankers was correct and interest was fixed at a lower rate, the Government ran the risk of meeting a poor response from personal investors, in which event the bulk of the bonds would be dumped upon the banks and trust companies.

THIS was undesirable in consequence of the enormous quantity of Government issues the institutions are now carrying. According to the Federal Reserve Board, for instance, 772 member banks were reported, early in April, as owning \$2,756,778,000 United States bonds and certificates of indebtedness, in addition to carrying loans on \$1,106,708,000 of the same security, a total of \$3,863,486,000. The report of the Comptroller of the Currency of March 4th last disclosed holdings by the National banks of the country of \$3,681,000,000 United States bonds and certificates of indebtedness. In all likelihood, if the reports of State banks were available, a similar condition would be revealed, indicating that the financial institutions have obligated themselves enormously in buying and loaning upon the Government securities.

Bank-
Buying
of Bonds

IT always surprises a casual observer, who gives little attention ordinarily to financial or economic problems, to hear that there can be any serious objections to the ownership by the banks and trust companies of large amounts of securities of such high character as United States bonds, but such is the fact. In the first instance, the proper func-

(Continued on thirty-fifth page following)



Painting by C. E. Chambers

Illustration for "His Fiancée"

"I AM GLAD YOU HAD HIM, LITTLE JEANNE"

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. CXXXIX

JULY, 1919

No. DCCCXXX



Through Germany On Foot

PART I.—ON TO THE RHINE

BY LIEUTENANT HARRY A. FRANCK

Author of A Vagabond Journey Around the World, Vagabonding Down the Andes, Etc.

The author, famous for his vagabond journeys in almost every nook and corner of the world, has set out, with camera and knapsack, to tramp through a country that has been screened from the outside world for over four years, where he will record for *Harper's Magazine* his impressions of Germany and the Germans as they are to-day. The following article, introductory to the series, describes the author's departure from Paris and his experiences in the zone occupied by the American armies.



FOR those of us not already members of the famous divisions that were amalgamated to form the Army of Occupation it was almost as difficult to get into Germany after the armistice as before. All the A. E. F. seemed to be casting longing eyes toward the Rhine—all, at least, except the veteran minority who had their fill of war and its appendages for all time to come, and the optimistic few who had serious hopes of soon looking the Statue of Liberty in the face. But it was easier to long for than to attain. In vain we flaunted our qualifications, real and self-bestowed, before those empowered to issue travel-orders. In vain did we prove that the signing of the armistice had left us duties so slight that they were not a fair return for the salary Uncle Sam awarded us, to say nothing of the service we were eager to render him. G. H. Q. maintained that sphinxlike silence for which it had long been noted. The lucky Third Army seemed to have taken on the characteristics of a haughty and exclusive club, boasting an inexhaustible waiting-list.

What qualifications, after all, could those be considered which had as their climax the mere speaking of German?

Did not at least the Wisconsin half of the Thirty-second Division boast that ability to a man? As to duties, those of war-time were soon replaced by appallingly unbellicose tasks which carried one still farther afield into the placid wilderness of the S. O. S., trebly distant from the scene of real activity. But a pebble dropped into the sea of army routine does not always fail to bring ripples, in time, to the shore. Suddenly one day, when the earthquake roar of barrages and the insistent screams of air-raid *alertes* had merged with dim memories of the past, when letters from home began with that buoyant phrase, "Now that the war is over," the half-forgotten application was unexpectedly answered. The flimsy French telegraph form, languidly torn open, yielded a laconic, "Report Paris prepared enter occupied territory."

The change from the placidity of Alps-girdled Grenoble to Paris, in those days "capital of the world," was abrupt. The city was seething with an international life such as even she had never before gazed upon in her history. But with the Rhine attainable at last, one was in no mood to waste time among the pampered officers dancing attendance on the Peace Conference,—least of all those of us who had known Paris in the simpler, saner days

of peace, or in the humanizing times of war strain.

The Gare de l'Est was swirling with that incredible *tohu-bohu*, that limitless and headless confusion which had reigned in all important French railway stations for months past. Even in the sixteen months since I had first seen the station under war-time conditions and taken train to Chaumont, then sternly hidden under the incognito of G. H. Q., that confusion had trebled. Stolid Britons in khaki clamped their iron-shod war-shoes along the floors like the hoofs of draft-horses. Buoyant, youthful "Yanks," not so unlike the "Tommies" in garb as in manner, formed human whirlpools about the all but unattainable den of the punctilious American A. P. M. Through compact masses of horizon blue squirmed insistent poilus, sputtering some witty *bon mot* at every lunge. Eddies of Belgian troopers, their cap tassels waving with the rhythm of their march, formed and broke and formed again. Italian soldiers, misfitted in crumpled and patched dirty gray, struggled toward a far corner where stood two *carabinieri* directly imported from their own sunny land, short, stubby rifles, imposing three-cornered hats, and all. At every last *guichet*, or hole in the wall, stood long queues of civilians, chiefly French, with that uncomplaining patience which a lifetime, or at least a war-time, of standing in line has given a race that by temperament and individual habit should be least able to display patience. Flush-faced dowagers, upholstered in their best somber garments, waddled hither and yon in generally vain attempts to get the scanty thirty kilos of baggage, to which war-time rules had reduced them, aboard the train they hoped to take. Wan, yet sarcastic, women of the working class juggled and buffeted their multifarious bundles toward the platforms. Sprightly *grisettes* tripped through every opening in the throng, dodging collisions, yet finding time to throw a coquettish smile at every grinning "Sammy," irrespective of rank. Well-dressed matrons appeared now and then, laboriously pushing their possessions before them on hand-trucks they had won after struggles that had left their hats awry and their tempers far

beyond the point where speech has any meaning; a few with happy, cynical faces at having won that far in the battle, only to form a new queue behind the already lengthy line of enforced patience which awaited the good pleasure of baggage-weighers, baggage-handlers, baggage-checkers, baggage-payment receiving-clerks, chiefly of their own sex. Here and there a begrimed and earth-weary female porter, under an official cap, bovinely pushed the laden hand-truck before her into the imperceptibly moving queues, with that supreme indifference to the rights and comfort of others which couples so strangely with the social and individual politeness of the French. Once or twice there appeared even a male porter, likewise capped with the insignia so familiar and frequent before the war, but sallow and fleshless now in comparison with his female competitors, and in all probability walking with a limp or shuffling on a half-useless leg. It would have been hard to find a place where labor was so persistently expended in the face of insurmountable difficulties.

At the gate the uniformed, who had not been called upon to form queues for hours, if not for days, to get passports, to have them stamped and viséd, to get a thousand things done that must make the life of a civilian without official backing not unlike that of a stray cur in old-time Constantinople, were again atrociously favored. Yet here new human log-jams rendered any attempt at progress all but futile. Once on the platform, however—but, alas! there was no escaping the crush and the goalless rush and helter-skelter that the half-anarchy of the railway system of France has brought about in the last supreme lunge of the war. The Nancy-Metz express—even now, long after the signing of the armistice, there came a thrill at sight of that placard on the car-flanks—had already been taken by storm. What shall it gain a man to have formed queue and paid his franc days before for a reserved *place* if the corridors leading to it are so crammed and packed and crammed again with pillar-like poilus, garnished with equipment enough to stock a hardware-store, with pack- and rifle-bearing American doughboys, with the lucky few who reached the gates early enough



BRITISH AND AMERICAN AUTOS PARK IN FRONT OF THE COLOGNE CATHEDRAL

to worm their way into the scanty interstices left, that nothing short of machine-gun or trench-mortar can clear him an entrance to it?

Wise, however, is the man who uses his head rather than his shoulders, even in so unintellectual a matter as boarding a train. About a parlor-coach, stanchly defended by gendarmes, lounged a half-dozen American officers with that casual, self-satisfied air of those who "know the ropes" and are therefore able to bide their time in peace. A constant stream of harried, disheveled, bundle-laden would-be passengers swept down upon the parlor-car entrance, only to be politely but forcibly balked in their design by the gendarme, with an oily, "Reserved for the French Staff." It was a bit of tactful maneuvering. The platform clock had raised its hands to strike the hour of departure when the lieutenant who had offered to share his previous experience with me sidled cautiously up to the gendarme and breathed something in his ear, the only definite sounds of which I heard being, "American secret service." As a matter of fact, the words themselves produced little more visible effect than the amount of pure truth in the assertion. But the

crisp new five-franc note deftly transferred from lieutenant to gendarme brought about as quick and definite results as does the whisper of "*Bakshish*" in an Arab ear. We sprang lightly up the guarded steps and along a corridor as clear of humanity as No Man's Land on a sunny noonday. Give the French another year of war, with a few more millions of money-sowing allies scattered through the length and breadth of their fair land, and the back-handed slip of a coin will become as universal an open sesame as in the most tourist-haunted corner of Naples.

Another crisp note, as judiciously applied, unlocked the door of a compartment which showed quite visible evidence of having escaped the public wear and tear of war, due, no doubt, to the protection afforded it by those magic words, "French Staff." But when it had quickly and quietly filled to its comfortable quota of six, one might have gazed in vain at the half-dozen American uniforms, girdled by the exclusive Sam Browne, for any connection with the French, staff or otherwise, than that connection which all good allies hold one to another. The train glided imperceptibly into motion, yet not without carry-

ing to our ears the suppressed grunt of a hundred stomachs compressed by as many hard and unwieldy packs in the coach ahead, and ground away into the night, amid the shouts of anger, despair, and pretended derision of the throng of would-be travelers left behind on the platform.

"Troubles over," said my companion, as we settled down to such comfort as a night in a reasonably filled European train compartment permits. "Of course we'll be hours late, and there will be a howling mob at every station as long as we are in France. But once we get to Metz the trains will have plenty of room; they'll be right on time, and all this mob-fighting will be over."

"Propaganda," I mused, inwardly, noting that in spite of his manner, as American as his uniform, the lieutenant had a suspiciously German name and spoke with a hint of Teutonic accent. We had long been trained to see propaganda by the oily Hun in any suggestion of criticism, particularly the unfavorable comparison of anything French with anything German. Did food cost more in Paris than on the Rhine? Propaganda. Did some one suggest that the American soldiers, their fighting task finished, felt the suggestion of a desire to see American shores again? Propaganda. Did a French waiter growl at the inadequacy of a ten-per-cent. tip? The *sale Boche* had surely been propagandizing among the dish-handlers.

The same subsidized hand that had admitted us to the parlor-car had locked it again as soon as the last staff pass—issued by the Banque de France—had been collected. Though hordes might beat with enraged fists, sticks, and heels on the coach, not even a corridor lounge could get aboard to disturb our slumbers. To the old and infirm—which here stands for all beyond the age of thirty—even the comfortably filled compartment of a French *wagon de luxe* is not an ideal spot in which to pass a long night. But as often as we awoke to uncramp our legs and cramp them again in another position, the solace in the thought of what that night might have been, standing rigid in a car corridor, swallowing and reswallowing the heated breath of a half-dozen nationalities,

jolted and compressed by sharp-cornered packs and poilu hardware, unable to disengage a hand long enough to raise handkerchief to nose, lulled us quickly to sleep again. The plight of our less fortunate fellow-beings should, of course, have left us hollow-eyed with wakefulness. There were women in those cruelly packed corridors and compartments ahead,—not, we trusted, American women, but women, for all that. A vote would certainly have given a decided majority in favor of letting some of those harassed mortals find breathing-space in our empty corridor. But war-time necessity is not international; it is closely, selfishly personal. A year, more or less, in shell-torn France had left the most soft-hearted of that half-dozen in American khaki strangely callous to suffering, at least the suffering of others. To have opened the corridor to the traveling hordes would not merely have filled it to impassable density; it would have disrupted our privacy; and comfort is too rare a thing in war-time to be wantonly jeopardized out of mere sentiment. Besides, the key that had locked the coach had evidently remained in Paris.

The train was hours late. All trains are hours late in overcrowded, overburdened France, with her long-unrepaired lines of communication, her depleted railway personnel, her insufficient, worn-out rolling-stock struggling to carry a traffic that her days of peace never attempted. It was mid-morning when we drew up at Nancy, whereas the time-table had promised—to the inexperienced few who still put faith in French *horaires*—to bring us there while it was yet night. Here, too, the key that had protected us for more than twelve hours was found, or its counterpart produced by the station-master. Upon our return from squandering the equivalent of a half-dollar in the station buffet for three inches of stale and gravelly war-bread, smeared with something that might have been axle-grease mixed with the sweepings of a shoe-shop, and the privilege of washing it down with a black liquid that was called coffee for want of a specific name, the storm had broken. It was only by extraordinary luck, combined with strenuous physical exertion,

that we manhandled our way through the horizon-blue maelstrom that had surged into every available corner, in brazen indifference to alleged staff privileges, back to the places which a companion, volunteering for that service, had kept for us by dint of something little short of actual warfare.

From the moment of crossing, not long after, the frontier between what was France in 1914 and German Lorraine, things seemed to take on a new freedom of movement, an orderliness that had become almost a memory. The train was still the same, yet it lost no more time. With a subtle change in faces, garb, and architecture, plainly evident, though it is hard to say exactly in what it consisted, came a smoothness that had long been divorced from travel by train. There was a suggestion of calmness in the air as we pulled into Metz soon

after noon which recalled pre-war stations. The platforms were ample and lightly peopled, at least until our train began to disgorge the incredible multitude that somehow had found existing-place upon it. The station gates gave exit more quickly than those of Paris, though they seemed no wider, and every traveler was compelled to display his permission for entering the city. The aspect of things was still chiefly German. Along the platform were ranged those same awe-inspiring beings whom the uninitiated among us took to be German generals and field-officers instead of mere railway employees; wherever the eye roamed some species of *Verboten* gazed sternly upon us. But the iron hand had lost its grip. Partly for conven-

ience' sake, partly in retaliation for a closely circumscribed journey years before through the land of the Kaiser, I had gone out of my way to descend from the train by a window. What horror the undisciplined barbarism would have evoked in those other years! Now the heavy faces under the pseudo-generals'

caps gave no grimace of protest, presaging sterner measures; not even a shadow of surprise flickered across them. The grim-featured *Verboten* signs remained placidly expressionless, like dictators removed from power and office by some force too high above them to make a show of feelings worth while.

The French had already come to Metz. One recognized that at once in the endless queues formed at every *guichet*. One made doubly sure of it at sight of a harried and temperament-harassed official in horizon blue floundering in

a tempest of *paperasses*, a whirlwind of papers, ink, and unfulfilled intentions, behind the wicket, earnestly bent on doing his best and doing it quickly, yet somehow making nine motions where one would have sufficed. But most of the queues melted away more rapidly than was the Parisian custom; and as one moved steadily nearer, to consign his baggage or to buy his ticket, one noted that the quickened progress was due to a slow but methodically moving German male, still in his field gray. We had come to the meeting-place of temperament and *Ordnung*—system. Both have their value, but there are times and places for both.

I make no apology for the Boche. His name is as much anathema to me as to



LIEUTENANT HARRY A. FRANCK

any who have stood aghast at his crimes during the bloody years behind us. But I propose to give the devil his due, if any accrues to him. For, in spite of my war-time apprenticeship to censorship and propaganda, those twin sciences of mixing the public's pap in exactly the proportions that experts assert set best on its infantile stomach, I have not been cured of taking things as they come, without any foreformed hypotheses as a skeleton for which to seek flesh. Let us push on, then, into the land of mystery, gazing about us with clear but unprejudiced eyes.

Among the bright hopes that had gleamed before me since turning my face toward the fallen enemy was a hot bath. To win so unwonted a luxury in Paris was, in the words of the French, *toute une*

histoire—in fact, an all but endless story. In the first place, the extraordinary desire must await a Saturday. In the second place, the heater must not have fallen out of practice during its week of disuse. In the third place, one must make sure that no other guest on the same floor had laid the same soapy plans within an hour, fore or aft, of one's own chosen time. Fourthly, one must have put up at a hotel that boasted a bathtub, in itself no simple feat for those forced to live on their own honest earnings. Fifthly— but life is too short and paper too expensive to enumerate all the incidental details that must be brought together in harmonious concordance before one actually and physically got a hot bath in Paris, after her four years and more of struggle to ward off the Hun.

As to running down that luxury elsewhere in France, it could be done, but it called for more patience and perseverance than the average man possesses.

But in Germany—or was it only subtle propaganda again, the persistent rumor that hot baths were of daily occurrence and within reach of the popular purse? At any rate, I took stock enough in it to let anticipation play on the treat in store when I should be settled in Germany. Then all at once my eyes were caught by two magic words above an arrow pointing farther down the station corridor. Incredible! Some one had had the bright idea of providing a means, right here in the station, of removing the grime of travel at once.

A cozy bath-room, its "hot" water actually hot, was all ready in a twinkling—all, that is, except the soap. There was nothing in



THE STATUE OF FREDERICK III OVERTHROWN AT METZ

the decalogue; rumor had it, that the Germans would not violate for a bar of soap. Luckily, the hint had reached me before our commissary in Paris was out of reach. Yet, soap or no soap, the population managed to keep itself as presentable as the rank and file of civilians in the land behind us. The muscular young barber who kept shop a door or two beyond was as spick and span as any I remembered intrusting my personal appearance to in all France. He had, too, that indefinable something which in army slang is called "snappy," and one settled down in his chair with the genuine relaxation that comes with the consciousness of surrendering to the ministrations of one who knows his trade. He answered a question put in French readily enough, but he answered it in German, which brought up another query, this time in his mother-tongue.

"*Nein*," he replied, "I am French through and through, way back for generations. My people have always been born in Lorraine, but none of us younger ones speak much French."

Yes, he had been a German soldier. He had worn the *Feldgrau* more than two years, in some of the most bloody battles on the western front, the last two against Americans. It seemed uncanny to have him deftly flourishing a razor about the throat of one of those whom, a very few weeks before, he was in duty bound to slay.

"And how do the people of Metz

really like the change?" I asked, striving to imply by the tone that I preferred a genuine answer to a diplomatic evasion.

"*Ja, sehen Sie*," he began, slowly, re-whetting his razor, "I am French. My family has always looked forward to the day when France should come back to us. *A-aber*"—in the slow guttural was

just a hint of disillusionment—"they have such different ideas of order, of discipline. They are a wise people, the French, but they seem to make so much work of simple matters. And they have such curious rules."

"Yet, on the whole, Metz would rather be French than German?"

Like all perfect barber-conversationists, he spaced his words in rhythm with his work, never losing a stroke:

"We have much feeling for the French. There was much flag-waving, much singing of

the 'Marseillaise.' As to what we would rather do—what have *we* to say about it?

"Atrocities? Yes, I have seen some things that should not have been. It is war. There are brutes in all countries. You saw that engineer who was in this seat before you? He delivers engines to the Allies. And the last time they gave him a black eye, and he didn't want to go any more. And I myself have at least seen a German colonel shoot one of his own men for killing a wounded man on the ground."

The recent history of Metz was plainly visible in her architecture; ambitious, extravagant, often tasteless buildings shouldering aside the humble remnants



AMERICAN DOUGHBOYS MAKING AN EXCURSION
DOWN THE RHINE

of a French town of the Middle Ages. The atmosphere of the town was still German, in spite of the floods of horizon blue in her streets; heavy, a trifle sour, nothing chic; recalling Manchester, even in the rawness of its weather. The skaters down on a pond before the promenade not merely spoke German; they had not even the Latin grace of movement. But Metz was no longer Germany. In spite of the youths in the ugly round cap without vizor we had so long associated with prisoners of war, in spite of the German street and shop signs, there was a subtle atmosphere one could not escape as a reminder that the capital of Lorraine had returned to France. First it came in petty little changes, hastily and crudely made. A paper *Entrée* pasted over an *Eingang* cut in stone. A sign-board pointing *À Treves* above an older one reading *Nach Trier*. Street names had not been changed, but they had been translated; *Rheinstrasse* was now *rue du Rhin* as well. Along the front of a huge brown-stone building a strip of white cloth announced, *République Française; Postes, Télégraphes, Téléphones*.

The French made no secret of their conviction that Metz had returned to them for all time. Already they had begun to make permanent changes. But many little touches of the paternal government that had so hastily fled to the eastward were still doing duty as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened. The dark-blue post-boxes still announced themselves as *Briefkasten*, and bore the fatherly reminder, *Briefmarken und Adresse nicht vergessen* (Do not forget stamps and address). (At least, the simple public could be trusted to write the letter without its attention being called to that necessity.) Where crowds were wont to collect, detailed directions stared them in the face, instead of leaving them to scramble and guess, as is so often the case in our own country with its boasted efficiency.

A considerable number of shops were *Consigné à la Troupe*, which would have been "Out of Bounds" to the British or "Off Limits" to our own doughboys. Others were merely branded *Maison Allemande*, which meant that Allied soldiers might still trade there, if they

chose. It might have paid, too, for nearly all of them had voluntarily added the confession, *Liquidation Totale*. One such proprietor announced his *Maison Principale à Strassbourg*; he certainly was "S. O. L."—which is armyese for something like "Sadly out of luck." In fact, the Germans were being politely but firmly crowded eastward. As their clearance sales left an empty shop a French merchant quickly moved in, and the Boche went home to set the alarm-clock. For with a strictness of procedure that their war experience certainly justified, the French not only forbade him to take with him more than two thousand marks as an adult, and five hundred for each child—and *der Deutsche Gott* knows a mark is not much money nowadays—but obliged him to take a train leaving at 5 A.M.

On the esplanade of Metz there once stood a huge bronze equestrian statue of Frederick III, gazing haughtily down upon his serfs. Now he lay broken-headed in the soil beneath, under the horse that thrust stiff legs aloft, as on a battle-field. So rude and sudden had been his downfall that he had carried with him one side of the massive stone-and-chain balustrade that had once protected his pedestal from plebeian contact. Farther on was a still more impressive sign of the times. On the brow of a knoll above the lake where the skates rang, an immense bronze of the ex-Kaiser, as he fain would have looked, had been deposed by a huge statue of a poilu, hastily daubed, yet artistic for all that, with the careless yet sure lines of a Rodin. The Kaiser's gaze—strangely enough—had been turned toward Germany, and the bombastic phrase of dedication had, with French sense of the fitness of things, been left untouched—*Errichtet von seinem dankbaren Volke*. Even "his grateful people," strolling by now and then in pairs or groups, could not suppress an occasional smile at the respective positions of dedication and poilu. For the poilu gazed toward his beloved France, with those far-seeing eyes that all his tribe have; and beneath him was his war slogan, purged at last of the final three letters he had bled so freely to efface—*On les a*.

A German ex-soldier, under the com-



AMERICAN NURSES ENTERTAINING AUSTRALIAN SOLDIERS ON A TRIP UP THE RHINE

mand of an American doughboy, re-checked my trunk in less than a minute. The train was full, but it was not crowded. Travelers boarded it in an orderly manner; there was no erratic scrambling, no impassable corridor. We left on time and maintained that advantage to the end. It seemed an anachronism to behold a train-load of American soldiers racing on and on into the land of the Boche, perfectly at ease behind a German crew that did its best to make the journey as comfortable and as swift as possible and succeeded far beyond the expectations of the triumphant invaders. In the first-class coach, *Réservé pour Militaires*, which had been turned over under the terms of the armistice, all was in perfect working order. Half voiceless with a cold caught on the unheated trains on which I had shivered my way northward from Grenoble, I found this one too hot, and was forced to lower a window. That called attention to the fact that Germany had been obliged to husband her every scrap of leather; the window tackle now was of woven hemp. Only one detail suggested bad faith in fulfilling the armistice terms; the heavy red-velvet stuff covering the seats had been hastily slashed

off, leaving us to sit on the burlap under-covering. Probably some independent railway employee had decided to levy on the enemy while there was yet time, for the material of a gown for his daughter or for his *Mädchen*. Later journeys showed many a seat similarly plundered.

A heavy, wet snow was falling when we descended at Treves—or Trier, as you choose. It was late, and I planned to dodge into the first hotel. I had all but forgotten that I was no longer among allies, but in the land of the enemy. The American M. P. who demanded my papers at the gate, as his fellow did, even less courteously, of all civilians, ignored the word "hotel" and directed me to the billeting-office. Salutes were snapped at me wherever the street-lamps made my right to them visible. The town was brown with American khaki, as well as white with the sodden snow. At the baize-covered desk of what had evidently once been a German court-room an officer glanced at my orders, ran his finger down a long ledger page, scrawled a line on a billeting-form, and tossed it toward me. Only then did we note that the woman who had been commanded to house me bore the same name as I.

Beyond the Porta Nigra, the ancient Roman gate which the would-be Romans of to-day—or yesterday—have so carefully preserved, I lost my way in the blinding whiteness. A German civilian was approaching. I caught myself wondering if he would refuse to answer, and whether I should stand on my dignity as one of his conquerors if he did. He seemed flattered that he should have been appealed to for information. He waded some distance out of his way to leave me at the door I sought, and on the way he bubbled over with the excellence of the American soldier. When he had left me I rang the door-bell several times without result. I decided to adopt a stern attitude and pounded lustily on the massive outer door, first with fists, then with heels. At length a window above opened and a querulous female voice demanded, "*Wer ist da?*" To be sure, it was near midnight, but was I not for once demanding, rather than requesting, admittance? I strove to give my voice the peremptoriness with which a German officer would have answered, "American officer, billeted on Frau Franck."

"*Ich komm' gleich hinunter,*" came the quick reply, in almost honeyed tones.

The household had not yet gone to bed. It consisted of three women, of as many generations, the youngest of whom had come down to let me in. Before we reached the top of the stairs she had begun to show solicitude for my comfort. Except that I was not embraced, I could hardly have been more warmly received had I suddenly walked in on another Franck family, across the Atlantic. The mother hastened to arrange the easiest chair for me before the fire; the grandmother doddered toothlessly at me from her corner behind the stove, the family cat was already caressing my boot-tops. Nor was all this solicitude due to our similarity of name, for I had not yet mentioned it. When I did, we failed to establish a family connection.

"You must have something to eat!" cried the second of the trio.

"Don't trouble," I protested. "I had dinner at Metz."

"Yes, but that was four—five hours ago. Some eggs and milk at least?"

"Eggs," I queried, "and milk? I thought there were none in Germany."

"*Doch!*" replied the mother, with a sage glance; "if you know where to look for them, and can get there. I have just been out in the country. I came on the



REAR OF THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING AT COBLENTZ, WITH THE USUAL MOB OF CIVILIANS WAITING TO GET FROM THE AMERICANS PERMISSION TO TRAVEL

same train you did. But it is hard to get much. Every one goes out scouring the country now. And one must have money. An egg, one mark. Before the war they were never so much a dozen."

The eggs were fresh enough, but the milk was decidedly watery, and in place of potatoes there was some sort of a jellied turnip, wholly tasteless. While I ate, the daughter talked incessantly, the mother now and then throwing in a word, the grandmother nodding approval at intervals, with a wrinkled smile. All male members of the family had been lost in the war, unless one counts the second fiancé of the daughter, now an officer "over in Germany," as she put it. When I started at the expression she smiled.

"Yes, here we are in America, you see. Lucky for us, too. There will never be any anarchy and robbery here, and over there it will get worse. Anyway, we don't feel that the Americans are real enemies—"

"No?" I broke in. "Why not?"

"*Ach!*" she said, evasively, throwing her head on one side; "they . . . they. . . . Now if it had been the French, or the British, who had occupied Trier! At first they were very easy on us—*too* easy" (one felt the German religion of discipline in the phrase). "The Americans arrived on December 1st, at noon, and by evening every soldier had a sweet-heart. The newspapers raged. It was shameful, they declared, for German maidens to accept from the invaders boxes of biscuit, bars of chocolate, or even bars of soap. But patriotism fights a losing battle against the hunger and deprivation of years. Besides, the war—*ach!* I don't know what has come over the German woman since the war!"

"But now the Americans are stricter," she continued, abruptly changing the subject; "and there are new laws that forbid us to talk to the Americans—on the street, and—"

"German laws?" I interrupted, thoughtlessly, for, to tell the truth, my mind was wandering a bit, thanks either to the heat of the porcelain stove at my elbow or her garrulousness, equal to that of any *méridionale* from southern France.

"*Nein.* It was ordered by General

Pershing." (She pronounced it *Pear Schang.*)

Stupid of me, but my change from the land of an ally to that of an enemy had been so abrupt, and the evidences of enmity so slight, that it had been hard to realize that it was our own commander-in-chief who was reigning now in Trier. I covered my retreat by abruptly putting a question about the Kaiser. Demigod that I had always found him in the popular mind in Germany, I felt sure that here, at least, I should touch a vibrant chord. To my surprise, she screwed her face up into an expression of disgust and drew a finger across her throat.

"That for the Kaiser!" she snapped. "Of course, he wasn't entirely to blame; and he wanted to quit in 1916. But the rich people, the Krupps and the like, hadn't made enough yet. He didn't, at least, need to run away. If he had stayed in Germany, as he should have, no one would have hurt him; no living man would have touched a hair of his head. Our Crown Prince? *Ach!* the Crown Prince is *leichtsinnig* [light-minded]."

"Of course, it is natural that the British and French should treat us worse than the Americans," she went on, unexpectedly harking back to an earlier theme. "They used to bomb us here in Trier, the last months. I have often had to help *Grossmutter* down into the cellar"—"*Grossmutter*" smirked confirmation—"but that was nothing compared to what our brave airmen did to London and Paris. Why, in Paris they killed hundreds night after night, and the people were so wild with fright they trampled one another to death in trying to find refuge—"

"I was in Paris myself during all the big raids, as well as the shelling by *Grosse Bertha*," I protested, "and I assure you there was seldom great damage—"

"Ah, but they cover those things up so cleverly," she replied, quickly, not in the slightest put out by the contradiction.

"There is one thing that the Americans do not do well," she rattled on, with another abrupt change. "They do not make the rich and influential stand their fair share. They make all the people [*das Volk*] billet as many as their

houses will hold, but the rich and the officials arrange to take in very few, in their big houses. And it is the same as before the war ended, with the food. The rich still have plenty of food that they got through *Schleichhandel* [tricky methods], and the Americans do not search them. Children and the sick are supposed to get milk, and a bit of good bread, or *zwiebach*. Yet *Grossmutter* here is so ill she cannot digest the war-bread, and still she must eat it, for the rich get all the better bread, and, as we have no influence, we cannot get her what the rules allow."

I did not yet know enough of the American administration of occupied territory to remind her that food-rationing was still entirely in the hands of the native officials. I did know, however, how prone conquering armies are to keep up the old inequalities; how apt the conqueror is to call upon the "influential citizens" to take high places in the local administration; and that "influential citizens" are not infrequently so because they have been the most grasping, the most selfish, even if not actually dishonest. It is not the conqueror's place to interfere in those strictly local matters, some may say. Perhaps not, and yet . . .

Midnight had struck when I was shown into the guest-room, with a triple, "*Gute Nacht. Schlafen Sie wohl.*" The stiff wooden bedstead was, of course, a bit too short, and the triangular bolster and two large pillows, taking the place of the round French *traversin*, had to be reduced to American tastes. But the room was speckless, several minor details of comfort had been arranged with motherly care, and as I slid down under the feather tick that does duty as quilt throughout Germany, my feet encountered—a hot flat-iron! I had not felt so old since the day I first put on long trousers!

My last conscious reflection was a wonder whether the good citizens of Trier were not, perhaps, "stringing" us a bit with their aggressive show of friendliness, of contentment at our presence. Some of it had been a bit *too* thick.

The breakfast next morning consisted of coffee and bread, with more of the tasteless turnip jelly. All three of the

ingredients, however, were only in name what they purported to be, each being *Ersatz*, or "substitute," for the real article. The coffee was really roasted corn, and gave full evidence of that fact by its insipidity, but Frau Franck served me real sugar with it. The bread—what shall one say of the German war-bread that will make the picture dark and heavy and indigestible enough? It was cut from just such a loaf as I had seen gaunt German prisoners hugging under one arm as they came blinking up out of their dugouts at the point of a dough-boy bayonet, and to say that such a loaf seemed to be half sawdust and half mud, that it was heavier than any adobe brick and far darker, and that its musty scent was all but overpowering, would be far too mild a statement, and the comparison an insult to the mud brick. Frau Franck claimed it was made of potatoes and bad meal. I am sure she was over-charitable. Yet this atrocious substance, which I, by no means unaccustomed to strange food, tasted once with a shudder of disgust, the German masses had been chiefly subsisting on since 1915. No wonder they quit! The night before the bread had been tolerable, having been brought from the country; but the three women had stayed up munching that great delicacy until the last morsel had disappeared.

The snow had left the trees of Trier beautiful in their winding-sheets, but the streets had already been cleaned and swept, recalling Paris by contrast. I felt strangely at home. It seemed queer, yet after sixteen months of similar experience in France a matter of course, to be able to ask one's way of an American policeman on every corner of this ancient German town. In the past eight years I had been less than two in my native land, yet I had a feeling of knowing the American better than ever before; for to take him out of his environment is to see him in close-up perspective, as it were. He, too, was perfectly at home here. Now and then a group of school-girls playfully bombarded an M. P. with snowballs, and if he could not shout back some jest in genuine German, he at least said something that "got across." The populace gave us our fair half of the sidewalk, some making a little

involuntary motion as if expecting an officer to shove them off it entirely, in the orthodox Prussian manner. Street-cars were free to wearers of the Sam Browne; enlisted men paid the infinitesimal fare with much good-natured "joshing" of the solemn conductor, with his colonel's uniform and his sackful of pewter coins.

On railway trains tickets were wholly a thing of the past to wearers of khaki. To the border of Lorraine one paid the French military fare; once in Germany proper one had only to satisfy the M. P. at the gate to journey anywhere in the occupied area. At the imposing building out of which the Germans had been chased to give place to our Advanced G. H. Q., I had been ordered on to Coblenz, but I found time to transgress military rules to the extent of bringing "*Grossmutter*" a loaf of white bread and a can of condensed milk from our commissary, to repair my damage to the family rations, before hurrying to the station. "Yank" M. P.s now sustained the contentions of the *Verboten* signs, instead of letting them waste away in impotence, as in the French area. All the important Paris papers were on sale at the station kiosk. A boy marched up and down the platform, pushing a convenient little news-stand on wheels. The car I entered was reserved for Allied officers, yet several German civilians rode in it unmolested. I could not but wonder what would have happened had conditions been reversed.



FORCED TO FRATERNIZE IN SPITE OF HIMSELF

They were cheerful enough in spite of what ought to have been a humiliating experience, possibly because of an impression I heard one hoarsely whisper to another, "Oh, they'll go home in another six months; an American officer told me so." Evidently some one had been "fraternizing," as well as receiving information which the heads of the Peace Conference had not yet gained.

The *Schnellzug* was a real express. It was like the ride from Albany to New York. Now and then we crossed the winding Moselle, the steep, plump hills of which were planted clear to their precipitous crests with orderly vineyards, each vine carefully tied to its stalk. For mile after mile the hills were terraced, eight-foot walls of cut stone holding up a four-foot patch of earth, paths for the workers snaking upward between them. The system was almost exactly that of the Peruvians under the Incas, far apart as they were, in time and place, from the German peasant. The two civilizations could scarcely have compared notes. But then, hunger and over-population breed stern necessity the world over, and with similar necessity, as with similar experience, it is no plagiarism to have worked out the problem in the same way. Between the vineyards, in stony clefts in the hills useless for cultivation, orderly towns were tucked away, clean little towns, still flecked with the snow of the night before. Even the French officers beside us marveled at the cleanliness of the towns



SMALL BOYS CROWDING AROUND OUR AUTO AT DÜSSELDORF

en Boche, and pictured the extraordinary physical comforts of the headquarters of their area, Mainz—I mean Mayence.

Heavy American motor-trucks pounded by, along the already dusty road beside us, alternating now and then with a captured German one, the Kaiser's eagles still on its flanks, but driven now by a nonchalant American doughboy, its steel tires making an uproar that could be plainly heard aboard the racing express. Long freight-trains occasionally rattled past in the opposite direction. With open-work wheels, stubby little cars marked "Posen," "Essen," "Breslau," "Brussel," and the like, a half-dozen employees perched in the cubbyholes on the car ends at regular intervals; they were German from engine to lack of caboose—except that now and then a huge gray box-car stenciled "U. S. A." towered above its puny Boche fellows like a mounted guard beside a string of prisoners. There will still be a market for officers' uniforms in Germany, though their military urge be completely emasculated—for officers' caps particularly. Even the simple brakemen of these freight-trains looked like lieutenants or captains; a major in appearance proved to be a station-guard,

a colonel sold tickets, and the station-master could easily have passed for a *Feldmarschall*. Some did, in fact. For when the "Yanks" first occupied the region many an officer complained that German officers were not saluting them, as required by orders of the Army of Occupation. Investigation disclosed the harmless identity of the imposing "officers" in question. But the rule was amended to include any one in uniform; we could not be wasting our time finding out whether the wearer of a general's shoulder-straps was the recent commander of the Fourth Army Corps or the town crier. So that to-day Allied officers are saluted by the police, the firemen, the mailmen—including the half-grown ones who carry special-delivery letters—and even the "white wings."

These haughty *Eisenbahnbeamten* take their orders now from plain American doughboys; take them unquestioningly, with signs of friendliness, with a docile, uncomplaining—shall I say fatalism? The far-famed German discipline has not broken even under occupation; it carries on as persistently, as doggedly as ever. A conductor passing through our car reminded me of a "hobo" experience out in our West back in the

early days of the century. Armed trainmen had driven the summer-time harvest of free riders off their trains for more than a week, until one day so great a multitude of "boes" had collected in a water-tank town of Dakota that they took a freight completely by storm, from cow-catcher to caboose. And the blood-thirsty, fire-eating brakeman who picked his way along that train, gently requesting the uninvited railroad guests to "Give us a place for a foot there, pal, won't you please?" had the selfsame expression on his face as did this apolo-

getic, square-headed Boche who sidled so gently past us. My fellow-officers found them cringing, detestably servile. "Put a gun in their hands," said one, "and you'd see how quick their character would change. . . . It's a whole damned nation crying, '*Kamarad!*'—playing 'possum until the danger is past."

Probably it was. But there were times when one could not help wondering if, after all, there was not sincerity in the assertion of my guide of the night before:

"We are done; we have had enough at last."

Life's Loveliness

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

SOMETIMES the abundant beauty of the world
 Makes my heart tremble and ache.
 Sometimes, when summer's banners are unfurled,
 Or autumn's glory on the winds is tossed and whirled,
 I think my heart will break.

For loveliness is often too great to bear.
 Trees laced at twilight, how they lift me up
 To the far heights of heaven! And winds that stir
 At evening bid my soul with God confer.
 I drink the beauty of the world as from a cup.

Why should I almost weep when I behold
 The quiet moon, a ship blown down the night?
 Over and over I watch the shadows fold,
 Over and over I see the stars' clear gold,
 Yet never yet have I lost the new delight.

I weep for gladness, as women weep when Love
 Enters the heart, singing its age-old song.
 And I weep that the cloud which sails that sea above
 Will drift from my dreams and all the hopes thereof. . . .
 And I weep that Life is short, when I thought it long.

“Anonymous, '71”

BY PHILIP CURTISS



WHEN the Saint Leonard's men came back for Commencement the waiters of the Hotel Leicester used to throw up their hands. Pierre, the *maître d'hôtel*, who called himself French but spoke with an English accent and was actually born on the island of Patmos, longed to hand in his keys and go on a vacation. By means of a native arrogance case-hardened by world-wide experience, Pierre had achieved a manner imperious enough to patronize world-renowned actors, ignore world-renowned authors, and—final test—to show automobile salesmen that he knew that they were only automobile salesmen, but even his poise had not survived the shock of that day when a Saint Leonard's graduate, who was also a Senator and several times a millionaire, had hung a floral wreath over his neck, poked him in the ribs, and called him “Petie, old sock.”

During all the year except the five days of Commencement the Hotel Leicester was able to treat the Saint Leonard's men as Pierre himself would have wished to treat them, for Leicester was a very large city and Saint Leonard's was a very small college. The Leicester boasted of being “the most metropolitan hotel between New York and Boston.” It had separate breakfast-rooms, liveried door-men, blue-bloused porters, and orchestral music for afternoon tea. It refused to think of itself as a college inn, especially for the smallest of old-fashioned classical colleges, “the whole student trade” of which, as the manager once said, contemptuously, “wouldn't bring in ten dollars a night.”

Just as the Hotel Leicester prided itself on being tremendous and modern, Saint Leonard's college prided itself on being ancient and small. It was one of those little, forgotten Eastern colleges

which had been filled with Southerners before the war; one of those colleges to which, occasionally, a boy came all the way from Siam because his grandfather had brought him up with that single idea; one of those colleges at which a freshman would be called at sight by the nickname of his brother who had been graduated fifteen years before; one of those colleges in which a group of a dozen students would represent a dozen states in the Union; but one of those colleges, alas! whose football teams scarcely ever appeared in the briefest review of a given season.

Saint Leonard's, in short, was a family college in every sense of the word. Grandfather, son, and grandson came there one after the other and, once there, all the grandsons became one family again. It was all very nice and quite picturesque, but, in these modern days of athletic glory, the grandsons sometimes wished that their sires had been more prolific. It was rather heart-breaking for them to go through a football season without a game with a single college less than four times the size of their own. It was rather tiresome to have Saint Leonard's figure in intercollegiate wit about as Monaco or Montenegro figure in comic opera. For twenty years Saint Leonard tradition never forgave the whole of Yale University because, in the 'nineties, the humor sheet of that college gravely made the announcement that “the senior class of Saint Leonard's drove through New Haven last Saturday in a hack.” During one black year Saint Leonard's itself had to laugh at the joke that, at the spring track meet, the seniors did not have a single rooter—the entire class being on the team.

Like men from little states, however, men from little colleges have a disconcerting way of amounting to something “in after life.” It did not seem to mean very much *to be* a Saint Leonard's



THE SECRETARY REPEATED, "GERTRUDE HAS COME"

man, but it seemed to mean a great deal *to have been* one. Literally as well as figuratively, it did appear to be true that, if Saint Leonard's men could never make much of a noise as undergraduates, they made a tremendous noise as graduates. No one, perhaps, realized this better than the manager of the Hotel Leicester. It was simple enough, during term-time, to send a huge porter with a chill warning when some of the undergraduates tried to sing in the grill-room, but it was rather a different matter to overawe, at Commencement-time, a group of middle-aged men who were paying a bonus to occupy all the best rooms in the house. Pierre and the manager both learned that during the first Commencement after the hotel opened. Hearing particularly outrageous bursts of singing and shouting in one of the

private dining-rooms, the manager sent a bell-boy with a warning. The warning had no effect, and, going himself, he opened the door on a Civil War colonel, a governor-elect, five white-haired business men, and two bishops.

That, possibly, was why it was so important *to have been* a Saint Leonard's man. As in all family institutions, the graduates all looked out for one another. At most colleges men make special efforts to return to their first reunion and then to their tenth. Saint Leonard's men returned to them all. If their particular class did not seem much in evidence, they joined off-hand with some other, twenty years older or twenty years younger—it made little difference.

Traditions and curious customs grew up around these Commencements. The man who had come the greatest distance

was given a scrip and a pilgrim's staff. The oldest graduate in attendance was drawn to class-day in a seedy victoria pulled by the freshmen. The class of 1880, in memory of some long-forgotten town-and-gown feud, never sat down to its class dinner without first marching to the municipal building, firing a pistol, and solemnly marching back again. The class of 1901, which had been deluged on its own class-day, carried open umbrellas the whole week, rain or shine. One man who had no sons, but had five daughters, brought them all back every time; but of all the queer figures around whom tradition centered, the queerest was known as "The Ahkoond of Swat."

The Ahkoond of Swat was a hard-bitten, fierce little man of nearly seventy years, with fiery-red face, with snow-white mustache and goatee, who looked and talked like the stage idea of an old-time Kentucky colonel. On the first day of every Commencement, out of the unknown he always appeared. Day and night, for the subsequent week, he was seen in every gathering, in Panama hat and spotless white clothes. The morning after the senior prom off he went again into the unknown.

The only facts which were really certain about the Ahkoond of Swat were that his name was Myers and that he really did live in Colonial splendor on one of the South Sea Islands of the Pacific, where he was planter, trader, and general nabob. Every year, in April or May, he left home, for the express purpose—so it was said—of attending Commencement, arriving home again some time in August. In view of this extended sacrifice, it was especially curious that there was no record of his having ever been a student at Saint Leonard's at all, and equally curious that he never claimed membership in any particular class. If asked point-blank, he said that he belonged to the class of "one minus." That, in fact, was the climax of the eccentricity, which characterized him—that his one unfailing ceremony, every year, was to attend the dinner of the outgoing seniors. With equal regularity he was elected a member of each class as it was graduated. Just how long he had been putting in these annual appearances no one even pretended to know.

Naturally, he must have begun some time, but classes back in the 'eighties actually had records of his election, and classes back of that either really remembered him in their day or thought that they did.

In campus tradition, of course, the legends about him filled unwritten volumes. The story most widely current was that he had been one of the Southern students at the outbreak of the Civil War, had fought a duel with a Northern student, had killed him, and hence never dared reappear except incognito. A lesser story made his victim a policeman or sometimes a fireman, another painted him as the rejected lover of a famous Leicester belle of the 'sixties, while, concerning his present life during that part of the year that he did not spend in traveling to and from Saint Leonard's Commencements, undergraduate fiction soared without bounds. Sophomoric men of the world knew it to be a fact that, on his own island, he lived like a sultan—slaves, harem, and all. Questioned in person about these tales, the Ahkoond of Swat annually and jovially admitted them all, never killed one tradition.

Now, if an ordinary Commencement at Saint Leonard's was enough to upset the huge and impassive Hotel Leicester, it can be imagined what was expected of the first Commencement after the Great War and the last before the Great Drought. Pierre shuddered whenever he thought of it, and the event fully justified expectations. The Ahkoond of Swat began telegraphing his progress across the continent as soon as he left San Francisco, and when he finally arrived the whole college went to the train. The Class of 1909 came back a week ahead of time to make up for two Commencements lost during the war, while the Class of 1899, which had gained the name of the "munitions-makers," sent personal cablegrams to every Saint Leonard's man who was still in Europe. The reunion *par excellence*, however, was that of the Class of '04. Every man who had ever been in the class for a single term was present or accounted for—with one exception. Four men were still in the army, two were dead, and the other absentee had

not attended a single reunion since he had left college. He was the one living Saint Leonard's man who had been written off the books as a loss.

Class dinners were always held on the first night of Commencement week, and, for its particular dinner, the class of '04 had rented the hotel ball-room. It could not fill a tenth of the space, but it thought that it ought to have it. The diners were at their places and a toast had been drunk to the absent members when Bronson, the secretary and whipper-in, came flying through the doors in great excitement and whispered in the ear of the class president.

"What's that?" asked the president, inattentively, his eye sweeping over his flock and his lips about to propose another toast.

The secretary repeated, "Gertrude has come."

Tod Adams, the president, stopped with his glass in mid-air and stared. "What?" he exclaimed.

Bronson said it again in low tones, "Gertrude is here—Gertrude Brown."

Adams stood and gazed at him with a look of dawning comprehension. "The little old rascal!" he exclaimed at last.

The members of the class, still standing, waiting for the president to take his seat, sensed the fact that something unusual was in the air and fell into silence. Tod Adams turned back to Bronson, shaking his head.

"I can't believe it. You must have seen some other old lady."

Bronson laughed. "No, it's him sure enough. I passed through the lobby just in time to see him register and go into the elevator, followed by a hat-box, an English kit-bag, and eight or nine canes. He looked like visiting royalty."

The president was overcome. "Well, if that isn't great!" he repeated over and over, shaking his head. He turned to the long table and rapped for silence.

"Gentlemen—and others," he began, to the rows of expectant faces, "I have an announcement to make of the most stupendous importance."

Before making his stupendous announcement he turned in the approved manner of orators and took a sip from



"I DID NOT COME BACK TO ATTEND A RIOTOUS ORGY"

a glass of water. Then he raised his hand.

"Gentlemen, be seated," he commanded. "When you hear what has happened some of you will faint away. If there are any of you gentlemen who have weak hearts or cannot stand sudden excitement, I advise you to leave at once. Are there any such?"

Grinning and curious and with a prodigious scuffling of chairs the members of the class sat down, first by ones and twos and then in a body. They looked at their president dutifully and there fell a respectful silence.

"There are none such," judged Adams, gravely, looking them over. He took another sip of water, tucked his napkin into his dress waistcoat, and began in the thunderous voice of the uplift orator.

"Gentlemen," he shouted, "we live in a time of stirring events, an hour of stupendous—"

"You said that before," interrupted a voice from the foot of the table. "Call it 'monumental.'"

"Shut up!" cried two or three other voices, but the president nodded toward the voice gravely.

"I thank you. 'Monumental' is better. We live in an age of monumental—"

"Asses," shouted another voice; but this time half a dozen lovers of law and order protested and the president went on.

"—of monumental surprises. Last October, did any man here think that the war would be over in six weeks?" He paused rhetorically and nodded first at one and then at another. "Did you?" he demanded. "Did you?"

"No, by Jove!" answered one diner, dutifully.

"I wish I had. I'm a broker," said another in a lower tone.

"Nor did any man living," continued Adams in a tremulous, dramatic monotone. "No, gentlemen, things that, a decade ago, we should have regarded as figments of a disordered brain we now accept as commonplaces."

"This man is a finished speaker," came a sudden mock-scholarly voice through the silence which followed the end of the sentence.

"Aw, let him go on," retorted another. "He may say something. You can't tell."

Adams held up his hand pleadingly. "Gentlemen, one more word and I am done."

"Well, then, make it one hell of a word. I'm hungry," replied the chronic interrupter, who had been located as Chick Williams, one of the men in uniform.

"If I did not respect the livery you wear more than I respect you," retorted the president, eying the offender, "I would cast no more pearls, but, gentlemen, I prithee bear with me yet a little while. As I was saying, when interrupted by the rude and licentious soldiery, we live in an age when it would seem that no news could startle us, but yet, gentlemen, the news that I am about to impart will shake this college of ours to its very foundations. No longer will I hold you in suspense. Steel yourselves to meet it. Gertrude Brown has come back for reunion!"

Queer things are fame and popularity. As an undergraduate, J. Foster Brown, more commonly known as "Gertrude," had been, without any doubt, the most hated man who had ever entered Saint Leonard's, and the fifteen subsequent years during which he had either disregarded all communications from his classmates or replied to them with the formality of a crowned head had only softened that active hatred into forgetful scorn. Yet, now, a stunned silence greeted the president's announcement and then there burst forth a cheer louder, heartier, more spontaneous than that which had greeted the two of the class who had been in the trenches. It was a clear case of the ninety and nine. So long had J. Foster Brown forsworn his class and his college, so long had he been the one missing man, that his reappearance loomed up like a triumph. At that moment it would not have been the least exaggeration to say that "Gertrude" was the most popular man in the Hotel Leicester. A dozen voices burst forth at once. "Where is he?" "Let's go get him!" But the president, an expert parliamentarian of mob scenes, held up his hand.

"Gentlemen, this is no common oc-



A SHOUT WENT UP, "IT'S THE AHKOOND OF SWAT!"

casion. I shall appoint a committee of honor to wait on Gertrude in his room."

"Would that be proper?" shouted Chick Williams, who had evidently been coarsened by his rough life in the Ordnance Department; but that was the only echo of the old feeling, and a dozen voices silenced him at once.

"For this happy duty," continued Adams, looking around, "I shall appoint our well-known and justly popular secretary, Mr. Bronson; that heroic soldier, Captain Rutherford of the Fighting Eight Hundred and Forty-seventh; and, and"—he paused until his eyes lighted on a modest, scholarly figure far down the table—"and that bulwark of erudition, Prof. Byron J. Bolter, author of that solid work which I know that all of you have read and enjoyed, entitled, 'Some Aspects of the Boll Weevil; or, Why Girls Leave Home.'"

The spirit of the moment was shown by the little burst of applause which greeted this last appointment, for Bolter

himself had been the proverbial "grind" of the class and, since graduation, had spent his entire life as assistant in the gentle seclusion of the laboratories of Saint Leonard's. The three men rose, self-consciously, and departed in quest of the prodigal, while the whole class waited in a suspense which, considering its cause, was rather ridiculous.

It was, indeed, a remarkable temperament which, after the mellowing influences of fifteen graduate years, could still leave distaste and resentment, but J. Foster Brown had a remarkable temperament. He was one of those men who, unless you have actually known them, you could not believe exist outside the pages of satire or off the stage of musical comedy. It was not that, like little Byron Bolter, he had been an earnest student and recluse. Grinds, polers, mollycoddles, sissies, prune-diggers, heelers—different colleges call them by different names, but all colleges have them. Saint Leonard's,

like every other institution, expected a certain number each year and, once they arrived, rolled up its sleeves and proceeded to make them human.

But J. Foster Brown was not a mollycoddle in the usual sense of the word. A proper and decent mollycoddle is one who has been made so by an over-fond mother, by too early triumphs in textbooks, by living too much with older people, and sometimes—paradoxically—by the confining struggles of poverty. J. Foster Brown was none of these. He was a mollycoddle by choice, he was a heeler with malice aforethought, he was a super-sissy. As a child, he had been one of those boys who are called by old ladies “such manly little fellows,” thereby meaning that they have not a single manly quality. As a youth, he had been one of those sycophantic attendants whom curates and choir-masters are obliged to fall back upon for tableaux and recitations because they can get no others without a saving sense of rough boyish shame. As a man, he was one of those creatures who give talks to afternoon clubs, who pronounce “Saint-Saëns” correctly, who haunt art-exhibitions in spats, who make notes on their programs at concerts. He had left his native Baptist and joined the Episcopal Church solely for the titles and vestments, and, for the same reasons, was already talking of “leanings toward Rome.” He had sat with a fervid absorption at the feet of professors at a Western normal college until one instructor, who really saw in him a certain power for receiving impressions, had found him the means to go to Saint Leonard’s. Arriving there five years older than any of his classmates, he had ignored completely the undergraduate body, preferring to live an afternoon-tea and parlor-recital life in the city of Leicester. At graduation, a vague fellowship of some sort had given him means to travel in Europe. After that he had let it be known that his education had been gained largely “on the Continent,” except that sometimes he mentioned Saint Leonard’s in such a way as to give the impression that he meant Saint Leonard’s at Oxford, and not Saint Leonard’s at little old Leicester, Massachusetts, U. S. A. He was

one of those men who pretend to forget the exact English word for a thing and raise their shoulders and spread out their hands and say, “*Mais—chansons.*”

It was this not very pretty picture which the mention of Gertrude had aroused in the minds of the appointed committee, but fifteen years had been charitable even to Gertrude, and, with a quite real enthusiasm to see the old boy, all three members looked forward to bouncing in on him, the timid and studious Byron especially, as he trailed at the heels of his companions in the thrill of belated post-graduate popularity.

At the desk in the lobby Bronson inquired for the number of the room of Mr. J. Foster Brown, but even during Commencement the Hotel Leicester struggled hard to keep up its oppressive formalism. For answer the clerk handed out a card and a pen and demanded, “What name?” Bronson pondered a moment and then scribbled out a message approved unanimously by the other members of the committee:

“The glorious Class of One Thousand Nine Hundred and Four, in banquet assembled, presents its compliments to Mr. J. Foster Brown and insists on his immediate presence.”

At the bottom the three men solemnly signed their names, but, with a quick and forgiving inspiration, Bronson re-seized the pen, added, “Over,” and on the back he scrawled:

“Come on down here, Gertrude, old sport!”

“Front, take this to three sixty-eight,” ordered the clerk, and, in a sort of anxiety and self-consciousness which were as inexplicable as the shout in the banquet-room, the committee waited the bell-boy’s return. He returned soon enough and made his report to the clerk, who turned to the waiting committee:

“Mr. Brown says that he is lying down and begs to be excused.”

To the clerk it was a normal message enough and he turned back to his duties, but the members of the committee looked at one another in incredulous and wounded amazement. It was half a minute before Bronson could breathe the unbelief of them all:

“Well, what do you know about that?”



"I AM SOMETIMES KNOWN AS 'ANONYMOUS, '71'"

"Good gosh!" he added a moment later, "we can't take that message back to them. They'd lynch him."

"Perhaps he misunderstood it," suggested little Bolter, charitably. "Perhaps he thought that we were making fun of him. Let's go up and get him."

"You two can go if you want to," replied Rutherford, curtly. "I won't."

Bronson hesitated. "Well, then, come on, Doc," he said at last. Leaving Rutherford sulking in front of the desk, the two entered the elevator and ascended to the third floor. To their knock at No. 368 no response came at first, and Bronson, now beginning to feel as Rutherford did, repeated it loudly. After a moment came, in smug, modulated tones, "*Entrez.*"

Fifteen years had made no change in Gertrude except, perhaps, that he was a little heavier and a little more pinkish of face. If J. Foster Brown had been a puny little man his classmates might not have found it so hard to forgive

him, but J. Foster Brown was not puny. He was well over medium height and exceedingly well fed.

Bronson held out his hand, but J. Foster Brown stood looking at him with a sort of half-bending dignity, and Bronson let his hand fall. "We thought," he said, rather stiffly, "that perhaps you did not understand that the class is having its fifteenth reunion banquet."

"I received the announcement," replied J. Foster Brown. If one could have heard his voice there would be no further need to describe him. It was not effeminate. It was heavy and breathy and gave out each word according to principles of enunciation. It was such a voice as is taught at schools of elocution. "I thought that possibly I might attend, but, as I sent word, I was tired and wished to lie down."

Bronson stared at him, unable to grasp it. "But look here," he exclaimed. "Haven't you any desire to

see men with whom you went through four years of college, whom you haven't seen for fifteen years?"

"I should be very happy to see them," replied Brown, politely, "and during the next few days I hope to see them one and all, but perhaps you do not realize that I have been eighteen hours on the train."

"Eighteen hours?" retorted Bronson. "I have been seventy-two."

"That is very interesting," replied the unbelievable Brown. "No doubt you are more accustomed to such things than I am."

Bronson could stand it no longer. "Gertrude, for the love of jumping Jack Jiminy," he burst out—approximately—"will you please tell me what in the name of cringing, crumbling Cræsus you came back to this triple bang, bang Commencement at all for?"

He had said it at last and was glad that he had, but the two men stood facing each other with narrowing eyes. As he stood, two feet away from him, Bronson knew that if Brown made a move of any kind his fist would shoot out upon that prim, pursed-up mouth.

Perhaps J. Foster saw it, or perhaps he was still determined to show this underbred city merchant what a man of the world did in such emergencies. At any rate, lifting his eyebrows with the quiet air of one who reminds an upper servant that he is forgetting himself, he replied:

"Why did I come back? I will tell you if you force me to do it. I came back to attend the academic exercises. I did not come back to attend a riotous orgy. It may amuse you to act like a sophomore. It does not amuse me."

"Oh, doesn't it?" snorted Bronson, and, following Bolter, he left the room.

An expectant silence greeted the baffled emissaries as they entered the ballroom; a cheer for Gertrude hung on the lips of the assembled banqueters, but something in the faces of all three stifled the cheer and curious glances followed them as they approached the president's chair. Adams himself was as thunderstruck as the committee had been. For a moment he did not know what to say; then his natural gift for chairmanship gave him his cue and he rapped for silence.

"Gentlemen," he announced, simply,



HE ROSE SLOWLY AND WENT TOWARD THE STAIRS

"the committee reports that Gertrude is lying down."

He took his seat and a half-hearted laugh arose. The diners thought that it was merely a foolish fiction invented by the committee, but the president said nothing more and little murmurs began to go up and down the table. As the three committeemen took their seats at different parts of the board, groups gathered around them and got the true version. "Oh, slush!" came one high, mocking voice from the group which was getting the story from Bolter, but the general feeling was one of such unspeakable rage that even the marching song, started a moment after, went without any verve.

"If any one had told me," said Bronson, an hour later, "that that blank, blank, blank could have spoiled our whole fifteenth reunion dinner—" But the fact was that he had. The usual songs were sung, the usual history was read, the usual speeches were made, but the evening was flat. It was barely eleven o'clock when the dinner broke up and the members of the class went through the big folding-doors, beyond which, as scouts reported, the greatest Commencement in fifty years was just hitting its stride.

If J. Foster Brown had succeeded in spoiling the evening for his own class, he had not succeeded in spoiling it for any other. As the '04 men peered down from the balcony into the lobby, they saw a sight that looked like a cross between the stock-exchange and a Polish wedding. The Class of '14 had started a "walk around" which was gaining recruits at every step. The Class of '09 was trying to get its private brass band through the doors, still playing "Round Her Neck She Wore a Yellow Ribbon." Pierre, his English accent forgotten, was trying to tell the manager, by gestures, that he could do nothing. The manager was trying to support Pierre in his authority and at the same time be a good fellow with an old Saint Leonard's man who owned fourteen steamships. Through all four doors of the lobby, Saint Leonard's men, ranging in age from seventeen to seventy, and ranging in dress from a sailor's uniform to a clerical waistcoat,

were pouring in at every minute, while around the doors of the main dining-room, a group of townspeople, men and women, in evening dress, was huddled, half alarmed, half delighted. Outside the windows, newsboys were pressing their noses against the screens and throwing their caps in delirium.

With a whoop, the Class of '04 recovered its spirits and poured down the stairs to join its fellows, but the story of Gertrude had already spread all over the place. Just as groups had formed spontaneously around the returning committee, so now incredulous groups formed around each of the '04 men and demanded the truth of the matter. At first it was a subject for taunting, but soon it became a matter for mob anger. It ceased to be a class shame. It became a shame for the whole college.

The '09 band had finally succeeded in working its bass drum through the revolving-doors and had broken into the strains of "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here!" when, suddenly, even its blare was dulled and dimmed by a thundering roar from the basement stairs. The graduating class, which had dined in the rathskeller, had had a drum corps in hiding for just this minute, and, with a rumble which shook the false-marble columns, was emerging from the lower regions. At the head marched one of the paid fifers, a middle-aged man with a napkin wound round his brow, carefully spotted with tomato catchup. Beside him strode, beating a drum, one of the youngsters of the class, in a tennis-shirt, open at the neck. Between them marched an old, white-haired man in his shirt-sleeves pounding a second drum as if his life depended upon it. As a reproduction of the familiar picture it was a stroke of genius, but at sight of the white-haired man a shout went up from the entire lobby: "It's the Ahkoond of Swat! It's the Ahkoond of Swat!"

Looking neither to right nor left and pounding his drum without a smile on his face, the Ahkoond of Swat led his procession around the lobby amid roars of applause. The word that big things were occurring at the Hotel Leicester had spread up into the theater district and the group of townspeople was being

augmented from moment to moment by men who applauded and women who laughed until the tears stood in their eyes. A famous comedian who had been playing at one of the theaters came into the lobby, asked what it was all about, and then, announcing that he himself was a loyal graduate of Fordham, seized the bass drum from the '09 band and joined in with "The Spirit of 'Seventy-six." The manager, seeing the way in which things were going, gave up all attempts at restraint.

"Complain?" he replied to Pierre, who was still protesting. "In Heaven's name, who am I going to complain to? The mayor himself is bursting his sides out there in the dining-room, and the district attorney is in the procession, playing the big horn!"

In and out of every room on the first floor went the procession, and then dissolved by mutual fatigue. The older men, following the example of the townspeople, began to bid for tables in the big dining-room, the younger classes started giving class yells under the echoing rotunda, while, on the main stairway, a little man with a bald head and huge horn-rim spectacles was holding an ever-increasing audience with an oration on what he said was "The Rights of Man."

As his cohorts dissolved, the Ahkoond of Swat, his face redder than ever and his goatee whiter than ever, resumed the coat which was held for him by a grinning waiter. He stood a moment in thought and then moved toward the stairs. Half a dozen members of his latest class saw him go and protested, but the old man put them off gently: "Just a minute, boys; I'll be down again. Keep it going until I get back."

Still protesting, they watched him, adoringly, start up the stairway.

"They say that woman's place is in the home!" shouted the little orator with the horn-rim spectacles as the Ahkoond passed him.

"Hear! Hear!" applauded the old man, pausing a moment on the step beside him.

"Yea, Ahkoond!" responded the crowd on the floor below. The old man turned and bowed profusely, but when, alone, he reached the mezzanine floor,

he was climbing very slowly and breathing heavily. He rang for the elevator and was carried two floors higher. He found his way down the hall and knocked at a door.

"Come in," said a quiet voice.

The old man entered and J. Foster Brown looked up, unconcerned, from under the drop-light where he was reading a book. As if, however, its occupant were the least important thing in the room, the old man looked curiously over the furnishings of the apartment—the ivory-backed brushes and nail-files neatly arranged on the bureau, the silk lounging-robe laid out on the bed, the boots carefully treed and standing in an imposing row in the doorway of the open closet. "You do yourself well," he said smiling, dryly; then realizing that J. Foster Brown was looking at him in rather outraged alarm, he said, "Don't you know who I am?"

J. Foster flushed almost angrily. He was reluctant to say the name, not because it might be insulting, but because he did not wish to be a party to any such juvenile nonsense. "You are—" he began, hesitatingly.

The old man grinned. "Say it, man, say it. Yes, I am the Akhoond of Swat." He saw that Brown was quite ready to believe him either demented or intoxicated, so he added: "I have also another name. Perhaps you know that one better. I am sometimes known as 'Anonymous, '71.'"

At the words, Brown turned first white and then crimson. "I beg your pardon," he exclaimed, jumping from his chair. "I beg your pardon. Won't you sit down?"

The Ahkoond of Swat smiled grimly and took the chair which Brown pushed forward for him. "No, leave it open," he ordered, as Brown started swiftly to close the door. "I like to hear them. I'm only here once a year, you know."

Through the open door and up the three flights were rising the songs and shouts from the main floor below. Above the indistinct clamor soared now the exquisite agony of campus symphonics:

"White wings,
They never grow wearee."

The old man listened fondly, then

turned to Brown, who was facing him, tight-lipped and trembling. "Sit down, man, sit down."

There were perhaps five or six men in the Leicester Hotel at that minute who would have started as Brown had done if the Ahkoond of Swat had announced to them that he was "Anonymous, '71." To the rest the words would have meant nothing. "Anonymous, '71" was the name of a fund, or rather the name of an unknown patron by whom one student was always kept at Saint Leonard's. A more remarkable scholarship probably never existed. The beneficiaries had been men of every sort—scholars, athletes, dandies, and louts. No restrictions whatever were put on their use of the money or on the life they might choose to lead. Provided their college bills were paid, they were free to spend the generous remainder of their allowance in any manner they pleased—for books, travel, fraternity dues, or fine raiment. In short, by means of the fund and without the knowledge of any one else, a boy without money was made for four years the absolute equal of any one of his more fortunate fellows. In some especially promising cases, the funds did not even stop with graduation. That was what caused the awfulness of this moment. Not because he had been a beneficiary of "Anonymous, '71" as an undergraduate was this such a fearful moment for J. Foster Brown. To "Anonymous, '71" he was indebted for those three golden years of luxurious ease and travel and dilettanteism in Europe!

There had been no deception about those three years as a Traveling Fellow. Brown had reported faithfully everything that he had done and had not done, but his reports would hardly have been the same had he known that the Ahkoond of Swat was his patron. He squirmed now to think of the hardened old worldling grinning over his ecstatic letters on the blue Mediterranean, his carefully thought-out, exquisite descriptions of some delightful old cornice in Florence, his scholastic analysis of the work of Alvarez in Faust at the Paris opera.

No reply had ever come to his re-

ports, and as time had gone on he had grown bolder. He had been a man of fashion in Paris. He had made a luxurious trip up the Nile with—supreme irony—a little gift book at the end dedicated to "Anonymous, '71." It was hardly strange that in his own mind had grown up a picture of some fine old recluse who appreciated true refinement and genteel scholarship. And now to be faced by the most grotesque, most riotous figure known to the college tradition, a man about whom almost anything was spoken and almost anything believed.

On the background of those three years all of the subsequent life of J. Foster Brown had been based, and the Ahkoond of Swat must know it. Brown had been a success, as success is for men of his tastes, but what must he have been to the swearing old South Sea planter? His critical articles had a certain vogue among a certain *precieux* class of readers. He lectured weekly before certain clubs at a good fat fee and his invitation recitals of famous musicians held at the Amsterdam Club promised in time to make him a wealthy man. And to whom did he owe it? Small wonder that J. Foster Brown sat speechless. Small wonder that he knew that this was not a visit for receiving thanks, that this was a day of reckoning.

Of Brown, however, it must be admitted that in this moment of conscious guilt he made a far better appearance than he had in his moments of conscious superiority. He had not obeyed the command to sit down, but he had turned toward the open window. His face was flushed but his lips were firm. The Ahkoond of Swat sat looking at him.

"Brown," he said at last, "I am ashamed of you."

Brown said nothing. There was nothing to say, but the tension was broken suddenly by a grotesque melody from the floors below:

"Paige's horse is in the snow drift,
Paige's sleigh is upside down."

"That's a new one," remarked the Ahkoond, appreciatively. He sat down and calmly lighted a long Manila cheroot while, fearfully, Brown sat also and

watched him. The older man threw the match toward the window and spoke.

"Brown," he began, "don't be afraid that you're going to be lectured. I'm nobody to talk, myself. Besides, I'm in a hurry now to get back to the boys. You don't seem to realize that this doesn't happen every day."

True to his word, he hastened to cut it short.

"You've had four years of college, Brown," he went on. "My college course stopped one week before it began. It represented five years of saving—five hundred dollars back in the hard-time 'sixties. I told you that I'm not going to sob about it. I can't honestly confess that I wanted the Latin and Greek. I wanted"—he waved his arm toward the riot of sound past the open door—"I wanted that."

"Amici usque ad aras
Deep graven on each heart,
Shall be found unwav'ring true
Till we from life shall part."

"Just that," nodded the Ahkoond. "I had my trunk all packed, and then my father fell down the hatch of a schooner and twisted his back. A week before, I had meant to be a student at Saint Leonard's. A week later, I was a sailor before the mast, bound around the Horn."

He was speaking quickly and jerkily. "I presume if I'd had a son I should have sent him to Saint Leonard's. Well—"

As if he had told the whole story, he suddenly changed his tone.

"Brown," he said, now beginning to talk smoothly again, "there are men and men. Eight of you boys I've had here at Saint Leonard's first and last. I've had every kind and I've had them all different on purpose. Suppose I had had a son. He might have been a jovial old sinner like me myself. You never can tell. He might have been a keen, conscientious, matter-of-fact, business man like—well, like most of them were. He might have been a two-fisted soldierman like one who died in the Islands in '99. He might have been—you."

"Brown," continued the Ahkoond,

looking at him unflinchingly, "I know more about you boys than you have any idea—perhaps more about boys in general." He waved his hand toward the ivory-backed brushes. "Don't worry. I understand that—the grand opera, too, and the life on the Riviera. If it will make you any easier in your mind I will tell you that there's not a thing you have done the last fifteen years that I haven't approved of—until tonight. You were born that kind of a man, that's all. You couldn't help it. I don't even know why you should try to help it. I've lived abroad, remember. I'm not one of your two-foot Yankees that believes that every man has got to make a storekeeper of himself. The finest men I have known never earned a cent in their lives."

"Sweet Rosie O'Grady,
My dear little Rose."

came a whining wail from the regions below. The Ahkoond accepted the opportunity to relight his cheroot, but he did not allow it to divert him.

"The best thing you can do for the average boy," he continued, as the flame of the match rose and fell with his puffs, "is to give him the best education that money will buy and then turn him loose without a cent to his name; but not every boy is the average boy. You were not the average boy. I have raised a lawyer, a parson, a soldier, a chemist, and a couple of busy little money-makers. You—you were to be the artist."

He was silent and, for the first time, Brown replied. "I trust that you are not being ironical."

"Not a bit of it," answered the Ahkoond. "No one can shape another man's life. I have never tied any strings to my boys, in college or out. I knew that the best I could do would be to give them the means to be the thing that nature intended them to be."

"Brown, I have earned the right to talk plainly," went on the old man. "I saw what you would be the day you were graduated. The world has little call for your kind of goods, but that is not saying that you have nothing to give the world. You have taste, you have instinct, you have really a craving

for beautiful things. You are not one of the men built to produce; you are one of the men built to enjoy. You may not be able to paint a picture yourself or write a song, but you can encourage other men to do them. Not too many of you, I am frank to say it, but the world needs your kind of men like any other. You have done well. I am not complaining; but why do you stop where you do?"

As the Ahkoond had said, Brown did have instinct. Even in these incredible circumstances he knew that the old man did not wish abjectness, that gratitude at this moment would only irritate him. "But what do you wish me to do?" he asked, quietly.

For a moment the Ahkoond was silent. "That is not for me to tell you," he replied at last. "I have vowed that I would never give a word of suggestion to any of my boys and I never shall. You must map out your own course as the others have done. Don't think they've all been perfect, either."

A fresh burst of shouts, mingled with laughter, came from below and he waved his hand in the direction from which it came. "There you are," he said, shortly. "I have been a rough man and I confess that I like rough things—coarse things they may seem to you—but did I sneer and laugh at a man of your kind? Those boys down there don't understand your kind of life, yet, to-night, did they not do everything in their power to meet you half-way? Is there nothing in that to give you the answer?"

Brown stared at the carpet. "Tolerance?" he asked.

"Tolerance," the older man echoed. "That is one name for it. Loyalty may be another. Perhaps, if you try, you may think of others still." But when Brown looked up he had gone.

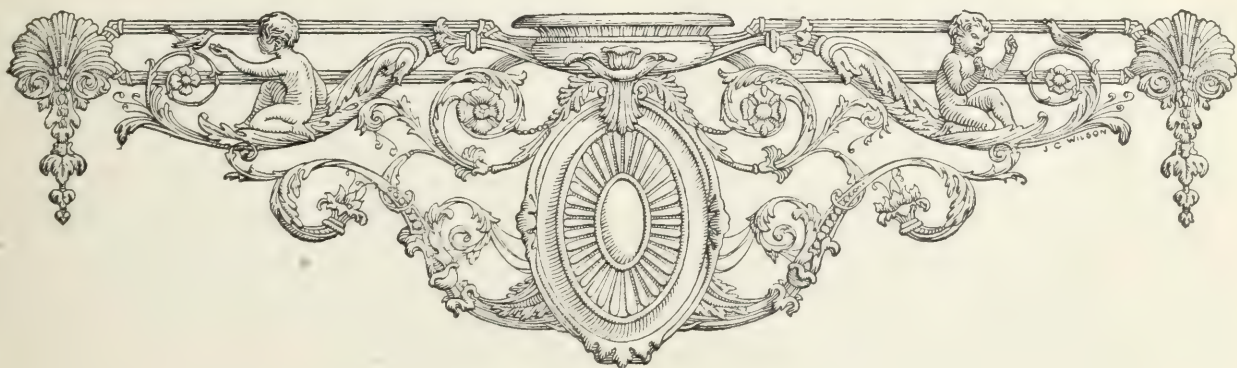
For a minute longer J. Foster Brown still stood where the other had left him, then weakly he went and sat by the open window. Below, the shouts and singing had rather died down, but suddenly he heard them revive again in a single burst of welcome:

"The Ahkoond leads a jolly life, jolly life. He's free from every care and strife, care and strife."

As if he had been there himself, the man in the room above could picture the bowing white-haired old man on the stairs receiving the shouts of the youngsters below. Suddenly fell the first real silence since he had entered the hotel that evening. It was curiously startling. Then, falling and rising he could hear the tones of a speaking voice. He heard another voice calling, "One, two, three!" and then there burst forth the yell by which, secretly, even he had always been thrilled:

"S-A-I-N-T, SAINT-SAINT,
S-A-I-N-T, SAINT-SAINT,
S-A-I-N-T, SAINT-SAINT, SAINT LEONARD'S.
We want GERTRUDE!"

The man sitting by the window above shivered nervously. It was not easy for him, but he did it. He rose slowly and went toward the stairs.



The New Nationalism and Education

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WE shall need many years in which to appraise the lessons of the war. In every direction the stress and strain of the unprecedented emergency modified the structural organization of government, industry, finance, and education. How many of these modifications contained elements of permanent value, how many had a merely transient validity, no one can say. The manifest disposition of the recognized leaders in almost every major field of national activity was to regard most of them as temporary aberrations. With the signing of the armistice the captains of commerce, industry, labor, and education called with singular unanimity for a return to the *status quo ante*. On the eve of his first departure for Europe, President Wilson voiced the apparently unanimous sentiment when, in his address to Congress, he declared that the time had come to dismantle the special agencies that had been set up to concentrate the nation's resources upon the achievement of victory—to throw all war-time harness off.

But if our war-time experience effected no permanent change in our political and social institutions, it did, nevertheless, define certain of their more serious defects with immensely increased precision. None of our democratic institutions has traditionally been the object of greater pride than our system of public education. Whatever the recognized limitations of our public-school system, however ready we might be to admit the desirability of certain extensions and improvements, we did, nevertheless, entertain the confident conviction that it had made our citizenship the most literate and enlightened in the world. By effectively opening the essential channels for the transmission of knowledge and the exchange of ideas, it had, we believed, securely safeguarded

our democracy against the unreasoned assaults of blind and misguided mass ignorance. Before the war we had never made a serious attempt to test the substance of this conviction. We had relied upon the incomplete evidence of our decennial census which seemed to substantiate our faith. But in February of this year, a representative of the Surgeon-General's office appeared before a Congressional committee in support of a bill designed to give Federal aid to the states in extending the knowledge of English among native illiterates and non-English-speaking immigrants. He laid before Congress the data accumulated by the War Department during its examination of drafted men. These records show that 25 per cent. of the men who entered the draft army were unable to read the newspapers or to write letters home. A large proportion of this 25 per cent. were as completely incapable of writing their names as the coolies of inland China. This shocking extent of illiteracy among the adult men whom our system of public education had certified to citizenship, not only interfered with the exigent training of the new army, but seriously embarrassed field operations. Moreover, it placed grave obstacles in the way of efficient industrial mobilization. Accidents that hamper production occur twice as frequently among the illiterate as among those who can read and write. No doubt the rate of illiteracy among the drafted men was somewhat higher than among the population as a whole, with its large increment of children of compulsory school age. But the draft army was, after all, a selected body of men, and the fact that one-fourth of them were illiterate throws a disillusioning light on the elementary efficiency of our public-school system.

Another common belief upon which our war-time experience placed the stamp of illusion is the prevailing opinion

that America is peculiarly rich in trade and mechanical skill. In discussing the problems of international mercantile competition, it has been an almost settled habit with us to make magnificent gestures about the intelligence, initiative, and mechanical resourcefulness of the free and self-reliant American workman. This facile generalization was also subjected to its first exacting test during the war. The requisitions of the Army Staff Corps called for 82,000 occupational specialists in every 100,000 men enlisted in its service. Forty thousand occupational specialists were required in every 100,000 enlisted in the infantry divisions. The army's trade classifications enumerated 714 distinct occupations. For every job, the army had an exact definition of duties. In an emergency, the all-round workman, the clever, adaptable, self-made jack-of-all-trades was at a prohibitive discount. The exigent demand was for specifically qualified men, for precisely defined tasks. To find the right man for the particular job, the army set up a personnel organization to subject men claiming to possess trade skill to trade and occupational tests. Two hundred and fifty thousand draftees—a quarter of a million men—were trade-tested by this personnel organization. Of this very substantial number only six in a hundred turned out to be experts; twenty-four in a hundred were journeymen—that is, men who regularly followed particular trades and who possessed a measurable degree of skill; forty in a hundred were apprentices whose skill was embryonic; thirty in a hundred were without any ascertainable skill whatsoever. As in the case of the army's records of illiteracy, these trade records call for important qualifications. In mobilizing the field forces, the government made more or less serious attempts to keep skilled men at their customary jobs in the mines and industrial plants. Nevertheless, when it is remembered that the 250,000 soldiers under consideration were not dragged at random, but were men who professed special trade experience, the fact that only six in a hundred actually proved to be experts throws a disconcerting light upon another of our most cherished American illusions.

Instances of a similar character might be multiplied. During recent years our high schools and colleges have made a great to-do about their interest in the popularization of science as against their old exclusive preoccupation with the literary classics. To man its experimental stations, ordnance works, gas and gas-shell factories, the army developed a pressing demand for chemists and chemical workers. Fifty-five degrees and varieties were included in its classification of "chemists and chemical workers." Even a little reasonably precise knowledge of chemistry or of the processes of chemical manufacture was a highly prized qualification. But most diligent search by the army's personnel organization discovered only 181 men in every 100,000 who could possibly be accepted either as chemists or chemical workers. Knowledge which should be the common possession of every man and woman in our modern industrial and democratic society, our schools, high schools, colleges, and universities have apparently succeeded in imparting to only a small fraction of 1 per cent. of our adult citizenship. If the security of our democratic institutions rests upon the liberal education of the great masses of the people, the foundations of democracy in America can hardly be reckoned as solidly built.

Confronted by facts such as these, it is a common habit with educational reformers to criticize the "content" of the courses of study both in our elementary schools and in our high schools and colleges, to disparage the so-called liberal studies, and to advocate the wide extension of vocational and trade training. Any such extension would involve a much more elaborate and costly school equipment, a greatly added burden upon the taxpayer; and the educational reformers almost invariably seek to placate the business men and property-owners upon whom this burden would in the first instance principally fall by insisting that business would profit in the long run by the enlarged supply of skilled labor. This point of view would seem to have been the dominant inspiration of the men to whom the government intrusted the task of meeting the war demand for occupational specialists.

The War Department's Committee on Education and Special Training announced on July 30, 1918, that thereafter the National Army training detachments would graduate 50,000 men from courses in essential trades every two months. To execute this formidable program, the committee virtually commandeered more than a hundred of the better equipped schools and colleges. By October, 1918, five hundred such schools were to have been converted into "a perfectly marvelous machine" not only for the production of officers, but also for the wholesale standardized production of machine operatives, truck-drivers, wheelwrights, tinsmiths, electrical workers, locomotive engineers, and every other required variety of specialized mechanic. The marvelous machine had been running only a few months when its creators began to advertise its almost miraculous achievements. In a room in Washington the Committee on Education and Special Training displayed samples of work turned out by its graduates. An intricate electrical appliance was labeled, "Made by a student who two months before entering school was a traveling salesman"; samples of sheet-metal work bore the legend, "Two months ago the maker of this was a bank clerk in Chicago."

As a war-emergency device this marvelous machine for the hurry-up production of craftsmen may have been all that was claimed for it. But it was not merely as an emergency device that the enthusiasts of the Committee on Education and Special Training regarded their innovation. For the first time in the history of the American education system, the schools, colleges, and universities, they said, were being intelligently used: "to teach what life requires." If only the war had lasted another year or two, they sincerely believed that they would permanently have "rebuilt the educational structure of America," along practical, pragmatic lines.

Three months after the armistice, the National Army Training Detachments and the Student Army Training Corps had vanished like the snowflake on the river. Not unnaturally, perhaps, the promoters of the new scheme of "practical education" attributed the quick

dismantling of their perfectly marvelous machine to the hide-bound hostility of the old-fashioned college professors, university presidents, and public-school superintendents. But it is noteworthy that the magnificently conceived scheme of vocational training met with little lasting enthusiasm from the great mass of workers whose position in life it was designed magically to improve. In discussing the response of the workers during the war, one of the leaders in the great educational reformation said:

"What we are doing is plain common sense. We are not giving these men any unusual instruction. But their psychological state, their motived condition, is such that they will do anything we tell them. They are such students as the ordinary professor never dreamed of having. It is said that every man and woman in this world is longing for an object of devotion. Give them an object of devotion and see how they will grow! This war has provided an object of devotion to every man called in the draft. At last we are able to make them go to school as if they were going to war. *Fighting mechanics*, we call them. What that means you can see in a town like Indianapolis, which is on tiptoe to make its 23,000 students appreciate that they have a real job. If that enthusiasm can be carried through victory and transferred to the objects of peace, we shall at last have a really dynamic system of education in America."

He believed that his dream was secure in the newly awakened devotion of the workers to a system that had proved its capacity to lift them in two months from the undifferentiated mass of low-paid common labor to the dignified ranks of occupational specialists.

But the Student Army Training Corps and the National Army Training Detachments—the perfectly marvelous educational machine—passed out of existence with as little protest from the workers as from the old-fashioned college presidents and professors. Both of these groups were either indifferent or hostile; indeed, more often hostile than indifferent. But their hostility appears to have sprung from widely divergent causes. Many college presidents and university professors resented the intru-

sion of uncouth *hoi polloi* into precincts traditionally reserved for the leisurely cultivation of choice spirits, men and women whose parents can afford to support them at least until they reach their majority. The workers, on the contrary, resented the implications of a system which over-stressed the so-called practical side of education and seemed to their hungry minds to set up new barriers between them and the leisurely privileges of university life. They resented, too, the claim that the craftsmanship which with them had been a matter of lifetime acquisition could be imparted to novices in two months. Most of all, they feared that the perfectly marvelous machine would flood the labor market with an unlimited supply of half-baked occupational specialists who would undermine the already precarious security of their jobs, handicap them in their attempts to improve their working conditions, and debase such standards as by patient and persistent organization they had been able to establish. For the more alert and ambitious wage-workers look forward to a new order of society in which class demarcations will have disappeared, where all men will be required to share the burdens of necessary work, and in which all men will have an equal opportunity to enjoy the spiritual benefits which are associated with university education. This to them is the crowning hope of the new nationalism and the new internationalism which is to arise out of the ruins of defeated autocracy.

So far as one can discover, the schools and colleges have promptly cast off all war-time harness and returned to their ancient ways. Except for a slightly stimulated interest in Americanization and the teaching of English, the experience of the war has left them essentially what they were. But in the case of education, as in the fields of commerce and industry, the mere act of unharnessing has not sufficed to restore "normal" pre-war conditions. The war has created a new world, geographically, economically, and, above all, spiritually. Politically and economically, the last vestiges of our traditional American provincialism have been destroyed. Our military intervention was a final recognition of the fact

that we are vitally concerned not only in the politics of Europe, but also in the affairs of Asia, Africa, and the southern seas. The economic life of America has been inextricably enmeshed in the economic life of the world not only by the direct cost of the war, but by our enormous foreign loans. Moreover, the emphasis of the Allied propaganda upon the democratic objectives of the war and the increased participation of the masses of the people in the fundamental processes of government, especially of industrial government, have immensely stimulated the desires of the common man for an enriched economic and spiritual life. It is this influence of the war upon the common man's conception of his rights and due privileges in a democratic civilization that probably accounts for the fact that the single comprehensive program for after-the-war educational reconstruction has come not from the universities, nor indeed from those at the opposite end of the educational scale—the unskilled and illiterate who have suffered most from the inadequacies of our present educational system—but from the solid intermediate body of relatively skilled and highly organized workmen.

Inasmuch as it is this group that in America, as in England and on the Continent, has forged to the front of the critical opposition to the established order in business and government, its educational program has a special immediate interest.* Both in England and America the great trades-unions, whose members operate the basic industries—the railwaymen, the miners, the transport workers, and the machinists, or engineers as they are called in England—are demanding the nationalization of these basic industries and their operation, not by a state-socialistic bureaucracy, but directly by the workers themselves. If they should succeed in realizing their aspirations, as they already appear to be on the point of doing in England, in what spirit would they attack their grave responsibilities to the nation and to organized society? Would they drift toward the anarchy of irresponsible communism like greedy barbarians drunk with unaccustomed power, or would they act like civilized

men with a due sense of the importance of science and of specialized technological discipline in the conduct of modern industry? Would they be guided by the dictates of a gross materialism or would they subordinate material interest to the spiritual ideals of civilized life?

To attempt to answer such questions in the solemn spirit of prophecy would of course be preposterous. But they are not negligible questions; the unprecedented events of each new day force them upon our attention. Are we foredoomed to cataclysmic revolution? Are the workers of America moving more or less blindly toward a Russian catastrophe? For one, I do not believe so. And the principal reason for my faith is the program of educational reconstruction which, originating with the organized workers of England, the organized workers of America have made their own.

More than a year ago, a sub-committee of the British Labor Party formulated a program of social, industrial, and educational reconstruction. The program called for more human warmth in politics, less apathetic acquiescence in the miseries that poison the well-springs of life, for "increased study, for the scientific investigation of each succeeding social and economic problem, and for a much more rapid dissemination among the whole people of all the science that exists." An autocrat, the program conceded, may govern without science or a system of democratic education if his will is law. "But no labor party can hope to maintain its position unless its proposals are, in fact, the outcome of the best political science of its time, or to fulfil its purpose unless that science is continually wresting new fields from human ignorance." Equally lofty sentiments with respect to the worth of science and the importance of its wider dissemination have, to be sure, been expressed by men and women far removed from the ranks of wage-working labor. But as considered expressions of the dominant labor group these sentences do, nevertheless, have a fresh significance to-day, especially when they are examined in the light of the specific proposals of such subsidiary organizations as the British Workers' Educational Association.

This association has "sprung from the workers and derives its strength from the workers." It is backed by 1,034 trades-unions, trades-councils and branches, 465 co-operative societies, 189 adult schools, 8 university bodies, 12 local educational authorities, 96 working-men's clubs, 199 teachers' associations, 77 educational and literary societies, and 629 other societies, mainly composed of working-people. With it are affiliated the British Trades Union Congress, the General Federation of Trades Unions, the Co-operative Union. The association has issued a series of pamphlets in which the specific educational proposals of the organized workers are concretely defined. One of these pamphlets bears the title *What Is Democratic Education?* In contrast with the usual schemes of "practical" trade and technical education by which educational reformers commonly propose to improve the quality of the labor-market, this trenchant document is an impassioned protest against the "utilitarian aim which is the curse of our schools. . . . Harrow was founded for poor working-class boys. The education provided was classical. It was an education which makes not only freemen, but leaders of men. The upper class flung themselves on this school. Its sons filled Eton, Winchester, Rugby, as well as Harrow. . . . In Denmark, Grundtrig wanted to lift the agricultural population sunk in miserable poverty. Did he begin to give instruction in the raising of crops and feeding of poultry? On the contrary, he banished the 'useful' subjects and gave a humanistic training pure and simple. The results have amazed the world. . . . To come to our own land. Why has our elementary-school system been, in some respects, a failure, and our domestic-economy lessons in particular an illusion? Because the teaching was based on the false assumption that *useful information forced on undeveloped minds educates*. . . . We thought the banquet of life was to be spread for all—all, the best that is, the best that will be, open for those who can receive it. . . . The really great thing is that liberal education should be open to all who can profit by it."

Is it not a noteworthy thing that at

the very moment when our great university foundations are coming increasingly under the sway of business men with a predominantly utilitarian conception of education, when specialized technical schools are steadily encroaching upon the province of that "idle curiosity"—that pursuit of matter-of-fact knowledge for its own sake which is the distinguishing characteristic of the university proper—the keenest minds in the wage-working group should be insisting with increasing determination upon a liberal education for every boy and girl, every man and woman, as the indispensable qualification for democratic citizenship? Both in England and America they are clamoring for the extension of the period of compulsory school attendance from the age of fourteen to the age of sixteen and then eighteen as a preliminary to its ultimate extension through the college and university. The platform of the Labor Party of Greater New York, which fairly illustrates the educational aspirations of the most alert of the labor leaders both of America and England, calls for the creation of a national department of education whose head shall have cabinet rank; for the democratization of education government in the grade schools, colleges, universities, and libraries through the participation of labor and the organized teachers and librarians in the determination of new methods, policies, and programs; and the extension of the principle of free public instruction to colleges and universities. Just as the medical and legal professions have come to require a liberal unspecialized training of college grade as a prerequisite to professional specialization, so the organized wage-workers are demanding high school and college training in the liberal arts and sciences that "quicken the mental life" as a prerequisite to craft specialization.

The execution of such a program would, of course, involve an enormously increased expenditure upon public education. But these wage-workers insist that no other expenditure could promise a comparable return to a democratic community. They see the consequences of an undemocratic educational policy in Russia. They point to the dangers latent

in the results of our own parsimonious educational expenditure—25 per cent. of the adult males in America illiterate; only six in a hundred of those claiming special trade experience experts; our industries shot through with ca' canny, sabotage, and all the by-products of a sluggish mental life; our municipal, state, and even federal governments the easy prey of the demagogue, the ward heeler and the self-seeking politician; the instinct of workmanship and the inventive genius of the masses balked, paralyzed, deadened. And they argue, wisely as authorities like Dewey, Veblen, Marot, and Tead seem to think, that the spirit of creative workmanship cannot be effectively generated under the conditions of modern machine industry by early vocational specialization; that a general quickening of the mental life of all the people through the widest possible "increase and diffusion of knowledge among men" can alone release the craftsmanly instinct which is inbred in the race. The essential increased production of wealth and its more efficient distribution would follow, they believe, as it did under the quickening inspiration of the war, as the inevitable by-product of an education directed, not in the first instance toward concrete utilitarian ends, but to the liberation of the creative impulses which are the glory and the richest asset of mankind.

But, attractive as every humanely disposed man and woman would freely admit such a program to be, is it not fantastically Utopian—does it not put the cart before the horse? Does it not call for a vastly increased industrial production as an essential prerequisite? What reasonable hope is there that such an elaborate structure of liberal education can be built with its own future hypothetical by-product, especially at a time when the workers who are its principal advocates are demanding the restoration of pre-war restrictions upon output and progressive reductions in the working week and day? Must we not have a larger economic surplus in hand before we can reasonably consider the full democratization of educational opportunity? With this argument the workers are in fundamental agreement. What the nation undoubtedly needs,

they agree, is a great bound onward in its aggregate productivity. "But this," they contend, "cannot be secured merely by pressing the manual workers to more strenuous toil or even by encouraging the captains of industry to a less wasteful organization of their several enterprises on a profit-making basis." It can only be secured, they argue, through "a genuinely scientific reorganization of the nation's industry" by the democratization of the national policy with respect to the utilization of the economic surplus.

Both to stimulate the immediate increase in production and to secure the requisite democratization of the national surplus, the workers in England and America are moving along two major and for the most part complementary lines—the lines of political action and direct economic action. The general outlines of the program of parliamentary reform have become familiar to the American public through the report of the Reconstruction Committee of the British Labor party, published under the title of "Labor and the New Social Order." The first principle enunciated in this report is "the securing to every member of the community in good times and bad alike (and not only to the strong and able, the well-born or the fortunate) of all the requisites of healthy life and worthy citizenship" through the universal application of legally prescribed minimum standards of leisure, health, education, and subsistence. The establishment of these standards they propose to realize through the extension of the democratic principle to the control of industrial plants; the direct taxation of all incomes above the necessary cost of family maintenance; the immediate nationalization of railways, mines, and the production of electrical power; the progressive elimination from the control of all essential industry of the private profiteer and the systematic application of science to the problems of industrial technology. These are among the major planks of the parliamentary platform of what has come to be numerically the second largest political organization in Great Britain as well as of the American Labor party which, while still in its infancy, counts among its active support-

ers an increasing number of the ablest trade-union leaders in the country.

But there is a powerful and aggressive body of workers in the United States, as in England, who look with skepticism and impatience upon the slow processes of political reform. In the state of New York, for example, it took more than a generation to secure the enactment of laws giving reasonable protection to children and women against the evils of night work, and limiting the hours of work for women to fifty-four in the week. During March and April of this year some thirty thousand girls and women in the Ladies' Waist and Dress Industry decided to establish the forty-four-hour week. They organized, struck, and secured their objective in a few weeks. These workers have become a unit in a national organization affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, which covers the entire industry devoted to the manufacture of women's wear. They look forward to the time when the entire clothing industry will not only be controlled by the workers in the sense that they will regulate hours, wages, and physical working conditions conjointly with their employers, but in the sense that the industry will be owned by the community and managed directly by themselves. When that time arrives, they will have established what the younger economists in England would call a National Guild of the Needle Trades.

This tendency to subordinate political to direct economic action has made very great strides even in England, where for more than twenty years the workers have had their independent party representatives in Parliament. Its principal promoters are the members of the great Triple Industrial Alliance—the affiliation of the miners, railwaymen, and transport workers—whose strike threat last winter prompted Mr. Lloyd George to interrupt his labors in Paris and to set up a national commission to consider the demand of the Triple Industrial Alliance for the democratization of England's basic industries. The proposals of the Triple Alliance that these basic industries shall be owned by the nation and administered by the organized workers have recently been adopted in princi-

ple by our own railroad Brotherhoods and by the United Mine Workers of America.

The relevance of these programs of political and industrial reconstruction is that they express the judgment of the most influential body of workers in England and America as to the practical means that must be adopted to make the realization of their program for the democratization of educational opportunity possible. The growing prestige of the fourth estate is the characteristic fact of our generation. What is conventionally described as the rise of the proletariat has been attended by a flurry of nervous apprehension among those who fear that the controlling motive of the workers is a kind of barbarian envy, a brutal desire on the part of the propertyless to possess themselves of the property which "superior ability" has allotted to others. We hear a great deal about the follies of "dividing up," of expropriation, confiscation, and reckless plunder as the insensate craving of this modern Samson who, in a blind effort to free himself, would pull the pillars of organized society down upon his own head. But a considerate examination of the workers' educational program should go far to still such fears in the minds of those who are themselves free from envy and luxurious self-indulgence. Men who dream of the democratization of knowledge, of science and the liberal arts as the chief end of civilized government will not ruthlessly destroy the recognized material foundations of civilized life. Rather they will seek to strengthen those foundations and broaden them. For it is their eager and instinctive hunger for the spiritual values of life that principally accounts for their growing insistence upon the extension of the democratic principle in industry, for the humanization of industrial processes, for the more equal distribution of the benefits that accrue from the national surplus. Their programs of political and social reconstruction are inspired by their realization that it is only when all men are guaranteed equality of educational opportunity that any man can be certain of access to the spiritual banquet of life. They have been compelled by the conditions of their lives, as no other social group has been

compelled, to accept Christ's Great Commandment as the first rule of political conduct.

All this is out of consonance with the conception of the wage-laborer conventionally held by the men and women of our cultured society. But the researches of modern psychologists make it clear that men at all economic levels are subject to the impulsion of those instincts, aspirations, and desires which are the common inheritance of the race. Possibly the greatest of our American authorities in this field has recently demonstrated that civilized men have come to hold truth, the "matter-of-fact knowledge of things," as the only end in life that indubitably justifies itself; and that the genesis and growth of the system of knowledge which has come so to be prized may confidently be traced "to the initiative and bias afforded by two certain impulsive traits of human nature: an Idle Curiosity, and the Instinct of Workmanship."

Much of the social unrest which disturbs the civilized world to-day is directly traceable to the crushing pressure which modern machine industry and its attendant commercial, political, and social class stratification have imposed upon the native and normal instincts of the common run of man-kind, and more especially the instincts of curiosity and workmanship. While men live their disposition to unfold toward the light cannot be balked with impunity. The repression of the normal instincts, the denial of opportunities for free spiritual growth results as by a law of nature in sporadic violence, insurrection, or revolt. The great task of democratic statesmanship to-day is to understand these inbred instincts and dynamic impulses of the common run of mankind and to find channels for their fruitful release. Only so can the pre-war governmental and social structure of our political democracies be adapted to withstand the unprecedented currents of hope and aspiration set in motion by the war. The test of governmental capacity will increasingly be the ability of those in positions of authority to find ways and means for the democratization of educational opportunity.

Shining Armor

BY MAXWELL STRUTHERS BURT



VON BOEHN has twisted himself in and out of my life considerably, or rather, I have twisted him in and out of it, for I doubt if by now he remembers ever having met me. He wouldn't; he was a Prussian aristocrat, and I at best merely an American who at one time had, from his point of view, the extreme good fortune of meeting him and the further extreme honor of knowing him for a while with some degree of intimacy.

It wasn't because I liked von Boehn, you understand, that for a year or two I saw him frequently; I didn't like him at all, even then, although I was young and counts possessed a glamour, particularly a count who appeared in all the picturesqueness of a Uhlan uniform, and although in himself von Boehn had a certain blond impeccable charm. He was very good-looking; slim, clean-cut, rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed. You would find it difficult to describe the dash and smartness of him in his tight-fitting breeches and his yellow-breasted jacket and his polished *tschapka*, with its sweeping plumes, cocked over one ear. You thought him a beautiful boy until you examined him closely, and then you saw that he wasn't a boy at all; at least, his eyes weren't boyish. They were pale and cold, cold as the sea that washed his Junker estates in Pomerania, and they were quite opaque. Behind them nothing was to be seen. To this opaqueness he added by wearing a monocle, one of those stringless German monocles that are never removed and eventually make a red mark above the cheek-bone and below the eyebrow—a little, round, glittering mirror of insolence. I had thought the English of a certain class held the world's record for a deliberate obliteration of expression, but von Boehn went them one better, and in his case it

was no conscious effort to conceal a racial shyness, or to bolster a rather shaky patrician sang-froid, but because there was nothing to express; nothing, that is, except a series of rules, so ingrained, the result of so many generations, so meticulous, covering so thoroughly the smallest details of life, that they required not the slightest thought to put them into execution. Von Boehn was really a monster, when you come to consider it, for what distinguishes a human being from a machine is self-determination, and you can't be very self-determinate when everything you do is the result not of reason, but of tradition.

No, I would not have seen much of von Boehn, both because of my own inclinations and because he, on his part, would not have bothered his head about me, had it not been for von Arnault, who was in the same regiment as von Boehn, and for von Arnault's wife. The Arnaults were kindly and democratic and Saxon, and besides had the exquisite luck to be really of French blood. They had traveled greatly, visiting foreign relatives. One even at times caught them showing signs of a sense of humor. In the small garrison and university town where I found myself isolated they were an island in the greasy sea of students and bleak soldiery. Not altogether a green island, perhaps, but at least one with firm sand. Their drawing-room was soft and prettily furnished, they avoided constant references to the superiority of Germany to the rest of the world, and they aired their rooms. Of course von Boehn "slept—English," also, for he was a very *chic* young man, but it wasn't a universal custom. One occasion I especially remember when the Arnaults' sense of humor rose to the delicate pitch of not appreciating to the full a supposedly funny story of their beloved von Boehn.

I sha'n't forget the story. It left a little scar on my mind. At the time I did not grasp its full import; in fact, I did not grasp its full import until about four and a half years ago. I was only twenty-four, you must remember, and, like most young men, a snob. But I didn't like the story; it affected me in the same way that long and dirty finger nails would if they had suddenly been drawn down my naked back. I couldn't just tell the reason why. It was, of course, because I was an American, but hadn't as yet appreciated the shining fact. One isn't born to Americanism; one achieves it. It is a thing of the mind, the result of thought and experience. You grow up to it.

That Sunday von Boehn was coming to dinner with the Arnaulds. It was November, and outside the day was gray and hinted of snow, and the air was full of the mysterious stirring smell of smoke and old buildings that, on days like these, hangs about an ancient city. You thought of huts in the middle of pine forests and of quaint gabled towns. That's the heartrending thing about the Germans; they've cut off the heads of their own fairies. A poor sort of warfare. The Arnaulds' small dining-room was cozily warm, and the silver twinkled, and the few bewigged ancestral portraits they carried about with them looked down with dim complacency from the walls. One felt sure that one was going to drink some of von Arnauld's excellent white wine. I found myself comparing this with the grim Sabbath meals I had known at home. Then von Boehn came in, radiating health and fresh air, and kissed the baroness's hand, and clicked his heels, and tapped von Arnauld with familiar friendliness on the shoulder, and nodded blithely to me. It was a perfect entrance, just the right amount of respect, just the right amount of nonchalance. Back of it was long training. No gesture went an inch too far; no gesture hesitated this side of grace. We sat down to table, and von Boehn unfolded his napkin and leaned forward from the waist, the way officers do.

"*Ach, Gnädige!*" he said, in his nasal, fluting, latest Berlin accent, "I heard the most amusing and typical tale last night! You know young Foestner of the second

squadron? Well, it seems he had occasion to ask an orderly before a formation if he'd had his lunch, and the fellow said he had, using the word *speisen*. And what do you think von Foestner answered?"

Arnauld was leaning forward interestedly; his wife was regarding von Boehn with the questioning smile with which the polite hostess anticipates a funny story.

"Why," said von Boehn, "he roared out so that the whole squadron heard: 'You beast! You dog! Why do I not strike you? The Emperor eats that way; I eat ordinarily, like a man; you eat like an animal!' *Famos*, wasn't it? *Kolossal!* The quickness of the young blood! It will be all over Germany in no time."

Now to appreciate the subtle wit of the foregoing, you must realize, as you no doubt do, that in German there are three words for eating: one to eat daintily; one to eat—just eat; the third to eat like a cow, or a horse, or a pig. And the unfortunate private had used the first word, the super-aristocratic one. I laughed heartily, of course, because I was too young not to laugh, but I felt those long finger nails running up and down my back. And it was then, for the first time, that I noticed that von Arnauld and his wife did not always agree with von Boehn's wit.

The baroness's lips smiled, but her eyes were reflective.

"Ah, the poor soul!" she said. "How ashamed he must have felt!"

"I don't altogether like that, von Boehn," said her husband, with knitted brows. "In formation, and all that. I think there's too much of that sort of thing growing up. You know what Manteuffel said in his order of 1885: 'Insults attack the sense of honor and kill it, and the officer who insults his subordinates undermines his own position.'"

Von Boehn grinned. "*Lieber Karl,*" he said, "you have been so fortunate as never to have had to run an estate. Believe me, the peasant and the private soldier are beasts. They understand nothing but insult. If I have to beat my good dog, Hanschen, to enforce obedience, how then with the lower

classes, who have not one-half Hanschen's intelligence or delicacy?"

So there were von Boehn's social theories in a nutshell! And here, also in a nutshell, is the way he put them into execution. I had many opportunities for observation. Perhaps the incident I am about to relate is not so obvious as some of the others, but I relate it because it has to me the virtue of being one of the few occasions on which von Boehn got about as good as he gave. I had stopped in at barracks with him, as he wanted to see his under-officers drilling recruits. There was saber practise in the gray, foggy courtyard. A number of tow-haired, round-eyed, alarmed youths were making clumsy motions under the harsh commands of the sergeants. There was one boy particularly who attracted my attention, he was so red-cheeked, so blue-eyed, so incredibly earnest, so pathetic, and so hopelessly slow. Von Boehn watched him for a while in silence. "God in heaven!" he said, at last. "Give me a saber! No! No! I don't want any mask or pads! He couldn't hit me in a thousand years!" And he took the boy aside and faced him.

"Now!" he commanded. "Strike! So! This way! No, you dumbhead! So! *Ach*, for the love of God! You toadstool; you cabbage! Where was your mother when you were born, in a vegetable-garden?"

I saw the boy's color growing deeper, and I noticed that his blue eyes were becoming pin-points of flame, but I had no fear for von Boehn, who was playing him as an expert angler plays a fish. But at the last words the victim suddenly lunged forward, broke through von Boehn's guard, and buried the point of his sabre in his tormentor's sword-arm. For a moment the boy maintained his position, an expression of agonized fear supplanting the anger in his face; then he drew back, and stood with bowed head, his hands clasped on the hilt of his sword. For a moment death glittered in von Boehn's eyes; but he remembered himself and, grasping his injured arm with his left hand, called a sergeant to him.

"Remember that young man," he said, nodding at the motionless recruit.

"He is very strong; he will need plenty of hard work." He faced about curtly. "I'll see the surgeon," he said to me. "Then we'll go along. We're due at the Arnaulds' at five." Between the fingers of his left hand blood was oozing.

I could tell you many stories of a more or less similar kind, some of them even amusing, although no less indicative of von Boehn, and the von Boehns about him—the time, for instance, when we were bob-sledding on the hills outside the town and I, making the ascent, saw von Boehn flash past me, claspng with a grim determination, from his seat in the rear, the form of the evidently inexpert lady who was steering. I cannot resist finishing this episode. There was only one tree near the course, but for that the sled was heading with a fascinated exactness. "Jump!" I yelled. "Jump!" Mutilation seemed imminent. Von Boehn probably never heard me; he was looking straight ahead; in the rays of the sunset opposite, his monocle glittered like the headlight of a runaway locomotive. But jump he did, and just in time. Together he and the partner of his adventure rolled desperately to the bottom of the hill; then von Boehn slowly disengaged himself, rose to his feet, brushed the snow off his clothes, and kissed the hand of his sorely shaken companion. In his eye his monocle remained undimmed. "We'll start again," he said; and they did.

The point is that through incidents such as these I achieved in two years a fairly clear idea of the character and the opinions and the traditions of a Prussian aristocrat, and it is necessary to understand this character and these opinions and these traditions to appreciate fully what was to follow. . . .

After that I forgot all about von Boehn and the Arnaulds and the rest of them, except as interesting occasional recollections, until the autumn of 1914. Then I saw in a newspaper that von Boehn was in the administration of Belgium, whether as one of von der Goltz's henchmen or in a military capacity, I couldn't quite make out. And then, two years later, I met Truxton, who had been in relief work in the tragic occupied countries. I asked him about von

Boehn without the slightest notion that he would ever have heard of him.

"Oh yes!" said Truxton, with an odd compression of his lips. "Yes, I know him. I saw quite a lot of him. He was around Namur for a while."

"You got along with him?"

Truxton—we were having dinner together—twisted a bottle of claret between his fingers and studied the label. "Oh yes, I got along with him all right." Suddenly he looked up. "I wish for that man," he said, solemnly, "a horror that as yet I haven't been able to formulate in my mind. I'm thinking it over. When I've come to a conclusion I'll let you know." This, from Truxton, was interesting. By profession he is a teacher of English in a great university, and one associates neither a desire for revenge nor a desire for torture with his mild, bespectacled personality; at least, one didn't then, for one didn't, at the time, know as much about Germans as one does now.

"For more than most of them?" I asked.

"Oh no—they're all equally bad, but I happened to see a particular lot of von Boehn—I got a more correct idea of his psychology."

He apparently changed the subject abruptly. "The fundamental idea of all decent religions," he said, "has always seemed to me to be contained in those words of Micah's: 'and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?' You know—it's what's summed up in the old Western expression 'to have the fear of God in your heart.' What the Greeks spoke of as a knowledge of your relationship to other men—I can't recall the exact word. Anyway, it means that you go about realizing that your soul is just the same sort of soul as any one else's soul, and that your body is just the same sort of body as any one else's body. That all chances of life that make one man a nobleman and another a peasant, that make one man a German and another a Belgian, are subordinate to the one essential fact that the flesh and spirit of the world are a common gift. There are two ways of sinning against this law; you can sin

against your own soul and body and thus insult the souls and bodies of every one else, or you can sin against some one else's soul and body and thus insult your own. Of course, the Germans aren't sensitive enough to realize that every time one woman is raped the whole idea of womanhood is raped; or that every time a dead body is scorned all death is scorned; and you could forgive them if their obtuseness came from mere brutality, or was individual, or the result of drunkenness, or sheer lust, but it doesn't. Its antichrist—it's a denial of God's presence in all men; and a cold-blooded, calculated denial at that."

"And von Boehn, of course, was very bad at that sort of thing?"

Truxton stared at me fixedly. "Bad! He was the epitome of it! He reminded me of some damned aristocrat of Louis the Fifteenth's time walking through a plague-stricken city, holding a bottle of smelling-salts to his nose so he wouldn't be bothered by the corpses. Again and again I've wished that he was a drunken beast, or a Cossack, or anything on which one could find some angle to lay hold. You broke your heart on a wall of ice. Rigid immunity is the hardest thing to buck up against in the world. I saw him at the time of the deportations. It wasn't, you understand, that he was cruel through hate; any passion like that, bad as it is, would have been preferable; it had simply never occurred to him that a nobleman and a German shouldn't do exactly what he felt like. He wasn't in the position where he had to express the outward deprecation that was necessary for some of those fellows von Bissing had around him. He was entirely himself."

"You must remember," I interposed, not for the purpose of defending von Boehn, but to draw Truxton out, "he isn't altogether to blame personally—he's had generations back of him. His trouble is that he has never at any point touched life outside of his own class, a Prussian class at that. You can see something of the same thing, even, over here in the sons of the very rich. How can a man appreciate degradation when he sees no chance of ever being degraded, and how can he appreciate fear when

he has had drilled into him the superstition that fear cannot touch a gentleman? He's never allowed himself to believe, you see, that the occasional stirring of his heart that he must have felt, in common with every one else, was such a thing as fear."

Truxton interrupted me with a sort of glittering eagerness. "Ah!" said he, "that's exactly the point! He's armored against the world with a monstrous armor."

"You mean?"

Truxton's spectacles glittered. "You don't know anything more about fear or degradation," he said, "than von Boehn, but, being a democrat, and therefore having some native humility and some power of introspection, you have cultivated your imagination sufficiently to be able, at least dimly, to put yourself in another man's place." He continued to stare at me as if he had said something convincing.

"What in the world are you talking about?" I asked, incredulously. "Not know what fear is! My dear man! Perhaps I don't know degradation, but fear—! Why, there's not a man living who won't admit that he's felt it, except the von Boehns and the liars."

Truxton shook his head. "I repeat," he said, "that you have no idea. You couldn't, unless you've been a prison warden or have participated intimately in a lynching. It doesn't happen to a man who leads any kind of an ordinary life. It's a cataclysm." The fingers of his hand outstretched upon the table opened and shut slowly. "I'm not talking about clean fear," he said; "about the decent shakiness with which a man squeezes past death, or even the abject cowardice with which most of us, even the skeptical, have once or twice held our ground, or run away from what we thought was the supernatural; I'm talking about real fear—the most shocking thing I know. Something that to be anywhere around makes you ill at your stomach, for it's a stripping away of the last reserve of personality, the last reticence of the soul. It's worse than seeing a corpse mishandled. It makes all the mystery of humanity as cheap as a battered tin tray. And it can only come, the quintessence, when a

man feels that he is helpless to prevent the crushing of his individuality between the dirty fingers of some one else. It's the ultimate outrage. It couldn't very well happen on a battle-field, or through nature, for so long as a man can raise one finger he's, well, he's still fighting, but the other thing—Most of us in Belgium have seen it enough to know what it is." He looked down at his hand.

"And von Boehn," I asked, after a pause, "watched it in his shining armor unmoved? That is the point?"

"He was a little amused," answered Truxton. "Yes, that's the point."

A few days later Truxton sent me a letter. "I forgot to tell you the other night," he said, "that, among other things, our friend von Boehn occasionally went in for the good, old-fashioned Russian pastime of knouting. We couldn't prove it, and it wouldn't have done any good if we had. But I know it to be a fact. Look up knouting—it's interesting. It's said to have a peculiar psychological effect. A man never quite gets over it. There was a little Belgian lawyer who had bothered von Boehn considerably. He arrested him for espionage, but there was no proof—not even enough for a German. The Belgian was a brave chap. I saw him later—he was still brave—more so—but he had the most curious wormlike quality at the back of his brain. You've seen a worm, partly crushed, trying to drag itself off the ground? . . . Be sure to look up knouting."

A nice fellow, my former playmate! I proceeded as best I could to follow his subsequent career. But there wasn't much to be heard, and then, soon, there was the almost entire silence that followed that splendid May when the common folk of a democracy informed an emperor that he was a blood-stained rogue.

Only recently have I come across von Boehn's tracks again. There was something about him in a newspaper, and I heard directly and in detail from a man who was not far away at the time and who later interviewed people who were immediate. I have the letter now on my desk. But knowing von Boehn, I would have needed only that little news-

paper paragraph to have constructed the rest. It is the simplest trick of the imagination. It isn't even changing the point of view of this recital, or assuming an attitude of omniscience. Prussian officers are cut from one cloth; given certain premises, you can predict even their thoughts, certainly their most minute actions, as if you yourself had been with them every minute of the day. That's the penalty of disingenuousness—once you've the key to it, it is as easy to read as any other involved code.

It seems, when the armistice came, that von Boehn was back again in a small Belgian town. He had a battalion of soldiers with him. They had not expected peace, he and the other officers. They were aware that things were not going altogether well at Berlin, but they had lived before through rumors and threatened political upheavals. It was the army that counted, and the army was sound. To be sure, it was falling back, but that was only to obtain the advantage of a shortened line. Once that line was reached. . . . Dear Heaven! they could see the English and the French and the Canadians, and the rest of the polyglot crew flinging themselves against the smoking cliff like a broken sea, as von Boehn and several of the others had often themselves seen them in the past four years. As for the Americans, they didn't believe the stories they had heard about them. Brave? Yes! But you couldn't even teach a man to salute properly in six months. Another winter of firmness, and the thing would be over; not with victory—that was too much to hope any longer—but with “a strong German peace,” as the Emperor had said.

Von Boehn was even more contemptuous of rumors than his duller companions, although even more than they he desired relaxation—if only for a little while—from the strain to which he had been subjected. War was beginning to trouble his well-leashed nerves. Love and war, undoubtedly those were the only things to live for, but just at present there had been too much of war and not half enough of love. He was beginning to want Berlin with a constant ache—not Berlin for a week or so of leave, but Berlin in long draughts, and, in Berlin,

parties unhaunted by the thought of a return to the front, and, at the parties, pretty eyes to look into and hold and finally subdue. It was a pity he was so fastidious; but then he couldn't have followed the example of some of his brother officers even had he wanted to; he had been always in positions of prominence, perhaps this last position the least prominent of all. It was dull enough, anyway, the Lord only knew! He was especially bored on this particular evening.

He went to a window of his office that overlooked the square. A blue November night was beginning to creep along the narrow streets, filling the open place, ascending the buttresses of the cathedral opposite. A few people were abroad. He saw a sergeant stalking toward the door of the *Kommandatur*. “Old Schmidt!” A good man. Splendid fellows, those under-officers! The backbone of the army!

A door opened behind him. It must be Kessel, his adjutant, to come in that way without knocking. What an uncouth dog! Why couldn't they surround gentlemen with gentlemen? He faced about. It was Kessel, standing with a telegram in his hand, the most curious, drooping-mouthed look on his face.

“Well,” asked von Boehn, “what's the matter? Have you seen a ghost? Besides, salute, Kessel! You're getting lax.”

“Thunderweather!” said the adjutant. “Yes—I have seen a ghost.” He held out the telegram.

“What is it?”

“An armistice, my colonel. To-morrow it will probably be signed.”

Von Boehn strode toward him and seized the paper from his hand.

“Impossible!” he cried. “We've heard nothing about it but rumors.”

“This is from Brussels. Our envoys have been in the French lines three days already.”

“Then they consent to our terms?”

Kessel laughed mirthlessly. “It is we who consent,” he said. “Read!”

Von Boehn glanced at the telegram and threw it down on the desk. “The fools!” he said, savagely. “The army is as strong as ever. I know it.”

Kessel looked at him a moment with his long-nosed inscrutability. "You will have orders to give later on, I suppose?" he said. He left the room noiselessly.

Von Boehn went again to the window. Incredible! What were they up to? Well—he drew back his shoulders; well, after all, it was no defeat. Germany was intact. He supposed the Great Headquarters knew what they were about. But why couldn't they have kept a fellow in touch with things? His sense of dignity was wounded. Presently an unexpected coolness of relief stole into his mind. He was glad the thing was over, anyhow. In fifteen years or so they would be ready again. In the mean time: first his place in Pomerania, and a long sleep and rest and food; and then Berlin. He wanted pretty eyes frightfully. Yes, he was really glad war was over, even if the ending wasn't quite so glorious as that first initial swoop—like eagles plummeting on their prey. In the darkness of the square he saw a number of civilians standing about in groups, talking earnestly. The rats were beginning to crawl out of their holes already! Then some bugles blew. He looked at his clock. Exactly punctual! Things were still not so bad when bugles blew punctually.

He went to the door and stuck his head into the adjoining room.

"Mess, Kessler!" he said. "What shall it be, the Gold Lion?"

"*Ja wohl, Oberst!*" answered the adjutant.

They had said practically the same thing to each other at the same hour for almost half a year.

Nor the next day did von Boehn find his life greatly altered. He was depressed—who wouldn't be?—but he was astonished that he wasn't more depressed. Word of the signing of the armistice came through, and suddenly, with a great, strident joy, the bells of the cathedral swung into sound. The square was black with a silent multitude. It had been there since dawn; perhaps most of it all night. But it was a silent multitude; entirely orderly. "The dogs" knew better than to create a disturbance just yet, or for some days to come.

At noon von Boehn swaggered across the square with only Kessler at his heels. The people drew back for him as formerly, but they didn't take off their hats. Only one voice shouted; a distant voice; he couldn't tell exactly from whence it came.

"Swine!" it said.

Von Boehn gripped his saber. He looked at Kessler. Their eyes met. Von Boehn laughed contemptuously. "What beasts they are!" he said. "Never mind, we'll get them again some day. Then none of this kind-heartedness."

He made a little speech to his officers at mess. He was not in the habit of dining with them, but he made an especial occasion. They must be very circumspect during the next few days; walk on egg-shells. In a short while would come orders, and then they would know what to do. Probably back to Germany—dear Germany! And undefeated—they must remember that. All the honors of the war had been theirs. But one couldn't fight the whole world. And now, remember words couldn't hurt a German gentleman any more than the grunting of hogs. They were dealing with hogs.

After that he felt more cheerful. There wasn't very much to do back at the *Kommandatur*; it was necessary to wait for further instructions. Most of the afternoon he watched the townspeople from his windows. Their attitude satisfied him. Apparently they had no further desire except to talk and gesticulate in groups.

Kessler, being a common man and nearer the hearts of common people, was not so well pleased.

"I wish they weren't so silent," he said. "I hear that in some other places they are celebrating."

Von Boehn looked around at him angrily. "Why shouldn't they be silent?" he asked. "They know better than to make a fuss."

"Noise is a safety valve." Kessler glanced sideways at his commander. "You know, Herr Oberst, you have been especially noted for discipline."

"And still am," retorted von Boehn, grimly. His overwrought nerves suddenly snapped. "Armistice or no

armistice," he exploded, "we're still here! God in heaven, I alone would face a hundred shopkeepers and turn them tailward!" That was the trouble with having men who were not gentlemen for officers! What could Kessler know of the unshakable power a gentleman always had with those below him? What could a reserve officer know of the real discipline of German troops?

So he wasn't prepared—von Boehn—for what was to happen within the next twenty-four hours. . . . The full terms of the armistice had come in. That was bad enough. They would have to get out, and speedily. Well, they would, damn it! but they'd come back; oh yes, some day; like the sword of the Assyrians. . . . At ten o'clock there was a trampling on the stairs beyond the outer office; then Kessler's voice, very sharp; then Kessler's voice drowned in the murmur of other voices, just as on a windy day the sound of one wave is overwhelmed by the sound of the waves that come after; and then the door to von Boehn's room swung open. In the aperture were a dozen non-commissioned officers with old Schmidt in the lead. For a moment they stood blinking, half truculent, half ill at ease, before Schmidt spoke. He drew himself rigidly to attention, saluted.

"We have come to tell you, Herr Oberst," he said, "that you will remove all insignia of your rank, and that you will give to us your sword and your other side-arms."

For a moment von Boehn stared at the speaker, his eyes widening slowly like those of a cat about to spring. Then his automatic, a little streak of light, leaped from the scabbard, twinkled in the air, and came to rest full on the second button of Schmidt's tunic.

"You dog!" said von Boehn.

Schmidt's wrinkled face did not change color.

"You can kill me, Herr Oberst," he said, quietly. "In fact, I expect you will, but you will be killed yourself immediately afterward. And we do not want bloodshed; it would be a bad beginning."

Von Boehn reflected. "And how," he asked, "if I do what you madmen wish? Afterward I shall have you ar-

rested and lined up against a wall and shot."

Schmidt shook his head. "No," he said, "there is not one man in the town to-day who would obey your command."

"You mean?"

"I mean, Herr Oberst, that evidently you have not heard that in Germany the revolution is real. This afternoon the battalion marches home unless they can find a train—they are old men, they are tired. You need have no care for the evacuation, the non-commissioned officers have it in charge. You can come, or not, as you wish. Your motor and driver are entirely at your disposal."

Von Boehn's hand, holding the automatic, fell slowly to his side; then he shrugged his shoulders and, walking over to the desk, threw the pistol on it. He unbuckled his sword and placed it beside the other weapon. With an amused contempt he proceeded to rip off his lapel tabs and his shoulder ornaments.

"Would you like my buttons?" he asked.

"No, Herr Oberst."

"Take what you want, then, and get out." Suddenly his voice rasped through the quiet like a saw. "Each man here," he said, "will one day pay for this with his life."

Schmidt did not answer. He picked up the sword and pistol, saluted, faced about, and, with a sign to his companions, stepped through the door and closed it behind him. Von Boehn waited until the footsteps died away before he called.

"Kessler!"

There was no answer.

He flung open the door. The outer office was empty. "Swine!" said von Boehn to himself. "He was afraid of being left behind. He is no better than the rest—incredible filth that they are!"

What was he to do? Here were papers of four years to be sorted; some to be preserved, the rest destroyed. There were a hundred details to be attended to. For a while he worked with a cold, precise fury; but after an hour or so he sighed, drew back from the desk, and, going over to the fireplace, built a fire and proceeded to heap upon it the accumulated books and records. When he was done he looked at his watch.

Three o'clock. An hour to pack his personal belongings in and then he would be off. He stood up, gazed about the wrecked office, and strode to the door. With his hand on the knob, he hesitated. Beside him on the top of a modern American desk was a little bronze statue—a boy playing a flute. Von Boehn regarded it with thoughtful, narrowed eyelids. He reached over slowly, picked it up, examined it, and, drawing back his arm, suddenly hurled it with all his might through the window opposite. His face was white with rage; his blue eyes shone. . . .

The halls beyond were strangely empty, hauntingly deserted. There were no sentries on the stairs, or in the long corridors he traversed to reach his own apartments. Half asleep in a chair beside the door he found his military chauffeur. The unexpected human presence startled him. The man sprang to his feet.

"When will his *Exzellenz* be ready?" he asked.

"In about three-quarters of an hour. Have the car at the main entrance."

"The main entrance?" The man's lips drew together in doubt. Then he saluted. "Very good, *Exzellenz*. There is a great crowd in the square, you know."

"Damn them!" answered von Boehn.

There was very little to do; he kept most of his things always in trunks; but he wished to change his uniform. Once he was interrupted in his preparations by the sound of marching men which came up to him from the street. He went to the window. The battalion was going by. There were no officers with it; old Schmidt was in the lead. Von Boehn's lips curled. The old fools! Wait until they struck the real army—the army returning from the front! A fat chance their revolution would have then! He would remember Schmidt—oh yes, he would remember him! He looked at the retreating, stolid back with the speculative eyes of a man who sees another walking to the gallows. Then he returned to his trunks.

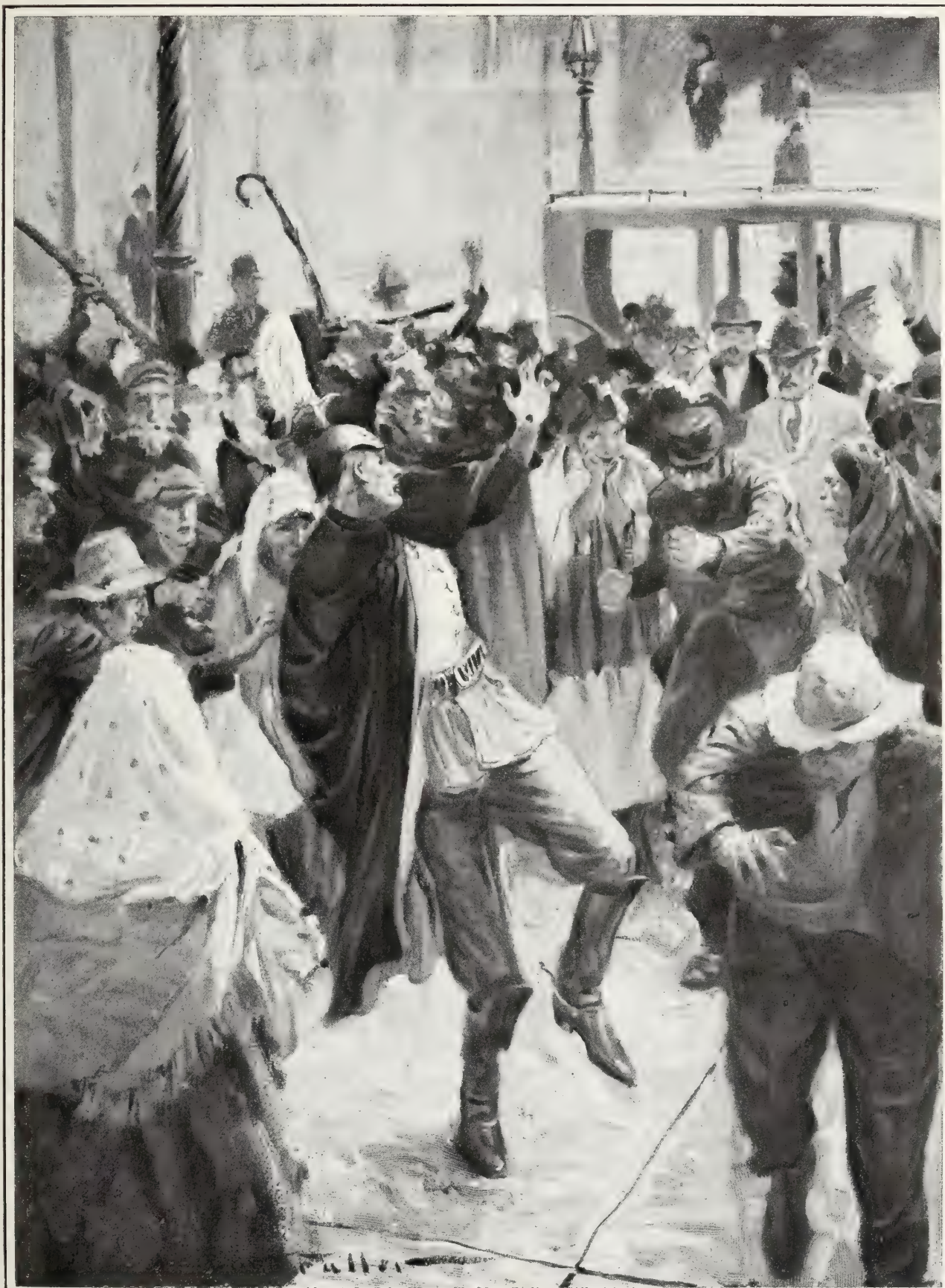
But their packing took him longer than he had anticipated. There was a tapestry he had picked up lately in Namur that must be got in some way.

It was quite the end of the afternoon by the time he was ready. He called his chauffeur and bade him carry down the three small military trunks. When this was done, he drew on his gloves and made ready to follow. From the drawer of a carved chest he took out an automatic pistol and slipped it into his empty scabbard. He smiled. That old fool Schmidt! He stalked down the empty corridor, down the silent stairs, and out onto the steps. He was still high above the square.

The sun was setting opposite him, and for a moment he paused, blinded by its red confusion. He had dressed himself very carefully, with a contemptuous desire to show these Belgian swine that his glory was still undimmed and the more practical purpose of turning up at the nearest headquarters with a uniform unmutated. About his shoulders was a blue cloak, faced and lined with crimson, and he had put on his Uhlan tunic and breeches that he had not worn since the beginning of the war. On his head was the swaggering dress *tschapka*, with the drooping plumes. The sunset surrounded his tall figure with an aura of quivering gold. He was like a statue set up to the glory and arrogance of war. As he hesitated he was not aware that in the crowd below him a thousand faces turned slowly in his direction, but, as his eyes became accustomed to the light, the blurred mass began to dissolve into individual heads and shoulders. He suddenly realized, with an unaccustomed little coldness about his heart, that he was very much alone, except for his chauffeur. . . . Von Boehn! He drew himself together. "Von Boehn!" he said to himself again. These last few days had been hard on his nerves, particularly this last business of the non-commissioned officers. But they were only Landsturm men. He mustn't begin to lose his faith in things. There was even more insolence than usual in his walk as he descended the steps.

Between him and the motor the sidewalk was jammed. He touched the man nearest to him on the shoulder.

"Would you stand back," he said. "How can I reach my car?" He was astonished at the difficulty he had in



Drawn by Arthur D. Fuller

Engraved by Nelson Demarest

HE STAGGERED BACK, ASTONISHED AND SHAKEN

putting the accustomed harshness into his request.

The man, a workman, gave way suddenly. A narrow lane began to open out. Von Boehn was aware of the rank smell of sweaty, unwashed bodies. He saw above the heads of the crowd the gray hood of his waiting motor. Suddenly a woman, a woman he could not see, began to screech close at hand. What a filthy voice she had! Damn women, anyhow!

"He killed my son!" said the voice. "Killed him—sent him away to Germany to die! Do you let him go?"

A deep breath went through the crowd, like wind across a lake.

"Do you give way?" asked von Boehn, quietly. He had been rather a fool to delay his departure so long.

"No!" said a man. He was a stout man with a black beard; he looked like a lawyer.

"It is a truce," said von Boehn.

The man wavered. "Yes, yes," he said. "It is so. We forget ourselves." His full lips shut with a snap. "But you don't deserve it," he added.

Von Boehn stepped forward quickly, a feeling of relief expanding his muscles, and stepped full into a man in a blouse, who dove through the crowd like a catapult. Von Boehn threw up an arm and a flailing fist caught him square on the mouth. He staggered back, astonished and shaken. Then he recovered himself. This was no time to fight. He felt the blood trickling over his lip, and reached for his handkerchief. A hand from behind pinioned his arm, and he felt his pistol being lifted from its holster.

"So!" said a voice. "You would shoot, would you? Here's a shot for you, then!" And a boot, with crushing force, caught him on the end of his spine. "Get to your car, Prussian," said the voice, "before it is too late!"

For a moment von Boehn saw red, and he wheeled with a gasping snarl, broken splinters of pain running up his back to his shoulder blades, his face twisted with agony and fury. And then, as suddenly as it had come, his rage dropped from him, leaving only the trembling sickness of his hurt and a cold clearness of mind, for he saw, with a

comprehensiveness that had escaped his former preoccupation while he had been attempting to reach his car, the circle of faces about him, distinct; the strained mouths, the glaring eyes. Beyond them he thought he saw other eyes; and beyond these still more; and he realized that there was a movement toward him in the crowd; that it was shutting in upon him like a monstrous vise of flesh. The apex of its control was past! It would crush him to death! He would be crushed by that dirty man with a beard opposite—crushed slowly and softly! A hazy recollection of the words he had said to Kessler came back to him; a despairing remnant of the traditions he had lived by. But he was unarmed! He drew himself up. "Stand back!" he said. "This is a truce!" But even as he said it he realized that he was ridiculous. His voice had no power in it; it was like some one else speaking far off. And he shouldn't have pleaded with them; he should have called them "Dogs!" On the other hand, had he done so he might have hurried that pressure toward him, broken the bubble in which he stood. And he didn't want to do that. No, he didn't want to do that at all! . . . There was that woman screeching again! . . . It was— Good God! . . . He had a confused impression of the bearded man being shoved toward him, a grotesque giant, half unwilling, shoulders pushing back, enormous stomach protruding; and he struck out wildly with his unaccustomed fists. They were going to tear the clothes from his body. No; they were too close. Hands flickered above his head like the rain of a cyclone. One of them drove his *tschapka* cruelly down upon his head; another brushed it entirely off. The thought came to him that he must keep his feet; he must not allow himself to go down under these shuffling boots. He drew his arms up with an immense effort and thrust them above him, and, slowly, like a cork from the neck of a bottle too small for it, he found himself rising from the crowd, until he was head and shoulders above it.

For a second or so this was a relief; at least he had more air, and then, as his frightened eyes encompassed the tangled mass of humanity surrounding

him, a new wave of sickness swept over him; the giddiness of agrophobia. This thing that sought his death wasn't individual; it was writhing and vermicular; and it was reaching for him with a blind intentness. He gave a strangled cry and began to beat with his fists at the heads nearest him. His right hand was caught, held, and pulled down. He tried to drag it free. That was a strong devil that had hold of it! What was he trying to do? An excruciating pain shot up von Boehn's arm. He—they were breaking his wrist! Good God! He beat impotently with his other hand. It, too, was caught, pulled savagely forward, and twisted. And then, suddenly, von Boehn raised his head and screamed shrilly and continuously. He did not know at first that it was his own voice, and when he did become cognizant of it, he heard it as a man would who was standing off and watching himself, were such a thing possible. He mustn't scream! He mustn't! He, von Boehn! A German; an officer! He—but his voice wouldn't stop! It went on and on. It hurt his ears. Where were they taking him? The pain at the end of his arms burst with a snap. Something seemed to break inside his head, as well, for it fell forward; then over on his shoulder. . . .

When he came to himself he was in a little room with two Belgian policemen bending over him. Near at hand others were standing. He stared at them for a moment, then down at his hands. His wrists were in splints. He tried to speak, but only a queer, broken croak came from between his lips. The memory of some intolerable shame, a memory which he was unable quite to analyze, irritated him like a fever, made his head heavy.

The policeman on his right hand stood up.

"As soon as your Excellency is well enough to travel," he said, "I should suggest that you go. We will see to your safety."

Von Boehn nodded. They helped him

to his feet, through a place that he remembered as a court-room, and so to a street that was almost deserted. His motor-car was waiting, the lamps shining in the darkness. Von Boehn sank back on the cushions of the tonneau. A policeman took the seat beside him, another sat opposite; on the running-boards were four more. They rode with him until the town was left behind. Then they descended.

"I regret, your Excellency," said the policeman who had first spoken, "this accident. It was very unwise of you not to let us know the exact hour of your departure." He hesitated. He smiled. "I am afraid the people have become lawless in the past four years," he said, as he disappeared.

The car sped into the night. Von Boehn lay huddled up in the corner, rocking with the motion. There came over him again and again that strange, nauseated feeling of irritation and shame. Once he almost whimpered. There was some memory of that last fight of his trying to make itself clear in his mind. It was an unwashable memory he felt. How could he wash it out except to go back and face those people again, or else kill himself? And either of these atonements, atonements that a little while ago would have seemed so simple, so inevitable, now seemed impossible. . . .

Here's the third communication I got on the subject from Truxton, turned war correspondent. I said "the third," didn't I? Well, that's all right. I hadn't meant to name Truxton as the writer of the letter that gave me a detailed description of von Boehn's flight, but it makes no real difference if I do. The third letter was one of Truxton's inevitable postscripts. He thinks too fast ever to say or write at one time all he means to say or write.

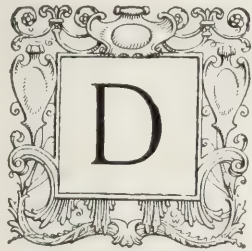
"By God!" said the third letter, with a profanity that was, as is so often the case, the most sincere of prayers, "his damned shining armor is stripped from him. He's naked to the world!"

Solving the Problem of the Arctic

HUNTING CARIBOU AND BUILDING SNOW HOUSES

BY VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

PART IV



DOUBTLESS the average man turns to polar narratives, if he turns to them at all, with the desire and expectation of reading about suffering, heroic perseverance against formidable odds, and tragedy either actual or narrowly averted. Perhaps, then, it is the "law of supply and demand" that accounts for the general tenor of Arctic books. However that be, my main interest in the story I am telling is to "get across" to the reader the idea that if you are of ordinary health and strength, if you are young enough to be adaptable and independent enough to shake off the influence of books and belief, you can find good reason to be as content and comfortable in the north as anywhere on earth. An example to me is the fall of 1914, to which I frequently look back as a time I wish I might live over again.

To begin with, we had that all-important thing, an object for which to work. The *Mary Sachs* had brought us the news that the *Karluk* had been wrecked near Wrangell Island, that the main resources of our expedition were gone, and it was up to us to make good in spite of that. I confess I had found the idea of a large expedition less of a challenge than the new conditions imposed. When you have under you many officers and more subordinates of a lower rank, it is with a commander largely a case of "He spake and it was so," an easy but uninteresting way of bringing anything about. Now, with most of our best men and resources gone, it had become a matter of individual prowess. We had to show that by adapting ourselves, unaided, to local conditions a few could do the work of many.

The first point was that, although the *Mary Sachs* had brought a certain amount of food, it would by no means have been enough even for one winter, if men and dogs had subsisted entirely on the cargo. Furthermore, as polar expeditions have proved from the earliest times down to Scott, living on ship's food brings danger of scurvy. We did not have dozens of competent and locally familiar Eskimo hunters as Peary did, for instance, to send out here and there to bring in meat of walrus or musk-ox or caribou. We had only one Eskimo hunter, Natkusiak, my companion of many years, and we had not even those easily secured walrus and musk-ox to depend on, for they are absent from Banks Island and its vicinity.

That the native resources in this place were less than are commonly found in the north made the task all the more absorbing. It was purely a question of caribou and seals, and the seals we left to the midwinter, turning our attention to caribou in the fall. This for two reasons: first, you can kill seals under favorable circumstances even in the twilight of winter when the sun never rises; but for caribou-hunting, where the field-glasses are as important as the rifle, daylight is necessary for any considerable success. Then, to us who have lived long in the north, the lean caribou of midwinter and spring are only a food, and not a very satisfactory one at that; but the fat caribou of the autumn are a delicacy which the ordinary civilized man of to-day is not fitted by experience to imagine, although King Arthur and King Alfred would have understood the matter, for theirs was an age which judged meat by taste and called it sweet, and not as our toothless generation who bestow strange flavor on meat by seasoning and praise it by calling it tender.



CONSTRUCTING A SNOW HOUSE—THE FIRST BLOCK

Wilkins, Natkusiak, and I, therefore, commenced our hunt at once.

We traveled three days northeasterly from our base at Kellett. It was snowing hard most of the time. We could not see more than a mile or two, and all caribou tracks were naturally buried by the fast-falling snow. It is an idiosyncrasy with me, or possibly a matter of pride, that, however abundant the food-supply is in the camp from which we start upon a hunt, we seldom carry more than two or three days' provisions. We have never yet failed to get some game before the fund was gone. To start with little food is generally good policy, for one travels more rapidly and hunts more energetically and feels a greater reward in his success when he knows that it is a question of getting game or going without meals. It need not be thought, either, that the method is dangerous, for no one who has tried starvation can be induced to fear four or five days without food. You get no hungrier after the afternoon of the first day, and any one who tells about having suffered from going three or four days without food will get scant sympathy from me. Having three days' provisions in the sled really means that your party is good for at least ten days, before which time something is sure to turn up.

But at this time of the year the darkness was coming on rapidly and we had to make our harvest in its proper season. The caribou were getting leaner and their meat less desirable every day. On the fourth day I asked Wilkins, as the man then least experienced of the three of us, (although he later became a first-class hunter) to stay in camp to see that nothing happened to it and the dogs while Natkusiak and I struck off in different directions through a moderately thick blizzard to hunt. The visibility of caribou in that sort of storm was under four hundred yards, but there is this compensatory advantage in a blizzard, that by real watchfulness you are practically certain to see caribou before they see you, and that at a range where you can begin shooting at once. Furthermore, the wind drowns any noise you might make and the storm itself seems to make the animals less watchful. While, therefore, you have a small chance of finding caribou at all, yet if you do happen to run into them you have a good chance of killing them.

We were in a country which none of us had previously seen, and there were no river-courses or landmarks that could be thoughtlessly followed away from camp with the assurance that you could

with equal thoughtlessness follow them back again. In that sort of weather it is a matter of the closest observation and the most careful reckoning to find your way home to camp. As you advance you must notice the speed with which you are walking and the time you are proceeding in any given direction, and you must know exactly at what angle to the wind you are traveling. Furthermore, you must check the wind occasionally, either by your pocket compass or by a snowdrift on the ground, to see that it isn't changing, for an unnoticed change in the wind would throw otherwise careful reckoning completely out of gear. The method of such a hunt, if you are leaving a camp in unknown topography, is first to walk around the hill—for our hunting-camps are commonly on high hilltops—and examine each face of the hill carefully enough so that you feel sure that if you strike any point of it within half a mile of camp you will recognize it on the return. When the topography of the half-mile square or so surrounding camp has been memorized, you strike out perhaps right into the wind or perhaps at an angle of forty-five or ninety degrees to it, and travel straight for an hour or two hours, according to the degree of confidence you have in your ability to get back. If no game has been found, you turn at some known angle (commonly a right angle) to your original course and walk in that direction a carefully estimated distance, perhaps as far as you did in the first direction. If then nothing has been found you turn again, and if you this time also make a right-angle turn, it is easy to calculate at what time you are opposite camp and one hour or two hours' walk away from it. Turning a third right angle, will face you directly for camp, and if you have been careful you will land within half a mile of your mark, or within the area which you memorized before starting. But should you miss it, you will know, at any rate, at what time you are close to it, and by carefully thinking the matter out you will see how to walk around in circles or squares of continually increasing size until you find a place you know.

If in the course of your walk you do see game, your first thought must be to take the time by the watch or make

some similar observation to assure yourself at that moment of the direction of your camp. If you can kill the game at that spot the matter is simple, but if you have to follow about a good deal, or if it is a trail you come upon rather than the game itself and you follow the trail, then it is not so easy to lay down the proper rules for getting back. Everything can, however, be summarized by saying that you must continually memorize your course; and if you do this it is only a matter of angles to determine the course you must eventually take when you start for home.

This simple outline of our procedure in a storm, and in fact at all other times when direct vision will not serve, will show at once why it is that a white man of trained mind can find his way home so frequently where an Eskimo has to camp away from home and wait for clear weather.

In the hunt under discussion I walked about three miles into the wind, then three miles to one side and back to camp without seeing any sign of game, but it turned out that Natkusiak had been more lucky. Within two or three hours after my return we knew that this must be so, for otherwise he would have been back. And, sure enough, just as daylight was disappearing he returned with an account of seeing about thirty caribou and killing and skinning seventeen of them. Wolves were very numerous at this time and we frequently saw them in bands of ten or less, and our first concern was to get the meat of these deer home. By the next evening we had more than three-quarters of it safe, although the wolves did get some. When the meat had been gathered, Natkusiak and I again hunted, but in clearer weather. This time the luck was reversed; Natkusiak saw some deer which he failed to get, while I saw a band of twenty-three and secured them in twenty-seven shots.

It must not be supposed that killing twenty-three caribou in twenty-seven shots is anything remarkable. This will appear when you see how it was done. To begin with, with my powerful field-glasses I saw the band at a distance of seven or eight miles. I advanced to within about a mile of where they were grazing, climbed a hill much higher than

the rest of the country, and spent half an hour or so in memorizing all the topography in that vicinity. There were various small hills and little hollows and creek-beds here and there, with branches in varied directions. All this could be studied from the greater elevation, and the main difficulty of the hunt was to remember the important details after you had descended into the lower country, where everything on closer view looked different. The wind was fairly steady and I made the approach from leeward. But I found, when I got within half a mile of the deer, that they had moved to the top of a ridge and were feeding along the top, as it happened, about sidewise to the wind. There was no cover by which they could be directly approached, so I went to the ridge about half a mile from them and lay down to wait. They grazed in my direction very slowly for half an hour or so, and then lay down and rested an hour and a half or more. Meantime I had nothing to do but wait. If, when they got through resting, they had decided either to descend from the ridge or reverse their course and graze back to where they came from, I should merely have had to make another *détour* and start the hunt over again. But they grazed tow-

ard me, and in another hour every one of the twenty-three was within two hundred yards of me, and some of them within fifty yards. Caribou and other wild animals commonly fail to recognize danger in anything that is motionless, so long as they are not able to smell it. They saw me plainly, of course, just as they saw all the rest of the scenery, but their intelligence was not equal to realizing that I was something quite different from the other things they saw.

About this time, when the lakes are freezing all around, the lake ice and, even the ground itself, keeps cracking with a loud, explosive noise, so caribou frequently seem to take rifle-shots for the cracking of ice and are not disturbed. I took pains to see that my first shots especially should be of the right kind. In a situation like this the brain or spine is the best place to hit, for if the animal drops stone dead the herd is not inclined to be frightened. What you must guard against is a wound through or near the heart, for an animal shot that way will commonly startle the herd by making a sprint of fifty to two hundred yards at top speed and then dropping, turning a somersault in falling. But he will always run in the direction he is facing when shot, so that you



THE FIRST TIER COMPLETED

can control his movements by waiting until he is facing in a suitable direction. When an animal is frightened he will run toward the center of the band, and if he is already in the middle of the band will probably not run at all, at least for the moment. But caribou shot through the body back of the diaphragm will usually stand still where they are, or, after running half a dozen yards, lie down quietly as they would when well fed and inclined to rest. I therefore now did a thing that may seem cruel, but which is necessary in our work; I shot two or three animals through the body, and they lay quietly down. The noise of the shots had attracted the attention of the herd, but had not frightened them, because they were so used to the cracking of ice. Furthermore, the sight of an animal quietly lying down is conclusive with caribou and allays their fear from almost any source. I was therefore in no hurry, so that, after shooting one animal, I moved my rifle so slowly that the caribou did not notice the movement and brought it to bear on the next one, holding it so near the ground that the working of the bolt in reloading was equally not noticed. After the first animals had lain down, I shot two or three near by through the neck, and then I began shooting for the hearts of those farthest away, so that any of them, if they ran, would run toward me. The calves I left till the last.

The very deliberation with which this sort of hunting is done, while it makes conspicuous the element of cruelty, makes it the least cruel method possible from the point of view of the pain caused the animals. A number of hunters greatly excited and blazing away in the manner of those inexperienced or afflicted with "buck fever," will result in all sorts of painful wounds that are not fatal and that may be borne for days or weeks by animals that escape. The most cruel of wounds to caribou is a broken leg, for there is no hope of recovery, and yet they can escape for the time being. I have on two or three occasions had a chance to study these animals afterward. They appear to realize that their speed, now that they have only three legs to run on, is inferior to the rest of the herd, and they are in evident

and continual dread of the wolves that are sure eventually to drag them down unless a hunter's bullet mercifully intervenes. In a properly conducted hunt by such a method as ours, a wounded animal hardly ever escapes, and with our powerful rifles even a shot through the abdominal cavity will tear so many blood-vessels that death takes place inside of five minutes.

The reason for killing entire bands of caribou is that of convenience. If you kill them in scattered places the freighting problem becomes serious, and especially the matter of protection from wolves. But with a big kill you can camp right by the meat and see that none of it gets lost. Furthermore, in islands like Banks Island caribou are so scarce that in the ordinary fall hunts, in order to get enough meat, we have to kill 75 per cent. or more of all animals seen. In the fall of 1914 we had only two or three weeks of reasonably good daylight in which to get meat for all winter. For when the daylight comes again in the spring we are not only busy with the ice exploratory work, but also the meat is lean and, while edible, neither nutritious nor half as palatable as the fall-killed meat.

Any one who sees charm in the life of a hunter or life in the open will need no argument to convince him that the lives of Arctic hunters are interesting, but he may, nevertheless, think they are uncomfortable enough for that to be a serious drawback. This is by no means the case, thanks to the comfortable dwellings in which we spend our nights and excessively stormy days and any periods that are idle through necessity or choice.

A snow house that is essentially as comfortable as a room of the same size in an ordinary dwelling-house can be put up in fifty minutes or an hour. Somewhere near the deer-kill we find a snowbank that is of the right depth and consistency. With our soft deerskin boots we walk around on the drifts, and if we see faint imprints of our feet but nowhere break through, we assume that the drift is a suitable one, but examine it farther by probing with a rod similar to the rod of an umbrella or a very slender cane. When the right bank has been found we get out our sixteen-inch butch-



LAYING THE FIRST BLOCK OF THE SECOND TIER

er-knives or twenty-inch *machetes* and cut the snow into domino-shaped blocks about four inches thick, fifteen to twenty inches wide, and twenty to thirty-five inches long. These blocks, according to their size and the density of the snow, will weigh from fifty to over a hundred pounds, and must be strong enough to stand not only their own weight when propped up on edge or when being carried around, but if they are intended for the lower tiers of the house they must also be capable of supporting the weight of three to five hundred pounds of other blocks resting upon them.

The house itself should be built preferably on a level part of the drift where the snow is three or more feet deep. The first block is set on edge as a domino might be on a table, but with your knife you slightly undercut the inner edge of it so as to make the block lean inward at a very slight angle if the house is to be a big one, or at a considerable angle if it is to be a small one. If, to use the language of physics, you want to lean the block over enough to bring the line of the center of gravity outside the base, this can be done by putting up a second block at the same time and propping one against the other. But this is never done in actual practice, for a house so

small as to necessitate this would be too small for human habitation.

The oval or circle that is to be the ground plan of the house may be determined by eye as the builder sets up the blocks one after the other; but in practice I make an outline with a string with pegs at either end, one peg planted in the center of the house and the other used to describe the circumference, somewhat as a school-boy may use two pencils and a string to make a circle on a piece of paper. I find that even the best of snow-house builders, Eskimo or white, if they rely on the eye alone in determining the size and shape, will now and then err in the size of the house, making it uncomfortably small or unnecessarily large for the intended number of occupants. But with a string a simple mathematical calculation always tells you how many feet of radius will accommodate the intended number of lodgers.

It will be seen by the photographs that when you once have your first block standing on edge, it is a simple matter to prop all the other blocks up by leaning one against the other. The nature of snow is such that when a block has been standing on a snowbank or leaning on another block for a matter of five or ten

minutes in frosty weather, it is cemented to the other blocks and to the snow below at all points of contact and can be moved only by exerting force enough to break it loose.

When the first tier has been completed, the question arises, How can the second tier be begun? There are many ways, but the simplest is to select any point in the circle formed by your first tier and from the top edge of one of the blocks make a diagonal cut downward to the bottom edge of the far corner of the same block, or of the second or third block. In the niche thus formed you place the first block of the second tier, its end abutting on the last block of the ground tier. After that you lean the second block on the second tier against the first block of the second tier, and so on, building up spirally. The blocks of each tier must be inclined inward at a greater angle than those of the tier below and a less angle than those of the tier above. In other words, what you are trying to do is to build an approximately perfect dome.

By the simple experiment of propping two books of the same size against each other on a table, it will be found that they cannot fall unless they slide past each other where they meet at the corners or slip on the table. But snow is so

sticky that the blocks do not slip on the snowbank where you are building, and we cut the corners in such a way that they meet with even faces and do not tend to slip past one another any more than do blocks in a masonry dome. The matter of building with snow blocks is far simpler than that of building with blocks of masonry, for stone is an intractable substance and has to be shaped according to a mathematical calculation or molded in an exact form before it is put in its intended position; but, snow being a most tractable substance, all forethought becomes unnecessary. We place the block in its approximate position in the wall and then lean it gradually against the block that next preceded it, and, by the method of trial and error, continually snip off piece after piece until the block settles comfortably into the position where it belongs. A glance at the photographs, especially the ones illustrating the latter steps in the building, shows that the blocks cannot possibly fall unless they first break.

It becomes evident, therefore, that, with photographs and a description and possibly, for surety's sake, a diagram or two in addition, the building of snow houses could be taught by correspondence to boys in any place on earth where the winters are cold enough and the



A HALT FOR DINNER



CARE IS REQUIRED TO GET THE BLOCKS IN POSITION

winds strong enough to form hard snow-drifts that last for several days or weeks at a time. Yet it is curious and hard to explain that the building of snow houses has until just lately been considered a sort of mystery. Sir Leopold McClintock was one of the first (if not the first) of polar explorers to point out that snow houses are so comfortable that their use would make Arctic exploration a simpler, safer, and pleasanter occupation, but he goes on to say that unfortunately white men cannot make snow houses, and that he himself did the next best thing by erecting vertical walls of snow and roofing them over with a tarpaulin. He comments on the inferiority of this dwelling to the real snow house, but insists that it is greatly superior to the ordinary tent used in exploration. While it is odd that McClintock should be so far behind the Eskimos with whom he associated, in that he could not build the snow houses which they built with ease, it is also notable that, so far as white men were concerned, he was a generation ahead of his time in realizing their value. Any one who tries it will agree with him that snow walls with a tarpaulin roof make a much better camp than the silk tents used by many explorers down to the present time.

If four men co-operate in the building of a snow house, one usually cuts the blocks, a second carries them, a third man builds inside, and the fourth follows the builder around and chinks in all the crevices between the blocks with soft snow. Ten minutes after this has been done the soft snow in the crevices has become as hard as, and even a good deal harder than, the blocks themselves, so that the house, although fragile when being built, becomes moderately strong half an hour later.

When the snow dome has been otherwise finished a tunnel is dug through the drift into the house, giving a sort of a trap-door entrance through the floor. Most Eskimos, failing to understand certain principles of thermodynamics, use a door in the side of the house. But it is obvious that if a door in the wall is open and if the interior of the house is being artificially heated, then (warm air being lighter than cold) there will be a continual current of the heated air going out through the upper half of the doorway and cold current from the outside entering along the floor. But if the door is on a level with the floor or a little below it, then the warm air from the house cannot go out through the door, even with the door open, because warm

air has no inclination except that of rising. It is equally obvious that the cold air cannot come in through the open door in the floor so long as the house above the floor is filled with warmer air, for two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time. In heating the house, whether it be by blue-flame kerosene-stove, seal-oil lamp, or the bodies and breathing of people, poisons accumulate and ventilation becomes necessary. So we have a ventilating hole in the roof, depending in diameter on the various conditions of external temperature, abundance of fuel, and on whether people are awake or asleep.

When the tunnel and door have been excavated, the bedding is passed into the house, and a layer of deerskins with the hair down is spread to cover the entire floor except just where the cooking is done. Over this layer we spread another layer of skins with the hair up. The reason for the double insulation is that the interior of the house is going to be warmer presently and people are going to sit around on the floor and later are going to sleep on it, and if the insulation were not practically perfect, the heat from the cooking and from the bodies of the sleepers would penetrate through the bedding to the snow under-

neath and by melting it would make the bedclothes wet. By actual experience we find that when the temperature of the weather outside, and consequently the snow inside, is anything like zero Fahrenheit, or lower, then a double layer of deerskins will prevent any thawing taking place underneath the bed, the snow there remaining as dry as sand in a desert.

When the floor has been covered and the bedding, cooking-gear, writing materials, and other things brought in, a fire is lighted, the fuel varying according to circumstances. The end to be gained, if fuel is abundant, is to heat the house until the snow in its roof and walls begins to thaw. If the fuel allows it, we sometimes bring the temperature within doors temporarily as high as eighty degrees Fahrenheit. We keep feeling of the roof and walls to watch the progress of thawing. The thawing, of course, is most rapid in the roof, as the hot air accumulates against it, and usually the lowest tier of blocks near the floor does not thaw at all. As thawing proceeds no dripping occurs, because dry snow is the best sort of blotter and soaks the water into itself as fast as it forms. When the inner layer of the roof has become properly wet with the thawing



THE LAST BLOCK BUT ONE IN PLACE

and the walls damp to a less degree, we either put out the fire temporarily or make a large hole in the roof, or both, and allow the house to freeze. This forms a glazing film of ice for the house, giving it far greater strength than it had before, with the further advantage that if you rub against the glazed surface scarcely anything will adhere to your clothing, while if you were to rub against the dry snow before the glazing takes place you would get your shoulder white, with a good deal of the snow perhaps falling on the bed. After this glazing the house is so strong that, without taking special care, any number of men could climb on top of it, and polar bears may, and occasionally do, walk over these houses, and I have never known of one breaking. Their strength, however, is somewhat the same as the strength of an egg-shell, and while they are difficult to crush with pressure, they are easy to break with a blow. A polar bear has no trouble in getting in if he wants to, for one sweep of his paw will scratch a great, penetrating hole.

Two hours after the building of the house is begun every one is comfortably inside, eating a warm supper. Whether on the sea-ice or ashore, we usually feel that we have an abundance of fuel. This

will explain any apparent discrepancy between our accounts of the comfort of our snow houses and the accounts of others, who describe the temperature in them as being ten or twenty degrees below freezing. Those who have depended in cooking and heating on the alcohol or other fuel brought with them, have usually omitted heating except as it was incidental to the cooking. They had cunningly devised means for concentrating the flame of either alcohol or kerosene stoves against the bottom of the pot, and if any heat escaped into the house it was in spite of them. When the cooking was done the stove was promptly extinguished. We, by contrast, take no pains to concentrate our fire against the pot and are glad to have half the heat escape into the room, but even at that our houses are seldom warm enough when the cooking is finished and we burn the stove for some time afterward. If the house was built at fifty below zero, each block in the wall was also of that temperature and contained what we may unscientifically speak of as a great deal of "latent cold." To neutralize this it is necessary to keep the house at a temperature of about sixty degrees Fahrenheit for a considerable time, which we usually do. The snow



THE WALLS ARE BUILT BUT THE CREVICES HAVE STILL TO BE FILLED IN



THE SNOW HOUSE COMPLETE

out of which the house has been built is so nearly cold-proof that when the latent cold has once been neutralized, the heat of our bodies keeps the temperature well above the freezing-point, even with the hole in the roof for ventilation. But if the weather outside gets a little warmer than when we made camp, our body heat may be too great or the cooking may produce too much heat, and the roof in that case will begin to melt. This we take not so much as a sign that the house is too warm, but rather that the roof is too thick, so we send a man out with a knife to shave it down, perhaps from four inches to two inches, giving the cold from outside a chance to penetrate and neutralize the heat from within, stopping the thawing. It may happen the next day that the weather turns cold again and in that case hoar frost begins to form on the roof and drops in the form of snow-flakes on the bed. That is a sign that the roof is now too thin, and a man goes out with a shovel and piles the necessary amount of soft snow on the roof to

blanket it till the formation of hoar frost stops.

If you remember that all of us who have spent more than a year "living on the country" are quite of the Eskimo opinion that no food on earth is better than caribou meat, and if you have any experience in the life of a hunter anywhere, you will realize that in the evenings when we sit in these warm houses, feasting with keen appetites on unlimited quantities of boiled ribs, we have all the creature comforts. What we lack, if we feel any lack at all, will be possibly the presence of friends far away, or the chance to hear opera or see the movies. At any rate, it is true that today in the movie-infested city I long for more snow-house evenings after caribou-hunts as I never in the north longed for clubs or concerts or orange-groves. And this is not peculiar to me. The men who have hunted with me are nearly all of the same mind—they are either in the north now, on the way back there by whaling-ship, or eating their hearts out because they cannot go.

The Deeper Vision

BY LAWRENCE PERRY



ELEN NORDYKE herself drew the small table containing cigars, cigarettes, and a curious, gold-mounted decanter of cognac to the chair in which Israel Blanchard seated himself with an anticipatory sigh.

"My dear lady," he said, "you are very good to an old man—ah, *Planet*, eh!" He turned to the decanter with glistening eyes. "Prohibition in Washington, then, is an adjustable fact?"

"Some of us," she smiled, "find our cellars susceptible to a waning adjustment. In this case the weather justifies ourselves to our consciences." She turned to the window, against which the rain of a gusty March evening was beating with venomous lash; through the watery darkness came the diffused glow of the lamps of Dupont Circle. "What a night to venture forth in behalf of a lonely woman!"

The man gestured and spoke gallantly. "You must consider the attraction—eh?"

Lighting a cigar, Blanchard settled down in his chair, slowly turning the glass of brandy so that the amber rays lay along the back of his hand, and hummed tunelessly.

But Helen Nordyke fancied she knew the attraction: it related to an irritating issue between the mighty corporation of which Blanchard was the president and a department of the government service whose head was regarded—with reason, perhaps—as not altogether out of her sphere of influence.

"There is no reason, really, Mr. Blanchard," she said, with her characteristic manner of approaching the point of things, "why you and Mr. Phelps should not understand each other. Most assuredly you cannot appeal to him on the moral points involved, because his mind and his instincts are legal. Then again he is not so sure—nor I—that your

moral grounds are either sound or sincere."

"Well" — Blanchard, recognizing something more than an intimation, stared thoughtfully at his cigar—"the truth is, we have been badly advised by our attorneys—which, by the way, is a point I wish later to bring up with you. We have no legal case, I admit; and morally, I fear, we are at best on dubious—"

"Then go to him and admit it," she interrupted. "He recognizes your plight, don't you know, and I am sure will be willing to compromise in such manner as to permit you to withdraw from an untenable position."

He regarded her a moment, nodding and smiling.

"What a woman you are! Do you know, I heard it said the other day that your position at the capital was comparable with that of no woman since the French group of the—the Bourbon restoration, I think it was."

"That is a gorgeously flattering statement, Mr. Blanchard." And she was flattered, immensely so, at the implied tribute. For it was the solid structure of affairs, not the superficialities of social intercourse, that made her life worth while. With Helen Nordyke the graces of the drawing-room and the tea-table and the lure of her personal appeal were altogether negligible when they were not the means to significant, if disinterested, ends. Social prestige *per se* meant nothing to her at all.

"You spoke," she said, sinking into a chair at his side, "of some point you wished to bring up with me."

"Yes, I've been thinking about that." He puffed his cigar with eyes half-closed, blowing blue clouds of smoke toward the ceiling.

"The Congressional session ends tonight," he remarked, at length.

"Yes, out they go, a great many—including the Senator."

"Yes. . . . Yes." He glanced at her, not failing to catch the little note of bitterness. She was toying idly with a fold of her skirt, her eyes fixed upon the rug.

"You will stay on in Washington, of course," he said, breaking the pause.

"Yes—yes. . . . Oh, assuredly." But the man must have caught the lurking uncertainty that belied her words.

"I thought, of course, that you would. You are so—so well placed here. Ahem! That brings me to Senator Nordyke. Has he any plans?"

She started.

"Why, really, Mr. Blanchard, I don't know. We haven't discussed the matter at all definitely since the November elections. I have been tremendously occupied, and, of course, he has been."

"I see. Well, let me lay this before you: my concern needs a big-gauge man like Nordyke—always has. Now the Senator isn't a man of the approachable sort, somehow. I don't want to talk to him in this connection. But you can. You can put this proposition before him in the right way, I am sure. He can name his own price; money is no object at all, Mrs. Nordyke. I have had a number of sizable men in mind—but Senator Nordyke is the man we want, the man we must have." He eyed the woman eagerly, noting the flush that was slowly darkening her face. "It would involve," he added, "legal services both here and in New York."

"Mr. Blanchard!" She hesitated, then leaned forward impulsively. "I don't know what to say, really. I'll speak to him, of course, if you wish me to."

"I want you to do more than that," he returned. "I want you to lend the proposal your personal support."

"Well, really—" She laughed excitedly. "I think I can promise you that—although I don't guarantee its influence."

"I'll take that on faith," he said, rising. "In the mean time I can be reached any time tomorrow at the Willard."

After Blanchard departed Helen Nordyke lingered in the wide hall of the old Colonial mansion, gazing through the doorway which led into the drawing-

room, marking the various notes of her individuality which the apartment contained. There were so many things suggestive of epoch and of growth, and yet all merged in one dominant, characteristic impression.

Presently she moved into this room and, after a moment or two of abstraction, switched off all but the central crimson-shaded lamp, thus throwing the recesses into a soft gloom.

"Twelve years!" She went to the window and stood looking out into the tumultuous night, with its vague wayfarers, heads bent to the blast, hurrying by, the pavement scintillating with pools of light. How unformed she had been in those early years, how grooveless her mind—yet, filled with vague purpose. And now— She recalled with a slight, wry smile an editorial comment in a home newspaper prior to the November election that, "as for the wife of Senator Nordyke, she resents the necessity of conversing in terms of less than three nations."

Well, perhaps. At all events, she spoke no language, and exercised no grace or art that this particular journalist could understand.

The measure of her accomplishment, what she was to herself and to those about her, was the place she had won at the capital, a definite place which had but expanded and increased in significance as administrations had changed, and men and women, moving for the moment in brief prominence, had waned and disappeared. Yes, she had her position, significant in the varied manifestations of its influence, unique until now in its security—until now!

Frowning, she moved to a pier-glass and surveyed her tall, poised figure. The quivering of her hand as she raised it to adjust a loose strand of hair gave her for the first time something more than a hint as to the poignance of her mood, the result, not so much of Blanchard's unexpected offer—which, however, was altogether gratifying, not to say thrilling—as of the concrete form his offer had given to a question which she had in the past months persistently forced to the background—the question of their future. Yet, of course, they would not leave Washington. The idea was grossly

inconceivable. Senator Nordyke understood this—well, tacitly at least. She had told Blanchard that the matter had not been definitely discussed. As a fact, it had not been discussed at all.

She wondered, not for the first time, why her husband had not spoken to her upon a matter so important in its bearing upon their future, but, as in the past, she had decided he would have spoken had he had any intention of returning to their home state in the Middle West, so now came the fear that his silence had been as largely due to the understanding that they would leave the capital as her silence had been the result of the opposing assumption.

She did not wish to go home. Home! The woman's lips curled in a disagreeable smile. Her life was here. She had not the slightest intention of leaving. She was waiting for Senator Nordyke to tell him so, to acquaint him with Blanchard's offer—and yet, not altogether certain how she would do either. For while their relations in the home had been as ideal as a high-minded man and woman, deeply in love, could make them, yet there had been always, on the part of both, something more than a tendency toward reticence in all that pertained to extraneous affairs of his career and of hers. They had never experienced the need to dwell upon details of the road when each was sure of the direction the other was travelling.

Helen Nordyke moved impatiently as the big clock in the library tolled the hour of midnight. Walking into the library, she selected an international review from among the magazines on the table and settled herself to read. But, unable to concentrate her faculties upon aught save the approaching interview with her husband, she laid the periodical aside and returned to the drawing-room, where, standing by the window, she watched for belated taxicabs, tapping her foot nervously as one after another signaled its approach with a vague honking, appeared, and plunged on past the house.

It was, in fact, nearly one o'clock when she heard his key in the lock and advanced into the hall to meet him.

Senator Nordyke blinked surprisedly. His dark eyes were glistening, and

strands of his black hair which fell upon his forehead were damp with the mist. The ends of the black tie lay limply upon the bosom of his shirt; his collar was wilted.

"Helen! I didn't expect you to wait up for me. I said so, didn't I? Just the same, I'm grateful, appreciate it." He struggled out of his coat and kissed her.

"Yes—" She hesitated. "Yes, I waited. I wanted to talk to you, Stanton. . . . Are your feet wet?"

"No, no, not at all. Storm shoes. Well, I don't mind a talk. As a matter of fact, we've had too few of them in the past year. I wonder if I could have some hot tea?"

"The tea-things are in the drawing-room. I thought perhaps you might want something. Or brandy?"

"No, tea." He followed her into the drawing-room, and as she busied herself over the lamp he threw himself heavily into a chair, sighing. "Well, it's over. We cleaned up everything—river and harbor, income tax, the railroad mess—"

She was bending over the tea-caddy and made no reply. He regarded her graceful figure and handsome profile with a smile of appreciation.

"We're out, Helen. . . . I wonder how we're going to find Bolton?"

"I—" Her voice was muffled. "I wonder."

"Eh?"

"Then we are going back to Bolton?"

He glanced at her, not quite comprehending.

"It *will* be a change, won't it?"

He waited a moment, and then, as she did not reply, he went on: "But do you know, Helen, I've been thinking—in fact, wrestling. But now the outlook is clear and definite in my mind. Helen, we've been living so long in the brain of the country that it'll be an experience well worth while to live again in the heart—especially with our perspective. It'll be mighty interesting. By George—!" He arose and began to pace the floor, pausing presently in front of her.

"I tell you, Helen, it was disheartening, of course—that election. But, do you know, there's a great opportunity for both of us back there. We've learned things here; grown, expanded immeasurably. There is raw material at home

worth any one's handling, a whole structure to be built. And we can build it, you and I."

She studied him curiously, fully able to follow his mental processes. The thought came that, much as she had grown, she had not outgrown him; that, in fact, her attainment of stature had but enabled her the better to know and to appreciate him. Withal, he had his failings, as she had hers; as indeed, every one had.

"In other words, Helen," he concluded, "we go back with all our equipment to make due and proper return to the people who sent us here."

"And who now take us away?"

His voice was stern.

"The point is, Helen, that they *sent* us here; gave us our opportunity."

"And we pay with our lives? I suppose you'll agree."

"We pay with our—yes, with our lives, with the rich fullness thereof." He took the proffered cup of tea and set it upon the table, stirring the steaming fluid as he stood. "We pay with the advantages in the way of breadth and culture and knowledge which we never would have acquired had we remained in Bolton—"

"I wonder," she interrupted, coldly, "if I quite follow you."

"You mean just how we shall pay?" He hesitated a moment, then laughed. "Well, there you have me at the moment; I've been so tremendously pressed. . . . But there are ways, many ways, never doubt. Bolton, our entire section of the state, needs pulling up, needs all sorts of enlightenment."

"That"—she smiled ruefully—"has been made most clear."

He gestured hurriedly. "Oh, I didn't mean *that*! The election was never in my thought. As to that, of course our, my, constituents have the perfect right of their preference. . . . By the way, there was a committee on from Bolton at to-day's session—Cruikshank, Harmon, Witherbee, and others. They leave tomorrow noon and are going to drop in here in the morning. You don't mind, of course."

"But I *do* mind, Stanton." She arose from her chair and confronted him, her eyes flashing. "I hate them all, every

one, and I wish neither to see nor hear of any of them, ever. Boors! Bounders! Common miscellany! Stanton, I detest and despise them. And you, I suppose you palavered with them and—and—forgive me, Stanton, but the very thought of them makes me hateful. Harmon! Witherbee!—the Reverend Doctor Samuel J. Witherbee, who had the effrontery to preach a sermon against you because we served wine with dinner until Washington became dry!"

"Well, you know Bolton. You know Witherbee," he smiled.

"Yes, altogether too well. . . . Stanton, we are not going back to Bolton. We're going to stay here. All your life you have been leaning backward, to your utter detriment and I've said nothing. But now I interfere. I—"

"Leaning backward!" he interpellated with some show of warmth. "Just what do you mean by that?"

"Let me see if I can give you my meaning through examples. She paused, collecting her thoughts. "Well, here, for instance: when we were first married, struggling along on the proceeds of your meager legal practice, you refused to accept a benefaction from Mrs. Stimson whom you had befriended and bulwarked to the day of her death—you refused the legacy because she had a son whom you decided was entitled to the money."

"Well, wasn't he?"

"He was dissolute, a drunkard, a criminal; he was in jail when his mother died. Now what did he do with that money you turned over to him? You needn't answer, because I happen to know what he did with it. Drank himself to death inside of two years."

She waited a moment and then, as the man did not speak, she went on:

"That was the question for you to decide in the original instance—who would put the money to the highest use? It was not at all a question of the abstract rights of relationship, Stanton; the issue was downright practical."

He sat staring at her, not speaking, and yet somehow she gathered he was not at loss for a reply. She swept on:

"You refused to advocate that river-dredging bill, although it was supported by the Congressmen of the district, on

the ground that there was no need for the work. So it has gone, throughout—ever leaning backward on the slightest pretext. That's the reason, the only reason, why you're retiring from Congress to-night; your inhibitions have not been practical. You—"

"Wait a moment, Helen." He raised his hand, his voice dull and toneless. "All this is rather new—I'm not sure I care to go into these matters, which, after all, involve merely points of view. . . . I have not minded my recall by the people of my state; others, better than I, have tasted that medicine. What does afflict me is that I have failed in your sight."

She came to him with a sharp cry. "But that's it, you old darling; you haven't failed in my sight! Don't I know the great heart of you—and that frightful conscience? If I gave you the impression that I held you at anything under the highest value it was because of my earnestness in attempting to convince you that you were not meant to be a politician and that you were not appreciated—and never will be—in Bolton. I know your greatness, your ability. So do others. That's what I wish to speak about."

"The others?" he asked, dryly.

"Yes, others. Stanton, what would you think of an offer from the International By-Products Corporation to alternate between Washington and New York as their legal representative?"

There was a long silence.

"So," he said, at length, "you got that proposition out of old Blanchard?"

"He came to me," she replied, sharply, "appealing to me to use my influence. And so I most conscientiously do."

"Why did he not come to me?"

She did not hesitate a moment.

"Frankly, because he did not dare. Not that he did not believe unqualifiedly in the genuineness and honor of the project. You know more than I do about Blanchard as a business man and about his corporation. Tell me, is there anything wrong with either? Certainly I never heard of anything."

"H'm!" Nordyke set aside his teacup and, rising, began slowly to pace up and down the floor. "So you don't wish to return to Bolton?"

"I do not, Stanton, most certainly not. You are not understood, not appreciated, there, and I, of course, am not. Oh," she continued, "it is all very well to talk of uplift and of other ideals which we are to implant. But what would be the result, can you imagine? I can: 'Senator and Mrs. Nordyke,'"—her voice became nasal in mimicry—" 'Senator and Mrs. Nordyke putting on airs; trying to show how superior they are, now that they've got their come-upance and been put back in their proper place.' Ah, Stanton"—she came to him and put her arms about him—"be practical, for my sake. What, really, have we to do with Bolton, you and I? For everything it may have given us we have given good measure in return, pressed down and running over. Am I right?"

She had drawn him close, her soft, firm arms tightening upon his neck, and then as his arms went about her she yielded to the embrace.

"And suppose," he whispered, "I insist upon returning to Bolton? Suppose I were to say that our duty, our highest future, lay in Bolton?"

She kissed him. "I can say no more than I have said, Stanton."

"Suppose," he insisted—"suppose I say I am going back to Bolton?"

Helen drew back her head, studying him a moment.

"Then," she replied, finally, "I, of course, shall go with you. You never for a moment thought—that, did you, Stanton?"

"No." He hesitated a moment, deliberating. Then, without further words, with head lowered, brows knitted, he began to pace the floor. At length, with a sharp click of his lips, he confronted his wife, who had been watching him, immobile, yet surprised at the force of her own intensity.

"Helen," he said, "it's a long cry, as I look back, to the time when we first began together—a perfect team, as I recall."

"Always, Stanton."

"I owed a lot to you. You began earlier with your education than I and you had things to give me, a very great many."

"Stanton—"

"Let me go on, Helen. You may have



"YOU WILL STAY ON IN WASHINGTON, OF COURSE," HE SAID

forgotten—we've both been so self-sufficient in recent years; but I haven't forgotten. Well, we went up—pretty high. Personally there didn't seem anything could stop me. Opposition was something to trample over. State issues came to seem mighty slender, Helen, in view of the bigger things."

"You outgrew the state—you were of the world, Stanton."

"And so thrust out into the world, en?" Nordyke laughed. "It was a cropper, frankly, I had not looked for, and so—the world! Well, the world, first of all, produces Blanchard . . . Blanchard! There's a good fight to be done home—and I'm something of a fighter." He studied her a moment. "But I can't, I won't fight without your whole-hearted backing, Helen!"

"I said I'd go to Bolton with you, Stanton"—her voice was strangely flat—"but, frankly, I don't know how whole-heartedly I could be about anything there."

His manner changed suddenly. "You think I ought to train with Blanchard, then?"

She came close to him with flashing eyes. "Stanton, I do. There isn't the slightest element of doubt in my mind. You progress, always; you still trample over opposition; nothing can keep you down." Her voice rose. "Destiny draws

her issues sharply. She presents New York, Washington—and you speak of Bolton, Stanton!"

He waited a moment and then jerked his head, a mannerism which invariably accompanied his decisions.

"I'm not so sure about Blanchard, Helen. That's a matter to be discussed between us at some length. At all events, there will be no hurry."

"Stanton! You mean—"

"I mean," he said, "that we'll not return to Bolton."

She did not ignore the smallness of his voice, the grim, drawn smile that filtered across his face.

She buried her face against his neck. "Stanton, you wouldn't say this unless you were convinced that—"

"No," he interrupted, with a note of impatience, "I would not say this unless I was convinced—"

There was a long pause. Presently he reached up his hands and released her arms.

"That's settled. You'll be pleasant to that Bolton crowd now, won't you?"

She regarded him for a moment, frowning uncertainly. Then with a gesture, dismissing all doubt, all compunction, she smiled.

"Pleasant!—I'm afraid I shall actually love them! . . ."

But, as it happened, it required all her

poise and all her courtesy to meet the ends even of perfunctory hospitality when the committee of eminent citizens of the city of Bolton entered the drawing-room some hours later.

The sleek mannerisms; the Pecksnifian smiles and rubbing of hands; the patronizing familiarity, carrying—and no doubt intended to carry—the implication that these people knew the Nordykes “when they amounted to nothing at all”; the bland self-assurance of utter non-entity—everything about them, in truth, irritated Helen Nordyke and filled her with a surging contempt.

She noted in the background the saturnine face of Ezra Kempton, editor and owner of the Bolton *Dispatch*, a lean, spare, resonant, twanging sort of man, old enough to be her father. Helen wondered at the magnanimity of her husband in even trying to be decent to him. Yet, as she recalled, he had been even more than that, had been, as it seemed, at special pains to make the man welcome and to give him the assurance that Nordyke treasured nothing at all against him. Politicians—!

“Well, Sister Nordyke, this is good! This is, I repeat, *good!* You have, no doubt, pictured me with arms extended, metaphorically speaking, welcoming you back to the fold.” It seemed to Helen as though she must scream in the very face of the unctuous clergyman as he confronted her with his oily smile. “The ladies of the congregation were discussing you at the sociable the other night. . . . You are a great lady now,

you know, and will have your—ahem—your responsibilities—that is—er—as an example.”

“Thank you, Doctor Witherbee.” Resisting the temptation to assure the man that he need indulge in no fears concerning her status as an exemplar in Bolton, she smiled wanly and was about to turn away when her evil genius asserted itself.

“You know, Doctor Witherbee, we’ve been Episcopalian since we’ve been in Washington.”

“Aa-ah! Yes, I see.” The good man rose upon his toes, rubbing his hands gently. “It occurs to me now that I heard something of the sort—in the days prior to the election.”

Doctor Witherbee’s church was the largest of several of similar denominations in Bolton. The Anglican following in that particular metropolis was small.

Helen Nordyke accepted the palpable intimation

as penance for indiscreet utterance, but moved away hastily to restrain the retort that was on her lips.

Thus, walking with no definite intention other than that of placing herself beyond the sphere of the clergyman’s attentions, the woman paused, flushing slightly as she encountered the thin-lipped smile of the wife of the editor of the *Dispatch*, whom she had known from childhood.

“Well, Helen.”

Quite without conscious effort a kindling indignation gave place to a sort of cold amusement as Helen Nordyke met the gaze of this angular woman with her whitening hair, her scholarly spectacles,



HELEN MOVED IMPATIENTLY AS THE CLOCK
TOLLED THE HOUR OF MIDNIGHT

her air of ineffable intellectuality. As a girl—as a young woman, indeed—she had feared this haughty arbiter of local literary destiny, this court of last resort in all that pertained to movements in art, in letters, and in such current events as were meet and fitting to engage the attention of women.

And now? Helen surveyed her self-constituted guest with the detached curiosity of one whose thoughts are concerned not so much with personality as with type; something of which the woman, with her sensitive mind keenly attuned to impressions, caught.

"Don't underestimate me, Helen." The injunction was surcharged with authority.

Helen Nordyke smiled.

"Oh, I don't; I assure you I don't, Mrs. Kempton."

Nor did she do so. Yet her vision was too clear, her sense of background too nicely balanced, her appraisals of character and personality too exact not to catch in all its essential facts, as in all its shadings, the contrast between herself and this woman. But if Mrs. Kempton had even an inkling of relative human values involved, this knowledge was indicated in neither word nor demeanor.

Rather the contrary, indeed. She raised her hand as Helen with a nod was about to pass on.

"I apprehend that you do not find our little ceremony of visitation altogether to your liking," she said.

Helen turned swiftly. "To be perfectly frank, Mrs. Kempton, I have what amounts to a profound distaste for obsequies."

"Indeed!" Then, as Helen's meaning became clear, the woman shrugged. "At least you will not deny the pleasure to those who may feel differently."

"Not at all, Mrs. Kempton; on the contrary, I should be pained were I to feel that you were deprived of any amiable emotion."

"Well, that's something, then. If I may speak my mind, I'll say, however, that so far as my personal emotions are concerned they are not so amiable as you might think. Personally, I admire Senator Nordyke, always have since he was a very young man, and I regard the halting of his career as criminal. He is regarded throughout the country as one of the few real statesmen in Congress."

"Not without justice, I think." Helen studied the woman less impersonally,



"I TELL YOU, HELEN, IT WAS DISHEARTENING, THAT ELECTION"

wondering as to her drift, which she divined was in no wise aimless.

"Mr. Kempton," she went on, "disagrees with him politically—"

"That has been my impression, too." Helen laughed mirthlessly.

"But," Mrs. Kempton proceeded, unheeding, "politics is neither here nor there, so far as I am concerned. I respect and honor him as a man of stature, as a big man, as a credit to our state and to our nation."

"Who has fallen upon the fate of all men of the sort?"

"Well, in a manner of speaking. Yet, if you cherish a grievance against us on that score, Helen, pray dismiss it. We didn't defeat Senator Nordyke; at least not—not essentially."

"I don't think I quite follow you, Mrs. Kempton; in any event, 'essentially' or otherwise, the effect seems to be clearly established."

Mrs. Kempton's eyes lighted triumphantly. "Oh yes, unquestionably; beyond peradventure. Have you given thought as to the cause?"

Helen had not the slightest desire to stay the processes leading to the point—whatever it might be—toward which, most obviously, the woman was working. Indeed, her wish was to hasten the issue and have done with it.

"It does not require much thought, does it," she smiled, "to arrive at conclusions concerning the perversity of the greatly esteemed public?"

"Ah, I thought so!" Mrs. Kempton moved a step nearer and laid a long index finger upon the palm of the other hand—a characteristic gesture. "Helen, it is a pity to disillusion you; none the less I don't know but that it is the duty of an old lady, of an old friend, if I may call myself such, to—to do this. You, my dear, were the cause. It was you who defeated Senator Nordyke."

"Mrs. Kempton!" With an effort Helen checked her rising emotions and searched the older woman's face with the thought of determining whether the indictment were honestly intended or the vehicle of a deliberate affront. Something in the woman's manner inclined her to the former theory.

"I think, Mrs. Kempton, I am justified in asking you to explain."

"So you are, so you are. It will require plain speaking—"

"Please don't consider me."

"Really, you may not believe it, but that's just what I wish to do. I don't feel unkindly toward you, Helen; rather I pity you. In a way I've always regarded you as one of my girls."

"Thank you, Mrs. Kempton."

The cold acknowledgment effectually checked the vein of lofty condescension and brought a flush of anger to the woman's face.

Before she could speak Helen took her graciously by the arm, marking the approach of the garrulous Jervis, a banker.

"If you don't mind, Mrs. Kempton, let us go into the library. Your point of view regarding the election interests me so deeply that I should like to hear it in full without interruption."

The woman nodded, smiling grimly.

"So you shall," she said, following Helen out of the room and across the hall. "No, I prefer to stand," she said, as they entered the apartment and Helen pointed to a chair. Helen nodded, and herself remained standing.

"My one desire in saying what I have to say," began Mrs. Kempton, "is to do you good—or at least tell you some things you should know." She gestured. "Otherwise I should most certainly hold my peace. One is never thanked for frankness, that I know."

"I shall thank you unutterably, Mrs. Kempton, if you will be so good as to come directly to the point. You have made a rather grave assertion."

"I have, and I repeat it," flashed the woman. "You caused Senator Nordyke's defeat for the reason that never, from the moment you began to catch on in Washington, did you consider your husband's interests. It wasn't what he did, or was ambitious to do, that occupied your mind; it was what you—" She broke off suddenly. "And you stand here smiling at me as though nothing, I least of all, could assail your position as a good and helpful wife. Well, you haven't been a good and helpful wife to Stanton Nordyke in a big and broad way—you haven't been a partner in his career, adding to his natural ability such tact and intuition and—and finesse and support as every good, intelligent woman



IT SEEMED TO HELEN AS THOUGH SHE MUST SCREAM

can give to her husband. You began finely in Bolton—that I sha'n't deny, but you didn't keep it up."

As Helen stood silent she went on:

"You didn't. You became too intent upon your own affairs as soon as you sensed your own popularity. Oh, I know what you've made of yourself here; a lot of us know. You've done well, I'll admit, for yourself. . . . As for Stanton Nordyke, a great man if there ever was one, what have you done for him? Not a mite. You never even thought of him, except as his position gave you footing. Eh—?"

"Nothing; I am listening, Mrs. Kempton."

"I hope so. It isn't as though you had confined yourself only to omissions. My husband feels the Senator could have weathered that. But—and I don't want you to think this is pique, or anything of the sort, for it isn't—but you never in a single instance, Helen Nordyke, neglected the opportunity of showing us at home that you despised and scorned us. Even when the Senator was conducting his campaign you remained in Washington. In twelve years you have spent about six months all told in Bolton. How could a man whose wife held this

attitude win votes? How could he? Consider how you've acted to-day; it's all of a piece, every bit of it."

As the voice ceased, Helen, whose eyes had never left the woman's face, gestured.

"Let me see if I follow you perfectly: you hold that in making myself I unmade him; you infer that I had the ability, but not the unselfishness, to do both. You—"

"To do both, exactly. You could have done so much for him, not through any remarkable ability which you may or may not have, but simply through wifely tact, thoughtfulness, and consideration." She paused a moment, and then, as Helen did not speak, she went on. "Every one in the state knows that Stanton Nordyke might have been a Presidential possibility. My husband says that he could be to-day, in spite of his defeat, yes, in spite of it—because, because the state knows why he lost that election. You were the issue, if you want the truth. There isn't a woman in the district who doesn't hate you."

"Mrs. Kempton—"

"One moment, Helen. The hatred of women costs votes. If you don't know that you ought to; that's the reason I

am telling you while I have the chance; for, of course, you're not coming back to Bolton. You don't have to tell me that. You wouldn't. Bolton isn't good enough for you. You've lost no pains to establish that impression throughout the city, throughout the state, since you've been here. No, you'll stay here, and the Senator will become some one's legal lapdog—and get rich. And Bolton will never see either of you again."

"Do you believe," asked Helen, quietly, "that you make this prediction through knowledge? Or is it that you cannot conceive, in view of my status, of our daring to return to Bolton?"

"Not so much that as my inability to conceive of your willingness to do your duty by your husband in his further career among his own people, to co-operate with him as a wife should do."

Helen waited a moment and then leaned slightly forward.

"Mrs. Kempton, I have listened patiently while you indulged in your specialty of plain speaking. Now be so good as to listen as patiently—"

Her intention when she began speaking had been to assail the woman as to her authority as an arbiter of wifely co-operation, her career having notoriously been one of almost complete independence of her husband, the lecture forum, the club, the society having long years ago brought about the transplanting of the Kempton household gods to a boarding-house *milieu*, not to speak of an increasing misanthropic harshness in the character of Bolton's leading editor. There were, in truth, many things she had intended to say, confident of her power so to blight this woman that ever after she would recall this interview with emotions of unenviable poignancy.

But as she began to speak, all that she had learned, all that she now was, brought her to silence. A smile lightened her eyes; she placed a hand upon the woman's shoulder.

"I am sorry, Mrs. Kempton, that you feel the way you do—because I had felt throughout that I was but carrying out the precepts of a lecture I heard you deliver not long before I was married, 'The Wife and the Home'; perhaps you recall it. You spoke of home-making as a profession, as an essential art to be

pursued as such. I never forgot that lecture. It never ceased to inspire me. I have done nothing here but make a home where many great persons love to come as to asylum from the cares of the world. That has been my business, my profession. If I have followed it to the exclusion of co-operation in the Senator's political life, I can plead only in extenuation that my profession, as you pointed out, is infinite in its exactions. I had often thought of you, had hoped for your applause. And now, really, Mrs. Kempton you—you—" Helen's voice died away, her shoulders raised slightly in a shrug of resignation.

For a moment there was silence. Then suddenly, to Helen's utter surprise, the woman stepped forward, flung her arms about her, and implanted a kiss upon her cheek.

"Helen, can you forgive a cross, cranky old woman, who says things she regrets just because she is ill-natured and dyspeptic and—"

Helen Nordyke, laughing, touched the woman upon the arm. "Nonsense, Mrs. Kempton! I understand perfectly. We understand each other, I think. At least I entertain the belief that you are the one woman in Bolton who would."

"Ah!" Mrs. Kempton smiled and adjusted her glasses. "Shall we join the others?"

Helen gestured. "If you don't mind, Mrs. Kempton, I'll join you later. Don't wait for me."

She stood for a moment or two in the middle of the apartment, an inscrutable smile playing about her lips.

"So, Stanton," she said, "this, all unconsciously, is what I have learned from you!—Politics!"

And yet as she stood pondering she found certain undercurrents of Mrs. Kempton's words far more difficult to handle than the woman herself had been. Something deep, ineradicable, seemed to have struck into the very essence of her womanhood. Yet—what?

Slowly she made her way out into the hall and into the drawing-room. Her husband was the center of a group; she could see the rugged outlines of his face, the tumbling mass of jet-black hair with its hints of gray, as he talked upon the easiest and freest terms with those about

him. Helen Nordyke stood back, watching him with an attention to detail she had not practised in years. She had always accepted him as a man among men in Washington—thoughtlessly, his caliber taken as a matter of course—and therefore sufficient unto himself, just as in her sphere she had felt herself to be. He himself had referred to this in their talk of a few hours ago, and she now recalled the vivid picture of his sturdy self-reliance, the calm, unwavering belief in himself and in his single-handed strength, which, at the time, his words had fashioned in her mind.

Yet, as he admitted, this had not always been. . . . How had they drifted, he and she?—and whither? Before her vision rolled the pageant of the years, crowded with their cumulative triumphs, their colorful processions of events, their impulses always forward and upward; and now for a culmination—this discovery of a diverging trend. Whither?

Was it this thought that had underlain her husband's solemn incursion into the years lying behind, groping, as it were, to find the reasons for her willingness to

sanction Blanchard's offer with all the strength of her mind and of her personal appeal? She shivered slightly.

And yet, playing like light across the clouds of her mood was the realization of that which Mrs. Kempton, all unconsciously, perhaps, had brought to her—that Senator Nordyke was not self-sufficient; that, big as he was, he needed the bulwark of her hands and the stimulus of her mind. Loving him as she did, appreciating him to the last detail of his greatness, there could be nothing but thrill in this. On the other hand, she was too big not to appraise precisely her own achievements, her ambitions, and her own value. There was nothing in her mood of the fierce, feminine desire for sacrifice or immolation in behalf of the man she loved; not in the least. She was not an emotional woman.

If sacrifice there must be on the part of either, whose act of self-abnegation would involve utter finality in the life-plan of one or the other, and whose would mean but a more glorious course upon the road that leads to the stars? Whose? With face proudly lifted she



"YOU HAVE MADE A RATHER GRAVE ASSERTION"

faced the facts as they marshaled themselves in orderly array.

Her mind lingered upon the caress she had won from a woman who hated her, upon further victories to be won in her own state, among her own people. Could she not win them—if she desired? Was this the answer to all the years, full, indeed, and yet never so significant in their fullness as now when she glanced swiftly into the vistas of the future.

She straightened resolutely, gazing at the group about her husband no longer with detachment, but with the keen light of speculation in her level gray eyes. . . . Then, as the Rev. Dr. Witherbee was about to pass her on his way to the hall, she laid a hand upon his arm, smiling brightly.

"Of course, Doctor Witherbee," she said, "we shall expect to have our old pew when we return to Bolton."

Desiderium

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

ALWAY' it was the same—alway' the same:
 I called—she heeded not; my heart ached on.
 Then to my side, without a word, she came,
 Sat with me, and, without a word, was gone.
 All my poor supplication was in vain,
 And my life stopped, until she came again.

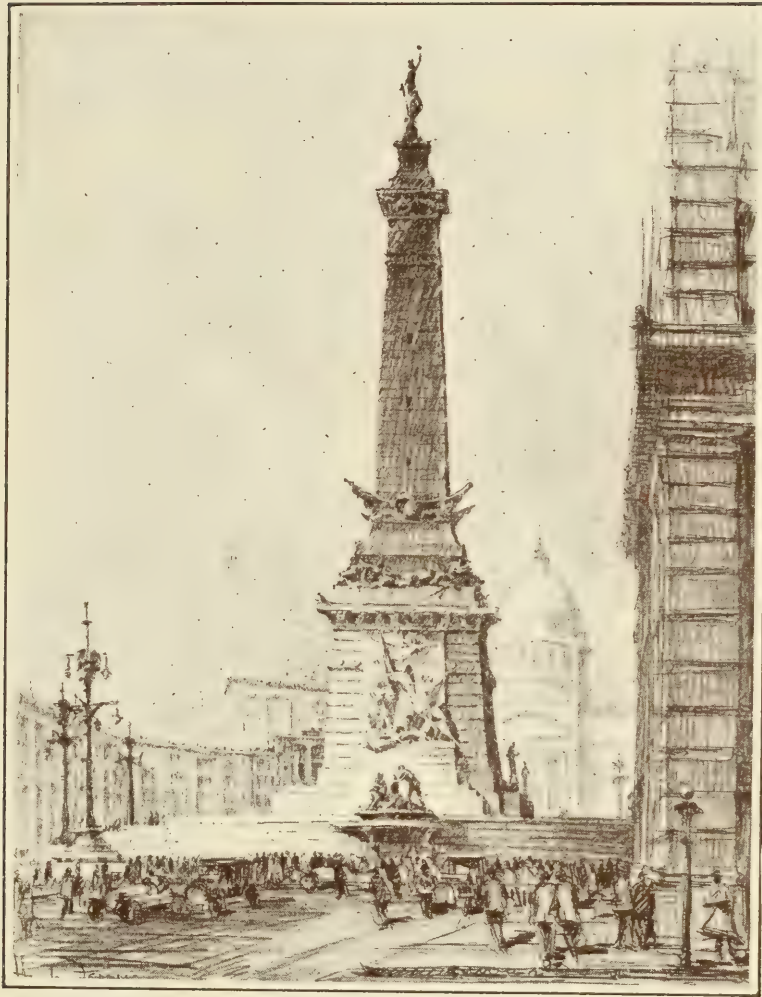
Once, a whole summer day, beneath the trees,
 I drank her beauty with my famished eyes,
 My head at peace upon her quiet knees;
 The rustle of her gown was Paradise:
 An altar stands forever in the place
 Where once all day I looked into her face.

And then a year went by: nor sight, nor word,
 Had I to live on whose whole life was she,
 Till, like the sudden singing of a bird,
 Once more she came and stood and smiled on me,
 And took a little pity on my drouth,
 Lifting to me the mercy of her mouth.

One night she came—the stars were in her hair;
 She took my head, and kissed it into rest,
 And then the moon rose, white and unaware,
 The moon—or did I dream it was her breast?
 I think no moon that ever walked the night,
 Nor any lily, was ever half so white.

Then came a hush of days like none before,
 A distance echoing and full of dread,
 That seemed to tell me she would come no more,
 A frozen whisper saying she was dead;
 Yet I whose life she is, and so well knew
 Her silent ways would not believe it true—

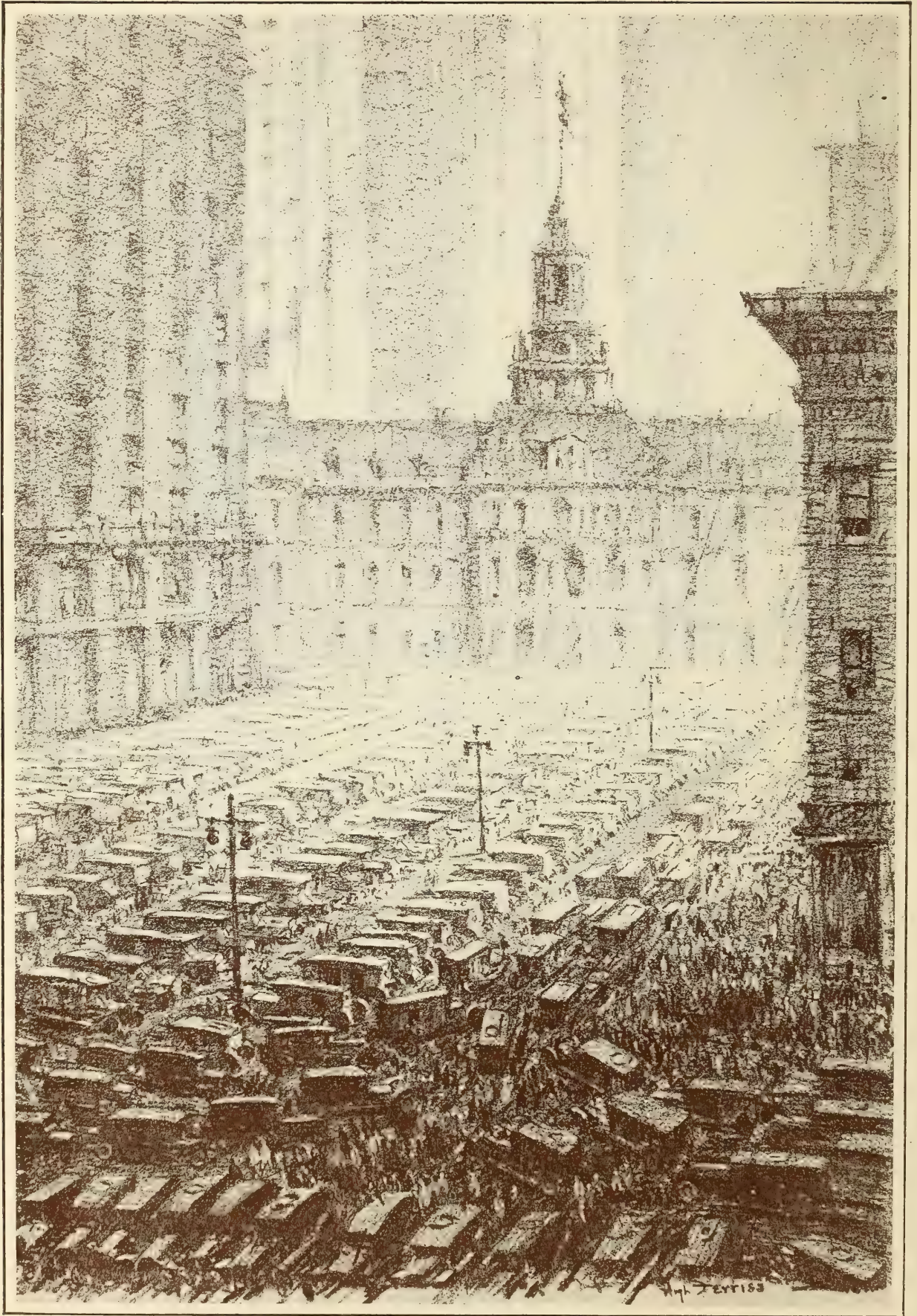
Nor will I yet—for ever was it so:
 Silent and far so long would she remain,
 Then, like a spirit, softly come and go—
 So, on a sudden, shall she come again,
 Step, silver-footed, out of the still air,
 Finger on lip, for me to follow her.



INDIANAPOLIS

AMERICAN CAPITALS
OF INDUSTRY
A Series of Drawings
by
Hugh Ferriss

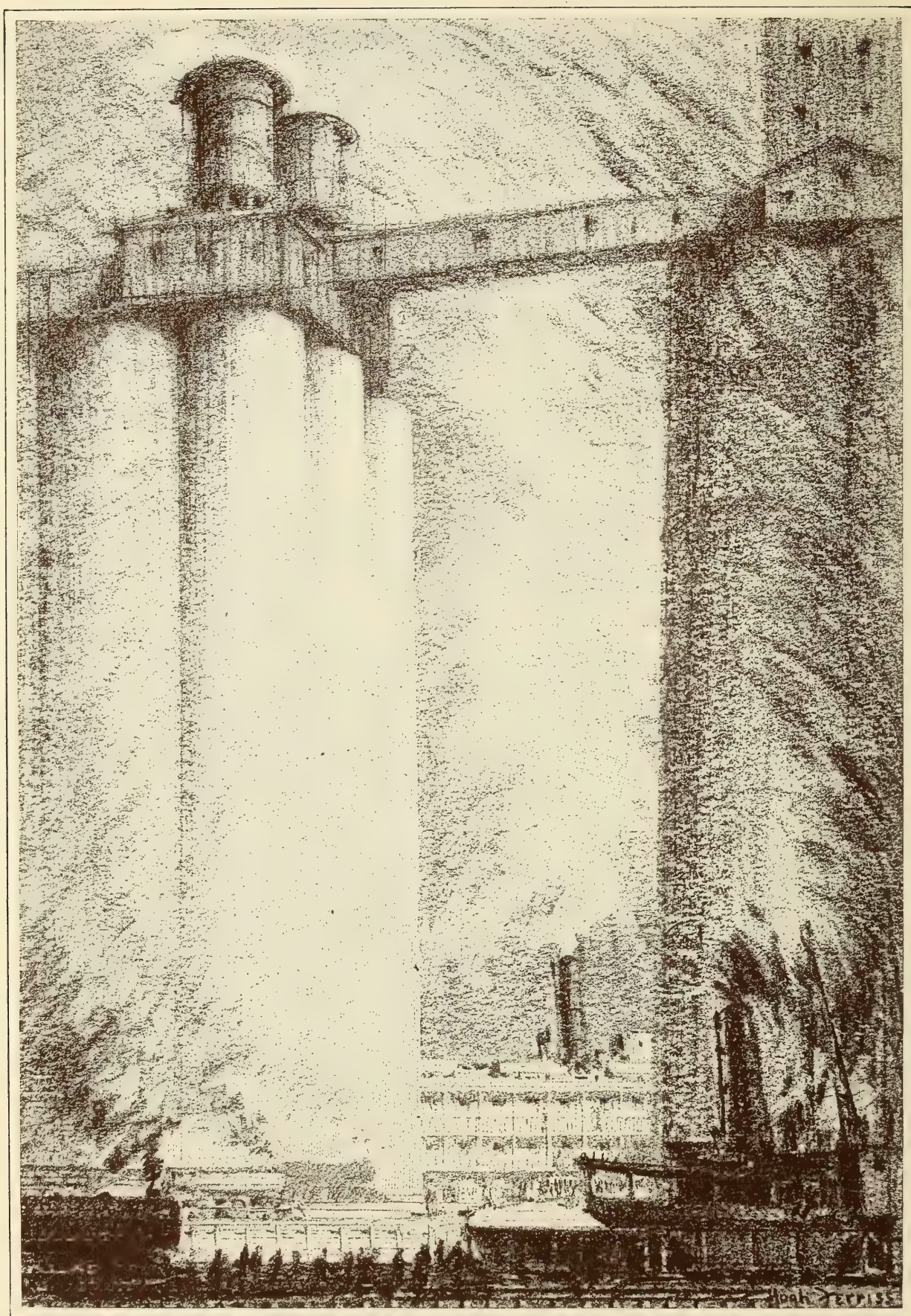




THE CITY OF AUTOMOBILES—DETROIT



A GATEWAY TO THE NORTHWEST—SAINT PAUL



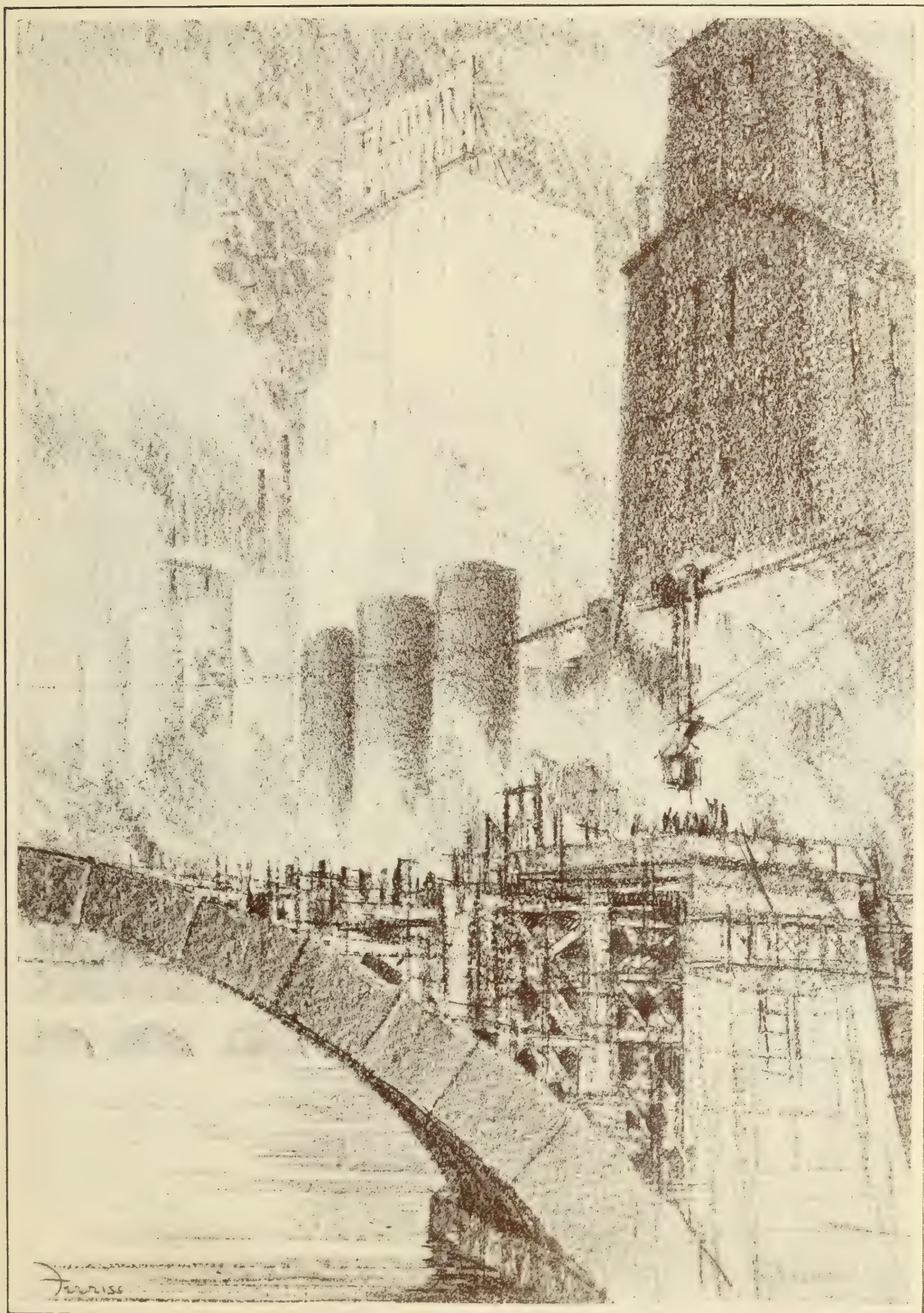
THE LINK BETWEEN EAST AND WEST—BUFFALO



THE QUEEN CITY ON THE OHIO—CINCINNATI



A VENETIAN EFFECT—LAKE TRAFFIC AT MILWAUKEE



THE CITY OF MILLS—MINNEAPOLIS



THE ORE MARKET—CLEVELAND

Prophets and Pattern-Followers

HOW GREAT INDUSTRIES PLAN FOR THE NEXT GENERATION

BY ROBERT R. UPDEGRAFF

Author of "Obvious Adams"



It is related that during the Russo-Japanese War, at a time when the Russian and Japanese armies were in the thick of the most decisive Manchurian warfare, a newspaper correspondent came upon General Kuroki fishing in a stream near Japanese army headquarters.

"General!" exclaimed the correspondent, "you don't seem to be worrying much about the battle!"

"No," replied the fisherman upon whose shoulders rested the principal responsibility for the Manchurian campaign, "this battle was fought two years ago in Tokio."

The prophets of the Japanese army had foreseen the Manchurian campaign; they had planned where and how the enemy should be met. On the day when the general was fishing in the little stream his army machine, made up of thousands of pattern-followers, was following the pattern of the battle. They saw nothing but the enemy guns and soldiers before them and the almost impossible task of overcoming them. They were too close to the pattern and too busy following it to see beyond. The general, sitting on the bank of the river fishing, saw beyond the pattern: he saw victory. He knew that the pattern of the battle would have to be followed, but, wise general that he was, he avoided getting mixed up in it.

Likewise, it is said that General Joffre stopped the Germans at the Marne and saved Paris, not in 1914, but nearly ten years before that. The prophets of the French army saw the battle of the Marne years in advance and planned their defense for the day when the Germans should strike. The pattern of the battle had to be followed through and the taxicabs of Paris had to be requisitioned, but because the prophets had

foreseen the emergency, the pattern-followers, the rank and file of the army, held the enemy and saved Paris.

But this is not to be an article about the war. There are prophets and pattern-followers in every-day business, and it is about these that I would write. There are comparatively few prophets. Most of us are pattern-followers. We jog along from day to day, following the pattern of the times, the pattern of our business or industry, and until recently the pattern of the war as it affected all other patterns. Our patterns resemble Greek borders; they are an endless series of advances, sudden stops, drops, back-ups, rises, advances, stops, drops, set-backs, advances, stops. And yet many of us could stretch out our patterns a little more, so that we should not come to such abrupt stops, have such severe set-backs, and start on such rash spurts, only to run up against some stone wall and fall back again far enough to see that the wall can't be gone through but has to be climbed over. It is a matter of perspective and method, this stretching out of the pattern to make it a series of undulations instead of a train of jolts.

Wherever we find a business that stands solidly in the face of competition, change, panic, and the vicissitudes of life and the world in general, we shall nearly always find a prophet at the head of it.

Only a few years ago a man whom we will call Mr. Bradley devised and patented a new article for household use, and started immediately to manufacture it. Almost instantly it caught on, and in a comparatively short time he was a wealthy man. The inevitable happened: his rapid rise and sudden success attracted attention and other men began to study how they might compete with him. Had he been a pattern-follower his success would have ended very shortly. But he was by nature a prophet, and a wise one, for, while the

other members of his organization were following the pattern of the business as it climbed up, up, up, picturing to themselves long years of monopoly, Bradley was looking into the future and preparing, or, more strictly speaking, trying to prepare for just the emergency that came.

Leaving the conduct of the organization to his associates, so that he should not get caught in the pattern, he kept studying the future. He had revolutionized certain housekeeping methods; what would be the result? Competition, inevitably, and keen competition, once others realized the magnitude of the change that his device was bringing into housekeeping. Some one might discover a way to make a similar appliance cheaper than his. He could not see how, but he did not let that blind him to the danger. He became convinced of this one fact: the future of his business hinged upon his ability to make a certain vital part of his appliance, which was manufactured of a certain material of great hardness, even harder—harder, in fact, than that material had ever been made commercially. If he could do that, even a very low price would not mean ruinous competition.

He focused his prophetic eyes upon that one fact and started out. The pattern he had to follow would have discouraged any but a prophet who refused to see the pattern at all, but kept his eyes on his prophecy. The company that was supplying him with the material he was then using laughed at the idea of his needing to fear competition. His own organization thought him an alarmist. They were doing a fine business; the volume of sales was climbing month after month, and they were advertising their product into the public mind. (The pattern was running smoothly.) Before any competitor could get around their patent (which was impossible anyway, they argued) the article would have become so standard that no one else could have a "look-in."

But Bradley argued that such might be the case, provided no one found a way to make a similar article at a lower price. Getting no sympathy or encouragement from his associates, he went at the problem by himself. He became

convinced that it was possible to make on a commercial scale material of the required hardness. With his findings he went to the company that was supplying him with the material, supposing, of course, that they would take his definite order for the harder material at a little advance in price. But here he bumped against a very abrupt stop in his own pattern, for they turned down his order, courteously but flatly. This was the only company equipped to produce this material, and they declined to make it! The real truth was that they were getting large orders for the material as then used in the appliance, and they were making a very good profit; to change over and make a material of greater hardness would mean new equipment and new processes; it would require the investment of a considerable sum of new money. They were satisfied with the orders they were getting and they knew Bradley could not take his business away from them. They again assured him that he had nothing to fear. Why did he continue to look for trouble?

Indeed, the sale of the appliance was shooting up like a sky-rocket and the sales-sheet alone would have been enough to lull any one but a prophet to sleep. But Bradley consistently fought shy of the pattern, for he knew in his prophetic soul that unless he could get the harder material the pattern of that business would some day bump abruptly up against the solid wall of competition, and then it would take an awful drop. He *must* have the harder material. He begged the company to make it for him; he threatened them. But they were immovable.

Finally, at the end of two years, competing appliances began to appear. Some of them were lower in price, and now Bradley's associates began to wear long faces as they saw that their competitors were going to make inroads on their business. The pattern was changing. But once again the prophet of the organization, because he kept his mind "in perspective," so to speak, saw farther than they, for he foresaw that these competitors would have to go through a period of experimenting and perfecting before they could offer substantial competition, and he had gone far enough

in his own plans now, after fighting them through for nearly two years, to know what he was going to do. Repeatedly he had threatened to build a factory and produce the harder material himself, but the material manufacturers had never taken him seriously. Now he started to build the factory, but it never rose above the foundation, and it never will; for when the material manufacturers saw the foundation of Bradley's factory they looked into the big hole in the ground and saw where their profits were going, and they decided that they could equip to make material of the proper hardness to please their customer! The strategy employed is merely incidental to the point of this narrative. The outstanding fact is that the business was saved by a prophet who refused to be fooled by the pattern of sales curves and dividend checks. That business is still a prosperous and flourishing one to-day, in spite of the keenest kind of competition. I relate the incident at length in order to show clearly the essential difference between the prophet and the pattern-follower.

But that incident is an illustration of a prophet seeing ahead and working out only one little prophecy in connection with one business that was relatively of small importance to the general public.

Far more interesting are the modern prophets who work almost as a habit five, ten, yes, twenty or twenty-five years ahead of the times. Needless to say, they do not go around shod in sandals and wearing tunics, like the prophets of old. On the contrary, they are very business-like business men, the only remarkable thing about them being that, instead of getting all mixed up in the pattern of the immediate present, they sit in their offices and dream dreams of the future, and their dreams affect every one of us. The men in the offices all around them may be working in July, 1919, while they are working in July, 1936, perhaps, or even in 1950. Or, on the other hand, the particular matter in hand may be one concerning 1922. In any event, they work in 1919 only enough to see that the plans they worked out in 1900 or 1910 or 1915 are moving as smoothly as possible through the pattern of the present, and not running into

blind alleys in the pattern which would make it necessary for the business to retrace its steps for a new start, after the manner of a man trying to find his way out of a maze.

Among the most interesting of the prophets are the rubber prophets. But, when I accused one of the chief of them, as I sat in his office on the twentieth floor of a great New York office-building, of being a prophet, he smiled amusedly. He was no prophet; he was just a business man. But let me tell you how his organization works and what it is doing, and you may judge for yourself whether the men who guide its development and control its policies are not prophets.

Let me begin by relating a little incident about a banquet attended by a group of men engaged in the rubber industry. My friend, who was "just a business man," was asked to take charge of the table arrangements. He called in the head of the company's development laboratory and they put their heads together. On the night of the banquet when the diners entered the banquet-hall they found large bunches of roses on the tables. Some of these roses were made by Mother Nature, and some were made in the laboratory of this rubber company. At each place at the table was a rosebud. Some were products of the bush and some of the laboratory. Yet, so realistic were the rubber flowers that it was a good while before the diners noticed the difference.

"But I didn't know you made flowers in rubber," I ventured, after the prophet had told me of this little incident.

"We don't," he replied, "excepting in our laboratory. But we are always experimenting on all sorts of things that some day may be made in rubber. One of these days, perhaps many years hence, perhaps not so many, the ladies may be trimming their bonnets with artificial flowers made from rubber!"

It is in the laboratory where these roses were made, and in other similar laboratories, that the prophecies of the rubber prophets are being worked out. This particular rubber company has two such laboratories, one engaged in the development of general commercial applications of rubber and the other de-

voted to experimenting with textiles. The men in charge of the laboratories are men of education and imagination, and they are allowed, hired, in fact, to let their imaginations run away with them—in rubber. They are not asked to work any definite number of hours a day. They are not expected to produce so many ideas per week. Their business is not to produce definite data of a commercial nature for the company's manufacturing departments; there are other laboratories for that purpose. These laboratories are the workshops of the prophets. Through them we enter the future. The men at the head of these laboratories think in rubber, three, five, ten, twenty-five years ahead, and then work out their thoughts. There are on the shelves of these laboratories models of some of the articles that will be made in rubber, say, ten years from to-day. There are others that will not be put on the market for perhaps fifteen or twenty years. There are some, unquestionably, that will never be marketed, though they are ready should conditions ever prove favorable.

The method by which these rubber prophets work is interesting in itself, and ought to be highly suggestive to other business men. Assume, for the purpose of illustration, that one of the rubber prophets were to decide that the time was not very far distant when picture-molding might be made from rubber. (For, you understand, of course, that the prophets are working in hard and semi-hard rubber, as well as in soft rubber.) He starts out to work up a suitable composition with rubber as a basis, and finally perfects it and figures out just how much it would cost to manufacture, with crude rubber at the present price and labor paid at the prevailing scale. He makes out a detailed report of formula, method of production, and the material and labor costs. He sees on the face of it that there is no immediate chance to make or market this rubber molding on a commercial scale, because the cost of the rubber, or the cost to manufacture it, is too great. But he does not stop there. He has at hand all the facilities for gathering full information concerning the cost of wood molding and steel molding, and he gets

all of these facts and figures, taking in the cost of the raw material, the cost of labor in converting these two materials into molding, the methods of manufacture, the selling price, weight, and so on. These facts and figures, together with the report on rubber molding, are filed away—put on the shelf, so to speak—for future reference, and the prophet goes on to something else. But the molding on the shelf is not forgotten. It has been put there to await the day when the price of crude rubber may have dropped so low or the price of steel and wood molding may have risen so high that rubber molding becomes a commercial possibility. Or else some new and considerably cheaper method of working the rubber may be invented, bringing down the labor cost to a point where the rubber molding may have an even chance with its competitors.

They do not get carried away with foolish ideas, these rubber prophets, though they do not consider an idea foolish just because it is new or very unusual. All of their work is based on sound facts and figures. It is their business to look into the future and be ready to produce articles, yes, whole classes of products, in rubber as soon as it is commercially practicable to do so.

As a practical example of the work of the rubber prophets, we have only to consider the composition shoe soles recently put on the market by at least three large rubber companies. The rubber prophets had known for several years that a rubber composition shoe sole could be made that would successfully compete with leather, once the price of that material reached a certain point, so they went to work to prepare. It is an interesting fact that in this particular case they were not ready as far in advance of the times as they had thought to be, for the war sent the price of leather up to a point where the market was ready for the new composition sole ahead of schedule. But, by being ready, the rubber prophets not only did their industry a good turn, but undoubtedly helped to keep the prices of shoes from jumping even higher than they have gone.

As an illustration of how carefully and how practically the rubber prophets

work, I might mention that for many, many months—indeed, for more than two years—before the laboratories pronounced these composition soles ready for the market, pairs of shoes soled with compositions of different formulas were given to policemen and letter-carriers, and other men whose work requires almost constant walking, and a record card was kept in the laboratories for each pair.

Some of the articles which the prophets have worked out are being tried out not only for wearing qualities and general practicability, but also for marketability. For it is an interesting handicap which attaches to the work of the prophets that some of the things they think of in projecting their minds into the future are so unusual, and the very idea of them so novel, that it is hard for other people, who have been following the pattern of the particular trade or industry affected, to stretch their imaginations to accept and to accustom themselves to a given product or article being made in any but the conventional material. So it is that the prophets sometimes have to take it upon themselves to introduce to the public a new product, or an old one made in a new material, to demonstrate to some particular trade or industry that it can be marketed. The prophets' interest may be in selling only the raw or semi-finished material, but their work is not finished until they have sold their vision, their prophecy, to the masses. This done, they turn it over to the pattern-followers and once more plunge into the future.

But we shall miss the main point of the work and methods of the rubber prophets if we assume that all of this experimenting and dreaming of dreams is merely for the purpose of bringing out new articles in rubber to beat out their competitors, to work out their own hobbies, or to compete with other lines of business and try to "hog" everything in sight. The latter purpose is far from the minds of the rubber prophets with whom I have talked. They say it would be short-sighted policy, and that when they do bring out a new product in rubber, such as rubber harness, for instance, rather than make it themselves, they would prefer to hand the result of their

research and experimenting over to the harness industry, and be content to sell the raw material to that industry. They have no desire to upset an established industry; their idea is co-operation, not competition, with the industries into whose fields their prophecies lead them.

Why all of this dreaming of rubber dreams? Briefly, to utilize the enormous and growing output of the extensive new rubber plantations in the Far East. The work of the prophets is based on a solid foundation of economic law, the law of supply and demand. They have set themselves the task of finding new uses for rubber to utilize this tremendous supply which is coming along, in order to stabilize the market, to insure the millions of dollars invested in their tremendous plants, and to protect the thousands upon thousands of workers in the rubber industry.

The electrical industry also has its prophets who, like the rubber prophets, are working constantly years and years ahead, making experiments to-day on electrical machines, devices, processes, which this generation may never hear of, as well as others which may be in common use ten, fifteen, or twenty years from now. Their problem is twofold: to discover ways and means of producing cheaper electrical current, and to produce new current-consuming appliances and processes to use this cheaper current.

Then there are the telephone prophets who have to work fifteen or twenty years ahead, planning to have the telephone ready whenever and wherever the people are going to need it. Their task is very different from the work of the rubber or the electrical prophets. They have to foresee how much a city is going to grow and how the population will be distributed. They must know this for two reasons: firstly, so that some day, say ten years from now, you may not seek for a telephone in some place where you would naturally expect to find one, only to be told that the telephone is not available because ten years before, when planning its lines, the telephone company did not put in large enough cables to take care of the telephone needs of that section. Secondly, they must know how the population is going to be distributed so that they can properly locate

their exchanges, for the placing of exchanges has considerable bearing upon the profits of a telephone company.

Briefly, this is how the telephone prophets go about their work: Taking the present population of the city, and the population for many years back, they plot a population curve, projecting this curve eighteen or twenty years into the future, establishing the population in 1937, let us say, so far as the past growth of the city can help in estimating the future growth. They then check this up in every way possible, by analyzing the industrial development, past, present, and future; by studying the transportation facilities present and proposed, the labor situation, the real-estate market, the geographical location of the city. When this is done and they have arrived at what they believe the population of the city will be in 1937, they proceed to "place" that population, to prophesy how and where it will distribute itself. This involves a tremendous amount of detail work. There must be a house-to-house count in the residential sections to show just how many families are living in each square block of the city, what percentage of them have telephones, and what class of service they are using. The character and nationalities of the population have to be taken into account, for some nationalities have a tendency to huddle together in great numbers in congested areas, while others show a marked tendency to live in separate little houses, thus spreading out over a larger area. The old settlers in each section must be talked with, as well as real-estate men and other well-informed citizens.

When the prophets get to the business section of the city they are confronted with a different problem, but one that, nevertheless, has to be met; they have to prepare for new office-buildings, perhaps as yet undreamed of, for hotels and department-stores. It is one thing to determine how a city is going to spread out, and quite another to tell where it is going to shoot up, suddenly demanding telephone cables to take care of from five hundred to a thousand telephone installations, as in a large office-building or hotel, on one little spot. This requires a careful study of existing business con-

ditions and a calculation of the probable future commercial growth which is based primarily on population. If a population of so many thousands supports one hotel, three department-stores, and twenty large office-buildings, there will be a certain ratio of increase in department-stores, office-buildings, and hotel patronage if the population increases, say, fifty per cent. This can be checked up by studying other cities which correspond in population and general characteristics.

Hundreds of tables and charts are drawn up. Scores of maps are made, maps showing areas available for business and residential expansion, maps showing density and character of population, maps and charts showing the relation of the present telephone service to the present population.

When this is all done, the prophets study all of this data and from it make a huge map of the city, "placing" the population, locating new office-buildings, apartment-houses, department-stores, schools, and hotels, and indicating on the map in every square block in the city just how many telephones and how many private branch exchanges will probably be required in 1937. The prophets do not expect always to strike it right, but they have found that this method of prophesying is safer and more accurate than the "hunch" method of a few years ago. The effectiveness of the system is just beginning to show. In one New England city a department-store was located by the telephone prophets ten years ago less than a block away from where it has recently been built. In another city an office-building was placed very close indeed to the spot where the building has just been erected. Many other instances might be cited if space permitted.

I have seen the telephone prophets' map for the city of New Haven, Connecticut, for 1935. It was like peeping into the future to look at it. Everywhere there were little circles with figures in them. Blocks which are now vacant lots have their little circles with the number of telephones they will probably support by 1935. A street I had passed on my way to the telephone company's office which is being torn up to be paved

was pointed out to me on the map. "We are putting down our cables for 1935 under that street now. Cities no longer allow their streets to be torn up every few months. We have to watch every street and take advantage of repaving to put down our cables for the future," said one of the prophets. "Sometimes the cables will not be required for ten years, but they will be ready when they are needed."

Every business that is to succeed and perpetuate itself must have a prophet in its organization. And there lies an interesting fact: in nearly every fairly large business there is likely to be a prophet, or, perhaps we might better say, a potential prophet. He may not be the president or the vice-president or the secretary or the treasurer; perhaps he is not even an executive or department head, but some humble worker. In the latter case he is generally regarded as a dreamer.

Many a young man with the making of a prophet in him has been discharged from some small organization, or perhaps has left of his own accord, because he was a failure at the job assigned him and could not keep his mind on his work. The next thing his erstwhile employer hears of him is that he is holding down a big job in the city with some big, important organization. He has found his place in the watch-tower, where he belongs, instead of staying at some job down in the pattern. Of course, these budding prophets have to be harnessed or they would sometimes run away with a business. The surest way to harness them is to put them at the chief executive's elbow where they can see the business from the top. The financing and management of a business have a very sobering effect, a way of fading out mirages, and it is mirages that need most to be feared in the work of the prophets. That is why it will nearly always be found that the successful prophets work against a background of facts and figures. They have to work carefully, investigate carefully, make their final deductions carefully.

Some one has well said that "faith deals in greater marvels than fact." It is true, but it is also true that such a prosaic, practical, and essentially "fact-

ful" thing as a steam shovel is a great aid to faith in removing mountains!

It must be admitted that sometimes even the most careful prophets are premature in their prophesying. An old man who runs a store in a little Connecticut town recently exhibited to a group of friends a poster advertising one of the new temperance drinks now being introduced by a large brewery. The men saw nothing remarkable in the poster until the old storekeeper told them that it had been sent him nearly twenty years ago. It seems that the brewers tried to introduce this particular drink back in the '90's, but finally decided that they were too far ahead of the times, so they had put it on the shelf. When time caught up with the brewery prophets, they simply took down the "new" drink and put it on the market.

Another illustration of prophesying, a current one, concerns the affairs of a certain well-known company manufacturing food products. Shortly after the start of the war the sale of one of the products put out by this company dropped to about one-fifth its normal volume. The reason was that the price of one of the main ingredients had almost doubled, making the price of the food when made up and sold by this company a luxury above the means of the average family. Had the executives of this company been completely tangled up in the pattern of the times, they would have assumed that, once the war was over, the price of this particular commodity in the raw would drop back to normal again and that their business would once more pick up. But some one in that organization was prophet enough to keep out of the pattern of the present and to project his mind ahead to the time when the war should be over. What he thought he saw was that the price of that food commodity would never again go down to its previous level. It would probably drop somewhat, but not enough to bring the sales ever again up to their previous level. So he started out to get the facts from the Department of Agriculture at Washington, and from every other possible source, and he found that the other prophets agreed with him. That company fortified its business by putting out a new drink. A beverage is rather dif-

ferent from the company's other products, but in itself this selection shows shrewd prophetic vision.

As a shining example of a business prophet, consider Charles M. Schwab. While his great steel plants and shipyards were busy night and day on war materials, and in the face of the fact that some of his companies were building even larger plants and shipyards for turning out still more of the machinery of war, Mr. Schwab was looking far into the future, to a time when the twenty-five parts of his plant should be devoted, four parts to ship-building, twenty parts to commercial work, and only the remaining twenty-fifth part to military products!

If the head of the great steel industry, rushed to the limit with war orders, could keep his perspective and keep himself mentally and physically clear of the pattern of the times and look so far ahead through the period of the recent colossal world upheaval, surely the rest of us can get away from the correspondence-baskets on our desks, and from the order-files and the monthly balance-sheets, and all the rest of the details of our jobs, for a little while each day, or at least once or twice a week, and crawl up out of our patterns and look ahead, study ahead, work ahead. "Yes," said a man at the club the other day, "but we can't prophesy very much. So many transformations are taking place." True, but because it is hard to see clearly on a foggy night on the ocean does not make it any the less necessary to have a lookout on duty on the bridge of a ship. Sometimes things can be heard or "felt" before they can be seen, but it is the lookout up forward who hears or "feels," not the man who buries himself down in the engine-room amid the grinding whir of the machinery.

"Do the professional prophets never grow weary or discouraged?" you may ask. Let me answer by relating a little incident that happened during the dark days of the autumn of 1917.

I was sitting one morning in the office of one of the rubber prophets in a big New York office-building. It was a holiday in New York, and the great building was silent and almost deserted. As we sat there talking, in walked another

prophet who had just arrived in New York from San Francisco where, just five days before, he had landed from a steamer from the Orient. Five months this prophet had been out of the country, visiting the Far East to see how one of his prophecies of eight years before was progressing—for this man was none other than one of the two prophets who, in 1910, saw the need of plantation rubber for the rubber industry of this country. He is one of the men you can thank because you don't have to pay more to-day every time you buy an automobile-tire.

He was weary from his long trip and disappointed to get back and find how little visible progress we, as a country, had made in getting ready for our share in the war. He felt depressed, he said. He dreaded to look ahead. He knew we were coming through all right in the end—oh yes, he was sure of that. And he knew his company would weather the war storm all right. But he dreaded what we all had to go through in the mean time. He said that when he was in China they told him a story of a Chinaman who was smitten with some bodily disorder which required an immediate operation. The Chinaman inquired of the doctor whether the operation would make him sick, and the doctor admitted that it would. How long would he be sick? About six weeks, he was told. And would he be all right at the end of the six weeks? Would he surely live? The doctor assured him that he would live and that he would be well again within that time.

The Chinaman thought the matter over for some time and then asked, "And how long will I live if I don't have the operation?"

"Until about three o'clock this afternoon," was the doctor's reply.

After another period of deep thought the Chinaman announced his decision: he would rather live until three o'clock without the operation than go through that six weeks of sickness, though he might live to a ripe old age afterward.

And this modern prophet, one of the two men on whose prevision and optimism a great industry years ago gambled nearly ten million dollars, said he felt like the Chinaman—he would

rather die at three o'clock that afternoon than go through what he saw immediately ahead of us. A simple case of a weary prophet, temporarily caught in the pattern.

As we sat in the great quiet office-building and looked out over the roofs of New York and across the Hudson to the Palisades, the other prophet spoke: "An optimist resting!" (You can't get these men to admit that they are prophets.) "Can't you see Elijah sitting there under the juniper-tree, weary from his strenuous experience with the prophets of Baal, whom he had slain the day before, foot-sore after his day's journey into the wilderness, his tunic torn, his throat parched, his stomach empty, and his courage gone? And

can't you hear him say it, 'Now, O Lord, take away my life'?"

It seems to be all in the day's work with these prophets occasionally to get to the place where they want to die, when they have been caught in the pattern and realize all which must be gone through before they can reach the vision they see off in the future.

But before our friend from the Far East left the office he said that he had decided to live until five o'clock instead of three. And a week later I heard that he was rested and ready to go through whatever might lie ahead. Once more he had climbed up where he could look into the future.

You simply can't keep a good prophet in the pattern!

Time Hath No Lance to Wound Her

BY ALAN SULLIVAN

TIME hath no lance to wound her,
 Age follows not her feet,
 For time hath ever found her
 Unaged—divine—complete,
 With all that men may cherish
 In her clear gaze exprest,
 And all for which men perish
 Hid, potent, in her breast:

Kin with all perfect creatures,
 Serving—as serve the free,
 Bearing all lesser natures
 With proud benignity;
 Lavish of her heart's treasure,
 Just—as the Gods are just,
 And conscious of the measure
 Of all she holds in trust:

As wheels the still night's splendor
 About its changeless pole,
 All mercies calm and tender
 Circle her steadfast soul;
 And starry things that wander
 Through caverns in the skies
 Pause, and peer down—then ponder
 O'er the mirror of her eyes.

His Fiancée

BY BETH BRADFORD GILCHRIST



It had not occurred to Huldah Baring as within the bounds of possible human fortuities that she could ever dislike coming home. Baring Ridge was too deeply a part of herself; its brooks, its woods, its ledges, its sunsets and high-shouldering hills and far-flung pasture steeps were too intricately interwoven with her happiest memories to make such contemplation comfortable. To admit it opened a vista of ugly possibilities. It was like admitting a distaste for yourself or your family. You shuddered back as from the brink of a chasm.

Especially, to evade Baring Ridge in springtime was unthinkable. As far back as she could remember into her little girlhood had not pussy-willows in city florists' windows stirred her veins to a delicious tumult? It mattered nothing that snow lay deep on The Ridge and would so lie for months; Huldah was thereafter uneasy until with the birds she could turn her face toward the coquettish Northern spring.

In those happy far-off years, remote in mood, not time, she would have laughed at the suggestion that a day could ever come when pussy-willows would have no power over her save to exact repulsion; when even from pink-and-white mats of arbutus she would turn her face as from a tryst she had no wish to keep. But now, as through level sun-rays familiar houses and barns and chicken-coops began to lurch past the car window below the more slowly wheeling hills, Huldah knew that she was where she was solely because of her mother's letter.

"Aren't you ever coming home? People will be saying next that the thing is true."

That was what had drawn her. She had been afraid to come home, but she had been more afraid of the other thing.

Huldah had been brought up on a theory that what you did not acknowledge was, so far as you were concerned, non-existent, and she had practised it with dexterity and acumen. If you did not care to see a thing, look another way. Though for the most part this theory had fed on the flimsiest of textures, justifying itself by a gay courage that found life good because it had not gone deep, yet in her supreme moment it had found apotheosis. Facing Peter Hewitt's death, the girl had been wholly transcendental. Without premeditated philosophy or conscious religious impulsion—habited to church-going all her life, she had remained apparently impervious to more than the rubber stamp of churchliness—at once Huldah Baring had oriented herself by an other-worldliness as simple and instinctive as it was early-Christian. Like Peter Hewitt's comrades in arms, she had reacted instantly in intuitive denial of the finality of death.

How clearly she remembered the September afternoon when word came that Peter had "gone west." She had been roaming the hill, as she and Peter had loved to do, and the chauffeur's boy had been sent out to find her. Between Huldah's eyes and the houses thickening outside the car window flashed a vivid memory of the boy's face, white and scared, as it peered at her through the reddening pendants of a barberry-bush. "Mis' Hewitt wants you down to the house." His voice had gone quite out in the middle of the sentence, spent by nervousness. She had known then what news was waiting for her; it had not needed the broken speech of Peter's mother to tell. But while she made her way down the hill to meet it, skirting the little waterfall that Peter loved, past the pool where the biggest trout rose to their bait, through the grove of white birches where the boy Peter had burst in on her the first time she ever saw him, all the

earth seemed full of Peter—Peter. It had been so throughout that autumn before she left The Ridge. Wherever she walked she went companioned. Peter's presence haunted every familiar spot; his voice hallooed in the wind, his laugh rollicked in the crackle of dry twigs, his footsteps ran in the swirling leaves. Huldah had not wished to go away; all she asked had been to stay forever. Even now she could not shake off a superstition that, if she had not left The Ridge, it would not have happened. Nothing could have touched her there.

It? Nonsense! What had happened? To admit was to besmirch Peter. A girl had filled her mouth with windy fancies and people had talked. People always would talk so long as they had tongues. Talk could not hurt you, if you took no notice of it. But Huldah wished she had not been made to come back. The brakes ground to a shrieking halt and she gathered her bags together, hoping, nervously, that there would not be many at the station. Then she squared her shoulders defiantly. Let there be the whole village and all the summer colony, they should not find her cringing.

Her mother had sent the car. That act—her mother's absence—seemed to stamp this arrival with a blessed commonplaceness that restored Huldah's momentarily shaken poise. It was only an ordinary home-coming, after all, such as she had known innumerable times before. There was nothing momentous, nothing sinister or significant about it to make it stand out from its fellows. She nodded to the loiterers on the platform, shook hands with the station agent, waved to a girl at the window of a limousine, kissed another stepping toward the bus—"Yes, just back. I'm late this year. Let me give you a lift. Oh, no trouble at all. You're at The Pines again? Drive by The Pines, Jim. Now tell me about everybody. Is all the old crowd back?"

How easy, how incredibly easy it was to do it! To talk and talk, raising a camouflage of words to conceal the path of thought. Peter had never had much use for words, preferring deeds instead. "I let them do my talking," he had said. "Then people know what I mean." The remark occurred to Huldah

with a strange impersonal emptiness that stabbed her with foreboding.

"Do you know, I think it's rather a good plan to come late," her tongue chattered. "You see spring all put on, so to speak. Before this, I have always watched the act being set up. It's a change, anyway. Oh, here we are. Don't forget to come over soon. . . . No trouble at all. *Please* don't mention it."

Words, words, mere words. But she had held her head high; mother would approve of that. The gesture she thought no particular credit to her. A high head may cover a faint heart, and Huldah knew her physical attitudes for a mere matter of inheritance and training, a bold front put on to conceal the weakness of the defense within. You did not, if you were a Baring, wear your heart on your sleeve for even the most loving solicitude to peck at; in Huldah's case not so much from dislike of daws as from fear of treachery. You could control your thoughts only if no one else knew you had them. Then you could deny what you chose not to acknowledge. To share was to give standing, body, and reality. No, if her fear ever got out into the open in front of her, the battle was lost. She could always see it out of the tail of her eye, feel it skulking at her back ready, at a moment's weakness, to spring and fell her. But so long as she didn't face it, she could pretend—sometimes—that it wasn't there. Though she knew, all the while, that it was there.

Oddly enough, her mother was nervous, too. To Huldah's supersensitive fancy it almost seemed as though her mother were also afraid of something, as though she, too, were bent on keeping something back. She watched the girl too closely; provided too assiduously for her creature comfort, veiled her solicitude too lightly. Huldah knew herself in a mood to pick flaws in the faultless, but was it all imagination, this strange, impalpable barrier between them?

"I've said what I could." Mrs. Baring's ringed hands played futilely with the tea things. "A temporary infatuation. We all know how such affairs come about—propinquity—a

French girl and an American aviator—one of the saviors of her country. Peter's machine came down on her father's estate, didn't it? Before that he had been home two or three times with the brother, *en permission*. Dying for France. And undeniably they have charm, those French girls. You were three thousand miles away. If it had been a question of life—but it wasn't, and Pete knew it. He was too clear-headed a fellow not to know. The mistake Marcia Hewitt made, as I see it, was in acknowledging the girl's first letter."

"She couldn't very well do anything else, could she? Mrs. Hewitt was Pete's mother and this girl was with him when he died. There were things she could tell her—"

"Oh yes, of course, of course. Well, young men will be young men. It isn't as though your engagement hadn't been announced. A pretty face on the spot—But you were his fiancée. That is the ground I have taken. I'm thankful you're here, Huldah. As I wrote you, people were beginning to talk, hinting there might be more to the story than we were giving out and that you didn't care to be seen."

"I'll settle people," said the girl. She felt tired and very old.

Her mother sighed, though not quite with the relief that might have been expected.

"I don't know what you've done to deserve this, Huldah."

The words grated on her daughter's ear. "Is it a question of deserts, mother? Never mind. We will put people right."

"The Belchers will be here to dinner," said Mrs. Baring. "So much depends on how you begin. And when it is known that we had guests the first night you were home—"

"Don't overdo it. You know I'm supposed to care something about Pete."

Huldah's mother moved an acknowledging hand. "But the Belchers are such intimate friends. And it isn't as though either Anna or her mother were going out. Anna tells me she feels Bob's death more and more as time passes. You'd think she might get used to it in eight months, wouldn't you? And

every one knows Pete's death didn't crush you as Bob's did Anna. The whole colony saw you last fall, remember. If *that* didn't make the difference, then it must be this—if there is a difference. That's clear reasoning. I didn't mean to tell you, but I think you ought to know, after all:—People are beginning to say *you* didn't care for Pete as much as they thought."

"I?— Oh, I see."

"You know how people talk. If you show a difference, they will draw inferences."

"Yes, I know. All right, mother. Bring on your Belchers. I don't mind them."

Mrs. Baring hesitated a moment. "Suzanne will come to you when I am through with her. Though I know you don't care for such things, as a rule, Huldah, still—just for to-night— And Suzanne has quite a wonderful way with her."

"Do I look so bad?"

"You're tired. You have been knocking about the country rather long, you know."

"Oh yes, I'm tired. And traveling is stupid. Very well, mother." She dropped a light kiss on her mother's forehead. "I'll try to be a credit to you."

But in her own room Huldah Baring went over to the window and knelt down, her elbows on the sill, looking out, a queer feeling of panic in her heart. Her mother had failed her—her *mother*! She could trust her for appearances, nothing more. Now Huldah knew how a drowning man feels who sees his succoring plank torn from his frantic grasp. She was awash in seas of menace, at the mercy of towering waters. Until now she hadn't realized how completely she had depended on her mother to see with her eye to eye. Perhaps her mother was right. If only, in all the years, she hadn't made such a habit of being right! Perhaps, after all, Peter had—

Could she finish the sentence? No, no, not yet. But why not? What was the use of struggling against the inevitable? If facts were facts, wasn't she merely prolonging her own torture? What a waste of energy! And she was tired, nobody knew how tired she was, how ut-

terly spent. The sensible thing was to give up—she *would* give up. Simply to cease fighting would be almost bliss. Let the water cover her then, let the seas carry her where they would. At last she was through battling—*through*.

And then Huldah made a discovery. She couldn't give up. Something in her refused to allow her to let herself go under easily. Easily? Good heavens, what a false-faced word! To her surprise she found herself in the grip, not of desire, not consciously of will, perhaps merely of instinct; she could not name it, but something drove her to a finish. They must beat her to her knees and lower; they must crush her irresistibly into the dust to make her acknowledge—that Peter had loved another. There! it was out at last, straight in front of her, the thing she had not dared to name. The desperate courage of the defeated rose in the girl's veins.

"I don't believe it!" She flung defiance into the May dusk, straight into the teeth of the malignant powers. "I don't believe it. And I won't. *I won't!*"

But she said it without hope or expectation. A sense of utter desolation was upon her, the final bitter irony of a loneliness that moves in the midst of people, walks with them, talks with them, sees, touches, loves them, and knows itself prisoned as by impalpable, unscalable walls, in a desert world. The sensation would have been curious had it not been so terrifying, so appallingly inescapable and final. Peter's mother? The thought of the little thistle-down woman brought no succor to the girl's harassed heart. The Ridge? It had never failed her yet. But the very reluctance which she felt to put it to the test confessed the dubiety with which she faced it now. Might not The Ridge give her away the more fatally because she loved it so?

The girl turned from the window and began disguising her desolation. As she moved about the room, opening closets and drawers, all the bitterness of her betrayed youth focused momentarily in a consuming envy of Anna Belcher. It wasn't that Anna and Bob had been married, though there, too, Anna had scored upon her; it was that Anna's title to Bob stood undisputed, clear of

the slightest shadow of discredit. Anna still held the deeds to her own grief. Lucky women, who kept the right to mourn their dead. Lucky Anna! Lucky to have lost Bob while she so indubitably had him; now he was hers forever. Was it cynical to feel so? Perhaps. But life, thought Huldah, was not very pleasant. What *was* pleasant when you penetrated below its surface? A decent person would turn his eyes from his own thoughts, unless he liked viewing ugliness. Huldah hated herself for hating Anna Belcher, but the flame of her feeling seared her like a hot iron. And Anna was coming to dinner, the little pink-faced chit who didn't know when she was well off. Jealousy whipped the color into the girl's cheeks, put life and sparkle in her face. Her whole being bent to one crafty purpose—to conceal from the Belchers' kindly, curious eyes her naked heart.

Suzanne helped her here. Suzanne's skilful hand, deft with the art that conceals art, gave her soul sanctuary. No one, thought Huldah, surveying herself in the glass, could now be shocked, as her mother had been, at the sight of her devastated face. Suzanne, she perceived, henceforth must be her chief ally. Time had been when Huldah scorned such aids. She scorned nothing now. She snatched at straws of which to weave defense.

Under a facile canopy of words the girl moved through the evening. She talked of Peter, not apologetically or purposefully, but indirectly, with an art as subtly unapparent as that of her painted face and a simplicity of proprietorship as authentic as that with which she spoke of her mother. She ignored as beautifully as she appropriated. Peter was hers; she, his.

"Oh, is young Herrenden engaged? I hadn't heard. You know, mother, Jack Herrenden was devoted to Peter. It was Jack who told me about the accident. He was there and helped Lieutenant Duthoit pick Peter up. Who is the girl? Any one I know?"

"A sister of Lieutenant Duthoit's I heard." Anna Belcher's pause was almost imperceptible.

"Jeanne's younger sister? Oh, really? Isn't that interesting?"

"Do you know anything about her, Huldah? We are all curious."

"Nothing," said Huldah, promptly, "except that, if she is as nice as her sister, she must be very nice indeed. Jack said Mademoiselle Jeanne was quite charming. She was the one Peter liked, you know."

"You have a wonderful thing in Huldah," Anna Belcher's mother told Huldah's mother when she said good night. "Such poise in so young a woman is marvelous."

"Yes, Huldah has quite grown up, hasn't she? It makes me feel old, Mary, to have lost my little girl."

The motor slid noiselessly away between fragrant lilac-hedges and the two women turned back into the house.

Mrs. Baring laid a hand on her daughter's arm. "I was proud of you to-night, Huldah," she said, lightly.

"I'm glad of that, mother. If you should miss me at breakfast, don't start search-parties. If I wake early, I am going out."

"I wouldn't try to wake too early," suggested her mother. "There is time enough—and you need your sleep."

"Oh yes," said Huldah, "there is time enough." Her voice sagged wearily as she lifted her bedroom candle. Bedroom candles were an institution at The Ridge, part of its carefully studied charm. "Good night, mother. Sweet dreams."

Time! she thought, bitterly, as she mounted the stairs. Time! What was the use of time that had lost its savor? You could have too much of time like that. Death wasn't the worst thief in the world. Huldah remembered when, only a few scant months ago, she had looked forward to eventual death as to a tryst. Now the mere thought of it was mockery. There was then no solace in all the universe except extinction. And the war had done for extinction as completely as it had done for northern France. It wasn't possible to restore either of them, short of at least a generation—too late, thought Huldah, for her. As a tenet of finality, so far as any one now alive was concerned, death was discredited; it had committed suicide in an orgy of repletion.

She dismissed the maid and herself let down her hair. Peter had loved her

hair. As a boy he had begged strands of it for rabbit-snares. Once, only last year, when they were climbing, her hair had come down and fallen in a splendid glory to her knees, and Peter had turned quite white, and when he handed her the hair-pins she had felt his fingers tremble. Why had such memories no power to stir her now?

They were empty, empty as the overcoat Peter had left behind him that last night at The Ridge. She had brought it up-stairs and hung it in her closet among her filmy gowns. It was there now. She crossed the room with swift steps and flung open the closet door. She passed her hand gently, caressingly over the coat; she laid her cheek against its rough sleeve. No, illusion had left her. Memory had lost the art to fill out that sagging sleeve with Peter's strong, impetuous clasp. The girl's hand dropped at her side. It was only an empty sleeve. Utterly forlorn, she crept into bed and waited forebodingly for dawn.

In her darkest moods of premeditation Huldah had not dreamed the reality could be so cruel. The Ridge might, she thought, fail her; it had not occurred to her that it could mock her. Conceivably, a person might walk, wrapped in the chilly warmth of glad remembered days, not without peace, in the path where you and joy had once footed blithely hand in hand, and see, peeping from behind every tree and rock, sprites of happy memory. So, in fact, had Huldah walked last autumn. But to pass that way, tortured by doubt of the reality of what you had thought your own, turned the sprites to demons. To walk that path through the carnival of May, with every tiniest twig breaking into jocund life, the air vocal with the songs of mating birds, was to set the demons dancing on a grave.

In torment Huldah Baring fled before them. Her frantic feet ranged from the birch grove to the rock where at this very hour she and Peter had been wont to meet, by frank appointment in their careless childhood, by shy premeditation in their conscious youth, by confident expectation in their brief, radiant engagement. Nowhere could she recapture her sense of Peter. The world, which still clicked off for her brain the

setting of innumerable happy episodes, had leagued its forces to exclude their spirit. Huldah closed her eyes and leaned against a tree, spent and a little dizzy. The slimy trail lay over all her most treasured past. Not one of her dearest haunts could she look at without wincing. Now at last she saw the world as it really was, this hideous, painted, jocund, fluid world. All the old moorings were gone; nothing in all the universe was stable or fixed or constant. Huldah felt like a chip on a current, a straw whirled and tossed and spun about by forces malignant, purposeless, chaotic. She distrusted her closest friends, even her mother. Hadn't she learned what ties of the dearest were worth?

"It is just that I happen to be here," she told herself. "It isn't really I who matters. Any one else would do as well—for a peg to hang emotions on—*will* do as well when I'm not here. A peg's the thing. Propinquity—that's the constant denominator. The numerator changes. Propinquity!" And she laughed a light and dreadful laugh.

Her laugh scared a little bird hopping about on a bough above her head, deluded by her immobility into thinking her a part of the tree trunk against which she leaned. Huldah watched his flight with careless, unhappy eyes. Of what use was it to run away, since with all your running you had to bring up somewhere? If the thing were true, one world held no slightest advantage over another, since the only meaning that could make either tenable was lost. Death had not taken Peter from her; so there was no logic in supposing death could give him back. And what good could death do her unless it gave him back? If—how persistently she still postulated that if— If the thing were not true, she could hardly fancy herself meeting Peter's keen, steady eyes with the ill-balanced excuse on her shadow-lips that she had been in such haste to see him that she had taken matters into her own hands. Peter hated presumption. And wasn't the only salvation in this world or another for the perfection of their relationship, to keep it perfect? If he hadn't smirched it, she mustn't. The thing had rounded on itself in a vicious circle, a maze of inescapable windings.

Obviously, solution was not to be had in the quarter of pseudo-finalities.

Huldah suspected no solution was to be had at all; the mere idea of solution was a will-o'-the-wisp, fabricated to delude. Be that as it might, it did no good to fall down when you were hit. The only decency left you was to scramble to your feet as soon as possible and stand up to what had hit you; by your very attitude to throw back into the teeth of what had made you your defiance of this steam-roller of a world.

Slowly, wearily, with infinite effort, Huldah put her hands to her head and fastened in place once more her heavy coils of burnished hair. The action was a rite, a symbol. Then she stiffened her shoulders and went in to breakfast.

At the table with her mother sat Mrs. Hewitt.

"Oh, my dear," said the little thistle-down woman when she had kissed Huldah and cooed over her and cried a little, too—"oh, my dear, I have news for you. Such news! It has put me all in a flutter. But I couldn't let you hear it from any one else, dear. I said to John, 'No, if it kills me, I shall tell Huldah myself.' She—that person, Huldah—is coming here."

"Jeanne Duthoit?" asked Huldah, buttering a roll. "Really? Isn't that interesting?"

"No," said little Mrs. Hewitt, "no. I do not find it in the least interesting. But she wrote and asked if she might come. She has written me every week since—since Peter went, Huldah—you didn't know that, did you?—and what could I say?"

"Nothing but what you wrote her, I'm sure."

"I don't know *what* I wrote her. John says I ought to keep copies of my letters. Copies—imagine it!—of such intimate personalities as one's private correspondence. Her first letters—I didn't dare tell any one but John about them. But yes, I suppose I must have said sometime we should be glad to see her. Then, too, I—I wanted to hear about Peter from the girl's lips."

Huldah rose and, walking around the table, dropped a kiss on the little lady's hand. "Of course you did. Dear Mrs.

Hewitt, you were quite right in asking Jeanne to come."

"And it won't make you feel bad, Huldah?"

"No, indeed."

"You won't need to meet her, you know."

"Surely not."

"Huldah may be called away," suggested Mrs. Baring. "A little trip may become unavoidable."

"Oh, I can dispose of myself somehow," said Huldah.

Mrs. Hewitt looked from one to the other uncertainly. "I thought perhaps I ought to let her. She wanted so to come here."

"She would, of course."

"But I don't altogether like her, Huldah. She must be quite a common person, I think, though her letters are certainly charming. You—you don't suppose that she is an adventuress?"

"No, indeed. And I don't see her common at all. I see her very young and sweet and appealing—and sincere. A little like Nan. Girls like Nan could always bowl Pete over, you know. Just because they *were* like Nan. He wanted to be a brother to them all."

"Not really," said Peter's mother.

"No?" smiled Huldah. "But they thought he did, which for them amounted to the same thing."

A troubled look disturbed the blue depths of the little lady's mild eyes. "Have you grown a little cynical, dear?"

"I don't think so."

"Then it is very sweet of you to speak so. I wasn't quite sure. I never could be certain of what you and Pete were talking about. I'm not clever, you know. But I hope you will come and see her— Oh, I forgot, you are to be away."

"I should like, on some accounts, to see her," mused Huldah. "Does she know about me, Mrs. Hewitt?"

"Not from me. And not from Nan, I'm sure. No, I think she doesn't know."

"It is much better she shouldn't," said Huldah, with decision.

Peter's mother reverted with delicate perturbation to the doubt which had first troubled her. "You are sure, my dear, you really don't mind her coming?"

Huldah took both the small, fluttering hands in a warm clasp. "I think it is going to do every one good to see her, dear Mrs. Hewitt. That is what I honestly think."

"How do you do it, Huldah?" Mrs. Baring asked, when the guest had gone.

"Words," said Huldah, "words. It's a game I always heard was fairly easy to play. Until lately I didn't know how easy."

"I'm afraid you *have* grown cynical. Marcia Hewitt has an uncanny way of being right, now and then, in the midst of her nonsense."

"She's a dear," said Huldah. "But can you quite see how she came to be the mother of Peter? It has often puzzled me. I wonder whether I'm right about Jeanne."

"I will let you know."

"Perhaps you won't have to."

"Huldah! You wouldn't think of staying here!"

"Oh, I don't know."

"But consider how embarrassing it would be."

"For whom, mother? I can't think of any one who would have the right to be embarrassed, if I wasn't."

Mrs. Baring looked troubled. "My dear, I hope this experience isn't going to make you hard."

At that very minute Peter's mother, sitting stiff and straight in her padded car, was gazing with vague dissatisfaction at the hand Huldah had kissed. "I suppose it must be all right," she thought, jealously. "But, when I was young, if girls felt sorrow they showed it. Somehow it seems more respectful to the dead that way."

In the weeks that followed, toward what had been at first mere impulse Huldah Baring turned more and more as to something momentous and decisive that could punctuate the trivial monotony of her days. Existence gave her an odd sensation of walking through time as through a pattern so unimportant that even while she looked at it the thing blurred and ran into an indistinguishable round of worthless activity without meaning or design. The sole point lay in getting on with it. Conceivably, then, you might sometime reach an angle from which the muddled confusion would

mean something; equally, you might never see what it amounted to, for form or purpose. Possibly that was just what it did amount to—nothing. Or again, possibly it amounted to learning how to keep your footing through accumulated worthlessness, learning to walk alone, as a child learns, with many tumbles. Huldah took her tumbles silently, picking herself up and brushing off the dust as well as she might. Something was growing up in her, not sturdy enough yet to be termed sure-footedness, but an ability to keep her feet from miring too deeply. In either case, or in any, you had to go on with what semblance of zest you could muster. To do things listlessly, by Huldah's code, was worse than to leave them undone.

But while her body was posturing thus energetically, her imagination found little to feed on. In this famine it fastened with extraordinary avidity on the girl Jeanne Duthoit's coming, investing the simple and straightforward visit with supreme importance. What it was going to mean Huldah did not know; it must, she thought, mean something. She was even afraid of what it might mean, she who had thought herself impervious to fear. Did you, she wondered, ever grow quite impervious? But she looked at the thing now with her eyes open; she had ceased to find solace in shutting them. She might, if she saw Jeanne, learn the truth and the truth might take from her even the torturing comfort of ignorance. Now that she was faced with the possibility of winning past it, Huldah discovered how incorrigibly hopeful is dubiety. Dared she leave its bleak shelter for the uncompromising chill of knowledge? Obviously, the sensible course was, as her mother had suggested, to go away.

Mrs. Baring looked up from an open letter one morning in mid-June.

"Madge will be delighted, Huldah," she said. "She only stipulates that you telegraph which train, so she can meet you."

"Did you write her?" Huldah set down her coffee-cup.

Mrs. Baring smiled playfully. "I thought you would never get to it. You procrastinate abominably, Huldah."

"I have been making up my mind. I

suppose I can telegraph her that I may be up next week."

"Next week? Had you forgotten, dear, it is to-morrow Mademoiselle Duthoit arrives?"

"I hadn't forgotten. But I have decided not to run away. I am going to see her."

Mrs. Baring's face changed swiftly, but when she spoke it was with an effect of extreme deliberation. "Are you quite sure, Huldah, that is altogether wise?"

"I think so." The girl studied for a moment her mother's eyes. "You think I ought to be afraid? Is that it?"

The lady made a deprecatory gesture. "Let us put it that every one concerned will be less embarrassed with you away."

"Possibly. But why not put it the way it is? I *am* afraid. That is why I can't go. If I wasn't, it wouldn't matter whether I met her or not."

"Huldah," said her mother, plaintively, "I am obliged to confess that I do not in the least understand you."

The girl rose and, rounding the table to her mother's side, dropped on her knees by Mrs. Baring's chair.

"I don't know that I can make it sound clear, but it is very plain to me. I have thought it all out. I'm scared to stay—oh, mother, you don't know *how* scared! But if I run away now I shall run from things all my life. And I couldn't bear to do that, could I? Having my last hope destroyed may kill me, I suppose, but on the other terms life won't be worth living. It isn't very entrancing now. So there's nothing to do but get the thing over once for all, is there?"

Her mother bent and kissed the girl's lips. She did not comprehend, but she loved her. "Huldah dear, there's a queer streak in you. You looked just like your father when you said that. There was a queer streak in him, too. I haven't a word to say. And, after all, she may prove an adventuress."

But Jeanne Duthoit was not an adventuress. Huldah knew it the minute she saw the young French girl; even Huldah's reluctant mother acknowledged the appeal of her youth, of her naïve, temperamental charm, of her tragic background. She was by turns so childlike and so incalculably old; the

contradiction invested her with a sphinx-like lure irresistible through its unconsciousness. In her delicate little person the amiable, well-fed people she had come among saw visualized the heart-breaking frustration of the youth of France. Through her they took their tragedy at first hand, yet still, as it were, from an easy-chair with a certain comfortable bookishness, though more vitally than most people take books—the undemanding remoteness of fiction combining with the keen poignancy of fact.

"She is adorable," said Huldah as the two drove home after their call. "People won't be able to resist her."

"She will be quite the vogue," assented Mrs. Baring. "You must exert yourself, Huldah."

"If I cared to, I don't know that I should have any luck against her. Did you notice Mrs. Hewitt?"

Huldah's mother had hoped that attitude had escaped Huldah. "I thought she seemed quite completely in the toils."

"I liked to see her," said the girl. "She looked like a child who thinks he has been called to punishment and finds it's a party." But her heart contracted. After all, it had not been altogether easy to watch Peter's mother's happiness in the stranger.

"You talked at some length with the girl, I noticed."

"Mother!" Huldah's lips curved whimsically. "Isn't it a little absurd to insist on handling Mademoiselle Jeanne at arm's-length, as it were with the tongs? She is obviously so very nice. But yes, I talked with her. And I like her. The odd thing is I think she likes me, too. I hope no busybody will tell her that Peter and I were ever engaged."

Questions crowded to Mrs. Baring's lips. To her chagrin she found that she did not quite dare to put them into speech. There was something about Huldah of late, reflected Huldah's mother, that you did not feel altogether free with.

If it was hard to restrain her curiosity, it was harder for Huldah's mother to listen to the chorus of admiration that rose from the lips of the summer colony, to watch the current of popular feeling chop about in a day from critical suspi-

cion to unanimous and entranced adoption. Mademoiselle Duthoit was so sweet, so bewitching, so sincere, it wasn't altogether to be wondered at, was it, if— Such a child, too. No man, especially a young man, thousands of miles from home, could be blamed with a creature like that about, if— And Huldah Baring always had been cold. She was cold now. If you felt grief, you showed it, didn't you? No, Peter's death hadn't hurt Huldah much. See how she took this Mademoiselle Jeanne. The French girl didn't know, of course. But Huldah— Hadn't her engagement been announced to the whole colony? A mere sense of fitness ought to have kept her out of the visitor's way, let alone natural feeling.

The gossips were right in thinking Huldah did not mind their talk. It was with a certain surprise the girl discovered that trivialities no longer had power to confound her. She joined sincerely in the chorus of Jeanne's praise. Even the obvious singling out of herself by the French girl failed to embarrass her; somewhere or other she had lost that overwhelming consciousness of self which invests every act with a supreme awareness. An odd sense of lightness and freedom enfolded her. A savor crept into her daily deeds. Every now and then she caught herself thinking how Peter would like this or that about Jeanne Duthoit, before she remembered that this was the girl Peter had liked. The thought had ceased to stab her long before she knew. Indeed, knowledge came more as confirmation than discovery, as though some inner sense had, in the presence of the girl Jeanne, wordlessly grasped the truth.

"If you knew," breathed Jeanne one day, "all that he did for me! Oh, I cannot tell that even to my Peter's mother. She is very kind, very tender, very good, the Madam Hewitt, but it would—how do you say?—be too great shock. Her heart would be lacerate. She would, I think, never forget it of me. But you—I can tell you. You are like my Peter—with the so great common sense. He taught me that word. 'Have the common sense, little Jeanne,' said he. I could not understand the English then so well as I do now. One day Henri, my

brother, said, 'Jeanne, I bring home new friend this afternoon.' It was Peter. I"—the limpid eyes lifted suddenly—"I was but child, yet life was for me befoul, quite spoil. Peter, he took me, he laugh with me. He say—oh, not that time, much after—"Life is not over for you, little Jeanne. He will come some day, the man you will love. He will come and he will love you, not less but more for what has fallen to you. It was not your fault, that thing so unspeakable.' He talked as my brother might have spoke to me, and he was not of my country. For that I believe him. The world—it grew wide again, I could breathe. I could sing a little. I could laugh. He laugh so much, my Peter. Do you wonder I love him?"

"No," said Huldah, "no, I do not wonder." Her eyes dwelt on the girl with kindling sympathy. She forgot the doubts that had engulfed her. A generous eagerness possessed her spirit. "I am glad you had him, little Jeanne."

The girl's mobile face quivered. "We were—how do you say it?—we had not plight our troth. He never kiss me on the mouth, he kiss my hand. He could not speak my language very well, and then I did not speak the American so well as now. But I listen very hard to understand what he mean when he talk. It was easier to let our tongues be still—to talk with our hearts."

Gravely Huldah nodded. "Tongues make mistakes," she said. "You can't quite trust them."

Jeanne Duthoit looked earnestly at the older girl. A deep sadness dwelt in her eyes, the more touching for its utter incongruity with her youth and beauty.

"Do hearts make the mistakes also? Yesterday a tongue told me my Peter is not my Peter. That tongue said Peter belong to you."

The light, crisp syllables left the air palpitating with crisis. Huldah Baring knew herself face to face with a supreme decision. Her heart did not leap up in jubilation. She forgot to notice her own reactions. With enlightened insight she saw the truth. Just how much Jeanne had had. It had been something very real and warm; that it had not been quite what Jeanne thought it must not be allowed to invalidate its reality. She

saw Jeanne's faith not only as something exquisite to mar which would be crime, but as something authentic that belonged to her, yet less a personal devotion to Peter than, through Peter, an allegiance symbolic of renewed hope and life.

The task was one so delicate as to challenge all Huldah's powers. Could she accomplish it? To fail was to destroy Peter's gift to the child. For his sake she must succeed. For Peter's sake. There could be no question here of subtle meanings. The words of her lips must be so true, so honest, that her own heart could pulse through them with full convincing beat.

"Peter and I were boy and girl friends," she said, simply. "I can't remember a time when I did not know him."

"I should not like to be a thief." Jeanne's tragic eyes still searched the face before her.

Huldah leaned forward and took the girl's hands. A lovely smile touched her lips. "Don't you know, little Jeanne, that you can take nothing from me that belongs to me, or I from you? I knew Peter well and *I am sure he meant every word that he said to you.*"

For a minute the two stood eye to eye, heart to heart. Then the troubled look passed from the French girl's face. She lifted her lips like a child for a caress.

"I love you," she said. "There are two I love, Peter—and you."

Huldah Baring watched the graceful figure flit down the foot-path that led through the woods. She must walk and think. Could she speak even to her mother of what Jeanne's words had revealed? She did not quite dare to trust that tender, jealous love with this secret. Then let her mother think—what she must think. Let the world think what it chose. She and Peter knew.

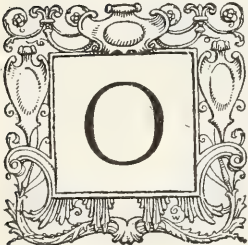
Just below the grove of white birches Huldah paused and looked about her in startled wonder. An exquisite exhilaration quickened her blood. Why, she no longer walked alone in an empty world! Memories, warm, throbbing, happy, thronged about her. The whole Ridge was alive—alive with Peter—*Peter!* Huldah lifted her face and started upward on swift feet as to a rendezvous.

My Capture and Escape

BY *LIEUTENANT JOHN O. W. DONALDSON*

U. S. Military Aviator, Attached to the Thirty-Second Royal Flying Corps

[THE following account of the capture by the Germans of a young American aviator, his escape from prison, his recapture and second escape, constitutes one of those extraordinary narratives in which luck, misfortune, and persistent daring have been so artfully ordered by Fate as to seem almost incredible. The author, who is the son of Brigadier-General T. Q. Donaldson, of the Inspector-General's Department at Tours, France, received his instruction in flying at the Ground School, Cornell University, then with the Royal Flying Corps at Toronto, with subsequent gunnery practice in Texas. In June, 1918, as a member of the Thirty-second Royal Flying Corps, he was sent to France. During the following two months he brought down nine German planes, of which he was officially credited with five (*i.e.*, witnessed by four observers). Lieutenant Donaldson was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross by Field-Marshal Haig, and has received two citations by General Pershing. He has been recommended for the Distinguished Service Cross. The following account, given in Lieutenant Donaldson's own words, without attempt at embellishment, describes his last flight and capture, and the extraordinary sequence of subsequent adventures and misadventures culminating in his escape through the electric-wire barrier into Holland.—EDITOR.]

N a bright but windy day, the 1st of September, about eleven o'clock, while the squadron was yelling at the top of their voices, "Over There," the major came in and said: "Well, chaps, the bombers have just taken off. We leave the ground in an hour, and escort them over to Solesnes" (about ten kilometers east of Valenciennes). We filled ourselves up with ham and eggs, climbed into our "monkey suits" (fur suits for high flying), and at two minutes before the hour were waiting to take off.

When escorting bombers we generally fly in three flights of six each. The bombers usually fly all in one formation (fourteen of them), at a height of about 12,000 feet. The fighting scouts escorting the bombers fly in terraces, above and behind the bombers, the first flight of six being 2,000 feet above the bombers, the next flight 2,000 feet above the first, and the third 2,000 feet above the second. This makes the top flight about 18,000 feet, nearly three and a half miles.

This time my flight was top flight. We escorted the bombers over and watched them drop their "eggs." Just

as we turned to go home my engine air-pressure pump broke, and my machine started gliding down under the rest of the flight. I switched on to my hand-pump and pumped for all I was worth. After a time I got tired of pumping, so I turned on my gravity tank, and the "old 'bus" picked up and went along as if nothing had happened. I had been losing height all this time and was now down to about nine thousand feet, and I suddenly saw between me and our lines three Fokker biplanes, the fastest machines on the front.

We circled around one another and did a little long-range shooting, without inflicting any material harm on one another. Being outnumbered, I was at a disadvantage, for no sooner would I get in a good position behind one of their "tails" than one of them would get on my tail. I finally grew disgusted at this, and, disregarding the first two, maneuvered into a good position behind and above the third, and let go with both guns. I could see the tracers entering the fuselage all 'round his seat, and suddenly the flames burst out and, as he fell, his whole face was illuminated. While I was shooting at this one the other two got a good burst into me. One burst

went through my right wing, doing little damage; the other, however, hit my engine, and the last my left-hand cylinder. I fell a mile and a half, righted my plane, and managed to volplane to earth, landing near my victim.

By good fortune no Huns were near the place where I landed, so I had plenty of time to destroy my machine. This we are ordered to do, so that our machines cannot be copied or used. Then I went to the burning German machine and tried to pull the pilot out, but it was too late, as he was burned black.

The Germans, who were running across the fields toward me, must have seen what I was trying to do, for when they reached me the Hun officer in charge saluted, asked me a few questions (he could speak English), and said he was sorry, but that he would have to search me. He took my papers, maps, etc., but let me keep my money and a couple of photographs. Then they tried my gun to see if it contained explosive bullets, and if it had I should have been shot on the spot. After registering, I was taken to a temporary prison in Douai. Here I was placed in a room with an English officer, Lieutenant Ham, of the King's Own Regiment.

The first thing I saw on entering the prison was a bulletin-board on the wall, made by the prisoners, containing the names of several of my friends whom I thought had "gone west," but who were, in reality, prisoners.

About six o'clock (German time) supper was brought in. It consisted of one-half pound of black bread and coffee made of burnt acorns and barley, so the guard informed us.

That night the English started shelling the city. One big shell knocked a few holes in our building. All the Hun guards "beat it" for the cellars, leaving us entirely unguarded. Luckily for them, we were all too tired to try to escape.

Next morning directly after breakfast, which consisted of "coffee," we built a fire in our room, using the table and bureau for firewood.

Lunch, the main meal of the day, consisted of soup made of potato peelings, cabbage stalks, and water. It was very thin, but there was as much of it as we wished.

At three o'clock we were sent by train to Valenciennes, where we had the same supper as the night before; then we walked to Condé, a walled town sixteen kilometers to the north. We got into our prison about 11 P.M., were given two short blankets, full of "cooties," and a stone floor for a bed.

Next day I worked out a scheme for escaping and returning to my squadron, but, although there were sixteen English officers there, no one was willing to try it except a couple who were wounded and could not do so. The others said that it was impossible to get through the fighting-line.

I was growing disgusted when another American, Lieutenant Mandel, aviator, was brought in, a prisoner. He was worrying about his violin, which he said he had willed to some one if he was killed, and he wanted to get back to his squadron in order to claim it. We went around among the other prisoners, looking for maps and compasses. Finally we secured a loaf of bread and a good compass, for which I swapped my handsome fur-lined flying-suit, but the only map we had was one cut from an English newspaper.

A little after nine, while the streets were still full, we escaped by simply jumping out of the second-story window and walking away. I got a badly sprained ankle in landing. The guard, who was about twenty-five yards away, apparently did not notice us, for no alarm was raised.

We reached the edge of the city and there we struck the city wall, along the top of which we walked until we discovered we were going in a half-circle. Then we dropped off the wall (a good thirty feet) into the moat. The moat had only a little water in it, but plenty of mud; every now and then we would sink up to our waists, then we would throw ourselves forward on our faces and pull ourselves out by hanging on to the rushes. Thus inch by inch we spluttered and floundered across and emerged, two dirty, slimy, panting creatures. After scraping off some of the mud, we went by compass southwest.

About two hours before dawn we stumbled on a German aerodrome. We looked it over, and, not seeing any

guard, I suggested stealing one of the machines and flying back to our lines. I had flown a captured German machine while in England, and, as most of the German engines are of the same type, I was sure that I could fly it. We now tried to wheel one out of the hangar, but the machine was so heavy that we had a very hard time doing it. After two hours we got it to the edge of the hangar, but, to our dismay, the tip of the left wing did not clear the post of the hangar. We then tried to back up the machine, but it was no use; we could move it only in one direction.

We were in despair until the idea came to us to take the whole hangar down. The hangars were small, made something like the French hangars, one hangar to a machine; only this one had two machines dovetailed into it.

After we had taken down the stays the tent flopped back, falling on the other machine, but clear of the one we had dragged forward.

Mandel now went out in front and was turning the propeller-blades. I was getting into the machine when a voice behind me said, "*Guten Morgen.*" I jumped as if I was shot. Mandel, however, kept his head and, speaking German fluently, asked the mechanic to help us.

The German suddenly appeared to notice the color of our uniforms, and started yelling, "*Hilfe!*" ("Help"), "*Hilfe!*" I grabbed at him and a fight followed. He drew a small trench-bayonet and made a stab in my back. Mandel, who was on the other side of the machine, joined in, and with a long, heavy flash-light hit the Hun on the head, and when he fell like a log we "beat it." Apparently no other Huns were around, for we were not followed. Later we found out that the Germans were not allowed to sleep near aerodromes, as they were afraid of bombing raids, and in this way protected their pilots.

We asked to be put up at the first house we struck. They took us in, bandaged up my wound for me, and gave us food. They kept us for two days, and, at the end of that time, gave us a loaf of bread and said we must go, as some Germans were to be billeted in their house. They refused to take

money, but we gave them some buttons from our uniforms and one of our lieutenant bars for souvenirs.

On account of the trouble we had the first night crossing the moat, and because of my wound, which prevented me from swimming streams, we decided we would take greater risks and travel on railroad tracks. I was much annoyed by blood trickling down my back and sticking to my underwear. In the daytime when we rested the blood would congeal, and at night the walking caused it to bleed afresh, and my sprained ankle pained me a good deal. Finally, early in the morning we passed through Denain.

While in the Denain freight-yards Mandel suggested that we should destroy something, so that in case we were caught our escape would not have been entirely in vain.

We decided to open the oil-boxes that feed oil to the hubs of the car-wheels and fill them with sand and gravel. We did this to every fifth car on all the trains we met from Denain to Douai, about thirty miles. We hope this caused a number of "hot boxes" and delayed their traffic somewhat. We also discovered the situation of a Big Bertha and were able to give its location so that it was put out of commission by English artillery later.

During the day we hid in some bushes between Denain and Somain, and, as usual, it rained most of the time. For breakfast and supper we had a slice of brown bread and some lard for butter. We did not take any lunch, as we wished to make our loaf of bread last as long as possible.

On this night (September 8th) we were halted twice by sentinels, but they shut up as soon as Mandel started cussing them out in German. Speaking German perfectly, he impersonated a German officer every time we were halted, and, as they always halted us at such a distance that they could not see our clothes, after the first few cuss words they would shut up like clams and continue their beat.

Dawn found us in a bad position. We were just able to get clear of the town of Dechy and hide in the first bushes we came to. By the time it had got quite bright we found we had picked out a

rotten position, less than fifty yards from a motor-transport encampment, with a path between it and the road passing within ten feet of the bushes in which we were hiding.

About half past ten in the morning a Hun soldier (a lad about sixteen), while looking for berries, discovered Mandel. He asked Oscar if he was tired. Oscar replied that he had stolen away from the aerodrome for a nap and asked the Hun what he was doing. He said he was hungry and looking for berries, but was not finding many. Mandel told him to go away, as he wished to sleep, and the doggoned Hun went without the least idea that he had been speaking to an American. As we were near a German aerodrome, and Oscar had a leather coat and his helmet on, his uniform did not show and the Hun thought Mandel a German aviator.

We were both scared out of our wits, and as soon as the soldier had left we crawled on our hands and knees about a hundred yards up the ditch, through the berry-bushes. When we finally got in our new position we were covered with cuts and scratches. We lay low all day, speaking only in whispers, and expecting any moment to see a squad of Huns coming for us, but apparently nobody had followed us.

This day we had only a slice of bread, and we suffered more from thirst than hunger. The next night we passed six trenches in the process of building, and eight completed but unoccupied trenches, each with two rows of barbed wire, fifteen feet thick, in front of them. We were continually passing batteries; first the big guns, then the small guns and some large howitzers, and about two hours before dawn we began striking the field-guns and passing occupied trenches. Once we ran into a number of armored cars and passed within twenty feet of the sentinel, who appeared asleep. Huns were passing up and down the last three trenches all the time.

We decided we had better get under shelter a good while before day broke, so about an hour before dawn we struck a nice-looking shell-hole and decided to stay there for the day. We were so excited we could hardly wait for dawn to find out where we were.

When it was light we peeped carefully over the edge of our shell-hole. As well as we could make out, we were about midway between Roeux and Arras. On our left was the Scarpe River, in front a little stream that runs into the Scarpe, and at our back were the Hun lines.

Soon we heard the rat-tat-tat of English machine-guns across the stream. An hour later we saw one of the English observation-balloons rise slowly two miles away. Soon we heard the whistle of shells passing directly over our heads and landing behind us near a German field-battery about two hundred yards away. The Hun battery replied. I don't know how many hits the Huns made, but the English laid out three guns of the Hun battery. As each shell screamed and whinnied as it passed over us, we'd dig a little deeper into the mud of the shell-crater. At any time a shell might fall short and that would have been the end of us.

We tried to sleep, but hunger, cold, and whistling shells were not conducive to pleasant dreams. We had no water, and though we ate the last of our bread (we had only three-quarters of a loaf for five days) about 3 P.M. we were quite cheerful and thought our troubles over, for the English lines were in front and only a stream separated us from them. That night, September 10th, we crawled up to the little stream that runs into the Scarpe and tried to wade across. It seems that the Huns had dammed up one end of it so as to make the water deep enough to keep the British tanks from crossing.

When we tried to wade it we found it too deep, so we came back to the bank to take off our clothes and prepare to swim it. Suddenly we heard from three sides of us, "Halt!" "Halt!" "Halt!" and the Germans ran up and grabbed us. A Hun patrol, while out repairing the barbed wire in front of their line destroyed by artillery fire had either seen our silhouettes in the starlight or heard us talking. Back we were marched, faint with hunger and with despair in our hearts. We would stumble and fall, only to be prodded on. Finally we reached company headquarters, where there was an officer who could speak English (Mandel pretended

he could not speak German, hoping to pick up information). The Hun officer seemed to think it quite a joke, and asked us why we were so foolish as to try to escape. He later asked for a button as a souvenir, but we told him that we should need them to give to the French people who would help us the next time we escaped. He jeered at us and said we would never escape the long arm of Germany, and that the Americans were funny people and hard to understand.

Starving, we asked for food, and he told his orderly to get us some food and coffee. Never did anything taste so good as this food, and it heartened us up a bit.

When we had finished eating we were sent to battalion headquarters, where the officer in command said he would recommend the N. C. O. in charge of the wiring party for the iron cross, second class, as reward for our capture.

From there we were marched to division headquarters, which we reached at 2.30 A.M. Here we were questioned and given some "red ink" (wine) and black bread. Both Mandel and I were "dead beat" by this time, so we asked the captain if we could sleep there. He said if we promised not to run away during the night we could sleep on the sofa in front of the fire. As we were too tired to run, we promised.

At 6.30 A.M. a Hun orderly brought us in some black bread, margarine, and coffee, and at 7 A.M. we were on our way to corps headquarters in Leewards. Here we were given some soda-water, and asked the same questions we had been asked at the other headquarters.

We registered in a village south of Douai and we were recognized by the Hun officials who had seen us before we made our escape. They cheered us up by telling us that we should never have another chance, but they gave us a good feed of horse-flesh, potatoes, bread, and margarine. This was the best food I ever received from the Germans. After "chow" we marched back to Denain, getting there about eight in the evening. We had been marched for twenty-three hours, stopping only for food and three hours at divisional headquarters, and had covered over forty kilometers. This

is as much as we walked during the three days when we were alone.

Next morning (September 12th) we took train to Valenciennes, and then on to Condé. At Condé the guard refused to take us. They said Americans were seditious and had a bad influence on the rest of the prisoners, and that the night after we escaped five more had tried it. They were, however, all caught again in two days. It ended up by our being put in a prison at Fresnes, about midway between Valenciennes and Condé, where we were left in solitary confinement for trying to escape, and were given only a small piece of moldy black bread and water.

We were put in a little room directly over the guard-room, and the only exit was through it. In a little room to one side of us was a British N. C. O., placed there for hitting a German officer; and on the other side was a small empty room without any windows. The door leading to this room was held in place by three iron bars bolted into the woodwork.

The first four days we slept almost continuously, then the "cooties" got too active, and the pangs of hunger and craving for food began. Two days later a British Tommy smuggled up some "Bully beef" and tea, bribing one of the guards with cigarettes, and he brought us food thereafter. This camp was a permanent prison camp for British soldiers, but only a temporary one for officers. The soldiers were receiving packages from the Red Cross.

Having recuperated, Mandel and I turned our thoughts to escaping again, determining to be killed rather than tormented, half starved, and frozen. We decided we would get into the little room next to us and started to work the bolts out that held the door. They were too strong, but next day, when we told the Tommy who brought us our food, he smuggled up a pair of pincers, and with these we worked the bolts off.

We thought we would try to escape that night, but when we got into the other room we found it had no windows, only a slanting roof. We removed the tiles on the roof, but it did not make things better, for the supports holding

the tiles in place were just too close to allow us to slip through. Thoroughly disgusted, we replaced the bolts in the door loosely and went to bed.

Next morning we told the Tommy our trouble again; he said he would see what he could do for us. Just before the sun set he slipped us a rusty piece of a saw about eight inches long, and with it we sawed and sawed until we had made a hole large enough to climb through. Next day we had everything ready for our escape; a compass, two loaves of bread, and a newspaper map. About noon two other American prisoners were brought into camp, Lieutenants Robert Anderson and Theose Tillinghast. We asked the commanding officer to be allowed to see them, and he consented.

We talked to them for a while, and after they had gone out in the courtyard we discussed them. We liked them, and, as they appeared to be typical Americans with plenty of grit, we asked them to join us, which they eagerly agreed to do. The British N. C. O. in the next cell was also asked to join us. He had been a prisoner for thirteen months, and as he was sentenced to ten years' solitary confinement for hitting a Hun officer, he was glad to join the party. He was in the next room and we just pulled out the staples holding the padlock, this taking only about fifteen minutes. We all gathered in my cell just before sunset. We decided to escape about nine o'clock, as the moon came up about ten. This was on the night of the 26th of September.

While waiting I heard how Andy and

Tilly had been brought down. Andy was jumped on by five Huns, and although he circled, half rolled, dove, spun, and did everything he could, he could not shake them off his "tail" and they brought him down, wounded in three places. In the last half-roll he did not have quite enough room to flatten

out and he crashed into the German trenches. The Huns bandaged his wounds for him, but told him he would have to walk to the rear, as they were short of transportation. After the first mile he collapsed; then the Hun guard stopped a wagon and placed him on board. This occurred on August 27th, just outside Arras, and from there he was carried in a cattle-car to Mons, where he was placed in a hospital. He was there four weeks when he was sent to Fresnes to wait to be sent to prison camp in Germany. This is where we met him.



LIEUTENANT JOHN O. W. DONALDSON

Tilly was out on a patrol on September 22d and met a number of Huns, some of whom were above and some below. Tilly's flight went down on the ones below, expecting the top flight to protect them. When Tilly finished with his Hun (which later he found out he had crashed) he was entirely surrounded by Huns. Flying a Sopwith camel, which can maneuver quickly, Tilly was gradually getting away when by a fluke one of the Huns hit his engine. There was nothing to do but land, and the Huns, although they saw he was landing on their side of the line, kept firing on him, filling his machine full of bullet-holes, but missing him. He crashed into a Hun dugout. Usually the Hun avia-

tors play fair, and this is the only exception I personally have known while on the front. This applies only to the air-men; in the trenches nothing is too low or mean for them to do.

The Huns crowded out of the dugout, came over, and wanted to shake hands. He was carried over to the ruin of a church, where he slept that night. Next day he was put in a prison just across the street from us, and on the 26th he was transferred to our prison.

Well, to continue the story, at exactly 9.15 we crawled carefully out on the roof. Just as we got on top of it a Hun came out to feed the horses, and we had to sit like statues in this most awkward position until he re-entered the house. Then we crawled to the edge of the roof and climbed down into the courtyard. We tiptoed across the courtyard, climbed the wall, and dropped down on the other side.

We thought now we could set off across open country, but, to our bitter disappointment, we found ourselves facing another wall too high to climb. To our left was a street, but we could get to it only by going through houses. To our right was a canal. This appeared our only chance, so we took off our clothes, put them on a plank, and swam across. The Englishman could not swim well, and we had to get on each side of him, and after much spluttering we finally got him across, put on our clothes, and "lit out" for open country. The ground was so marshy we thought we could make better time by following the railroad track to the east.

In one place the track passed quite close to a large factory. As we passed it a German yelled to us to halt. We yelled, "*Was ist?*" and kept on going, our hearts thumping painfully, but, so far as we know, we were not followed.

We were walking in the general direction of Holland, but, due to the many canals, we had to go a number of miles out of our way. By morning we found that we had gone only about ten kilometers from the prison and that we were just across the French-Belgian border. During the day we saw some farmers to whom we told our situation, and they went home and brought us food.

That night it poured. We were so

wet and miserable that we took shelter in a freight-car, and later woke some people up in a lonely house and asked them to let us get dry. They built a big fire (quite an extravagance in Belgium) and dried our clothes while we slept on the floor. Both Tilly and Andy were pretty well laid out. Andy was just out of the hospital from his wounds and Tilly was just getting over the effects of the "flu," and I had my bayonet wound and game ankle.

Next day we were put up near Quevaucamps by a friendly Belgian whose name was August, the Miller. That was all he would tell us. We gave him our names and addresses and asked him to look us up after the war.

After traveling all night, we stopped the next day outside of Maffle. Here we were fed. Mandel and George (the British N. C. O.) were given suits of civilian clothes valued in Belgium at this time at about two thousand francs. This generous friend escorted us on our way for fifteen kilometers and wouldn't give us his name. He said he had been waiting for four years for a chance to do something for his country and his king, and that this was his chance. We shall always remember his kindness. He was large, broad-shouldered, about fifty-five years old, and had a good face.

We made good time this night, going over thirty kilometers. Then we held council. George (the N. C. O.) was for keeping on into Brussels; I was for staying out. George said he was once in prison with some Belgians and that one of them had told him, if he ever wanted to escape, to look him up and he would help him. The address was Mr. Voghel, 24 rue de St. Augustin, Forest, Brussels.

As we were in uniform and couldn't ask for information and did not know the city, we thought it would be best for George and Mandel, who were in civilian clothing, to look up the address and come back and fetch us, if all was O. K. They agreed to meet us next night at nine o'clock. We never saw them again, and we learned afterward they were shot, wounded, recaptured, and sent to the Düsseldorf prison. (Since the armistice was signed I have talked to Mandel over the 'phone. He is well and

in New York.) We waited until eleven, then, thinking they had probably lost their way returning, we decided to hunt up the address ourselves. We tramped around all night and by luck located the house at dawn. After pounding on the door, a woman asked us what we wanted. She told us Voghel was in prison for forging a passport, and that she was afraid to help us, that Mandel and George had been there the day before, but had gone on.

By this time it was nearly dawn and it was imperative that we should get out of town and into shelter as soon as possible. United States officers' uniforms were not the best garb to wear in German territory.

In desperation we climbed over the first low wall we struck and found ourselves in the grounds of a large château, where we hid in the bushes, but as it had rained for the last four days and we had hardly any food and were wet, cold, and starving, we took refuge in an unused summer-house. In it was a fireplace and we determined to get dry, so we gathered up driftwood and trellises and soon had a cheerful blaze. The French gardener, seeing the smoke, came out and thought we were German deserters and wanted to turn us over to the authorities. At last we got him to understand that we were Americans, so, greeting us as friends, he ran to get madame the countess. She and her two charming daughters appeared on the scene and welcomed us royally and we told some of our experiences. All could speak English very well. They brought us food, gave us clothes, maps, etc., and, oh! the joy of a hot bath, my first in six weeks! At dinner we had the first real meat since our capture. We gave them some United States buttons, and left that night with the chauffeur, who showed us the way to an aerodrome on the outskirts of Brussels.

After the chauffeur left us we met a Belgian policeman who halted us and asked us what we were carrying and where were our passports. We thought our best chance was to tell him the truth. As soon as he found out we were Americans he became very friendly. We told him we wanted to steal a machine at Berchem. He advised us to

come home with him and go out and look it over in the daytime. We did so and slept on a mattress on the floor.

Next morning we went out to the aerodrome at Berchem on the street-car. When the conductor asked for our fare we gave him a bill and said, "Berchem." It worked like a charm. Alas! when we reached the aerodrome we found the hangars were big Zeppelin-sheds used as hangars, and it would have taken ten men to open one of the enormous doors.

Our ride on the trolley gave us confidence, so we went boldly into the first wine-shop, ordered beer, then took the train back to town.

In Brussels we went into a wine-shop which had "*Estaminet*" written on it instead of the word "*Herborg*." We thought the proprietor must be French, which he was; and as he seemed quite friendly, treated his dog kindly, and charged less than usual for drinks, etc., we decided to tell him who we were. When he heard the word "American" he came around the counter, grabbed me around the waist and kissed me on both cheeks, and at the same time said something about the Americans, "the saviors of Belgium and France."

He called in his wife and the whole thing was repeated again. After they had quieted down they brought us some lunch and let us stay there during the day. Just before we left the old man insisted on playing "Tipperary" on a music-box. At the close of it a Boche came in and asked for a cigar (which he took without paying full price for it), but he paid no attention to us or to the music. We went back to the Belgian policeman's house to get our packs, in which we kept our maps, a little bread, extra clothing, and some soap the countess had given us. The policeman escorted us through the city, put us on another train, paid our fare, and told us to get out at the end of the line and we would be at Evere, where there was another Hun aerodrome. When we got there we couldn't get a Hun machine, as it was well guarded.

Here we had a close call. On the street-car I had put the pack in the vestibule, trying to hide it in the darkness, as Belgians were not allowed to carry packs. A passenger, in getting off,

kicked my pack out into the street. I stretched out flat on the floor to reach down to pick it up, and in so doing my foot flew up and struck a German officer. Fortunately for me, he was very much occupied by his conversation with a pretty Red Cross nurse, and contented himself by cursing me roundly.

So once more we struck out for open country in the general direction of Holland.

Next day we spent in the woods, which we reached after dawn. Some early workmen saw us go into the woods, and while we were crouched under the trees for shelter from the driving rain, a lot of farmers and farm-hands came out, armed with scythes, pitchforks, staves, etc., to capture us as German deserters. They called us to come out, and looked a dangerous, angry mob. We tried to get them to understand that we were Americans and not Germans, but, as we spoke no Dutch and little French, it was hard. At last they understood and, throwing away their weapons, embraced us and took us to the village and gave us food for two days. Let any one try, as we did, to live on carrots, turnips, cabbage, etc., and he will find that after a while the stringy fibers make the mouth intensely sore and swell the lips. Therefore we got all the cooked food we could.

All this time we had been going very slowly, on account of our feet. Tilly's tendons were strained, Andy's feet sore, and mine a mass of blisters. I had flying-boots, which were not made to walk in, and while I kept cutting them down till they were slippers, yet my feet were bloody and sore. Part of the time we were barefoot, so that our toe nails were worn to stubs. We tried to get shoes from the Belgians, but they did not have any but sabots, and these blistered the feet even worse.

The third night we continued our journey to the northeast. Dawn found us northeast of Haecht, where we had another close call. While we were walking along we heard a sentinel putting bullets into a magazine. He thought we were the guard to relieve him. As we turned to go, three officers came out of a brightly lighted hut and passed within two feet of us. They were blinded by the light, and we stood still, fearing even to

breathe lest they nab us, our hearts thumping so painfully it seemed to us they must hear them; but they passed on and we put up in a barn at Inn. This was the first place they charged us for food, and four marks apiece didn't begin to pay for even one meal.

At the next village we tried two or three houses. We were taken in by an old farmer and his son and slept in the stable, but had little food. The village pastor came to see us. At the next village Father Doxky spoke English, and for the second time we had a good bed to sleep in. He told us where the Huns were living and what part of the border it was best to try to cross, and a guide showed us part of the way.

We reached Sluis, which is about seven kilometers from Holland, but had a hard time getting a place to stay, and finally went to the priest of the village; he took us in, fed us, and let us sleep in the church. The people told us it was impossible to cross the border here, and that only two weeks before a Belgian was shot for smuggling mail into the country, and that all other men in the employ of the Belgian government who could help us with wire-cutters, etc., had gone.

We were highly disgusted, for it was a problem how, with bare hands, we were to get through an electric fence which had from three thousand to five thousand volts running through it. The wire extended two feet underground, so we couldn't dig under; however, we were told by the priest that at Lommel we might get somebody to help us, and next morning he himself escorted us part of the way. This was only the second time we had traveled in the daytime (the other time was in Brussels). We reached a little town, Roul, about noon and, feeling hungry, went to the pastor's house and asked for food. He gave us bread and coffee and directed us to a house where they could speak English.

We went to the house and knocked. A Belgian came to the door. We asked him if he could speak English. He said, "Yes," but would not talk much. We were in civilian clothes given us by the countess in Brussels, and the Belgians could not know whether we were Germans or not. After fifteen minutes' talk-



LIEUT. DONALDSON, LIEUT. ANDERSON, LIEUT. TILLINGHAST, AND TWO BELGIAN FRIENDS

This picture was taken by a Belgian and the film buried in the ground at Baelen-sur-Nethe, nine kilometres from the Dutch border, until after the Armistice

ing on our side he was convinced that we were Americans, and said he had been in the good old U. S. A. for four years, and while there he saved enough to build the house he was living in. It was quite a big house as Belgian houses go.

He gave us food and said he would look for somebody who could get us wire-cutters, and in the mean while we could sleep in the woods near by and he would bring us food.

During our conversation he stopped and went out in the street. In a few minutes he returned with a man whom he introduced as his brother, Jan Hus. His own name was Gustaaf Hus. We talked to Jan quite a while before we convinced him we were not Germans. He finally said he knew a lot of Huns, but he had never seen one with a face like Tilly's, which is long and thin, so we must be Americans.

We stayed out in the woods that night, but it was too cold to sleep. A heavy frost added to our discomfort. We would walk up and down for an hour, and then lie down until the cold forced us to re-

peat the operation, and so on until morning. Then Jan brought us food, and a neighbor with him, a Mr. Emsems, the man who owned the factory that supplied the juice (electricity) for the electric fence. The Germans were using it against his will. There were three fences between Belgium and Holland, each about five feet away from the other. The two outer fences were ordinary wire without any current; the middle fence, which had a three-phase current, five thousand volts, was eight feet high, and consisted of nine strands of wire.

After spending one more night in the rain, Jan took us in a dog-cart to his house, where we stayed for seven days. In the first two days we talked to the villagers whom Jan would bring in, and they would tell us all the different crimes the Huns had committed.

When the Huns first entered a town they would shoot a few of the villagers and burn a couple of houses so the rest would be too cowed to disobey them later. They took all autos, horses, wag-

ons, bicycles, coins, clothes, and even mattresses from them, also all copper, brass, nickel, etc. Every farmer was taxed so many potatoes, so much grain, etc., and he was not allowed to sell his products. If a hen did not lay two eggs a week it was confiscated. The young men worked in factories in Germany, the women and old men in the fields.

On the third day at Jan Hus's house, which is at Baelen-sur-Nethe, about nine kilometers from the border, twenty soldiers and three officers were sent to collect copper, and were billeted in Jan's house. We offered to take to the woods, but the peace rumors were lively at this time and Jan told us he was not afraid. We kept to our rooms as much as possible, but ran into the Hun officers a couple of times in the hallway. The Boches, however did not even appear to notice us. When they were searching the house for copper we went out into the barn and pretended to buy a cow, and when they had finished the house and started on the outhouses we walked past them into the house again. Of course, we had on the "cit" clothes and looked like Belgian peasants.

They never suspected a thing. From my observation, the average Hun soldier is very stupid and does as little thinking as possible, being perfectly willing to let the N. C. O.'s and officers think for him. The N. C. O.'s and officers, on the other hand, are fairly bright and efficient.

After three days the Huns went to the next village, and the day after we heard where we could get hold of some insulated wire-cutters through a secret-service agent. Tilly and I decided that, as Andy had taken electrical engineering at Cornell, it was up to him to cut the electric wire, and, after some arguing, Andy consented.

The wire-cutters we obtained, although they had rubber handles, did not look as if they would keep out five thousand volts, so we got some rubber gloves also. We were shown the best place to cross, and on the night of the 23d of October we walked up to within one hundred and fifty yards of the border. Here we could hear the sentinels calling to one another. Down we got on our stomachs and crawled, and it took us three hours to reach within forty meters

to the fences. The moon was almost full. We were sopping wet, cold, and very hungry.

Within forty meters of the fences the brush had been cut away, leaving an open stretch between us and the fences. The sentinels' beats were about two hundred yards each, so when the one nearest had passed us and was about one hundred yards away we made a break for the fences.

We climbed through the first; then Andy got busy with his cutters—snap! snap! snap!—and the three lower strands of the electrical fence were severed. The sparks flew in every direction and frightened us to death, but we carefully crawled under.

As soon as the wires were cut the lights on top of the fence went out, showing the current was broken. I do not know how we got through the third fence; the barbed wires cut and scratched us, tearing our clothes to ribbons, but we got through and ran on and on across the half-mile neutral land between the countries till a swamp stopped us, two miles away. The German sentinel started yelling when we cut the fence, "Halt! Halt!" and fired. We did not answer, but ran like h—— to Holland.

The villagers gathered around and gave us a warm welcome, collecting money to pay our way to Rotterdam.

Our whole journey across Belgium, a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles, took us twenty-eight days. We had to make so many détours around towns, crossing rivers, big canals, etc., that I am sure we went two hundred and twenty-five miles, all afoot.

On arrival at Rotterdam the Dutch authorities tried to hold us in a ward boarding-house, but we demanded to see the American consul and they called him up on the 'phone, and when he vouched for us everything was all right.

We were then sent to a first-class hotel. For our first meal we ordered five beefsteaks, and how good they were! Next day we called on the consul-general, Colonel Listor, who was very kind and took us out to lunch. In the afternoon we were personally escorted to the military *attaché* at The Hague, where we had to write out miles and miles of reports, and then we went to the Lega-

tion, where the whole thing was repeated. Next the British *attaché* and Legation had us do the same thing for them. This took five days, and in between writing out reports we were taken out to dinner and given a royal time by every one.

We got permission to leave for England on the first convoy, and on the 1st of November landed in England. We went to the American Officers' Inn, London, and were about to be turned out as tramps, on account of our Dutch clothes, when A. Reese, who was in our squadron at the time I "went west," recognized us, and then they all fell on our necks and rejoiced with us. Reese told me I had been reported by the bombers as having gone down in flames. It seems they had seen the Hun machine burning and thought it was mine.

I heard of the different friends and

pals who had "gone west." My roommate, Lieutenant Bowen, was killed about a week after I went down. Out of the seven American officers in this English squadron, six were casualties; luckily, three of the six were not dead; one was wounded and a prisoner, the other a prisoner, and the last (myself) wounded and an escaped prisoner.

During the week in London King George invited us to Windsor for lunch and we were royally entertained. I was sent to France on some light duty. While there I saw my father, Brigadier-General T. Q. Donaldson, at Tours. Needless to say, the meeting was a happy one.

Shortly after this the armistice was signed and I received permission to go back to the good old U. S. A., the country that no one can appreciate so well as those who have been away from it.

Quincunx

BY AMY LOWELL

A LADY was given a shell which kept in its convolutions
 The dash and sucking of waves.
 At first the lady played with it,
 Putting it to her ear.
 But soon tiring of this,
 She gave it into the hands of a skilful carver,
 Who fashioned out of it an intaglio of great beauty;
 This the lady set in a band of gold
 And placed in a cabinet for all to admire.
 Now people praise the delicate gem and pass on,
 And it lies on its velvet,
 Flat, and cold, and admirable;
 But the fresh sound of waves
 Is no longer about it.

The Reconstruction of Northern France

BY HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS



AS we walked through the streets of Soissons, the old priest, who was making his first visit to the invaded regions, groaned anew at every step. The architect and I, accustomed to seeing destroyed cities ever since the first mad rush of the Hun toward Paris, were affected by our companion's distress. When we reached the cathedral the priest's despair brought forth words. Raising his hands to heaven, he cried:

"Ossa ista resurgent? Domine, tu scis."

"Men also know, *mon père*," answered the architect, gently. "For God restricts the resurrecting power of men only when it is a question of human bones. We can enter by the transept door, and you will see."

We climbed over a mound of fallen stone. Pieces of statues and gargoyles protruded from the amorphous mass. Bits of stained glass gleamed in the sun. An angel's face stared up at us from a chunk of plaster. My cane disengaged a twisted brass candlestick. The priest stooped over to pick up the INRI of a crucifix. We had to make our way carefully to avoid splinters of carved panels. But when we entered the cathedral we realized that German cannon had not prevented the Soissonnais from saving the heritage of their fathers. The roof of the nave and of part of the transept had already been replaced. The high altar was prepared for mass. Sand-bags protected tombs and shrines. With glowing face, the architect pointed to a wall built from pillar to pillar to shut off the nave. "We were determined to keep the apse intact and strengthen the corner pillars. All this was done under the enemy's fire. Part of it has been done twice. And now we are clearing out the nave and rebuilding the walls and roof." We went to the other side of the temporary wall. German prisoners, French

soldiers, civilian masons were working side by side.

The next day at Cambrai we visited a textile-mill which the Germans had turned into a soda-water factory. Some buildings were empty. The fine looms in others had lost their copper fittings, and had afterward been smashed with axes by Russian prisoners. An explosion had wrecked the machines in the power-plant.

"I am glad you came this week," said the superintendent, "for we are going to begin to remove the debris. New looms are all ready to be put in place. If we can get raw materials and coal, work will start up within a month."

At Lille, we found the same eagerness to go ahead without waiting for government initiative or German indemnities. The first winter of liberation was a cruel deception. So inadequate and dilatory were the steps taken by the military authorities that the people had become bitter.

"Nineteen hundred and nineteen is the crucial year," an automobile manufacturer assured us. "Our biggest problems are those of transportation, and we can accomplish little without government aid. But if we wait for the government to take up and direct reconstruction work we shall soon be beyond redemption. There is confusion, if not anarchy, in the various government bureaus. We have to keep pressing Paris to give us food-supplies and a minimum provision of raw materials. We insist now that we be allowed to buy machinery and whatever else we need for reconstruction where and how we will. My plant was used by the Germans throughout their occupation, and they tried to burn it when they left. I started in immediately to repair what could be repaired, and to order new machinery. You can have no idea of the difficulties the government put in our way."

In Fives, a suburb of Lille, we visited

one of the most important steel construction plants in France. Here locomotives and rolling-stock for the Northern Railway Company were made before the war. The Germans sacked the plant, removing what they could of the machinery and destroying the rest. But ever since 1915 the *Compagnie de Fives-Lille* had been preparing for the day of liberation. In their own shops, in a branch in central France, machines have been made. They are awaiting transportation. After the plant is restored some means must be devised to keep it supplied with coal and raw materials.

Throughout northern France the will to get back to normal activity is manifest. There is the spur of necessity. Everywhere, as at Fives-Lille, employers and artisans and laborers know that the path of salvation is in the resumption of production. In agricultural regions there is the same unbroken spirit. And illustrations are numerous of local efforts to preserve historic monuments, as at Soissons; of refusal to leave homes unless forcibly ejected by the military authorities. Going through what seemed to be entirely ruined cities, one is constantly surprised at the sight of people who are working to make the ruins habitable.

But six months after the armistice one is tempted to doubt the efficiency, the capacity, the ability of a government in Paris to undertake and carry through reconstruction in the invaded departments. Students of democratic institutions are watching with keen interest the problems that have arisen. The doctrine of state control of industries is being tested. Is there a feeling of solidarity in the nation? Are the people as a whole willing to make sacrifices for the common weal? Is it possible for a highly centralized democracy to cope with the difficulties of certain categories of citizens, especially when those citizens belong to a restricted portion of the state? Or must the north be allowed a free hand in working out its own salvation, with only limited dependence upon, and limited expectation of, aid from the rest of the nation? Decentralization, a large measure of local autonomy, power of initiative left in the hands of municipalities and communes, seem nec-

essary in order that "these bones rise again."

In 1915 the Ministry of the Interior established a special department to study the needs and look after the interests of the invaded regions. The prerogatives of bureaucracy were encroached upon. A howl went up. Soon the services of this department were distributed among the Ministries of Public Works, Agriculture, and Commerce. When Hindenburg executed his "genial retreat," resulting in the liberation of a hundred communes, the preparations of the government proved of no practical value. So reconstruction interests were once more grouped under a new Ministry, called the Ministry of the Blockade and of the Liberated Regions. In the autumn of 1918 the Germans began their retreat from Flanders. Government preparations again proved inadequate. There was chaos. None was responsible. Every problem was referred to some other bureau. After the armistice, the Ministry of Armament was reorganized into the Ministry of Industrial Reconstruction, with a limited field which touched the north only in part. At the end of 1918 reconstruction questions were intrusted to a *Commission Inter-Ministerielle*, with representatives of the *Presidents du Conseil* and the Ministries of the Liberated Regions, War, Public Works, Agriculture, Industrial Reconstruction, Commerce and Finance. Premier Clemenceau appointed as president of this commission an eminent Frenchman who had been urging its creation for more than three years!

To assure the transformation and continued activity of factories which worked for the Ministry of War, the Ministry of Industrial Reconstruction was granted a credit of two billion francs. Monsieur Loucheur, under whose guidance French industry intensified its production during the war, is using this money for ships, locomotives and rolling-stock, agricultural machinery, fertilizers, and the different machines and materials needed to reconstruct the invaded regions. But, as two birds must be killed with one stone, the orders are given wholly to French factories on French soil. Part of the money goes to plants created by the state during the war, and part to enter-

prises that worked in connection with the former Ministry of Armament. The government had built an arsenal at Roanne for cannon and shells, and a plant at Bourges for explosives. The former will repair old and construct new railway rolling-stock, and the latter will make chemical fertilizers. Private factories which furnished wood for aeroplanes have been given orders for doors and window-frames and shingles. Telegraph and telephone material is expected to be produced by factories which made aeroplane motors. The new Ministry has authority to distribute indemnities, to import raw materials, to allot labor supply, and to apportion transportation.

It is admitted that the idea is a good one, and that state aid is necessary to tide industry over the critical period of cessation of war work and demobilization. The state must also control transportation and importation of raw materials. But public opinion fears waste of money, new burdens upon taxpayers, discouragement of individual enterprise, and, above all, the crystallization of state control. Critics are legion to point out the difficulties. One cannot pick up a newspaper without seeing an article protesting against the Ministry of Industrial Reconstruction. Since large investments must be made for new machinery, will not the extension of state industrialism, justified during the war by considerations of national defense, tend to become permanent? Will private factories get their share of the orders? Will not the state, backed by public money, compete with private industrial establishments? If there is overproduction, the state will be tempted to forbid competition. If there is increase in the cost of production, the state will be tempted to regulate prices, or lose public funds in trying to compete with private enterprises and foreigners. The hands in state establishments need a period of apprenticeship, which will cause great delay in turning out the products sorely needed. The Ministry of Industrial Reconstruction is attempting to solve industrial problems of the whole of France at the expense of sacrificing the immediate and pressing necessities of the north. Are the manufacturers of the

north to be made to wait for their machinery and the people of the north for their homes in order to safeguard the industrial interests of other regions, which have been fostered and developed during the past five years through the misfortunes of the north?

The policy of the French government in regard to the use of imported merchandise in the reconstruction of northern France is already unmistakably defined. There is going to be no competition between French and foreign-manufactured articles in France. Following the example of other belligerents, the French government has been requiring importation licenses for all goods brought into the country. The reasons for controlling importations during the war were sound. Precious transportation facilities had to be reserved for articles of absolute necessity, and purchases abroad were limited in order to prevent the depreciation of the franc in foreign exchanges. Until peace is signed, war legislation holds. After peace is signed, it is certain that pressure will be brought to bear to protect French industry by levying high import duties.

But the Lille automobile manufacturer said, "1919 is the crucial year." In half a dozen industrial centers of the north I received confirmation of this opinion from men in every line of production. All fear the influence of five years of lost markets upon their home and foreign trade. They feel that if they do not get back to their normal production quickly, they will find closed doors—at home as well as abroad.

The five departments of northern France produced three-fourths of France's coke and one-fourth of France's steel, most of which was transformed into manufactured articles on the spot. The woolen industry, at Roubaix, Tourcoing, Cambrai, Sedan, and Rheims disputed with silk the first rank in France's foreign commerce. Since 80 per cent. of woolen weaving was in the north, and the north furnished the other 20 per cent. of raw materials, French woolen cloth has practically disappeared from Paris markets. Most of France's linen was spun at Armentières, Lille, Bailleul, Comines, Cambrai, and Valenciennes; of her cotton at Roubaix,

Tourcoing, Lille, Saint-Quentin, and Amiens. The Pas de Calais was famous for its linen and cotton lace. Among other products were pottery, glass, and chemicals. The Department du Nord alone had an industrial production of four billion francs annually before the war, of which two and a half billions were in textile industries.

In considering the problem of industrial reconstruction, too much emphasis cannot be laid upon the fact that the textile industry of the north was not a phenomenon of the nineteenth century, and consequently did not owe its pre-eminent situation to the nearness of coal. Roubaix, Tourcoing, Courtrai, Armentières, Valenciennes, Cambrai, and Cateau were famous for their textile exports as early as the fifteenth century. Flanders was the richest and most populous country of Europe during the Middle Ages. Its woolen, linen, and cotton cloth are the development of ten generations. The wealth of France's northern departments was in the skill and number of the artisans. All of France's weavers of fine cloth were settled there. Within a radius of fifty miles of Lille one found three-quarters of France's skilled workmen for five industries, more than half for thirteen, and more than a third for twenty-three. Fecundity and the handing down of traditions and knowledge on the part of the artisans, and bold use of capital and credit on the part of the manufacturers, made the north supreme in French industry.

The first thought, then, of the manufacturers of the north is to prevent organic ruin through the loss of skilled workmen. The only way this can be done is to start factories immediately. They cannot afford to wait for machinery and raw materials. Otherwise, the emigration that has already started will continue.

On the eve of his first departure from America, President Wilson spoke to Congress about the obligation of the world toward the regions that suffered from the German invasion. His specific mention of the necessity of granting commercial favors during the period of reconstruction is deeply appreciated in northern France. But months have passed since then, and nothing definite

has been proposed on either side of the Atlantic for the restoration of French and Belgian industries. The Peace Conference has lost itself in a maze of problems relating to the past and future of mankind. In the mean time, a hundred miles from Paris, a tragedy is being enacted which may affect more profoundly than treaties the new European equilibrium. The morale of the people of the liberated regions, which resisted superbly during four years of German occupation, is being undermined by forced unemployment and by the feeling that others are taking advantage of their misfortunes—more subtle forces of demoralization than invasion and exile.

A Lillois put the situation to me in this way: "In other parts of France, factories prospered during the war. As their products were for war purposes, they were allowed to keep some of their personnel and the rest was gradually demobilized. They received subsidies from the government and enjoyed special transportation facilities. Ever since 1914 they have been employing our demobilized and refugee artisans. To-day our engineers, foremen, and skilled workmen are bound elsewhere by contracts and by not having jobs here to return to. It would be enough for us to contend, at the beginning of the reconstruction era, with famine and high prices and the delays in getting started arising from rebuilding, restocking, and gathering together again our working forces. But we have the opposition of our own countrymen who are not interested in seeing us get on our feet. We do not succeed in securing permits to import machinery from abroad. Why? Because, having lost war orders, manufacturers of central and southern France want the monopoly of making new machines for us. They even refuse to admit that we have a right to priority in the importation and transportation of raw materials. The anxiety of the government seems to be confined to sustaining the activity and expansion of the manufacturers who reaped rich rewards during the war."

A year ago, in the darkest days of the advance on Paris, I was lecturing in one of the large steel-plants of the Loire Inférieure. The chief engineer was a refugee from northern France. He was no

pessimistic about the war, for he felt that Germany was at the end of her rope. He predicted an internal collapse of Germany in the autumn of 1918, no matter what her military situation might be at the time. But he was exceedingly pessimistic about the post-bellum relations between the invaded regions and the rest of France. He told me that the government had no reconstruction policy, and that failure to take immediate measures for the relief of the north would be as disastrous to the nation as a whole as to the invaded regions.

"I do not go so far as to predict civil war," he said. "That would be absurd as well as impossible. But I do say that the most deplorable result of this war for France is likely to be the creation of ill-feeling on the part of the north toward the rest of France which will weaken seriously the solidarity of the French nation."

At the Peace Conference, the French insist upon the right to the special consideration of their allies. They say that they have borne the brunt of the war, have made the greatest sacrifices, are exposed to the greatest dangers and handicaps in the post-bellum period. Not only for their own sake, but for the common cause, are not the French justified in asking for favored treatment? The war is not yet won, and a strong France emerging from the Peace Conference is essential to prevent Germany from winning the war. However, it is equally important for the French government to realize in turn the justice of exactly the same claim to special consideration that comes from its citizens of the invaded regions. What France has been in the Entente Alliance, northern France has been in the French Republic. The north must face competition with new factories created in other parts of France, and with the intact and admirably equipped factories of Alsace-Lorraine, in a country of stationary population, which means stationary consumption. The north has lost foreign markets. Great Britain now produces all the articles formerly manufactured in northern France and can supply them at home and abroad at lower prices. For the time being German markets are lost, and in attempting to recover them northern France will

have the competition of Alsace-Lorraine. Japan is looking after the Far East. South America is learning to buy from the United States. A Lille newspaper said recently that three nightmares were haunting the sleep of the manufacturers of the north: inability to recreate industries soon enough to prevent organic ruin; a new catastrophe, when production is resumed, through a lowering of prices or overproduction; trouble with labor, which is likely to spread all over France.

Northerners believe that the speedy restoration of their industries is the most vital task of reconstruction, which should take precedence for the moment over rebuilding cities and aiding agriculture. For organic ruin is imminent. The communities of artisans are the precious heritage of centuries. If they are allowed to scatter, the revenues upon which France is counting for recuperating her finances will not materialize. The manufacturers of the north protest against the narrow viewpoint of practically all outsiders, who conceive the reconstruction of northern France in terms of brick and stone, cement and wood. In talks with those who do not see the problems of the north from the chair of a functionary in a Paris Ministry or through the eyes of one who has made a two days' trip in the devastated regions, I have gathered the following conditions of renaissance:

1. *State aid to restore credits.* Without waiting for the Germans to pay, the state must advance indemnities sufficient for rebuilding and repairing, replacing machinery, restocking in raw materials, and carrying wages until returns come in from articles marketed.

2. *Exceptions for the north in the application of administrative regulations.* The exception the north asks for most insistently at the present moment is waiving the principle of demobilization by classes. The north demands the release from the army of artisans, miners, and fathers of families of the northern departments, irrespective of age. Follow the suspension of the income and other state taxes, the modification of tariff duties and import and export regulations, in favor of the north. Northerners point out also the unfairness of uniform

rules, which apply equally to them, in regard to the allotment of transportation and the distribution of imported raw materials.

3. *A separate administrative régime for all the invaded regions during the period of reconstruction.* Flanders, Artois, Picardy, Champagne, and Lorraine are distinct provinces, with different needs and different characteristics. During the years of recuperation and readjustment each province must enjoy an autonomy that is not possible under the administrative system of present-day France, with its artificial departmental limits, each department depending upon Paris and having to conform to the general laws, decrees, and regulations enacted for all of France. At the same time, the five provinces have many interests in common, owing to the privileged position they hope to have during the reconstruction period. They ask, therefore, to be allowed to deal with the various branches of the government at Paris through an intermediate regional administration centered at Lille.

4. *Special and distinct provisions, national and international, in regard to commerce and tariffs.* France, in her customs duties, must favor the industries of the north. In treaties of commerce and tariff regulations, Allied countries should waive restrictions concerning exports and imports intended for and coming from the north of France until the invaded regions are on their feet.

It must not be forgotten that only a portion of the invaded regions was destroyed in the physical sense of the word. With the exception of Rheims, the nucleus of industrial life could be re-established everywhere without waiting for the rebuilding of homes. Work is the magnet that draws men to cities. After one gets a job, he looks for a home. It is putting the cart before the horse to plan and carry out a wholesale program of reconstruction of cities and towns until means of livelihood are safeguarded to those who remained during the cataclysm and assured to those invited to return. Whoever has lived through an earthquake or fire or struggle between armies knows how tenaciously human beings cling to the place where they earn their daily bread. One finds shelter somehow where

he has work. The best elements of a population do not flee before danger and a shortage of food. Unemployment and lack of opportunity to get ahead in the world, however, drive very quickly from a community the workers of real economic value. More than once I have seen the order to evacuate a town meet with stubborn resistance on the part of people whose homes were being shelled and destroyed. The same type of urban population, which did not flee before the Germans, is now leaving cities of northern France of its own initiative.

Agricultural reconstruction goes hand in hand with industrial reconstruction. Cereals and meat can be sent into the north. But until local agriculture is in a position to furnish potatoes, green vegetables, fruits, and dairy products, high prices and the lack of a well-rounded food diet will affect economic and health conditions in industrial communities. More than this, the sugar and linen industries are dependent upon local production of beets and flax. Before the war northern France had a quarter of a million acres sown in flax. Since the flax of Pomerania and Russia is not likely to come into the market again for several years, this raw material is an indispensable asset.

In the strip of territory from the North Sea to Switzerland, where the armies faced each other during the years of trench warfare, much of the land is dead. The problem of bringing it to life again will take a long time to solve. Returning it to cultivation cannot be undertaken by its owners. The state must bear the expense of clearing it, of filling in the trenches and shell-holes, of fertilization and reforestation. There must be military supervision of this work, for unexploded shells and hand-grenades are likely to be turned up in any field through which or near which the trenches ran. The strain was severe, also, upon the forests and farms throughout the provinces occupied by the Germans. Fields were plowed constantly, sowed without manure, and used for intensive production of the same crops. They are exhausted, and need to lie fallow for a while. Since fertilization out of proportion to the gain from the yield is required for at least five years, the gov-

ernment will have to provide the farmers with fertilizers. There is nothing hazardous about location and extent of forests in France. The situation and proportion of wooded lands could not be allowed to change without affecting water-supply and climate. Nothing is more imperative than the reconstruction of forests under state guidance.

The pillage by the Huns of farms was scarcely less thorough than that of factories. The invaders made a clean sweep of agricultural machinery, farm implements, copper kitchen utensils, bedding, horses, live stock, poultry, and seed. In the first renewal of the armistice, Marshal Foch added the delivery of agricultural machinery to the delivery of locomotives and rolling-stock provided for in the original armistice. I suppose he did not go farther in demanding the return of stolen property only because what the Germans took from the farmers of the north had ceased to exist. The delegates on the Armistice Commission at Spa, as well as the peace delegates at Paris, have been warned not to try to exact the pound of flesh. But is the criticism that France wants to take advantage of Germany's helplessness justified? If France does not secure restitution from Germany, she will have to devise some measures—and without delay—to furnish those who were robbed with means of subsistence and production. The estimate of a competent authority that the failure to plow land in February and March, 1919, will result in the loss of two billions of francs throws light upon the attitude of the French delegates.

A year before the end of the war, contractors and builders presented a memorandum to the government suggesting reconstruction measures that should be decided upon in advance. They pointed out that as soon as the armistice was signed, skilled workers in building trades and their employers should be released from military service; factories working for war material should be ready to devote their energies to replacing what was destroyed; and the privilege of priority in transport, given to war material during hostilities, should automatically be accorded to reconstruction material. The category of "skilled workers in

building trades and their employers" should include all workers in wood, stone, and cement. Cannon- and shell-factories should be ready to turn out rolling-stock and auto-trucks, iron girders, bridges, and machinery for the factories in the north. Adequate production of agricultural machinery could be assured only by the manufacture of uniform types in series. The state must have ready a plan to recruit an army of builders and carpenters and masons, and to house and feed reconstruction workers. But in spite of numerous bureaus and commissions, nothing was done along these lines. The cessation of hostilities found the government unprepared to grapple with the problem of rebuilding in the devastated areas. The government is being bitterly criticized now for lack of foresight, and for the slow progress made since the armistice. One must not forget, however, that it was still nip and tuck for France during the last year of the war—perhaps more so than in the earlier years. Victory was a miracle in itself. Was it reasonable to expect another miracle—the change overnight to reconstruction with unimpaired energy and ability?

An experimental stage in reconstruction has been inevitable. However pressing the needs, actual progress could hardly have been expected during the first winter of liberation. Divergence of opinion was bound to arise, and governmental machinery to break down. After catastrophes, the indifference and apathy of those who have not suffered, and the desire of ghouls of all classes of society to take advantage of the misfortunes of others always come to the surface. On the other hand, the problems of reconstruction are clearer than they were *a priori*. Wrong methods and impracticable schemes, which threatened to waste time and money and divert energy, are discredited. What the French did not know when the armistice was signed they know now. They are ready to do their own part in binding up the wounds of their brothers of the north and in nursing them through the period of convalescence back to health. They are ready to accept and direct the loving aid offered by friends of France in other countries. On March 8th, at a

meeting of the *Union des Grandes Associations Françaises*, M. Deschanel, of the French Academy, who is president of the Chamber of Deputies, said: "The inhabitants of our invaded departments wonder whether the rest of France and foreigners realize what has really taken place." The challenge in these words was answered. By a unanimous vote, the representatives of the national organizations declared the responsibility of the rest of France in the matter of reconstruction, and the solidarity of the rest of France with the northern provinces.

The provinces devastated by the Germans have the right to look to France and not to Germany for financing their rehabilitation. The reparation for her crimes Germany owes to France as a whole. It is the business of the French government to collect damages from Germany. But the restoration of northern France should not depend upon when and how much indemnity is paid. As France did not succeed in defending the integrity of her territory, every Frenchman must recognize the debt of honor he owes personally to the invaded regions, and assent to the sacrifices necessary to finance reconstruction. The consideration of interest enters into the question also. Upon the rapid rehabilitation of the north depends the recuperation—political, economic, social—of France.

For months after the liberation of the north, the provinces remained in the zone of the armies, subjected to military administration. The result was complete paralysis. Not until municipal and communal authority was re-established did the work of reconstruction begin. The new plan adopted by the government is to divide the northern departments into districts, each autonomous, with the privilege of recruiting its own workers and with control of its own transportation. How and when and whether this or that town or village or this or that building in the town or village is to be rebuilt will be decided upon by the people of each community. Is not this the only way? Of the 102,000 buildings destroyed by the Germans, considerably less than one-half of 1 per cent. were built or owned by the French

government. If the 99½ per cent. are to rise from their ashes, it will be by individual, corporative, and communal effort.

The heart of the world has been touched by the misery of northern France. Two continents share the eagerness to aid in reconstruction. French cities which did not suffer from the German invasion have adopted cities of the north as *filles*. The idea was taken up in Allied countries, especially in the United States. My American readers often write to me, asking how they can help France. No letter has touched me more deeply than one from a father whose only son was killed in the advance from the Marne to the Vesle. He was ready to reconstruct, at his own expense, the town in which his son fell. He named a place of less than a thousand inhabitants, the rebuilding of which I found would cost about two million dollars. But in this case, as in all others, reconstruction could not be undertaken *en bloc*. In co-operation with the communal authorities, the American father might rebuild the *mairie*, the school, the fountains, the *lavoir*, or the church. Homes and shops and local industries—these depend upon the needs of the community, which may be entirely changed. Only the people of each community can do their rebuilding—and in their own way.

Ossa ista resurgent? Perhaps, after all, we must say with the priest, *Domine, tu scis*. For the answer depends upon an unknown factor, the will of the people concerned. The illustration of the cathedral at Soissons, however, is significant. Our part in the reconstruction of northern France is to make the necessary sacrifices, as governments and individuals, to show our solidarity with those who have suffered for us. We can make possible reconstruction. We can smooth the path for and strengthen those who are called upon to perform one of the most formidable tasks of history. At the least, we can refrain from discouraging them by indifference and inclination to profit by their misfortunes. But, when all is said and done, the reconstruction of northern France depends upon the people of northern France.

Mr. Blue, Kidnapper

BY MURIEL HOWARD STEELE



HE was an Englishman, and, what was more, he had always lived in England. His days he spent on the other side of a counter in Jaynes's jewelry-shop, his evenings in the red-carpeted and red-upholstered parlor of his mother's house.

He was there, at least, to all appearances, his small, roundish body fitting snugly into the small, roundish red chair, and his round face with its unfinished features and thick spectacles resting on one hand while the other upheld an open book.

But in the inner and truer sense he was not there, and he was not *he*; no, certainly he was not Mr. William Blue of Jaynes's. In those hours he fared far, swaggering athwart the East which is "east of Suez," or careening through the West of *Westward, Ho!* armed, as a rule, to the teeth, and generally finished off with scented notes, bits of ribbon, and wilted flowers. . . . Often during his reading he was compelled to remove his spectacles, dimmed by the mists of emotion, and clean them with a little green cloth before he could continue. At such moments his thoughts were apt to revert with a degree of pity to his fellows in the street or in Jaynes's jewelry-shop, tight Little Islanders, all of them, with tight little workaday, Sunday, and bank-holiday minds. And, although Mr. Blue would not for the world have thought himself an intellectual or an imaginative snob, he could not refrain from uttering the prayer of the Pharisee before he returned once more into the glamorous mists of print. He was, in short, the thing which is sometimes spoken of in novels and biographies as "an incorrigible romanticist."

But it was not uninterrupted bliss of an evening. At promptly a quarter to nine his mother would quaver from the

red sofa, "Will you play for me, William?" And William would, sighing as he snatched himself from half-way around the world. Presently the strains of "Nearer, My God, to Thee" would float out upon the stuffy air of the parlor. As a vow of silence had been taken by three notes of the old square piano, the melody was occasionally left to the imagination, giving the effect of a remark from which the important words have been omitted. But his mother was pleased, and Mr. Blue, leaning astigmatically over the hymn-book, was glad that she was pleased. In these melodious half-hours, however, he was wont to fall into a state of gentle melancholy; sometimes he wondered if the part of his fellows were not the better lot, since they could be contented with the adventures of their street and their shop, while his desires (so far as he could see into the future) were destined to be satisfied with nothing more than the dream and shadow of things forever.

How little we know? One day William Blue's opportunity came in a manner abrupt, unexpected, and sad. His mother went home; died, to be exact. . . . After a proper season of grief Mr. Blue realized that, with the smallish sum of money bequeathed to him, together with what he had managed to lay by, he was in a position now to delve into romance to the extent of taking a trip.

He would have liked Greenland or Siam or Peru, or the island of Madagascar. The stories he devoured most eagerly were the sort which begin: "I had seen him once before in Peking, and heard a good deal of him in Bolivia, but did not really come to know him and his sinister history till that stormy day in the upper Himalayas, where . . . etc." The people he fancied were always turning up in Turkestan after being lost in Hindustan, having birthdays in Central Africa and toothache in the fastnesses of Bulgaria. As for people who imagined

they had traveled when they had made the circuit of Continental capitals—well, he did not think much of them. No, the unbeaten ways for him, the by-paths of travel where adventure lurks behind barred windows or under the mysterious influence of the Sphinx.

He canvassed them all. With delight, sitting in the round, red chair, he brought these places into mental view, pictured himself as arriving at the portals of this one, that one, rolling, befurred to the gills, in a skin canoe, or on the teetering hump of a dromedary, or astride a clambering mule with bells. . . . And then he counted his money for perhaps the twentieth time and, sighing deeply, decided on Paris.

And so within the fortnight Mr. Blue and Paris were bowing to each other. In his room at the hotel in the rue le Pelletier, where he was imprisoned by the rain, he had time to meditate and resolve. If he was going to do the thing, he was going to do it thoroughly. It had already become evident to him that certain of his favorite authors had erred in one respect—it was absolutely impossible for an Englishman, *as such*, to revel in wild adventures on the Continent. He was expected to limit his activities to visiting picture-galleries and drinking tea. This being considered the acme of the racial bliss, why should he go farther?

If he had any respect for romance then, Mr. Blue could not be English. In that case, what? He examined himself

in the mirror over the fireplace. Hardly a Turk or any descendant of the Aztecs. Hardly, in fact, anything in the world but the mildest and most honorable of British tradesmen. . . . And yet he gained some faint encouragement from the newly budding mustache. Perhaps, if he had some foreign clothes—

Immediately the weather permitted, he repaired to the nearest shop and purchased as Gallic a suit as he could find. Then his eyes fell upon a flowered waistcoat, and he would have a flowered waistcoat. And then a cravat of a shade in which he estimated rightly that your average Lanc'shireman would not willingly consent to be found dead, and a hat which he felt instinctively had been gotten out for the Oriental traveler trade. Returning to his room, he made an attempt to wax the ends of his mustache with a bit of soap, and was faintly successful. One lock of his hair he coaxed to straggle down the center of his



THERE COULD BE NO DOUBT OF IT, HE
WAS CHANGED

rounding forehead; having discovered a relic of rouge-stick forgotten in a drawer, he applied it moderately to his otherwise chaste lips, and finished up by looking in the mirror. There could be no doubt of it, he was changed. Precisely what he was he could not say; whether a gentleman from Montenegro or Poland, or a kind of a student from Brazil. And if the expression of his open face was not what it might be, the short coming was more than repaired by the angle of the hat above it.



HE SAW HER LIFTED BODILY

a good time had been enjoyed by all in the French capital.

Who has said that adventure will not come to him who seeks it? But perhaps, after all, Mr. Blue would have a special dispensation from the gods of romance. Perhaps, after all, when one has served so humbly and so long the novitiate of the little, round, red-upholstered chair—Well, at any rate!

There was an automobile. It had stopped quite close to him, detained by the traffic. On the door of the car rested a hand. It was a woman's hand, luminous, mysterious, compelling. More lovely than any hand of woman he had ever seen (and he had seen a good number of them in his trade of rings and bracelets), shapely, white, bejeweled; yet it had about it still some inscrutable aspect of power, some inexorable witchery of strength that sent its fingers curving around the watcher's heart—even as they curved in the shimmering gesture that beckoned him now—him, William Blue, actually "our Mr. Blue" of Jaynes's—across the golden, intervening pavement. He was there,

Mr. Blue did what was obviously the first thing to do; he dined at a café-restaurant on the boulevards. From the menu he chose at random and with no prophetic forefinger, and made his evening meal on radishes, celery, salad, and apricot preserves. He also took a light wine for the sake of local color and was somewhat cheered thereby. Before he was entirely finished he took a little more, and was a little more.

In this mood Mr. Blue began to feel better about his fate. Now that Peru and Greenland were done for, he began to suspect that perhaps Paris was not so monotonous a city but that one might enjoy life there for a limited time. Indeed, as he roamed afield to inspect the boulevards, he found himself recollecting a number of stories he had read in which

beside the car. Wrestling his eyes from the allurements of that hand, he lost them straightway again in a gaze more beautiful and appealing than ever he had known it on the printed page—more harassed and pleading and dark with a desperate sorrow. He could think of nothing but to seize the hand and ask the eyes to command him. And he would have done this but for the fact that there was a man with her, a large, square-faced man who was already turning around.

And then the car was gone, swiftly, but not so swiftly that Mr. Blue did not catch another last gesture of that white despair. And now he could thank the hours he had spent at the feet of the romanticists, for he had learned his lesson well. Hailing a taxi, he sprang into

it and shouted to the driver to pursue the vanishing vehicle.

Mr. Blue sank back in the gloom of the car, his heart aquiver. He took off his glasses and wiped them with the little green cloth; next he gave some attention to his straggling forelock and touched his flowing tie and thought of his boots. They were French boots, artistic boots, but they hurt his feet. They hurt them so badly, indeed, that he was upon the point of groaning when the cab stopped with a jolt and he found himself precipitating upon the sidewalk.

And there he saw her, and her hands. She was just alighting with the gentleman. She moved in a rosy cloud which might have been an evening wrap. Her hands, glimmering in the subdued light of the street, toyed with long gloves—gloves which Mr. Blue would have purchased with a king's ransom had he been in a position to do so.

He mopped his brow, touched his tie, and wondered what was to do. It began to be awkward. He wondered if, after all this energy and expense, she were not going to look at him at all. He wondered, if he were to smile or nod or do something, whether she would smile or nod or do something in return. Perhaps he had better cough, and, if so, quickly, for already the object of his pursuit had crossed the walk with her escort and had gained the shadow of a large doorway.

And then, there, at last, she did turn. His heart came into his throat. Then it went back into his painful boots, and he experienced the peculiar sensation of a man who falls into the water in his Sunday clothes. One does not follow young ladies in order to see them cast their arms and their flower-white hands about the neck of the rival.

Well! Mr. Blue sighed. Feeling

quite out of face, he was turning away. But no! Wait! And then his heart was climbing once more. For no matter where her arms were, he saw of a sudden that the lady in the shadow had fixed her eyes upon him; he felt them dwelling upon him from over the other man's shoulder with a passionate imploration,

and he saw those hands yearning out to him in a hidden and desperate call. Frozen with ecstasy, he saw more. He saw the hands curving back toward the monster's neck, tense and ravening, as if in pantomime she would rid herself of a sinister thing. . . . And then he saw her lifted bodily, and heard, as if in the same instant, the click of a latch and the banging of a door. And all was still.

Mr. Blue looked up and down the deserted street, and then crossed to the other side, where he could command a better view of the mysterious house. And there, standing on his right foot to relieve the pain in his left, he considered what he should do next.

Words were apparently what he would need.

Extracting his *Handbook of Travel Talk*, and holding it under the yellow moon of a street-lamp, he searched for possible expressions to be used "While Rescuing Maidens in Distress." But there seemed to have been no provision made for precisely that sort of thing. He had to fish out phrases from "At Dinner," "In the Train," "At the Milliner's," and "At the Theater." From the dinner section he recovered "Do you like—," and from elsewhere, "me." He was engaged in memorizing the more-or-less French equivalent for this composition when he observed a window opened on the second floor of the house opposite and a ray of light coming out to him. And scarcely behind the ray a soft, white butterfly of a thing. It



HE FELT HER EYES DWELLING
UPON HIM FROM OVER THE
OTHER MAN'S SHOULDER

was her glove. The glove that had covered that hand, the fingers still shaped and warm from the caress of those fingers! The fragrance of the gossamer creature penetrated the depths of his soul.

And then, by and by, he found a bit of paper in the thumb. On it were written the two words, "*Sauvez-moi!*" Ah, but he knew that—was he not there expressly to save her? But how? Presently, remembering the word for "how," he made bold to send the low-toned syllable whispering through the night. And then there was another glove—the other glove—and another note, this time so long a one that he had to give it up for the moment, till, the window darkened once more, he could clean his spectacles and sit down on the curbstone to read it. And even then, compare it as he might with his little book, only one word yielded up its secret—the word *domestique*.

There was nothing, then, to be done to-night. There was nothing, in truth, to be done until the tardy hour of Brentano's opening the next morning. But then, with the small red French-English dictionary he had purchased tucked under his arm, he hurried to a neighboring café and plunged into the unfolding of that perfumed missive, companion of a sleepless night.

The drift of the thing, after having tracked each word to its lair, was this: he gathered that the young woman's name was Germaine de Manduit, that she was well—unhappy, *bien malheureuse*; that her brother, whom she would otherwise have loved devotedly, was treating her badly, keeping her a virtual prisoner, plotting undoubtedly against her fortune, and, not impossibly, her life. It could not be less bad than this, or otherwise she would never have presumed to burden the kind monsieur whom the *bon Dieu* had put upon the boulevard with the suggestion that he enter her brother's household in the capacity of a *domestique*, that they might so have an opportunity for devising escape.

Mr. Blue's response to this suggestion was so impetuous that he was already standing before that aristocratic door with the echo of the huge brass knocker still ringing in his ears before it occurred

to him that he was ignorant of the vocabulary with which one applies for a situation as *domestique*. What if he were to answer "*Oui*" to the question, "Have you ever been in prison?" On the spur of the moment he tried to find the place in his library, but he had caught only the first line in "Engaging a Servant," when the door was opened.

Being well dressed, he was admitted to the *salon*. Monsieur arrived, politely hospitable.

"*Bonjour, monsieur,*" stammered Mr. Blue, conscious of a reddening face. "Have you need of a—of a—a valet?"

"*Pardon, monsieur?*"

Mr. Blue began to repeat, making slightly disorganized gestures as of one brushing a coat or polishing boots, but he was put out.

If Monsieur de Manduit comforted himself with the thought that he was done with this bizarre fellow, however, he had not reckoned with the north of England. Not twenty-four hours had passed when he was again confronted in his *salon* by the nondescript alien.

"*Bonjour, monsieur.* Have you need of a professor *de musique*?"

And once more was he put out.

Vexed, he crossed to the opposite sidewalk and gazed up at the window of his desire. Yes, and there was the hand, the pale hand of the beloved. The sight of it filled him with such renewed ardor that he resolved to return next day as a teacher of English.

And next day he found a large, strange car standing before the door. He hoped there were no callers, but in his heart he knew it was not callers. An instinctive uneasiness assailed him. There was something about that car, something confidentially sinister. . . . No, Mr. Blue would not be stopped by the feeble violence of the maid. Breathless and very red of face, he found himself once more in the now familiar *salon*.

Instinct had not played him false. Above the laboring of his own lungs he heard a crash! He heard feet pounding upon an upper floor and furniture in trouble. He heard a scream, a muffled scream which brought him into the hall, propelled him leaping up the stair. He was dimly aware that a maid-servant had tried to stop him. He was conscious

that he had hold of a limb, a long, blue-trousered, strange limb—belonging perhaps to a murderer. He felt himself battered about the head and altogether shaken violently. . . .

He was still more violently shaken when, looking up at last, he found himself gazing into the face of an *agent de police*. Nor was his tranquillity increased by the sight of monsieur beyond, smiling wanly and murmuring, "*Encore?*"

On his gloomy, bumping way to the examining magistrate's, Mr. Blue had time to think. The tenor of his thoughts was this: that it was altogether a deucedly unpleasant situation; that romance, adventure, and the glamour of alien skies were not what they were written up to be; and that there was

considerable food for reflection in the question as to what the senior and junior Jayneses were going to think, and to do, when they saw his name in the paper in connection with police-courts and things. And the conclusion was this: that they must not see it in the paper; that his incognito must grow, if anything, the more impenetrable. No, wild horses should not drag from him who he was. Albion should not be trailed through the mire of Continental police-stations.

Some subtle premonition had caused Mr. Blue to leave all identification papers at his hotel. He had nothing to betray his race but the little dictionary which he concealed under his tie inside his shirt. At the *commissariat de police* he steadfastly replied, "*Oui, monsieur,*"



THE ATTENDANT BOLTED OUT OF THE IRON GATE



BUT AS HE TIPTOED BY, HER WOMAN'S HEART PENETRATED HIS DISGUISE

"Are you French?"

"*Oui, monsieur.*"

"From what city?"

"*Oui, monsieur.*"

At length it became apparent that the fellow did not understand French, so they tried him in German. Still he answered, "*Oui, monsieur.*"

"But are you English?"

"*Oui, monsieur.*"

"What is your name?"

"*Oui, monsieur.*"

Interpreters having failed, Mr. Blue's enemy, Monsieur de Manduit, put in an appearance, and seemed to be telling all he knew of this man without a country. Mr. Blue gathered from the expressions and gestures about him that they considered him less to be censored than pitied, and strove to encourage this attitude by deepening the native emptiness of his countenance. His pockets were searched, but yielded no clue. His money was not taken from him.

Again he found himself in a cab. After a short ride he was pushed gently

through a door marked, "*Maison de Santé.*" This, he had learned from reading Edgar Allan Poe, meant "Insane Asylum." In some respects it was better than jail.

In his new circumstances Mr. Blue had plenty of time to reflect. Now that the one authentic adventure of his career had come to an end, he could not say that it had been altogether successful. He had lost the lady. He had lost his name. He had lost his country. He had lost, to all intents and purposes, his mind.

In the morning, as he seemed harmless and unhappy, an attendant came to give him a little exercise. Beguiled by the conversation of one of the maids, the man allowed him to wander about the garden at his will, and, wandering so, he came upon a lady sitting on a bench. She seemed to be awaiting some one; she had on hat and coat and walking-boots, and in her pliant, rose-pale hands she held—

But Mr. Blue did not know what she

held. He only knew that his breath had grown too much for his lungs.

"*Germaine!*"

By the will to do so, he controlled his voice. "How did you come here? *Comment?*"

She regarded him for a moment with luminous eyes. "*Je vous sauve.*"

The words, stirring the drowsy carmine of her lips, touched him but vaguely. And his dictionary was still hidden under his shirt. Seeing him at a loss, she lifted one of those hands, touched her bosom, repeated, "*Je.*" She waved at himself, "*Vous.*" And then over the walls into the azure freedom of the skies, "*Sauve.*" And it dawned upon him slowly that he was saved.

It was too much for Mr. Blue. He was not quite himself. He found himself on his knees, his eyes imprisoned in the dark, surrendering gaze of hers; he heard his own voice pouring out the protestations of a simple heart; he knew himself sinking into the soft embrace of her arms, and felt against his neck the fainting caress of those curving fingers.

And there was an outcry. He heard it beyond the wall, above the muffled noise of the street—"A l'incendie!"

Over the wall they themselves could see the flames in the sixth story of the house opposite. They saw more. They saw the attendant rushing to the iron gate beside their bench, opening it with a huge key, bolting out of it, followed by the maid, slamming it—not quite shut. Germaine, quick of wit as she was lovely of person, had seen to that. She winced, but the dainty wedge of her boot had broken the impact; all the heads in the street without were tilted high with curiosity—and they were free.

"*Bon! Venez!*" She had hold of his hand. On tiptoe they fled along the sidewalk. And then a cab rolled by, very slowly, the cabby's eyes also on the flames. And fire-engines were arriving. And all was confusion. And they were safely and softly in the rolling cab.

After a moment, Germaine ventured to give an address to the somewhat startled driver. As in a dream Mr. Blue saw houses pass him, streets, the river, more houses, a large park, a lion—and then they stopped. He paid as he was bidden, and stood on the curb waiting

for his companion to make the next move.

He found himself in another cab. Germaine was apparently throwing pursuers off the track. Another river passed them. Or was it the same river? There were so many rivers, so many distressing streets. If ever he got back to England—

He began to act for himself. He leaped forward and pounded on the window. As he had thought of England, its image had been made manifest before his eyes in the likeness of Thomas Cook & Son. Springing out of the cab, he entered the office. No sound had ever been sweeter than the "What can I do for you, sir?" which greeted him.

"I want to get jolly well out of here!" he panted. And then, with more moderation, "I—I say, you know, I wish to book for London."

"For yourself, sir?"

"And—and, ah, a compan—and a—a wife."

His brow wanted mopping.

Done with the thing, he bought a *Herald* and clambered back into the cab. Germaine's fingers closed over the tickets which he showed by way of explanation. And then she gave him the blinding appreciation of a smile and tucked them away in her blouse.

"Why?" he queried, vaguely ill at ease. "*Comment?*"

"*Ah, mais chéri!*"

It was the tone more than the words, the swimming desire of her eyes, the caressing fingers that made a drunkard of his cheek. . . . He had for a moment the wild idea of kissing her on the lips, then, there. He might have done so had he not been reminded by the passing eye of a pedestrian that he had always hated that sort of thing in public places. And so, flushing deeply, he turned his attention to his paper, taking care, however, to retain possession of the hand which fluttered like a bird in the nest of his palm.

The English language entranced him as he gazed at the head-lines. A paragraph in one corner caught his eye and fired him with a sudden attention:

The Comte de Manduit has been given to hope that the mania of his wife, whose unfortunate condition is known to many, may

be permanently cured. He has been prevailed upon to place her in a *Maison de Santé* for the purpose of treatment. . . .

Mr. Blue did not move his head, but two or three times he blinked his eyes. . . . But no, he could not understand. He could not understand at all. . . . He went on:

Society will be cheered by this news. For, aside from this peculiar obsession, the countess is known as a charming lady and most gracious hostess. Her husband, who is the only one possessing perfect control over her, has endeavored to make her life as enjoyable as possible, accompanying her frequently to the opera and the Bois. But at best, this procedure has never been without the element of danger; serious danger we may suspect, as it is whispered that already at least two young gallants, both of good family, have very nearly paid with their lives for

their acquaintance with this handsome, well-bred woman. . . .

Her obsession, which is the mania for strangling young men, seems to know no bounds. It is said that she exercises her beautiful hands and wrists continually to keep them strong—

Mr. Blue might have read farther, but he did not. He had released the little bird, whose flutterings had changed to serpent writhings in the cage of his icy hand. And now, although he did not want to look at it, he had to look at it. It lay there in its owner's lap, lovely, rose-tipped, subtly powerful. It seemed uneasy. Under the soft, translucent skin the muscles stirred slumbrously, and he fancied they looked hungry. His throat filled up, but he felt desperately of a sudden that he must not clear it, or in



any other way draw attention to it. . . . Where was she taking him?

The next moment he aroused himself sufficiently to pound on the glass before him frantically. He saw his hotel approaching—his own hotel. As the vehicle stopped he made an attempt to spring out, but was detained by a viselike grip on his wrist.

"My hotel! My hotel!" he explained in gestures. That was unfortunate, for she got out, too, and calmly followed him in.

"Now for it," he muttered to himself as he approached the "English-speaking" clerk and prepared to pay his bill. He wondered how he ought to say it; whether he ought to cry out, "She is crazy!" or—or—what? Yes, what? A sense of futility crushed him. The "English-speaking" clerk did not speak English, really. How then could he hope to make him comprehend why he, Mr. Blue, should be in the company of, nay, clung to by, a charming and well-dressed lunatic? It was hopeless.

He would leave her in the *salon* and think of what to do while he was packing his things. In this he had failed to reckon with Germaine, who, her hand resting inexorably on his arm, followed him to the tiny elevator in which the guests were expected to propel themselves aloft.

At the door of it he hesitated. Then, definitely, he drew back, conscious of a dim shudder creeping up his spine. He saw the glistening interior of the little box, like a coffin. In his mind's eye he saw it climbing away into the mysterious loneliness of the shaft; he visioned the desert places between floors; he beheld the shadow of hands. . . . Perhaps it was because his foreign collar, like his shoes, was too small for him, but his neck had begun to bother him.

"No, no, Germaine," he stammered. "I—I'd rather walk. I—I never use the lift—really— Oh, really—never—"

With that he bolted, actually bolted, for the stair. He made no bones about it now. Up one flight and another he fled, his ears in the back of his head. A sense of momentary relief came over him as he realized the absence of pursuing footfalls—only momentary, however. Then he became conscious of the silent

companion of his ascent, the elevator. Try as he might, he could not outdistance it. He slackened his pace; blinking from one latticed door to another, it did likewise. He doubled back; inexorably it descended. He turned still again, and the creature followed him like a dog inquisitive of heels.

At the fourth floor he turned and ran for his room, horribly aware of a clang and footsteps behind him. He felt the short hair on the back of his neck rising up, as it were, to meet the caress of curving fingers. And there was a bang. He began to realize that it was the bang of his own door, and that he was leaning against it weakly, on the inside.

Silence. He remembered dimly that there used to be a green-plush chair in the corridor outside, not far from his room. He heard it now moving nearer, stopping beside his door. She was planning to wait comfortably.

After a time, how long a one he could not have said, Mr. Blue left the friendly support of the door and began to pack his things. But first he did a thing which lay on his heart; from off his honest British frame he stripped the abominable garb of the alien. He wiped his sanguine lips on a handkerchief, and taking up his razor, made way with the pining mustachio which might do very well for Brazilian students and confidential agents from Bulgaria and the poisonous cosmopolitan in general, but not for the Oak of England. He looked a bit thinner, he thought, as he peered in the mirror; but he looked like a man to be depended upon, a man who would not stoop to some of the things they did on the Continent, a man whose innate character would tell anywhere, whether it were selling Jaynes's 16-carat wedding-rings over the counter, or Ruling the Wave. He saw the tight little isle as he had never seen it before, and the white cliffs of Albion—the Albion which he must not betray. . . . Coming across some papers with his honest Anglo-Saxon name on them, he lighted the fire in the grate and burned them to ashes.

Then he sat down in a chair and felt giddy. His modest letter of credit had somehow got into the fire with the others. In his pocket he had only a few coppers over fifteen francs. That, to-

gether with his ticket to England. . . . But Germaine had the ticket!

For nearly two hours Mr. Blue thought. At the end of that time hunger mastered him, and he opened the door timidly. Perhaps she was asleep. She was awake. As he stole out her eyes rested upon him blankly. Recollecting that he was not at all the same person she had known and cared for, he was transfigured by the momentary thought that perhaps he was going to get away safely, after all. But then, even as he tiptoed by, her woman's heart pierced his disguise, and with an enchanting smile of reproach she arose and claimed his arm.

They went down-stairs. The clerk did not recognize him. They walked out. The countess led him up the street toward a quiet eating-place. On the way they met an *agent de police* who looked honest and sympathetic, but Mr. Blue could only regard him sorrowfully. In that two hours of thought it had come to him that he could not denounce the unfortunate woman to the law, especially while she still had possession of his transportation to England. For one thing, there was bound to be a degree of confusion in which it would be difficult for him to prove claim to his property; for another, there was excellent chance that he would be taken up, too, on general principles. The police were that way. No, no, there must be other means.

He tried to imagine them during the course of the meal which the countess had ordered and which he had yet to pay for out of his failing money. He had a wild idea of bringing the thing to the test of violence, of escaping bodily, of walking back to England. But his eyes, fascinated, would return to those hands across from him, playing blithely with food and forks and things. And in his sick imagination he saw them crouching at his first faint move of flight, leaping hungrily, those pink-tipped fingers and that lovely, insatiable thumb, snapping something off in the region of the medulla oblongata as a rose from its stem and casting it scornfully under the café table. And then the confusion, the investigation, the inevitable disclosure of his identity, the shame of his town, the blackened face of England.

Again he found himself in a cab. He had not the faintest notion where he was going and it would have been of no advantage to him to learn. The chill, stale hand of fatalism had claimed him. The main thing was not to arrive anywhere, and in the mean time not to lose his head. He shuddered at the metaphor, and, opening a window, rode with that precious portion hanging out. In this position he was peculiarly fitted to observe the sights of the city, among which he beheld the Louvre. A hopeless kind of a hope made him call out, "*Stoppez!*" to the cabby. He descended with Germaine at his side.

They entered the gallery, checked the valise, and proceeded to enjoy the wonders of art. Mr. Blue saw nothing. Wandering aimlessly from frame to frame, he continued to fan the hope that the police were on the madwoman's trail and that they might find her here. He had the idea that at the moment of apprehension he might be staring hard at a picture, or else he might be talking to some other English person. He saw them all about him, heard the dulcet syllables of his mother-tongue as one hears music beyond a veil. An impenetrable veil. He had no illusions as to help in that quarter. He could imagine vividly what would happen if he were to accost the traveling Britisher with his tale; he could see the eyebrows and the sudden back.

His watch bothered him most. The police, for some reason, did not come. And, although he felt temporarily secure with all these good people about, his watch showed him that the inexorable hour of closing was near. He felt that he would not like to be caught there by closing-time; that he would not like to be left alone in those vast, twilit chambers with the shadows of two groping, faintly luminous hands.

He communicated with his companion. They had best go to the station. His last desperate notion was to overpower her, somewhere, somehow, seize the tickets, run for the train. In the cab, however, it was out of the question, as she insisted upon holding his hands and he was equally desirous of holding hers. At the station she demanded money to buy a paper. It took his last sou. Then

she asked the gateman when the train left for Calais.

"Tout de suite, madam!"

Now was his time. Unconsciously he hitched his cuffs clear of his wrists and bent his knees slightly. Now was his time! The moment had come. . . . But, to his chagrin, he found that the woman was gone. He saw her beyond the barrier, her dainty feet twinkling, one hand waving his attention to the train which was already in slow motion, the other clutching tight the precious tickets to his England. Groaning, he followed her. And he had to follow fast, so fast that the breath was out of his lungs when he tumbled into an open door of the second carriage from the rear.

With a gasp of despair he discovered that they were alone in the compartment. Even though the train was moving, escape lay only in the direction from which he had come—out of the window. He thrust his head out, stared haggardly around him. His attention was caught by a scene of confusion at the barrier—uniforms, arms waving, a man galloping after the train, catching, by prodigious effort, the rear end of the last carriage. Mr. Blue felt weak with a hope. If only that man should not find a seat in that last carriage; if only he would come searching along the corridor—"the only one possessing perfect control over her"—the Comte de Manduit. For in that fugitive glimpse Mr. Blue had recognized the husband of the madwoman.

A hand on his shoulder made him shudder and turn. And then he shuddered more profoundly with a new discovery. The train was a non-corridor train. They were there, inexorably, tête-à-tête.

He looked at her because she was looking at him, and he thought it best. He tried to smile. She was smiling. He had seen a cat smiling once at its play—with a little mouse. Soft words issued from her throat, purring words. She began to stroke his hair, his temple. Then his cheek. Then his chin. . . .

"I say!" he stammered, "let's have a look at the paper. He took it from her brightly.

In the paper there was something about them. Germaine read it with a gay, throaty laugh. Mr. Blue wanted

her to read it again and again. He wanted her to take his little dictionary and point out the words to him, slowly, very slowly, one by one. He didn't care much what it said, but it said that the Countess had vanished from the *Maison de Santé*, and that she had been kidnapped by a Rumanian or Croatian who was either a bit touched himself or looking for a ransom. But the police were on the trail. Developments might be expected by evening.

Mr. Blue removed his spectacles to wipe them, and in his agitation put them in his pocket instead of back on his nose.

"That's jolly interesting," he breathed. "Go on and read it again."

"Mais non," she protested, prettily. *"Ah, chéri!"*

She turned back to him with the old, lovely gesture. She stroked his hair again, his temples, his cheeks—All the hundreds of thousands of hairs on the top of his head felt queer. His poor, dear neck seemed all stopped up on the inside, and yards around on the outside. His nerve-centers were all shouting, inch by inch, the downward progress of that velvet palm, that soft, solicitous thumb, those four rose-nailed ardent fingers. His brain whirled like a planet in space.

By an awful effort he stood up. The Countess was standing up, too. Her other hand had come fluttering now to join its mate—he felt them creeping farther and farther about his throat. The door was behind him. He felt her fingers pressing tentatively upon an important part of his esophagus. And bend less tentatively—less tentatively. He felt his eyes emerging from their sockets not unlike onions that are being peeled.

And she kissed him on the lips.

He prayed.

Very dimly he seemed to see the flicker of a station sign shooting across the window beyond. Very faintly, as it might be some activity in a coming and better world, he seemed to hear a grinding of brakes on wheels and of wheels on rails. And he saw and heard no more. . . .

A man with an extremely red, angry face was bending over him. He was shaking his fist in close proximity to his, Mr. Blue's, nose. Still half in the cloud, Mr. Blue groaned and moved a feeble

hand toward his throat. The gesture, if it did nothing else, brought his face more into light, and the Comte de Manduit uttered an exclamation of astonishment.

Of the following torrent of words Mr. Blue could make nothing. But when a bilingual gendarme had been summoned from the escort of the departing countess to act as interpreter, he began to understand that they were the apologies of Monsieur the Count. There had been a mistake, it seemed; an unfortunate mistake. They, he and the *agents de police*, had been seeking a blackguard and scoundrel, a kidnapper, a person from Bulgaria or Morocco disguised as a South American with a mustache and wild, thick spectacles. For the moment, in the gloom of the compartment, the monsieur was to understand, they had mistaken him, the Englishman, for the fugitive. Most unfortunate! Deepest

apologies! One could see that this British gentleman on tour was not the sort—and so on. Long live the Entente! . . . Lastly, as a favor, had he, the Englishman, chanced, perhaps, to see anything of the Bulgarian scoundrel? With the bizarre clothing and the spectacles?

Mr. Blue had not. But there had been a woman—a strange woman—

Ah, yes, but ten times ten thousand apologies. Was there anything that one could do in half repayment—

There was not. And, although monsieur the traveling Englishman did not say it in so many words, there was the sense that he would like to be left alone—to think, perhaps, of the broad cliffs and the stout hearts of Albion, and the altogether romantic security of the haven behind the counter in Jaynes's jewelry-shop, and the adventures of a little, round, red chair.

No More

BY BLANCHE SHOEMAKER WAGSTAFF

NO more to hear his footstep on the stair
 And see the grace
 Of his exquisite face.
 No more to kiss his hair
 Bright like the sun,
 No more to hear him speak
 Or touch the softness of his cheek,
 Sweeter than any flower;
 To know the dream is done . . .
 And hour by hour
 Await his footstep at my door
 That comes—no more.

No more to call his blessed name
 When I awake,
 And feel the morn grow fairer for his sake.
 No more to claim
 His little, gentle, childlike ways
 That gladdened all my days,
 Or in the tired twilight glow
 To seek his side and tell my pain.
 Always to weep alone again. . . .
 O God, can it be so?
 The beauty that we knew of yore
 To come—no more. . . .



THE LION'S MOUTH

THE heading of these pages may well challenge curiosity in an age when the name of Lenine resounds above that of Leonardo; but those who have known Venice may recall a room in the Doges' Palace where, set in the wall, is a sinister effigy—*la bocca di leone*—grim reminder of the stern rule of the Council of Ten. Tradition—that only true romantic among historians—has it that this famous fourteenth-century marble, the carved head of a lion, was set up in order that secret communications to the government might be slipped through the orifice of the mouth and thus come before the cold scrutiny of the dread Council.

We may look askance at such a means of facilitating the knifing of one's political enemies in the back, but we must admit that the Venetians carried it off with a certain flair, a filip to the imagination, and a touch of redeeming art which our own age could never compass. Contrast the suggestion-box of our efficiency experts, which is apt to be a plain four-square affair with prosaic slot!

The Lion's Mouth!— One looks upon those rigid, half-open jaws and wonders at the countless *denoncie secrete* deposited

therein by stealthy hands. But it is to be remembered that it was an age of political chicanery and malevolent cunning that demanded stern measures. Our modern world wags to a different tune. We no longer lie awake nights in cogitation upon the treasonable schemes which our neighbor may have on foot. That our neighbor still has his failings, his faulty judgments and mistaken points of view, goes without saying, but in a mellowed, altruistic age we are prompted to deal less harshly with him.

It is true that the thoughts which, with becoming intellectual modesty, we proffer for his enlightenment and behoof, may stimulate him only to counter expressions of opinion (his erroneous ideas leading him to mistake ours as such), but this mental tit-for-tat is one of the refreshing compensations of a democratic age which would flatten us out to one dreary level of equality and uniformity. It is to those who mentally squirm and refuse to lie flat in the wake left by this steam-roller—to those who, like the Venetians of old, are mentally astir and have something of courage, or truth, or beauty, to declare—that the Lion's Mouth is again opened.

FITS AND STARTS

By Don Marquis

I WENT into the new Broadway Subway, near City Hall, the other day, and asked the pensive lady at the money-window:

"How long does it take to go up to Times Square?"

She haled back her ego from its dream; with difficulty she compelled herself to look at me. After she had looked at me a moment, she seemed to pity me.

"I dunno," she said.

But I persisted. I had never ridden in that Subway, and I really wanted to know. I was already ten minutes late for an engagement. I wished to know whether I was going to be forty minutes late or twenty. A man who is late for an engagement owes the engagee a lie

which is not only plausible, but entertaining. But the story that goes with being forty minutes late will not do at all when you are twenty minutes late. I wished to know in advance the sort of story I should have to tell. I wished to rehearse it to myself and perfect it on the way up-town. And I did not wish to spend the time perfecting one sort of story, only to find it useless upon arrival. I have something of a reputation to keep up in the matter of tardiness: if I am ten minutes late, I am on time; it is a pose, an affectation, with me; and it is, in the long run and in a small way, profitable; people ask me to lunch frequently just to hear what I will say when I arrive late.

So I really wanted to know, and I asked the lady at the ticket-window once more. She had taken up a comb and

was rubbing it through her hair, and attracting with the electrified celluloid certain little bits of paper spread before her. Somehow she made me feel, when she answered, that I was of less importance in her scheme of things than one of the bits of paper.

"It doesn't take so very long," said she.

"But *how* long?" I insisted.

"How long would you say yourself?" said she.

It was perhaps fortunate for her that she had not to deal with a person with an idea on the subject of catching a train. As it was, I tried to suggest mild rebuke by my manner.

"I have never ridden on this line," I said.

"You go and ride on it, then," said she, "and then come back here and tell me how long it takes."

It struck me, on reflection, that her attitude was quite right. She was a specialist. She made change; it was her business to give out the nickels that the public dropped into the hopper, and she refused to burden her mind with any further responsibility.

But beneath this and behind it and more important, I thought that I could discern a fine scorn for that mania for rushing hither and thither which characterizes the populations of large towns. So much of that rushing is entirely aimless and unnecessary. I have seen people in New York race down the street as if the very devil burnt their heels behind them, flinging weaker pedestrians to one side, skipping perilously in front of auto-trucks and eluding traffic cops, and then stand for twenty minutes watching an office safe being lowered from the tenth story of a building. They weren't really in a hurry; they weren't even going anywhere in particular, most of them.

They were merely being like their era. I do not pretend to say, especially since the war, where the world is going, but it gets sudden urgent impulses to be rapidly on its way; it has spasms of the most disconcerting speed, and then it stops, puts its hands in its pockets, sits down on a park bench, and stares at the toes of its shoes.

It hasn't been long since certain persons said this country was going to the

demnition bow-wows; it was hell-bent and iniquitously happy, what with simian dances and—and—oh, you know, Immoral Stuff generally. And now these same persons insist that it is dashing madly toward redemption—Prohibition, you know, and Moral Stuff generally.

But it always stops and rests awhile and forgets where it was going. It has time, after all, to be charmed by the demonstrator's alluring pantomime in the show-window; it allows itself to become possessed of long and placid thoughts as it watches the skilful gentleman in the white cap tossing buckwheat cakes in the white-tiled food-mausoleum. Perhaps, in these quarter-hours of rest between dashes lies a certain safety. For none of its rushes ever carries through; it always saves itself from logical arrival at a logical terminus; it turns with a kind of horror from any possible partnership with the absolute; when it dashes again, it will dash in some other direction, and its new dash will bear no perceptible relation to its former dash and no relation to what it was supposed to be thinking about in the interval between the dashes.

These remarks concerning the illogical rushes of human beings are uttered in no hateful spirit. After all, I am one of them. I prefer them, on the whole, to any other sort of animal; I always feel a clannish instinct to defend them; as between human beings and, let us say, camels, or even gazelles, I do not hesitate an instant.

I know that it is fashionable to criticize the universe which contains humanity, but I have never been able to remain angry with it for very long at a time. I incline toward lenience with regard to its mistakes. It has come a long way. It has a long way to go. It is, at times, no doubt, tired. And it can neither strike nor resign. It cannot even go crazy, for its insanity would immediately become the standard of normality. It must keep on being the universe. Often, when we contemplate the universe, we burst into tears of sheer pity. It did not ask to be. It cannot help but be. It does the best it can. And thrice ten thousand *vers libre* bards and philosophers, every year, gibe at it with bitterness and contumely. It never answers. Sometimes we think its dull and

plodding patience is almost grand. It is probably discouraged a great deal of the time at not being able to please G. B. Shaw, or keep up with H. G. Wells, but it chokes back the sobs and keeps on trying.

These fits and starts of humanity, these rushings and stoppings, may, for all I know, correspond to some vast internal rhythm of the cosmos; the pulse jumps, and the corpuscles shoot ahead. Personally, I prefer the dreamy, more stationary moments between pulse-beats; I don't want to go anywhere in particular badly enough to hurry; effort is loathsome.

The lady at the Subway window is of my way of thinking.

"Can't you," I said to her, consciously impersonating the bustling person I am not—"can't you at least give me some approximate idea of how long it takes to get up to Forty-second Street? Does it take about ten minutes, or does it take about thirty minutes?"

"It takes shorter than a horse," said she, "and longer than an airyoplane. The time some people waste standin' around here, askin' questions, they'd get there quicker if they walked."

PSYCHE

By Alice Brown

A BEWILDERINGLY lovely bit of automatic writing was begun on my door-step, one of the coldest Spring days of this year. It was patently a direct message, a delicate reminder of the way of the soul, and it was hard to believe this was not a little letter couched in the concrete terms my density of apprehension could understand from some perhaps mischievous intelligence outside this plane who wanted to remind me that Psyche lives. The day was not only cold, but raw in the extreme, a day that drives even one obsessed by the bogy exercise back into the house after a perfunctory snatch at it to the fire and a book. I was going unwillingly down the steps, prodded by that stern guardian who debars indulgence, when I saw below me on the middle step a most beautiful butterfly. Now how should a butterfly

appear in a city street on a sulky March day unless some aerial Puck had conveyed her there to bring me a message—to be herself the message, indeed, to say, "I am Psyche, the soul; and the soul, in spite of sullen skies and unfriendly air, is imperishably alive"?

Impossible to leave Psyche inhospitably there on the door-stone. All the honey in the city was hermetically sealed, so far as her delicate wants might reach, in brick walls and, inside that outer defense, in grocers' jars and on dining-room shelves. Psyche could no more penetrate there than a child smile its way into the stony rigor of a statue's heart. I took her up with a calculated certainty and delicacy guessed out through observation of the knowing who handle flowers and eggs and babies—a certainty that looks like recklessness and yet is the acme of consideration and a delicacy unmarred by indecision—and carried her into the house to a top room where the sun, when there is any sun, lies all day. There I made her a beautiful house, a "stately pleasure dome," though so low from sill to roof. It was easy to take thought in the building, for Psyche was too chilled to flutter away, and, besides, being a messenger—or the message—she must have been previously instructed that her cue was immobility. Her house was built of an oblong basket with a white lace top. The table set within was a salt-spoon brimmed with a rich syrup of sugar and water—not "tinct with cinnamon!"—the spoon chosen because it was an adequate silver bowl for her and yet small enough to be set directly under her eye. For who knew how long she might continue to faint from the rigors of her mysterious journey?

She was conveyed into her house and the banquet proffered her, but whether or not she partook none could say. A couple of hours at least her chill and torpor lasted, and then some one suggested that the temperature was not high enough for so frail a citizen of unimagined climes, and her house was immediately jacked up and a lower story added, with central heat. That is, in terms of construction, as applied to butterfly-houses, the basket was lifted and set down again on a hot-water

bag that a gentle heat might permeate it from below. Immediately what a change in Psyche! She opened her wings and disclosed the glory—all orange and brown and gold—of their upper surface. She waved them in a tremulous rhythm like breathing, most assuredly the breath of happiness, and she flew to her roof and hung there. Later, when a sun ray shot into the window to look her up, she found the roof opened to admit her to a wider liberty and alighted for a moment on the curtain. But there she became chilly again from the draught between the sashes, and presently fluttered back to her own house with the central heat, where she resumed that delighted rhythmic waving of the wings.

Three days Psyche lived, the center of interest in the house, the breeder of mystery and awe. Whence had she come? What was the message of the waving wings? Was the rhythm possibly a code whereby she was seeking to tell the story of her journey and the imminency of her return, as, with a bolder wireless, we may sometime be besieging the gulfs of farther space? On the fourth day she died, as we count death, though she left an eloquent beauty of form behind her. Preliminary to this flitting, she forsook her airy roof, settled to the floor of her earthly house, and carefully spread her wings, so that the upper glory of them was displayed in a perfect symmetry. Where did she go then? To another door, in perhaps a different form, but always Psyche, always the soul, saying in the voice of beauty and of mystery: "I am Psyche. I am the soul. I have lived always. I shall always live."

YOUTH AND OLD AGE

By L. S. P.

I HAVE what I believe to be a most pleasing piece of intelligence to convey—news I shall call it, though, strictly speaking, it is far from being such, for many besides myself must long have been possessed of the knowledge. Yet, for aught that I could read or hear, no one has so far either taken the pains, or assumed the responsibility, of making

a clear public announcement of it. Perhaps some have been deterred because it seemed to them almost too good to be true, however well persuaded of it they may have been; or some may have been shy about committing themselves to so seemingly disputable a statement. I have no such hesitancy and am in haste to get the words said:

There is no such thing as age.

It is but a delusion, a fallacy, a chimera, a phantasm, an imagination, a fine matter of the fancy, merely—nothing more.

There is no such thing as age. There is—I think the facts will bear me out—only the *idea of age*. Moreover—and I take this to be a most cheering and charitable dispensation—even the idea of age does not affect the so-called aged, but, contradictory though it may seem, rests heavy only upon the young.

To the child the world is preponderatingly full of age. Everybody is old and likely to die, except a pitifully small company of little people, of stature and years commensurate with his own. Barring these, the world is aged—very; ruled, swayed, determined by aged people, though many of them may not yet have attained to the age of twenty-five.

A delightful old lady (I shall be obliged to employ the term "old" in its accustomed usage until I have fully proved to you that there is no such thing as age)—a delightful old lady whom I knew, who had just passed her seventy-sixth birthday, was looking back on her own childhood. "It is odd," she said, musing, "how one changes one's point of view. I was six when my mother died. She passed away at forty. I thought she died of old age."

Similarly, when I was eight a cousin of mine who was twenty-eight and a widow wearing a veil, was a really aged person; and her sister of thirty was more aged still, by a great many years, enormous decrepitude being added by the fact that she was unmarried.

And my own and other children's uncles! All through my little girlhood how old they were! How old, indeed! It is of no use to tell me that up to my sixteenth year few of them had passed forty. I tell you they were *old*! The mustache of one of them was turning gray, and there were certain sad lines

about the lips; another wore glasses; a third carried a cane; a fourth had loved but once and, unforgettingly, some one who was then married to another; a fifth was absent-minded. What better proof could you have? Age! Age! Whether it was venerable and revered, or dictatorial and unpleasant, how present it was! Unescapable, inevitable! Waiting for me, too! Ah, some day—some day—I should be old!

It was under the shadow of this delusion that I grew up. It was under the burden of this fallacy that year by year, and always with a tinge of sadness, despite a naturally gay nature, I climbed through my teens. What a really terrible thing old age was! With death and dying and the blasting of one's hopes! Ah, I tell you if you want to find out how truly tragic age is, ask the young! *They* know! *They* have observed! *They* have conjured up in their imaginations its full horrors which may some day, nay, will if they live long enough, come to them also! To be twenty-eight and a widow! To be thirty and unmarried! To have one's hair turn gray! To feel one's powers waning! To wear glasses! To grow absent-minded! Oh, age! age!

But here is just the extraordinary point—weighted though we are in youth by old age, shadowed by it, haunted by it, yet any man or woman who has a mind to can testify that with advancing years we astonishingly outgrow it. We get ahead of it, evade it, somehow dodge it and miss it in the most extraordinary fashion. We had expected to meet old age at the cross-roads at twenty-eight—but old age was not there. We had believed, for many years, that if ever we ourselves got to the cross-roads at thirty and unmarried, life would utterly have lost its savor. But strangely, miraculously, at the cross-roads, unmarried, at thirty, thirty-one, thirty-two, thirty-three (Heavens!), thirty-four!—the air of the morning was as sweet as, oh, sweeter than, ever it was, and the road stretched ahead into a golden country.

Nevertheless, the chimera and phantasm still pursue us. We were mistaken, of course. We prefigured, anticipated, antedated somewhat. Old age does not begin, as we thought in our teens, at

twenty-eight or thirty; not, indeed, until forty, or it may be forty-five or -six or so. We have been granted a reprieve. But there, at those cross-roads, old age will meet and conduct us.

But let him who stands fairly at forty-five or -six testify! Has old age ever been met there? Go to! go to! You jest. You are very young if you so much as suggest it. Voluminous data are at hand, ample testimony. You are told that this or that great man or woman was only really beginning his or her career at forty.

So it is at fifty, instead, that you will meet this dread Button-molder. But, to your amazement, he is not there! Fifty? Why, you are only just beginning to know what it is to have the real use of your powers! And you look back with a certain mellow pity on callow fledglings of twenty-two or twenty-five who, it seems, must be very cold in the winds of the world, with so few feathers to protect them, youths and maidens who are still dupes of convention, still shivering in any breeze of disapproval, slaves to the world's opinion, and who have not yet dared a single flight. Not that you disavow age! On the contrary, you pretend to great antiquity. You begin to talk about how old you are getting to be. You say this especially in the presence of young people or of your contemporaries, with an eye to their observations. But any one who has done this himself knows the pretense. No, turn it as you will, fifty is not old to those who are fifty. When you get to be sixty, then you will of course have to admit.

But, sixty! Who that did not cheat himself ever admitted he had met old age at sixty!—at sixty, mind you, when one is only just beginning to get ready to live one's life wisely! When one is only just getting really ready to show the world how, if it would be happy, it must thenceforth conduct itself.

So, old age is put off for another decade. And when the children and grandchildren celebrate you at seventy, well, you have grown increasingly gentle and affectionate and so you are willing to pretend to be old, by courtesy, for their sakes who so unanimously believe you to be so, and that they shall have

a valid excuse for making a day of it; and the point is not lost on you that to the little children of the company (who are, as I have tried to show you, the only real connoisseurs and experiencers of old age) you seem decrepit. But if you are honest with yourself, is it not now, just now, that you are beginning to understand and gather the world to your heart—just now that you are, so to speak, learning to read life, as a little child his books, learning to spell out its true meanings and guess at its true glories? They call you old? No! It is the young only who are old! If they could only know! It is you, now, who for the first time are beginning to have the heart of a child.

There are some, I know, who are very generally believed to have died of old age at eighty-five, ninety. But I do not believe it. As the years mount, the witnesses are fewer, the testimony necessarily grows less and more vague. But I would wager they were not old. Open the locked heart of the oldest of them, if you could, and you would find graven within it, I have no doubt, youth—not age; not despair, but hope, persistent hope, abiding there as in Pandora's box, when all the evils flesh is heir to else have escaped.

"Ah, si la jeunesse savait! si la vieillesse pouvait!" I used to ponder over that in my youth and think how sad, how sad a saying it was! I am inclined now to give it a new and I believe a better interpretation. Ah, if youth but knew how marvelously young old age really is! If old age had but the power to live as young, as eager as the heart may be!

Is there need to carry the argument further? Who that ponders and grows old but knows there is no old age?

The young alone know and believe in age; and with them it is neither reality nor experience, but an imaginary evil; nor would they suffer so from it did they know more of the immortal heart that beats within us all. But that knowledge will come to them, as it has come to us, with the years.

It has been truly said that only the death of those of our own generation ever really shocks or shakes us. The passing away of parents or of children, these happenings are visionary; they

are remote from us, however terrible or intimate the loss; they are separated from the present of ourselves as are the past and the future. But the death of a husband, a wife, a brother, a sister, or of one's close and contemporary friend—such is the incredible loss, "for we had believed unconsciously that these, like ourselves, were immortal."

It is for us, for ourselves, that the everlasting gates are lifted up; nor shall it ever seem possible that they are closed to us. Age is a fiction and a fashion that changes, a shadow that we cast in passing on those about us, who count time by it, but by which our own lives remain, in the very nature of things, undimmed, even as the shadow falls on lilac or on sun-dial, cypress or deep valleys, but is not noted of the Sun that carries time and daylight with him, and knows nothing of the night.

This is the piece of news not new, yet nowhere that I know of clearly stated, that I have to offer; and if you will not laugh at me, and if I mistake not, it has indeed something to do with immortality.

I look to find it enthusiastically or placidly corroborated by those older than I, this truth. I look to hear them say also that there is, strictly speaking, no age, only a chimera that goes by that name and is dreaded; a vision, a shadow, a baseless fabric. It is the young, as I hope I have proved, that suffer most from age; but they, too, if they but live long enough, shall be comforted in time, for it is benevolently designed that as we grow older we steadily and mercifully outgrow age, and little by little rid ourselves of the fear of it that weighed so heavy on us in our teens.

AH MING

By Fleta Campbell Springer

IF you know just which one of those non-committal doors along Dupont Street to go in by, and if you are a friend or the friend of a friend, it may be that Ah Ming will dance for you and, as a special favor, sing. And there is more than may be imagined in the dancing of Ah Ming—far more.

A long room filled with a strange

Oriental clutter, lighted from the canopied center by a soft, steady glow, drooping vaguely down into shadows—weighted, it seems, with the odor of incense—and brooded over by grotesque gods whose names you forget as soon as they are said. The gods are for sale; but now it is after hours and you have not come for bargaining. You are a guest.

The voices of your hosts seem not to disturb the silence, and your own voice involuntarily attunes itself to theirs. They receive you graciously, offer you small bamboo chairs without backs, and when you have exchanged inquiries concerning one another's well-being, briefly or at length, as the inclination is, the mistress of the house calls out: "Ah Ming! Ah Ming! A friend is here!" for well she knows who it is you have come to see.

An exquisite, unreal little creature she is, coming out of the shadows at the far end of the room. A fragile girl child, not more than four, veritably a "small gold goddess," clad in all the splendor of Oriental babyhood. Sea green, with figures of Chinese blue and bordered in gold, are the trousers and coat; the tiny shoes gay with embroideries; the ivory heels set uncomfortably in the middle of the foot tap fairy-like as she comes under the light. On her head is the "Crown of Childhood," that gorgeous headdress which lends to the baby face so strange an air of sophistication gained elsewhere than in this life.

She gives you her flower-like hands gravely, and the delicate mouth with the two vivid rouge spots does not smile; the slant black eyes do not smile, but shine with the most unqualified welcome.

When, after a while, she is asked to dance she looks at once to her elders, and at a word she moves out where the light converges, and with no trace of self-consciousness, only a sweet and unquestioning obedience, she begins, without music, to dance.

And how amazing a thing it is, this dancing of Ah Ming! A queer, stiff grotesquerie of steps and postures, balancing perilously on the ivory heels, every atom of her small body alive and tense, and counting softly, in English,

under her breath: "One, two, three—One, two three!"

Immediately you remember that the Chinese do not dance in this way. What is it, then? Something in a pose held dangerously long strikes a familiar note. You are about to make it out when the mistress of the house explains, with love and pride in her voice and eyes: "Spanish. The Spanish dance. Ah Ming has the lesson twice every week. See—it is very difficult with the heels."

Suddenly you are aware that here before you is the most subtle and eloquent commentary upon races. This exotic child of an ancient people, whose religion is dignity, going with serious precision through all the steps and movements of that dance into which the daughters of Spain fling the passion, the fire, and the abandon that is theirs.

It is a dainty burlesque, incongruous, alien, troubling. You are filled with protest, yet you exclaim extravagant compliments when the dance is finished, for there is the pride in the eyes of your hostess as she tells you that Ah Ming is to dance on the stage. An American lady has "taken an interest" in Ah Ming and arranged for the lessons, and she is going to get Ah Ming an engagement in vaudeville. It will be very unusual. Ah Ming will make a great deal of money . . . the American lady has been most good and kind.

Ah Ming, with her Crown of Childhood, in vaudeville! You would laugh, only that it is so tragic.

But she is about to sing. . . . "You will like that. She is very quick to learn—only a few lessons for singing."

Still with that gracious little air she takes her place again, and in the voice that is the voice of babyhood the world around, but solemnly, as if it were a sacred chant, she begins the words of a song made popular by the most successfully vulgar of English comedienues, "Don't you think my dress is—just a little bit—just a little bit—"

The heart within you cries out, "Sacrilege!"

Running forward, pirouetting here, now holding out the edge of her gold-bordered coat, the tiny creature goes through all she has been taught, faithfully, leaving nothing out.

Yet you smile and applaud when she has finished, and Ah Ming, adorably flushed under the gold satin of her skin, effaces herself while you thank your hosts. And, after another caress of the flower-like hands of Ah Ming, you take your leave and find your way down again into the tawdry lights of Market Street, there to reflect upon the sins which we commit against one another in this world.

O American ladies! Good, kind American ladies! Why *will* you take so much interest?

"WHAT FLAVOR?"

By Franklin P. Adams

O fons Bandusiae, splendidior vitro—
—HORACE: Book iii., Ode 13.

WORTHY of flowers and syrups sweet,

O fountain of Bandusian onyx,
To-morrow shall a goatling's bleat
Mix with the sizz of thy carbonics.

A kid whose budding horns portend
A life of love and war—but vainly!
For thee his sanguine life shall end—
He'll spill his blood, to put it plainly.

And never shalt thou feel the heat
That blazes in the days of Sirius,
But men shall quaff thy soda sweet,
And girls imbibe thy drinks delirious.

Fountain whose dulcet cool I sing,
Be thou immortal by this Ode (a
Not wholly meretricious thing)
Bandusian fount of ice-cream soda!

NAMING THE CANARY

By Lawrence Gilman

A ROSE by any other name—? Well, perhaps. But that is not the point. The point is this: In our hybrid land, with its hybrid opera and opera companies, what are we to call those famous ladies whose sweet names sound with such jangling confusion in our ears? What rule are we to observe? For example: It is "*Mme. Homer*" in the newspaper reviews and in the programs. But why "*Mme. Homer*" instead of "*Mrs. Homer*"? The lady is married to Mr. Homer; this is America; Mrs. Homer is not French; she is not yet a dowager. Or, take another case: "*Mme. Tetrizzini*." There is no such person. She is not "*Mme.*"; she is not "*Tetrizzini*." She is Signora Bazelli, wife of Signor Bazelli. But this

is America, you remind us. Very well—"Mrs. Tetrizzini," then.

On the other hand, consider the illustrious males of the opera. It is "*Mr. Caruso*," "*Mr. Scotti*," "*Mr. Rothier*," "*Mr. de Segurola*," "*Mr. Hackett*"—Italians, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Americans—all are treated alike. We no longer "*Signor*" them and "*Monsieur*" them. The system is admirably simple and reasonable.

Twenty years ago it was different. In those days we were fussy and self-conscious, and were at great pains to say, "*Monsieur Plançon*," "*Signor Campanini*," "*Herr Fischer*"; and there was confusion and perplexity in the land, and compositors and proof-readers and editors went mildly insane in their efforts to determine the proper prefix to bestow upon the illustrious soprano who was born in Minnesota of Swedish parents, educated in Paris and Berlin, alleged Naples as her legal residence, and was married to a Portuguese whose mother was a Dublin barmaid. But nowadays, as I have said, the case of the operatic males has been admirably simplified. A few scrupulous souls still speak of a certain great man as "*Signor Caruso*"; but to the general public and most of the professional chroniclers on the newspapers, the mighty Carus', when he is prefixed at all, is now "*Mr. Caruso*."

The trouble is in the case of the ladies. No one would object to their being inconsistent, if only they would agree among themselves to standardize their inconsistency. In the first place, they should not compel us to remember that they are or have been married. Let them consider their sisters of the theatrical stage. Mrs. Russell G. Colt is still "*Miss Ethel Barrymore*"—not "*Mme. Barrymore*," or "*Mrs. Barrymore-Colt*"; Mrs. Thomas B. Clarke is still "*Miss Elsie Ferguson*"; Mrs. W. A. Brady is still "*Miss Grace George*"; Mrs. James H. Dalton is still "*Miss Marie Dressler*"; Mrs. Kurt Eisfeldt is still "*Miss May Irwin*" (our matrimonial data are the latest available). In other words, these ladies do not attempt to modify their familiar stage-names, whether those be real or "professional," by prefixes or hyphens designed to suggest the lapse of spinsterhood.

But contrast this fine and reposeful consistency, this serene maintenance of familiar traditions, this convenient simplicity, as it obtains in the playhouse, with the tortuous, uneasy, and henlike tactics of the operatic sisterhood and the reciprocally wavering tactics of the newspaper chroniclers. It is the latter, of course, who are chiefly to blame; but I shall cheerfully admit that they are confronted by a problem beside which the complexities of international law are as simple and obvious as the psychology of a Conscientious Objector. How, for instance, should an American newspaper refer to the singer who is named in the official catalogue of the Metropolitan Opera Company as "Mme. Farrar"? This admired lady is neither a "Mme." nor a "Farrar"—still less is she the two in combination. She is a New-Englander married to a Frenchman known as Monsieur Lou Tellegen, whose real name is Van Dommelen. Therefore, as we see it, she is either "Miss Farrar" or "Mrs. Tellegen-Van Dommelen." "*Mme. Farrar*" is as gross an affront to logic and good sense as would be "*Mme. Barrymore*" for the divine Ethel. Certain journals, incidentally, attempt a partition of this Gordian knot by speaking of "*Mrs. Farrar*"—a foolish and deplorable compromise. According to the Metropolitan Opera Company, as I have said, she is "*Mme. Farrar*." But what would the Metropolitan say to "*Mme. Tempest*," "*Mme. Ferguson*," "*Mme. George*," "*Mme. Dressler*," "*Mme. Irwin*," "*Mme. Billieburke*"? Go to! The lady from Melrose, Massachusetts, is "Miss Farrar" forever—unless, perchance, she should choose to compress the most famous of American operatic appellations into one verbal unit, patterning after Lotta of fragrant memory, and let herself be known to us, with sweetly familiar brevity, as "Geraldine."

THE CASE OF VAN BRUNT

BY J. P. G.

PROHIBITION will be stark tragedy for Van Brunt. I do not know what he will do without liquor. It is his chief topic of conversation. I have known this little man for a good many years, and never in all that time have I

had so much as five minutes' talk with him without his reverting to the subject of Drink. He knows more about Rum, in the generic and inclusive sense of that term, than John Burroughs knows about birds. He talks about it constantly, with affection and gusto. He will not bet money, or hats, or dinners—all his wagers are in terms of Drink. I have a vision of Van Brunt shriveling up in the forthcoming dryness and blowing away, or at any rate losing all interest in things mundane. He is too old to acquire a new topic of interest.

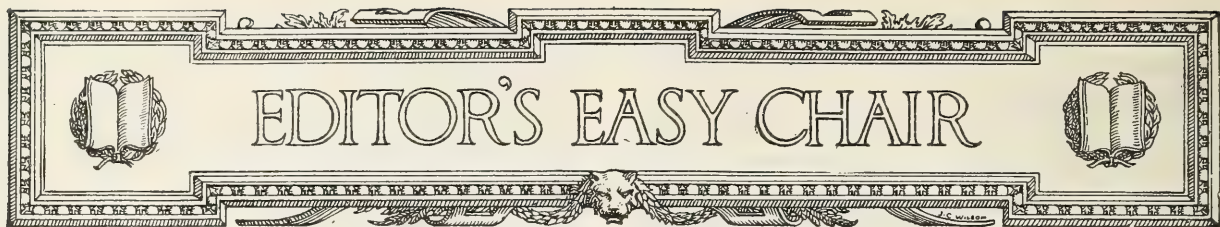
Impressed by his lust for liquor, I had a desire to see his thirst in action. So one day I girded myself and went forth for a drinking-bout with him. He is only a little over five feet tall, and I was eaten up with curiosity to see what might be his liquid measure.

We sat down beside a table in a Certain Place. He ordered what he would, and I took "the same"—I would keep up with him, drink for drink, if I had to be carried home or to the police station, on the proverbial shutter or in the Black Maria.

For three mortal hours we sat there, and talked of drink; of the bibulous habits and privileges of the English, French, Germans, Russians, Mexicans, Japanese; about brandy, absinthe, schnapps, vodka, pulque, saké. Or, rather, *he* talked; as his eye lighted and his tongue flew loose I had difficulty in getting a word in edgewise. My only chance was when he lifted his little glass and looked lovingly through the amber at the sun.

Van Brunt told some one the other day that I went out with him and "stayed till the last drop was drunk." Well, so I did. I kept up with him, sip for sip. And between us we emptied exactly one pint bottle—of a mild Rhine wine!

I think of this little conversational sot as I reflect upon the devastation to be wrought by the Great Drought so soon to blight this land of Personal Liberty, and wonder where are those Real Drinkers who in their private hearts are not secretly glad that involuntarily they will now be obliged to do what always they have been wishing they had the courage to do of their own accord.



EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

IT would be hard to say which the returning winterer spoke of with greater severity, the American Plan in our hotels as we all understand it, or the European Plan as most of us misunderstand it. He had been all winter exploring the South for a climate which would most nearly remind him of the September and October temperatures of his native North, and he had nowhere found those temperatures, or rest from exile in the intensified homelessness represented to his experience by the American Plan in our hotels. He wished to talk of this to whoever would or would not listen, and of course he was mostly tedious, but incidentally he was rather instructive and sometimes a little amusing in his unsparing execration.

"The American Plan," he said, "is something we love, or loathe according to our knowledge or ignorance of right living, and admire as a signal instance of our national luxury or take shame to ourselves for the wicked profusion which it flatters in our persistent barbarism. We call it the American Plan, and it is just that we should bear the blame of it; but," he continued, "it is not right that Europe should bear the blame of what we call the European Plan. This is the notion of the American innkeeper who lets rooms with the privilege of public parlors, and has a restaurant where he sells entire meals or portions of them. Our people fondly suppose this constitutes his business a hotel of the European Plan, and he shares the popular delusion; but the real European Plan is the hire of private and public rooms and the *table d'hôte* service of three meals a day. For these you may pay separably, if you will, but the European innkeeper is always ready to make an inclusive rate, like that of our American Plan, without our American waste of provisions spoiled as far as our cooks can.

"Our American Plan dinner is ready at

three o'clock, but when we sit down to it at six it has been cooling three hours on the steam-table; and then the waiter puts it before us after long detours from the kitchen. The name of the waiter, like that of certain other demons, is legion, whether he is white or black or man or maid. In the South the waiter was once always black, but now he is increasingly replaced by a white waitress. I liked his eager inefficiency best when he ruled supreme; but I have not been consulted in the change, and I suppose it has made for cleanliness; you could not tell when a black waiter had last, if ever, washed his hands. He and his kind roamed the vast dining-rooms in rhythmical bands with their trays poised before them, and each served two or three tables with the redundant provision which the diners had ordered—not easily more than one soup, but often two or three meats and as many desserts, with vegetable growths of several kinds, cooked or uncooked.

"The scene is characteristic of all the large American Plan hotels of the farther South, but it is even more spectacular in the hotels of an unparalleled watering-place of the North, where the material is better from year to year, and sometimes defies the system, but cannot control its inherent and atrocious waste. A beautifully adequate dinner of the real European Plan would be served by a tenth of the wild herds of the American Plan, and the guest, as he might fitly be called, would be offered a philosophized succession of dishes till the last left him sated, though politely capable of more. I should say that the actual *table d'hôte* of Europe was a token of mature civilization, just as any meal of the American Plan is a proof of our personal or national barbarism. The *table d'hôte* dinner is brought quietly to your elbow by hands decently gloved, and not, as in

those colossal hotels of the American Plan, borne on a clattering tray and spread before you in some semblance of successive dishes, by bare hands of darker or paler pigment, which you control your eyes from as best you may, while you fall upon the victual in a boyish ideal of luxury or the unforgettably famished of early poverty."

"Oh, come!" we protested. "Youth is innocent in its ideals, and early poverty is respectable."

"Are they?" our friend demurred. "I am not so sure, if the American Plan results from them, as I think it does. But let that pass, and let us come to the European Plan as we have the American version of it. I have said how far from European it is in the mere hire of rooms and the supply of meals from a restaurant, but for better or worse, it prevails in our larger Northern and Western cities."

"When I used to arrive in England from the Continent long ago they had a sort of hotel which our European Plan may have been imagined from. You then dined 'off the joint' for five shillings, or three, as you chose, with charges for the serving as distinct from the price as the charges for rooms and fire and attendance. There was no offer of an inclusive rate, which seems to have been an ultimate inspiration from the Continent, like the meals served in courses. But in England they now have almost universally the *table d'hôte* service; and I think with more emotion than I should like to betray in recalling it at Plymouth, Bath, Southampton, or wherever I first met it."

"But," we caught at the word, "wasn't it the very genius of the continental *table d'hôte* dinner to be served at the long board where the guests sat cheek by jowl and *vis-à-vis*, to whatever number they ran, though they never ran to the numbers of the American Plan? When the cold British temperament curdled the long board into small separate tables how was the *table d'hôte* service contrived?"

"Oh, perfectly. The waiters merely followed with a swifter pace at the various tables, and the thing was over all too soon. I'll own that I had my fears of the small separate tables, but there was no failure, and there never was the slightest

semblance of the mob which serves us in the American Plan."

"The American Plan?" we repeated, thoughtfully. "How did it come to be called so? To distinguish it from that European Plan which Europe does not know? But was it really of American origin? The American Plan dinner perhaps came with the structural size and shape of our hotels and the crude ideals of our essentially middle-class travel loosed upon its holidays or errands of business. Preferably we should say holidays, from the abundance of children at the public tables in the care of mothers who cannot afford maids to care for them apart."

"I shouldn't sneer at those kind mothers!"

"Sneer? Are we sneering?" we returned. "Then let us atone by trying to honor the yet simpler mothers who pack the dinner-pails on an American Plan which hasn't had national recognition or hasn't eventuated in universal acceptance."

"That's all very well, but you won't divine the original American Plan if you leave out the theory of the human vulgarity which is probably its true source. I don't say conscious vulgarity, if vulgarity can ever be said to be unconscious. But I don't mind the vulgarity so much as the waste of the American Plan. During the days when we were bidden win the war by saving food I do not remember that the provision was less lavish than now when the war has been won and we are lapped in a dream of everlasting peace and plenty. We did not save food then and we don't now; and long ago, before saving was imagined except as a personal disgrace, I remember asking at a hotel of the American Plan what was done with the broken or untouched victual. Did certain of the poor, who are always more or less hungry, come regularly to the pantry door and take the broken victuals away? My question was all but laughed to scorn. Oh no; they did try that once, or for a while, but it didn't work, and now the best with the worst of what was left was massed in the indiscriminate offal which the swill-carts bore away. This may or may not have been true; sometimes I have had my doubts, for I

don't like to think the worst even of the American Plan. In my war-time journeying and sojourning I could not see that the menu of the American Plan was more Spartan than now, though I had it on my conscience to see whether others won the war by saving the food I lavished on myself. I am sorry to say that they seemed not to fight for democracy by fighting shy of waste even where the table was exceptionally good, and their virtue would have especially counted, as in some Southern hotels of the American Plan where the black waiters had been replaced by the white waitresses."

Our friend seemed to have come to the end of his diatribe; but we had begun to enjoy it and we prompted him further. "And how do you propose to abolish the American Plan, which you feel such an abuse?"

"Why, as I say, it has abolished itself except in the subordinate cities and the summer and winter centers. Elsewhere it has been supplanted by the European Plan, as we miscall it."

"But that?" we suggested.

"Is only another abuse."

"And you expect the real European Plan eventually?"

"Why not? It came to England from the Continent when the *table d'hôte* supplanted the dinner off the joint and the varied charges for rooms, lights, and fires, with a willingly proffered inclusive rate for the whole. Why shouldn't it come to us wearing the front of the old familiar American Plan, but no longer lavishing and wasting in the table service? We might revert to the long tables of the early tavern where the landlord or landlady sat at the head and sent each guest his choice of food down the line by friendly hands, and hope finally to develop the continental *table d'hôte* with its trained service. How well I remember the last European *table d'hôte* where I sat in glad comfort at Nuremberg! But even in the few weeks of a North German tour the British mood had extended to the Continent and had curdled the *table d'hôte* into the small, separate tables of my first dinner at Berlin."

"Then," we said, "if we understand you rightly, you would like to go back

even to the long table of our primitive tavern by way of the continental *table d'hôte*."

"Well, I'll own that I liked the friendliness of both, with the conversibility of the strangers *vis-à-vis* or at either side. But I don't expect so much reasonable pleasure now. The small, separate tables will remain in the way for long, possibly forever; but I hope they will not be served by the herds now abetting our gluttony and waste with overflowing trays. Yes, I should be quite satisfied, to begin in the right way if I must with the old country-tavern table, and the guests handing one another's plates down the line from the host or hostess."

"We should think you would," we said.

"Why this mocking tone?" our friend demanded.

"Because you won't get it."

"Well, I never pretended that I should. I only insist that as it is we have now neither the real American Plan nor the European Plan."

Our friend was about escaping. "But, hold!" we exclaimed. (We really exclaimed, "Hold on!" "But, hold!" is more literary, and so we always leave off the "on" in print.) Meanwhile we clutched at a dim impression which was also a vivid recollection. "What about the Grand Hotel Pupp at Carlsbad? Isn't that an Americo-European Hotel in Europe?" Our friend stared, while we continued. "There is no *table d'hôte* at Pupp's or at any hotel in Carlsbad. You take your rooms, and dine *à la carte* just as you do at an Americo-European Hotel here. What do you say to that?"

"I say you are right," our friend assented.

"Do you suppose, then, we wittingly got our Americo-European Plan from Carlsbad, with three tips to the threefold table service?"

"Not at all," he replied. "At Carlsbad the European Plan as we have it is an exigency of the local hygiene—of the individual application of the principle of *Kurgemäss*."

"We never thought of that," we returned. "Then our Americo-European Plan is simply the Carlsbad hotel without the *Kurgemäss*. That is very interesting—and characteristic."

EDITOR'S DRAWER

An Amateur Investor

BY HOWARD BRUBAKER

IF such matters were discussed frankly and decided definitely, as in golf and tennis contests, Easterly would have been acclaimed the amateur champion investor of Woppington. Others would have got leather medals and honorable mention and booby prizes, but Easterly would have taken all the three-legged cups. Nobody else had ever invested as much money in as great a variety of enterprises without getting some return. Other Woppingtonians had helped to finance labor-saving inventions, which saved labor only for their promoters; others had bought remote real estate, habitable only by clams; others had sunk money in the ground by such efficient modern appliances as oil-drills. But, sooner or later, everybody else had invested in something slightly profitable. In the winter of 1919 Easterly had a tin box full of engraved certificates that would have been the last thing to remove from the house in case of fire. He had never got his principal back, to say nothing of interest, rent, profit, royalties, or hereditaments. His amateur standing was without a taint.

Strangely enough, the man was not proud of his amateur title; in fact, he was always trying to break into the professional class. When the various Liberty Loans came along his patriotism was hurt because he could not participate, but it happened each time that he was embarrassed with efforts to meet payments upon his latest purchase of light-blue sky and keep the mortgage from being foreclosed upon his house. Once he did make a two-dollar deposit upon a bond, but a munition scheme blew up in his face

about that time and he had to forfeit his deposit. Thus he established a new altitude record by losing money invested in the obligations of his government.

But Easterly and his wife lived simply; they had health and hope, and a salary from the gas company (he was a good bookkeeper, though a poor money-keeper). He was convalescing from the latest financial illness, and had once more removed the mortgage from the old home roof, though the roof itself was in need of repair. Just as he was in this rich and unprotected state, a well-dressed and amiable stranger walked into the gas-office and confessed to the name of Noal.

"I should like," said Mr. Noal, "to inquire confidentially about the standing of a gentleman by the name of Easterly. Is he



"IS HE FINANCIALLY RESPONSIBLE?"

an employe of this company? Is he financially responsible?"

If Easterly had owned a suspicious nature he might have wondered why plausible strangers always came straight to him, from the 10:36 with their glittering opportunities. He might have suspected that his name was on certain valuable lists of prominent collectors of engraved certificates. But if he had been of a mean, suspicious disposition, he never would have led the batting list in the blue-sky league.

"I am Easterly himself—myself," he replied, taking off his eye-shade. "Can I do something for you?"

"It's the other way around," said Mr. Noal. "I can do something for you."

It developed presently that Mr. Noal was in the position to offer Easterly the exclusive Woppington rights to buy stock in the vaguest and most alluring enterprise that had ever come into a gas-office. Never before had Easterly been permitted to take stock in a company the very purposes of which were a secret—The National Credit Corporation, a vast undertaking with a thousand activities on land, on sea, and in the air.

"N. C. C. is not as yet on the market," said Mr. Noal, "but I have been authorized to take an advance subscription from one reliable person in every progressive community at" (rhetorical pause) "ten cents a share."

When all instalments were paid, Easterly would get a permanent certificate and all the details would be made clear.

Out of his vast experience, Easterly now set about trying to sell himself this stock.

"Of course," he said, "if a person had invested a little money in Bell Telephone or Ford Motor when they were beginning, he would be rich now."

"Mr. Easterly, I am going to tell you something—perhaps I oughtn't to do it, but I know men pretty well and I believe I can trust you. We are quite alone here?"

Easterly closed the transom of his little cubby hole of an office.

"What you say is true; but the concern which I represent is stronger than either of those companies, or both of them together. Not as they were at the beginning, but *as they are now!*"

Easterly's mouth watered figuratively at this news. "Yet you are letting me have it for ten cents a share?"

"Ah, but not any amount you want. There are other deserving people in the world besides you. I say it with all respect."

"There is, of course, no element of risk?" The question was almost like a statement of fact.

The stranger studied Easterly's character for a silent moment.

"I suppose you have heard of cases where extravagant hopes of dividends were not realized, or were postponed indefinitely. There have been instances, I believe, where even the principal was lost."

"Yes, yes, I have read of such things," said Easterly, uneasily.

"Well, just to show you how I feel about this organization, I will personally guarantee you, over my own signature, the safety of your principal. Moreover, while I can't promise you that ten or twenty or thirty per cent. will be paid from the start, I will guarantee that from the moment your shares are issued, you will get not less than four per cent. I expect it to be more, you understand, but I will be responsible for four—from the very start. No waiting long years for your company to grow up. Begin at once."

"I appreciate that very much." Easterly's voice was full of emotion. "I suppose—now—no offense at all—you wouldn't care to have me consult—a—such a thing as a banker?"

The stranger's open face closed slightly.

"I felt such confidence in you. I had hoped that the confidence was mutual. Well—too much to expect, I suppose. Yes, you could speak to your banker about it—but you know how bankers are. If there is any big profit to be made, they want to make it. All they ask of the public is to furnish the money."

Despite his embarrassment, Easterly laughed, for the man had stated his own convictions accurately. He was in the First National Bank every day with the gas company deposits, but he had never asked the advice of Mr. Shilling, the president, on any of his investments. Mr. Shilling did learn more or less about them at mortgage time.

"You're right, of course," said Easterly. "I shouldn't have mentioned it. Slip of the tongue."

It was agreed that during the noon hour he would talk the matter over with his wife and the offer would be held open until afternoon. What Easterly really wanted was to get his wife's agreement to plaster a new mortgage upon the leaky roof.

"It's a chance of a lifetime," he told himself all the way home—and his wife after he got there. Mrs. Easterly was duly informed of the great strength of the N. C. C., of its broad outlines, and finally of Mr. Noal's generous offer. But, for some reason or other, Mrs. Easterly proved obdurate. Perhaps she was tired of putting pots and pans under the leaky places in the roof. At any rate, she put her foot down; she maintained that the time had come to stop supporting total strangers at the expense of their own comfort. In her vehemence Mrs. Easterly developed the sel-



EASTERLY WAS IMPATIENT OF THIS NARROW FEMININE VIEW OF BUSINESS

fish theory that what he earned in the gas company they were entitled to spend upon themselves or lay by for their old age.

Easterly was impatient of this narrow feminine view of business. He painted, even more glowingly than had the promoter, the almost sinful profits to be derived from the enterprise, but all in vain. He could not get her promise to sign away the old homestead to this deserving stranger.

"If you want to take some and pay for it out of what we can save," she said, "I'll do what I can to help." He had to be satisfied with this compromise.

So had Mr. Noal. He inquired what salary Easterly was getting, and how much he could expect to save by rigid economy in the coming months. Finally he consented to let Easterly have five thousand shares, and took all the loose assets in his pocket for the initial payment. He filled out a temporary typewritten certificate and let the investor have a good look at it before it went away to rest in the company's burglar-proof vaults. After getting the promised written guarantee, Easterly bade his visitor good-by with a light heart and purse.

In a week he had a cheerful letter from Noal, who lived at the state capital. Everything was going splendidly, and would he now send that hundred, promised for the first pay-day. Easterly complied, and a period of terrible economy set in. Even in the most Hooverish days they had never lived more sparingly; sometimes it seemed to him that his wife took a certain melancholy pleasure in seeing him lose weight. He stopped smoking and, instead of going home to a hot meal at noon, dined off of an

apple and cracker. He had his shoes patched instead of buying a new pair, and he made the patcher wait for his money.

Pay-days came and went, and with them Mr. Noal's little messages of good cheer. Things were more alluring than ever, and the company that was stronger than Bell plus Ford would now be obliged for another pound of his flesh. During these penurious months Easterly had to decline two offers to be made rich beyond the dreams of avarice. One stranger wanted him to help take gold from sea-water (which, he pointed out, comprised three-fourths of the earth's surface); another offered to connect him up with the famous Easterly legacy in Spain.

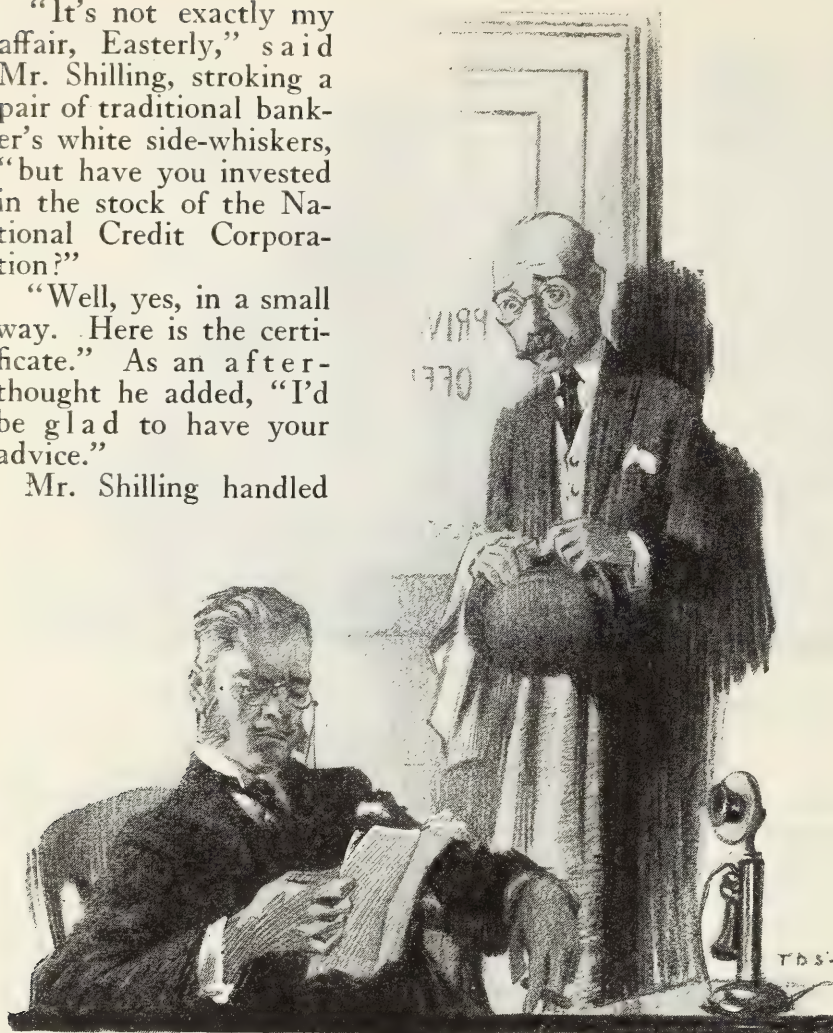
Finally, upon April Fool's Day, the amateur investor sent the last of his promised five hundred dollars, and got in return his typewritten document. A week passed—and no engraved certificate, no complete details. He wrote for information, and this time his letter came back rudely defaced by the post-office department. Among other hieroglyphics the envelope contained the words, "Present address unknown."

Easterly made it a practice never to give up hope until he had none left to give up. He did not tell his wife what had happened, justifying his delay by the efforts he was still making to locate his late friend, Mr. Noal. His morale was damaged, but not destroyed; he had not as yet come to the point of using the phrase, "After all, money is not everything." But one afternoon, as he was visiting the bank in which he had so little confidence, but in which the gas company seemed to have a great deal, Mr. Shilling saw him and asked him into the presidential office.

"It's not exactly my affair, Easterly," said Mr. Shilling, stroking a pair of traditional banker's white side-whiskers, "but have you invested in the stock of the National Credit Corporation?"

"Well, yes, in a small way. Here is the certificate." As an after-thought he added, "I'd be glad to have your advice."

Mr. Shilling handled



MR. SHILLING HANDLED THE DOCUMENT
AS IF IT WERE SLIGHTLY UNSANITARY

the document as if it were slightly unsanitary.

"Of course it isn't worth the paper it's written on," he said. "Not the way paper is now."

"But I have Mr. Noal's written guarantee of the principal and at least four per cent. interest."

"Yes, but have you anybody's written guarantee of Mr. Noal?"

"He showed me a letter from the company."

"Ah, they recommended each other—very amiable of them," said Mr. Shilling, with heavy capitalistic humor.

Easterly's heart dropped through his all-too-lunchless interior clear down to his patched shoes. In this miserable state he faintly admitted that he could not for the moment get in touch with Noal.

Mr. Shilling now arose from the presidential chair and took an oratorical flight.

"This, as I said, is not worth the paper it is written on, so I am going to give

you in exchange for it something that is." He tossed over a crinkly yellowish paper that looked something like real money and contained the familiar and comforting words, "The United States of America." "I have the honor to inform you, sir, that your name will be published as Woppington's first subscriber to the Victory Loan, the campaign for which opens tomorrow."

Easterly relapsed into an incoherent mess of words, indicating thanks, relief, and inquiry.

"We had to get you, Easterly, so we dressed this up like a get-rich-quick scheme. We needed a stranger, because you have no confidence in people you have known all your life, so Charley McAlpin, the bank examiner, agreed to do the promoter act. I invented the 'National Credit Corporation,' and he built his name out of the word 'loan.' He claims that

he never told you a single downright lie—of course I don't know, a bank examiner and all."

Mr. Shilling, in his solid, bankerish way, was having a very good time.

"As a result, you have the only good investment you ever made, so far as I know. When your interest is due I think you will find that the United States government will contrive to meet it somehow. You can borrow on that bond or, if the worst comes to the worst, sell it. But I'll be darned if I'll ever lend you a dollar on it to buy Eucalyptus groves in Siberia or to finance a machine—"

"Never mind—I—feel kinda cured. I'm going home now to show this to the wife. It's a good joke on the missis. This is the first investment of mine that she ever objected to and this is the first one that was any good. Shows how much women know about business."

That is how Easterly lost his amateur standing.



THE CANDIDATE: "The opposition accuses me of buying votes. It's a lie. I never paid for a vote in my life"

THE CROWD: "Piker!—Tightwad!—Cheap skate!"

A Paying Job at Last

A VISITOR to a small town in Arkansas unwittingly "held up" the local newspaper. Having lost a valuable dog, he rushed to the newspaper office and handed in an advertisement offering fifty dollars reward for the dog's return.

About half an hour later he thought he would add to his advertisement the words, "No questions asked." So he hurried to the office again. When he arrived he found the place empty except for a small boy, who wore a sulky expression.

"Where's the staff?" asked the stranger, glancing about the deserted room.

"Out looking for your dog!" replied the boy, who was evidently aggrieved at being left behind.

No Pressing Need

A SCOTCH minister one misty evening fell into a deep mud-hole from which he could not climb out, and shouted for help.

A passing laborer, hearing him, looked down and asked who he was and then remarked:

"Weel, weel, ye needna kick up sic a noise. Ye'll no be needed afore Sawbath, an' this is only Wednesday night."

Getting Even

A WASHINGTON man was walking through a park one day last summer when he came upon a youngster on a public bench wearing a very pained countenance.

"What's the trouble, son?" asked the pedestrian. "Are you hurt?"

"No, sir."

"Have you lost anything?"

"No, sir."

"Something is the matter with you. What is it?"

"I am sitting on a bee."

"Sitting on a bee! Then why in the world don't you get up?"

"I have been thinking," explained the boy, "that maybe I am hurting the bee as much as he is hurting me."

Spring Poetry

WHENEVER it's spring
I seem to write lyrics
Of birds on the wing;
Whenever it's spring
I describe how they sing
In fool panegyrics;
Whenever it's spring
I seem to write lyrics!

CAROLYN WELLS.



"Those peas are out of our own garden, Jack"
"Really! Splendid! I'll match you for the odd one"

He Got It, Anyway

BOOK education had a small place in Phelan's hard life as a miner. When he was nearing forty he made a strike in a certain claim he had taken up, and became a millionaire several times over.

Having been obscure all his life, he was most susceptible to flattery, and his friends soon learned the trick of getting money from him. A miners' club was organized, and in consideration of his name being lettered over the entrance, Phelan was enticed into paying for the furnishings. When everything was ready for the opening he was invited to inspect the quarters.

"You fellows ought to feel pretty proud of this layout," he remarked.

"We should," answered one of the committeemen, "if we only had a chandelier for this hall."

Phelan considered for a moment. "Well," he asked, "what 'll it cost?"

"Three hundred dollars," was the ready reply.

"I'll get it," the millionaire announced, "but I'll bet there ain't a blame one of you can play it!"

Too Heavy a Fine

OLD Joshua Taylor, whose fondness for other people's chickens had more than once brought him into the court-room, was recently fined fifteen dollars by an Alabama judge for the usual offense.

Joshua was startled out of his imperturbability by this unusual amount.

"Yo' Honah! Yo' Honah!" he cried, lifting his eyes as if to call Heaven to witness that he was very much abused. "Fifteen dollahs fo' steal-in' dat chicken! Why, Jedge, I could have bought a better hen fo' sixty cents!"

An Ornithological Problem

MRS. GOODWIN remarked, "I hope the feathers on this hat are not such as the Protective Society for Birds would disapprove."

"Oh dear, no! Don't worry about that," the milliner assured her.

"But they did belong to some bird?" Mrs. Goodwin asked, anxiously.

"Well, madam," said the milliner, pleasantly, "these feathers are the feathers of a howl; the howl, you know, madam, seein' 'ow fond 'e is of mice, is more of a cat than a bird!"

The Poet's Pearl

"NOT all the poets," observes an American frequenter of cosmopolitan society, "have the gift of uttering quick, light-winged, magical nothings in society. I knew of one poet, greatly in vogue in Paris some years ago, who was not exactly a fluent dispenser of epigram. He was invited to the house of a great lady of the Faubourg St.-Germain, and as soon as he entered he became the center of a circle of admirers, waiting vainly for some subtle or poetic conceit. The poet remained silent, ill at ease, red in the face, and uneasy of feet.

"Come, my dear poet," the hostess finally begged, "say something to us!"

"Have you remarked—duchess," he faltered, desperately, "that—this—year's—pawntickets are pink?"

Thoughtless Mice

"A MORE kind-hearted soul never existed than a certain Aunt Maria in my town," says an Alabama man, "but she is a poor housekeeper. On one occasion, the story runs, a neighbor who had run in for a 'back-door' call was horrified to see a mouse run across Aunt Maria's kitchen.

"Why on earth don't you set a trap, Aunt Maria?" the neighbor asked.

"Well," said Aunt Maria, "I did have a trap set; but, doggone it! it was such a fuss. Them mice kept gittin' into it!"

Tenantless

AN American who was formerly attached to the Consulate-General of the United States at Cairo tells of a trip he once made with a Scotchman up the Nile, when, of course, they visited the Pyramids.

The American was lost in admiration, and asked his companion what he thought of them. The Scot shook his head sorrowfully.

"Ah, mon," he said, with a sigh, "what a lot o' mason-work not to be bringing in any rent!"

A Detective Mystery

A HEN-ROOST in Georgia was robbed one night, and the owner found some fingerprints in the dirt. He had one of these photographed and the print enlarged. The fingerprint was traced to a neighborhood ne'er-do-well, Ike Wilkins, and, after being accused, Ike admitted his guilt. He looked at the enlarged photograph, shook his head in a puzzled way, and observed:

"What I wants to know is, how did yo'-all git dat photograph of dem corduroy pants I wore that night?"

The Reason

EVEN that priceless treasure, the antebellum dorky servant, is not without flaw. A lady in southern Maryland was much aggrieved with Thaddeus, the old colored cook and handy-man, who had been with the family since before the war, and whose hot biscuits were a source of as constant delight in the household as his habit of scratching his head was a source of constant distress. One afternoon, after serving luncheon to some "real quality folks," his mistress asked him:

"Thad, why do you scratch your head so much? You never stopped all during dinner."

"Kase, Missy, I's de only one dat know whah mah haid itches," was the reply.

A Skeptical Jury

AN Idaho lawyer tells of a case tried in that state some years ago, on which occasion the judge, an Easterner who desired to display his learning, instructed the jury very fully, laying down the law with the utmost authority. But the jurors, after deliberating some hours, found themselves unable to agree. Finally the foreman asked for additional instructions.

"Judge, here's the trouble," said he. "The jury want to know if what you told us was really the law, or only just your notion."

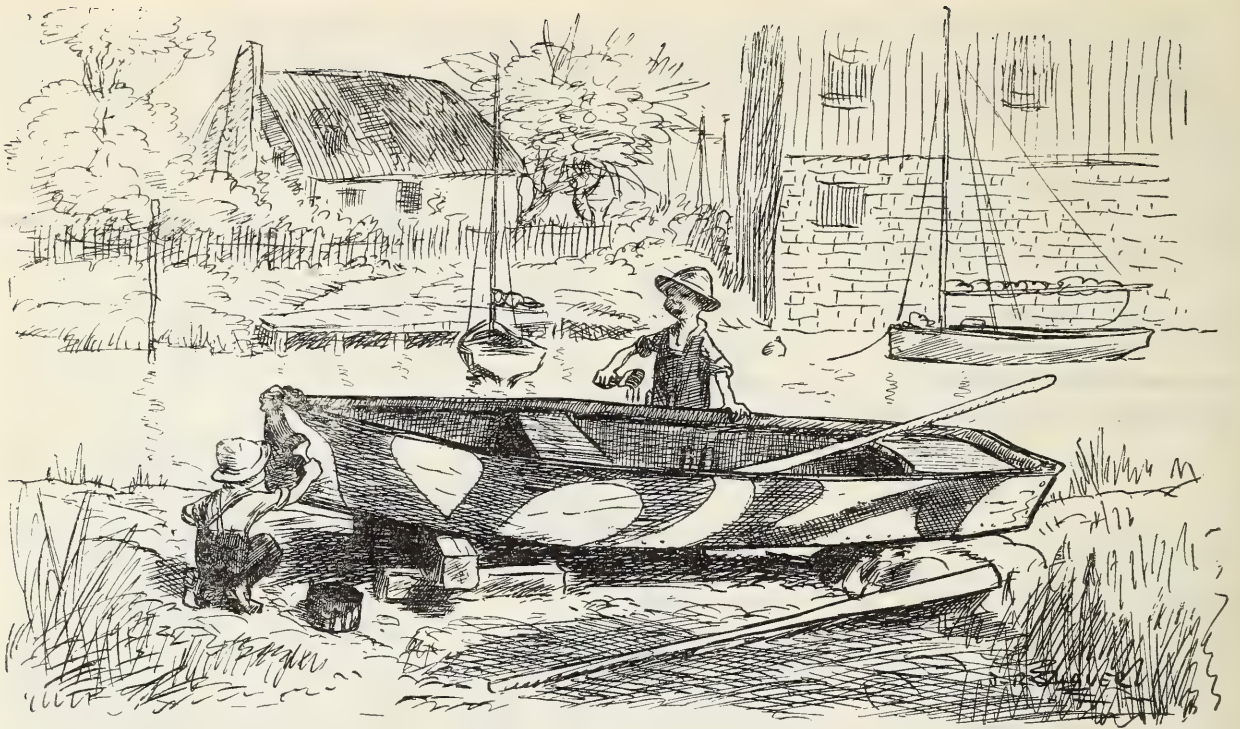
What Suggested It

A CERTAIN colored gentleman in Mobile was left a widower in his old age. Not very long after he suddenly announced his intention to marry again, adding, half apologetically:

"But, mah friend, ah never would have thought of it if mah Louisa hadn't died!"



"The Twilight of the Gods"



“Getting Back to a Peace Basis”

The Defection of Allah

IN the days before the United States entered the war the American torpedo-boat *Scorpion* was sent to Constantinople as a guard for the Embassy and American interests. But, after a time, life on the Golden Horn becoming somewhat tedious for the husky “gobs,” they began playing baseball in a field outside the city. There were not enough Americans, however, to make up two full teams, so the bluejackets enlisted the interest of the Ottomans, who were delighted with the game, and threw off their Oriental languor enough to run bases with the best. Nor did it take them long to develop a first-rate team, and they arranged a day when an international baseball match should take place before all the chivalry and beauty of The Porte.

The Turks came to bat first, and two men were put out. Then the star Mohammedan slugger came up to the plate. He picked up his bat, lifted it high in the air, and said, in a loud voice:

“O Allah, give me strength!”

He swung at the first ball—and missed.

He lifted his bat again, saying:

“O Allah, give me a good eye!”

He swung at the second ball—and missed.

Again he raised his bat on high, and said:

“O Allah, give me a hit!”

But he missed the third ball, and the side was out.

The leading American batter came up, a brawny young tar. He picked the bat up, lifted it in the air, and cried in a loud voice:

“You know me, Al!”

And he knocked a home run!

Spring Planting

WHEN Father makes the garden
I love to watch him hoe,
And dig, and rake, and take the seeds
And plant them in a row.
The earth it smells so good in it
I wish I could be *stood* in it,
For Father says he thinks perhaps
That that would make me grow!

Of course he says my feet, then,
Would often be so wet
That Mother’d fuss and wring her hands,
And pull me up, he’d bet—
And mud!—why, she’d have none of it!
But oh! just think—the fun of it!
When it was hot they’d water me—
And *then* how cool I’d get!

And there would be the moonlight,
The garden sweet and still,
With everything but me asleep—
I wouldn’t sleep until
I’d grown so awful sleepy that
I had to—or so *creepy* that—
Good gracious me! I never thought!
Why, I might catch a chill!

Of course that sometimes happens,
And there’s fever in your head,
And it is very dangerous,
And you might soon be *dead*!
Or there might come a spook at you,
And when it came to look at you,
You might—oh, dear! I think at night
I’d go up-stairs to bed!

EDNA KINGSLEY WALLACE.



Painting by Walter Biggs

Illustration for "The Box-Stall"

HE HAD HIS WISH. THE HANDS OF TIME HAD TURNED BACK

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. CXXXIX

AUGUST, 1919

No. DCCCXXXI



REPARATION

BY J. D. BERESFORD

Author of "The Jervaise Comedy," "Early History of Jacob Stahl," etc.

THE belief in fate is as old as the history of man. It looms as a stupendous threat in the life of the savage, a dark influence challenging his every action with the menaces of taboo and totem. But we men and women of this twentieth century, with our knowledge of physics, our chemical theories of a mechanical cosmogony, our ready explanations of every natural and abnormal phenomenon, have won a partial freedom from the old slavery. We stand erect, defying the lightning of the gods and challenging the probability of any supernatural interference with the deliberate course of our ordered existences. We have new words for fate. We speak of chance, of coincidence, or, with a shrug of the shoulders, of luck. We look down with condescension at the feeble savage who cowers before the incomprehensible mandates of his intimate gods.

Even Angus Whitley himself, in these later successful days of his, has come to smile whimsically at the idea that he could have been driven by the direct interference of any supernormal influence. His blue eyes have lost their old expression of wondering speculation. He is a made man, happily married, happily employed, and he prefers to believe,

now, in chance or luck as the sole director of his destiny during those two years in which he worked his passage around the full circumference of the earth. He has almost forgotten, though I have not, the harried youngster of twenty-five who surged desperately through the streets of New York, hag-ridden by his furious urgency to end the amazing quest that was then speeding him to the close of his Odyssey.

But I remember his haunted face and the awed intonations of his voice when he first told me his story; and, while I cannot definitely assert that throughout those two adventurous years the spirit of Fuller Herbert stood at Whitley's elbow, prodding him on to complete his mission, I do claim that some deeper, more esoteric influence than luck must be postulated to account for the apparent coincidences. Chance? Yes; but what lies behind the appearance of chance?

Whitley, the young failure of twenty-three, was returning, temporarily defeated, from Cape Town to London, when the thing began. He had gone out eighteen months before as an engineer, and somehow failed to make good. One could find half a dozen reasons to ac-

count for his failure—his inexperience, his lack of influence, the conditions in South Africa—it was that uneasy period between the Jameson raid and the Boer War. There is no need in any case to assume that the blight had already settled upon him.

He had, it is true, known Fuller Herbert in Johannesburg, as everybody knew him—that is to say, very slightly. In all his seven years in South Africa Herbert had never come within sight of making a friend. He was a man apart from the other competitors in the diamond-market, respected both for his knowledge and his shrewdness, but passively disliked; until in the last six months of his stay that feeling was a trifle mitigated by a flavor of pity. Every one but himself knew that he was doomed, and he must have known it, subconsciously, though he fought against the realization until—for his own purposes—it was too late. His trouble was some complicated and rather mysterious disease of the liver, variously diagnosed by Cape Town specialists as due to tuberculosis and a malignant growth. Whatever it was, there can be no question that during his last days the disease very seriously affected his naturally eccentric mind.

He was a tall, thin man, with a long and prominent nose, a little spiteful mouth, and a small but noticeably aggressive chin. Even before the color of his skin turned to a high and bitter yellow he was remarkable for his ugliness. There was something medieval about it. He was like the incarnation of some revolting caricature by Rowlandson or Gilray.

Young Whitley ran across him in Cape Town the day before they sailed, and Herbert did what was for him an unprecedented thing—he made what seemed to be a very generous offer when he heard that Angus was going to travel third class.

“No, no,” he said. “Don’t do that. You’re just the man I want—for a secretary on the voyage. I’m going home for

good. No end of stuff to settle up. I want some one badly.”

In the surprise of the moment, Angus never thought of refusing. He did not like Fuller Herbert—no one did—but he anticipated no difficulty in putting up with him for three weeks as an employer. Moreover, there was a queer urgency about Fuller, then, that would brook no denial. He did nothing, he seemed to have nothing to do, but his actions and speech were those of a man who had a critical, even a vital, engagement, five minutes ahead—an engagement that was always waiting for him, that engrossed all his attention and never matured.

His air of expectation was not less marked on the boat; indeed, it was rather exaggerated. Angus’s duties as secretary were purely imaginary. Herbert would take him down into his cabin in the morning and begin by making some pretense of business. He would stand by the port-hole—they steamed north through a flat calm until they had passed Las Palmas—and mutter to himself, as if collecting his thoughts. Occasionally a sentence or two would be addressed directly to Angus.

“There’s a lot to be done,” Herbert would say. “Everything ought to be rearranged. This afternoon . . .” Then his glance would wander out through the port-hole, over the diminished expanse of gleaming water, and he would add, absently, “This afternoon, perhaps—a few letters.” It seemed as if that immense appointment must be waiting for him on the sky-line; that it might come in sight, now, at any minute.

Angus had his moments of uneasiness, at first. He was a conscientious lad, and he felt that he was not earning his passage. He even tried to make up for his idleness as secretary by offering his services as personal servant. But Herbert was obviously bothered by these attentions, and presently Angus settled down to doing nothing, with the consolation that it was not *his* fault. He was young; he was on his way home; he was going to

see the girl he was engaged to, after eighteen months' absence; and if he had any presentiment at all, it was that his luck would change, that he would get a job in England, that everything was going to be—all right.

Meanwhile Fuller Herbert's preoccupation increased with every day's run northward. The record of that run was, in fact, his sole interest. He never put into the sweep that the financiers continued to organize daily, despite the monotonous regularity of the readings, but he was invariably among the first to get the news. After that, he would stalk away to the quietest corner of the deck—it was too hot to go below—and watch out for that approaching crisis which might at any instant, one inferred, show itself on the horizon.

It was the day after passing Las Palmas that Fuller's reserve was suddenly broken. The boat was running, full steam, into an Atlantic gale. Angus had been in high spirits at dinner. His employer had not put in an appearance at that meal, but Angus's excitement was not due to any lack of restraint on that account, but rather to what seemed to him a welcome change after the deadly monotony of the weather during the earlier part of the trip. It pleased him to see the "fiddles" on the table, to anticipate a more than usually violent gale, to be taking part in some kind of adventure. He was talking eagerly about mining machinery to a man whose acquaintance he had recently made—a man who might be useful, Angus thought, congratulating himself on his worldly wisdom—when the steward summoned him to Herbert's cabin.

Herbert was in his bunk, lying on his side, and he did not open his eyes when Angus came in. For a minute, perhaps, Angus stood uncertainly awaiting his instructions. A sense of oppression and urgency had unexpectedly come to him as he entered that confined space. He laid a hand on the edge of the bunk to steady himself against the roll of the boat, which was getting the force of the

increasing gale full on her quarter. But it was not the roaring of the sea smashing now and again passionately at the dead-light that disconcerted him. That fury outside was the splendid, natural vigor of the elements, a revel in which he would willingly have joined. It was the tense, in some way rigid, atmosphere of the cabin that dismayed him. It seemed as if that repulsive yellow figure in the bunk was tremendously holding this one little bubble of his surroundings, starkly stiff and resistant against the whole tumult of the earth; as if by some incredible effort of will he was even defying the movement of time.

And when he spoke his words came from him with an effect both of effort and of restraint that bespoke a double purpose. There was something that had to be done, while with the better part of his will and attention he kept back the entire forces of the universe from prematurely thrusting upon him the pressure of that long-expected appointment he had so anxiously awaited.

"Can you hear, Whitley?" he began, still with his eyes closed, and the sound of his voice had a quality at once hard and shrill, like the twanging of a strained wire.

When Angus had reassured him he went on more rapidly, in broken, uneven sentences: "I've an important mission for you—a charge. Think of it as sacred—sacred. I shall know."

"What he meant by that 'I shall know'" Angus did not pause to inquire. The sentence went straight down into his subconsciousness and stayed there for nearly two years. Only at the last did he wonder vaguely whether it were possible that Fuller could, indeed, have *known*?

"I knew a young woman—in England. I've written her name and address and put them inside the bag," Herbert continued. "All my fault—she was barely eighteen—and I couldn't forget—never could forget. . . . Good reasons—my brother—family. . . . Always wanted the family to think that I . . . My brother would make trouble—dis-

pute the will if I put her down in it. He mustn't know. I've been putting diamonds aside for her. They're all right. The receipts are in the bag. I saved them for her, here and there. She may have a child. The diamonds for them both. But my brother mustn't know. All my other papers in order. There's nothing to show. I meant to give them to her myself. I was going home for that. Reparation . . . to make reparation. Couldn't forget . . ."

Angus, clutching the edge of the bunk, heard every syllable spoken by Herbert. His thin, intense voice seemed to occupy the cabin and drive out the multitudinous clamor of the storm. When he stopped speaking, all the noise of the sea and the ship came back with the rush of a sudden cataract.

"But do you mean that you want me to . . ." Angus began, and was surprised to find that he had to shout in order to make himself heard.

Herbert opened his eyes for the first time, and with a quick jerk shot his hand under his pillow. He produced a small leather bag and tendered it to Angus.

"Diamonds," he said, in a relaxed voice that broke weakly against the tumult. Then, raising himself slightly on his elbows, he closed his eyes again and made one more heroic effort to stay the procession of time.

"A sacred trust for you," he said, in those former shrill tones that made Angus think of a fine escape of highly compressed air. "Sacred. I was afraid I might not—be strong enough—deliver it myself. Chose you—Cape Town—deliberately—in case. Diamonds for Sarah Browning and her child—my child. Deliver as soon as you reach England. Tell no one. No one. My brother raise objections. Go now. See you again in the morning—complete arrangements."

He sank back with a long sigh, as if the pressure had been removed and his balance with the universe restfully stabilized.

Angus slipped the leather bag into his hip pocket and left the cabin with the solemnity of one afraid of disturbing a religious ceremony. But as soon as he had closed the door behind him he remembered his social duty and hurried out the ship's doctor.

The doctor was in Herbert's cabin within a few minutes, but he was too late. Herbert had already gone to keep his appointment.

Angus Whitley's feeling with regard to his "sacred trust" when he landed at Southampton was mainly one of boredom. He should have been free to go to the girl he was engaged to and discuss their plans for the future; and instead of that he had to undertake a tedious journey to the Midlands to make this vicarious reparation. His one consolation was to be found in the romantic posings natural to his age and temperament. He saw himself definitely as the hero in the coming interview. He heard himself modestly disclaiming praise or reward. He came and showered amazing wealth on the head of Sarah Browning. He chose to picture her as a patient, beautiful woman, bowing her head to poverty and the slurs of evil reputation for the sake of her child—and when he had bestowed upon her the priceless gift of freedom he retired, unassuming, almost bashful, but with the consciousness of having been the chance instrument of her happiness. He rehearsed that scene until he grew tired of it, and then thanked Heaven that with this one mission his connection with Fuller Herbert's past was finally closed. For all Herbert's other affairs were in strict order—papers, will, instructions, the address of his lawyer in London and that of his brother in Devonshire. The captain of the boat had charge of that. Not even Angus's testimony was required. When he had delivered the fortune in uncut stones, secretly deducted by the testator from the Herbert inheritance, Angus's work was finished.

He was certainly eager to get the job



Drawn by Gerald Leake

HE PRODUCED A SMALL LEATHER BAG AND TENDERED IT TO ANGUS.

over. He had, as an offset to his romantic conception of himself as the delivering hero, an uneasy sense of doing something slightly illegal. He was aware of a new distrust of his fellow-travelers in the train that was taking him to the village home of the ill-used Sarah Browning. It is not every man of Angus's appearance who can afford to carry uncut diamonds to the value of perhaps a quarter of a million dollars in his hip pocket. If, by some unhappy accident, that hoard were discovered, Angus realized that he might find it difficult to account for his possession of that little leather bag.

Besides that condensed wealth, the bag contained nothing but the official receipts for the money paid for the stones — a certificate of legal buying — and Sarah Browning's name and address on a slip of paper. Herbert had cautiously omitted any legal instrument, such as a deed of gift, that would have involved the admission of a fourth person into the secret. At the last, when his disease had got hold of him, he had without question been suffering from some kind of obsession with regard to this act of reparation. He had even kept it from Angus, his chosen messenger, until the very hour of his august engagement had actually sounded. . . .

Angus arrived at the little village of Halton, four miles from the cathedral city of Medboro', in the early afternoon. Now that he had actually reached his goal, his doubts had momentarily slipped from him. As he made his way toward the village post-office, in order to discover the precise situation of Sarah Browning's house or cottage, he warmed again to his part of the glorious messenger.

The postmistress was a stout, communicative woman, with the inquisitive eyes of an official fully conscious of her importance in the management of village affairs.

"Sarah Browning," she repeated, cautiously, with the air of one prepared to temporize. "Well, of course every one

knows Sally Browning. Why, she was 'ousemaid at the Rectory for—'ow long was it, four years or five?"

"Isn't she there, now?" Angus asked.

"No!" the postmistress returned, and somehow succeeded in making a whole report out of her monosyllable. Her expression was a little coy, as if she asked whether this stranger was not poking fun at her. She obviously deemed it incredible that any one should believe that Sally Browning was still housemaid at the Rectory.

Angus misread the ingenuousness of one absorbed in local affairs.

"You mean that she *had* to leave?" he asked.

"Well, no, she didn't 'ave to," the postmistress replied, still scrutinizing him warily. "She went to better 'er-self."

"How long ago?" Angus inquired.

"Now let me think," the postmistress began, and did her thinking aloud in an immense paragraph of corroborative evidence, finally clinching her date as "three years last 'arvest," with triumphant parallel.

Angus was giving her little attention. Quite early in the postmistress's speech that approximate date of a little more than three years had loomed convincingly, and yet he remembered to have heard that Herbert had been in South Africa for seven. Could his mistress, then, have continued, or returned to her work, at the Rectory after her child was born? A fragment of Herbert's last speech welled up in his mind. "She was barely eighteen," he had said.

"How old would Miss Browning be now, about?" Angus asked.

"Ah! now that I *can* tell you," his informant said, pouncing on the opportunity for a display of accuracy, "for she was born the same week as my Lizzie, who'll be twenty-six come the nineteenth o' next month. Dear, dear, 'ow the time flies! Why, I remember . . ." Like most village folk in England, she was more eager to give than to receive information. She had no curiosity concerning

the unimaginable world whose affairs moved vaguely beyond the focus of her centered attention. To her the little village of Halton was a complete universe.

"But she hadn't . . . she didn't, then . . ." Angus interrupted her, and paused, unable to pose his question with the tact he felt was demanded of him.

"'Adn't what?" the postmistress encouraged him, softly, her head a little askew in her lust for the delivery of knowledge.

"She—she was never in trouble of any sort, I suppose?" Angus asked.

The plump figure of the postmistress fairly quivered with emotion, and her voice dropped to a purring note that conveyed the ultimate expression of confidence. "N-no. Well, there, to be quite fair, she never was. We used to say as Sally knew 'er way about as well as most. Bless you, there was talk enough, one time. Sure to be with a good-looking wench like she was—more particular about seven or eight years ago, when there was a gentleman stayed at the Royal Oak one summer, as went off later to foreign parts, Africa, or somewheres, I heard. But nothin' never 'appened to Sally; leastways not as any one knows of. . . ."

But Angus, his head bowed confidentially over the counter of the little shop, was not attending. His knight-errantry was taking new shape. This good-looking wench who knew her way about as well as most, made no appeal to his sympathies. The feeling of boredom at the prospect of an immense and futile service to the wishes of Fuller Herbert, was growing upon him. He had, without doubt, now, another journey before him, and with no certainty at the end of it. In these three years Sarah Browning might have "bettered" herself more than once. Already he had received the impression that she was a young woman with a marked capacity for betterment.

"You can give me her address, I suppose?" he said.

A look of distress passed across the

face of the postmistress. "She went—I'm pretty near sure—to Southampton," she replied, and glanced distrustfully, almost with dread, at a vast collection of untidy papers that littered the rough shelves behind her.

"Don't you forward her letters?" Angus asked.

"Well, she did give me 'er address afore she went," the postmistress said, uneasily, "and I did forward one or two letters for 'er just at first, but there 'ain't been any, now, for years, as you might say—'er being an orphan out of an 'ome and 'avin' no people of 'er own, in a way of speakin'."

"Do you think you could find that address?" Angus said. "It's—it's rather important. There is—some money for her. . . ."

"Indeed!" commented the postmistress with her first sign of curiosity in the stranger's business.

A sudden spasm of impatience seized Angus. He felt that he could not endure another minute of inaction. He wanted passionately to be finished with this absurd "charge" of his; to find this confounded woman at once and be free to get on with the affairs of his own life. He looked at the horrid litter of papers on the shelves, and in his mind he pictured an immense and intricate research, lasting perhaps for hours, while he tediously examined the deposit that represented, Heaven knew how many years of scrupulous ineptitude. It was incredible that the postmistress could ever have destroyed a single document; not less incredible that she could ever find one.

"I must know her address," Angus exclaimed, almost fiercely.

And then occurred the first of many coincidences, if they were coincidences, and not due to some direct interference with the dull, habitual movements of natural law. For the postmistress, turning with a sigh of forlorn distress to the awful muddle behind her, let her plump red hand hover for a moment like the beak of a fortune-telling love-bird, and

then plunged with the convulsive jerk of an automaton at the very bunch of the litter, sere-edged and brittle in places, that contained Sarah Browning's address.

"There you are, then, young man," she exclaimed, on a high note of triumph. "Sarah Browning, the Ocean Hotel, Southampton. She went as chambermaid, I remember."

She glowed to a very ecstasy in the contemplation of her ability for accurate reference, positively flaunting at him the precision and reliability of her official aptitude for business method.

Angus turned with a long sigh of impatience to the obligations of his "trust." He had been in Southampton not many hours before. He had even noticed, half-consciously, the façade of the Ocean Hotel—a new building with an effect of conscious cleanliness and rectitude; well built and badly placed; staring its boast of efficiency across a poor street. He might, for all he knew, have shouldered Sarah Browning on the footway. And now he had to face all the hesitations and interruptions of a return journey, with no certainty of concluding his mission at the end of it. Only he felt that he must know, at once, how much farther he might have to go before that little bag of diamonds, snug and warm in his hip pocket, could be delivered. It was the uncertainty that irritated him. He saw himself tracking Herbert's heiress through England. But, no! In the train that night between Waterloo and Southampton he came to a definite resolve. If she had gone from the Ocean Hotel he would go to Devonshire and write to her. His responsibilities went no farther than that. It was absurd and impossible to undertake any more of these fruitless journeys. She must come to him. She was, though she was still unaware of it, magnificently rich. She would be fully compensated for all her trouble, whereas he could anticipate no reward—unless Sarah Browning were unexpectedly generous. And even then

he had a certainty that it was not in her nature to be generous.

That resolve, with all its promise of ease and finality, was an imminent goal to him as he bounded up the steps and burst through the solemn doors of the Ocean Hotel. He was panting with eagerness as he demanded the whereabouts of Sarah Browning from the flashily demure woman at the bureau.

"Oh, she's left here years ago," was the expected reply.

"I know, I know," assented Angus, "but where's she gone to?" He was too anxious to remark then, what he afterward recognized as the most important characteristic of the woman he was seeking. She was always remembered. Surely there must have been many chambermaids in service at the hotel since that gaudily staid woman in the office had first undertaken her duties. Yet she had shown no sign of hesitation when Miss Browning's name was mentioned. Though Sarah had left the place "years ago," she was remembered, instantly and with certainty.

"Oh, you'd better ask the manager," said the woman in the bureau, with a toss of her yellow head. She somehow managed to convey that it was no part of a woman's business to inquire into the ultimate destination of Sarah Browning.

The manager, when found, had an air of almost religious discretion. He seemed to summarize in his own person all the salient aspects of his own hotel. He might have been the model from which the place had been designed. He was so ostentatiously clean and precise, and barrenly efficient; and yet his pale-blue eyes with their sandy lashes had a slightly wistful look, as if he, too, was aware of being essentially the right thing in a wrong position.

He regarded Angus with a touch of practised but half-wistful inquiry.

"Yes, Miss Browning left here—ah—two years last April," he said, and added, as though to satisfy his own craving for the punctilious, "Ah—on the twenty-third."

"Where did she go to?" Angus asked. "She left her address, I suppose?"

The manager, disregarding the question, delicately picked his teeth with a quill.

"There was a lady here, a Mrs. Cresswell, who took a—ah—liking for her," he continued. "She—ah—found certain qualities in Miss Browning. We—ah—for the matter of that, all found certain qualities in her. She went back with this lady to—ah—undertake the management of a boarding-house in—ah—Sydney, Australia. Her address is, or was, three hundred and seven Pike Street, Sydney—ah—Australia."

Angus laughed. "That's a long way to go to find any one," he said.

The manager permitted himself no air of surprise. "It is, as you say, a long way," he agreed. "If I can—ah—help you in any other way . . .?"

But the manager's functions, so far as Angus was concerned, were now exhausted. He thanked him and went, almost light-heartedly. The little bag of diamonds still nestled confidently in his hip pocket, but it was outrageous to suppose that he could be called upon to deliver them in person to Sarah Browning, in Sydney. He would, however, do more than was actually required of him. He would send a cablegram to 307 Pike Street, prepaying the reply, although he could ill afford the expense, and request Herbert's unofficial legatee to communicate with him at once in Devonshire.

And then Fate, deliberate but persistent, caught him at the Central Post Office in Southampton, while he was, with a touch of dismay, disbursing the charge of his cable. A hand was laid on his shoulder and a pleasant voice said, "Now I call this the most astonishing piece of luck, Mr. Whitley."

He turned to confront Graham Dixon, the man with whom he had been in conversation when that fateful message had been brought to him at dinner on the night that Fuller Herbert had died.

"I wanted your address and couldn't get it," Dixon continued, with a friendly

smile. "Since I landed I have found that it will be necessary to send a man, an engineer for choice, out to our works in Sydney, and I judged from our talk on the steamer that you might be willing to take the job. And if you are, you're just the very man I want. Now will you come to my hotel and talk things over?"

Angus stared at him resentfully. "To Sydney?" he said. "You want me to go to Sydney? It's a devil of a long way to go."

For a moment he could not realize that Dixon was offering him what might prove to be a very promising job. He did not think of the job, but only of the "sacred charge" that was again being thrust upon him just when his resolve had relieved him from further effort. Dixon seemed to have come suddenly from nowhere, as if he had been the supernatural agent of Herbert, thrusting again upon Angus the awful urgency of that cursed commission.

Dixon did not appear to notice the gaucheness of the reply. "Sheer luck," he went on, evenly, as he led Angus out into the street. "Honestly, I don't know why I went into that post-office. . . ."

Angus listened without appreciating the detail of Dixon's conversation. He did not want to go to Australia. He had been in South Africa for two years, and now, if he were but given a little time, he would, he was sure, find a job at home. But he knew, even as he tried desperately to refuse Dixon's offer, that he would be forced to accept it. He could not oppose Dixon's suave confidence that he would accept it. It was, of course, a chance for him.

"In a sense, a position of peculiar trust," Dixon explained. "Things are not going right over there. We have our suspicions of the manager. . . . I chose you because I felt when I first met you that you were essentially a man to be trusted. . . . I should send you in the first place as an assistant engineer at a salary of two hundred dollars a month, and I want you to report to me, pri-

vately, on the general management. Later . . ."

"I must go home first, to Devonshire," Angus put in, and then realized that his stipulation was a form of acceptance.

"By all means," Dixon agreed. "Do you think you could be ready to sail in a fortnight's time? If an advance for your outfit would be a convenience, don't hesitate to call upon me."

So Angus went to Devonshire to meet that girl of his and to wait for the answer to his cable. And no answer came. Herbert had warned him to tell nobody about the diamonds, but he disobeyed that injunction so far as his sweetheart was concerned. She could be trusted; and together they revolted against the necessity for his going, and gave way not because they respected the sacredness of his trust, but because, when they examined the situation at their leisure, it seemed that to accept Dixon's offer was the shortest way to achieve their soul's desire. If things went well, she was to go out to him in a year's time.

And when, some two months later, Angus called at 307 Pike Street, to find that the boarding-house had changed hands again since Mrs. Cresswell had taken it, being now in a rapid decline under the direction of a drunken proprietor who had been too apathetic to reply to the cable (Angus saw it lying on the shabby hall table among a litter that reminded him of the country post-office), he shrugged his shoulders, patted his hip pocket with a nervous movement that was becoming habitual to him, and decided that he had done everything that was humanly possible. Sarah Browning had gone to Auckland, New Zealand, about eighteen months earlier. More than that the fuddled proprietor of the Pike Street boarding-house could not or would not tell him.

So Angus set his face toward his new work and toward the making of his fortune and the great day when his sweetheart should join him in the new world. He did not know that he was snapping

his fingers at Fate and that Fate had responded to the insult with a contemptuous smile.

It would be a mistake, however, to credit Fate or the spirit of Fuller Herbert with the entire control of Angus's career in Sydney. Even if he had never received that arduous commission of his, he would almost certainly have come to grief over the Dixon job. Muller, the general manager of the works, was too clever for Angus's straightforward habit; and Muller, from the first, had decided that he had no use for this young emissary from England. Muller played his own game with discretion and foresight, outwitting and outpointing the simple honesty of Whitley, from his preliminary explanation (apparently a frank and, considering his position, a generous statement) of the firm's affairs, to the day, five months later, when, with a well-assumed reluctance, he handed to Angus his month's notice of dismissal.

So far, I cannot trace any direct interference with Angus's fortune, but there can be no question that the result would have been different if he had been a free man. For the truth is that from the day he abandoned his pursuit of Sarah Browning at the door of the Pike Street boarding-house he was, in some indefinable way, haunted. He would pause in the conduct of the most intricate undertaking, bewildered with the sudden sense of an important duty recently overlooked, of a vast and overwhelming responsibility, incredibly, almost criminally, forgotten. Then the thing would take him with a shock of horror, so that he would stand startled and aghast, searching his mind for a memory of the essential duty culpably omitted. At other times the suggestion came to him vaguely, distracting his attention from his work, with cloudy thoughts of some object in life that was greater and finer than this petty preoccupation with the details of his chosen profession. At those moments he would pause, whatever he was doing, and stare blankly before him, as though his eyes were

strained to see, through the semblances of his material surroundings, the figure of the obsessing purpose that would drive him through the world in the pursuit of the self-confident, capable woman whose fortune rested so securely in his hip pocket. Only by a great effort of will could he return to his work, cursing Sarah Browning, the diamonds, and the memory of Herbert's commission. But Muller would note those fits of abstraction and make use of them.

And the haunting steadily persisted, presently adding another cause of discomfort to Angus's life. For it seemed that he was subconsciously aware of the written word "Auckland" long before his eye could pick it out from a printed page. Whenever he took up *The Sydney Bulletin* he found himself constrained to hunt for that one name, and he could fix his attention on nothing else until he found it. Also, in the street, he would suddenly pause in his walk and look up to discover perhaps a bill of steamer sailings, or it might be the name of a café, but in either case the prominent word that had hailed him so stridently through the deepest abstraction was always that one word "Auckland."

Nevertheless, nearly five weeks had elapsed since his dismissal from the Dixon works, and, having sent the greater part of his salary home to Devonshire, he was sinking rapidly toward the social stratum of the beach-comber before he signed on as assistant engineer on the Sydney & Auckland packet. He had not, even then, surrendered his will to the power that was driving him across the world. He was merely relaxing into a condition of helplessness and apathy. He felt that luck was against him; that he would never make good, never marry that girl in Devonshire who so steadfastly and magnificently loved him. He went to Auckland rather because the name so persistently haunted him, than because he had the least hope of fulfilling his "sacred trust." It is certainly more than a little remarkable that from the moment he left Sydney his obses-

sion by the word Auckland finally left him.

He had a few hours' leave in the course of the boat's forty-eight hours' stay in port, and he went up to one of the better hotels in the town on the off chance of getting news of Herbert's heiress. He got it without difficulty. Sarah Browning had never served in that particular house; she had been desk clerk at the Imperial, the swell place behind the town, but she was remembered. She had left Auckland, however, "oh, twelve months or more," Angus's informant told him. "Went to America, to better herself."

Angus went up to the Imperial and discovered that Miss Browning's last known address was "The Mountjoy," San Francisco. He also learned from the cynical male clerk who had succeeded her that "Sally" had expressed her intention of marrying an American millionaire.

He had not made up his mind, then, to devote all his energies to that absurd quest after the fugitive heiress. The thought of it increasingly bothered him; it came between him and his every purpose, but no more than if it had been the memory of some rather important letter he ought to have written. It was the famous southeasterly gale that settled him. It is still talked about in Auckland. Incidentally, that gale wrecked Angus's packet, which turned turtle thirty miles out from land and drove him back in the company of a capsized life-boat to his point of departure. He was in hospital for three weeks, and in that time he had leisure to think things over. He reviewed his past from the moment of Herbert's death, and in his weak state he came to believe that the hand of destiny lay heavily upon him and that he would know neither security nor peace of mind until he had delivered Herbert's diamonds to Sally Browning. And once he had got that idea into his head, his duty became an obsession with him. He retarded his recovery by his eagerness to set about the business at

once and be done with it. In his quieter moments he still argued with himself, maintaining that no one could expect him to devote his whole life to the casual service that had been so unwarrantably thrust upon him, but his superstition had become stronger than any logic.

When I met him about fifteen months later in New York he had the eyes and the bearing of a fanatic. During the interval he had been "working his way" round the world. He had been in San Francisco and Los Angeles, Philadelphia and Chicago. He had served on tramp steamers, done odd jobs in the cities, "jumped the cars," and been near to total destitution once or twice, while he made his furious pilgrimage on the trail of the enterprising Sally Browning, who in her vigorous exploration of the road to wealth seemed to have been inspired by a mad desire to fly from the fortune that was so desperately pursuing her.

He had lost track of her in Chicago. She had left there under some kind of a cloud, and with a misplaced and, as it turned out, unnecessary ingenuity had obliterated her traces. For seven months Angus had earned his living in Chicago as a lift-boy, waiting impatiently for the clue that had come to him at last through the chance conversation of two passengers in his lift. At the sound of Sarah Browning's name the attentive lift-boy had suffered a transformation that must have considerably astonished his two passengers. He had stopped the lift between floors while he demanded particulars. He was no longer a servant, but a fanatic pilgrim who cared nothing for any man on earth if he could but fulfil his quest. Had he just received the clue to the finding of a quarter of a million dollars instead of the clue to getting rid of them, he would not have shown a tenth part of the excitement. I gather that he got his information without any hesitation. Perhaps that instinctive movement of the hand to his hip pocket had been misread? As a mark of gratitude he deposited his in-

formants on their proper floor, and then left the building and, an hour later, Chicago, without further ceremony.

He ought to have caught Sally Browning in New York. He had, as it were, short-circuited her trail, for she had been West again in the interval, and if he had had enough money for his carfare he would have found her before she sailed for Liverpool. As it was, he jumped a freight, got hung up on a side-track, and missed her by twenty-four hours. When I met him he had just signed on as a fireman in a White Star boat.

I tried to dissuade him from that ignominy, but he seemed quite unable to give me his attention, refusing my offer to lend him the amount of his second-class fare, as if I were putting some tricky impediment in his way. I did not know then what was driving him, and I remember wondering if he had committed a crime and was flying from justice. He had much the air of a man haunted by terror and charging in panic through the least hint of obstruction. I could not be expected to guess that the lure which drew him was the longing to deliver himself of a fortune in diamonds to Mrs. Sarah Fulton at the Savoy Hotel in London. She had married her millionaire two days before she left New York, and had taken him to Europe for their honeymoon. The passengers in Angus's lift had been discussing her wedding when he had overheard them. The strange thing was that he should not have heard of her engagement earlier; but his prosecution of the quest had not led him to study the New York journals.

He has told me that he received his first real shock in the discharge of his precious mission when he spoke to the suspicious attendant across the counter in the Savoy foyer. He entered the place with no particular hope of reaching the end of his journey. The habit of asking for Sally—almost exclusively in the halls of hotels—had so grown upon him that he never anticipated anything but the usual reply. So far as he had thought about it at all, he had thought it prob-

able that the Fultons might have gone on to Paris, to Geneva, to Rome, to Moscow. He may have had visions of following them by way of the Trans-Siberian Railway to China and Japan. He was certainly prepared to do that if necessary. He had discarded every other impulse but this dogged pursuit of a fixed idea. And when the attendant told him that Mrs. Fulton was not only staying at the Savoy, but was at that very moment in the hotel, Angus was staggered. In a single moment he had to recast all his values. He was like a blind man who, having patiently worked in darkness all his life, suddenly receives the gift of sight and does not know what to do with it.

"Have you got a message for her?" the attendant asked, with a look of disgust at Angus's clothes. He had, as a matter of fact, forgotten to change them since he emerged from the stoke-hold of the liner.

The familiar sense of impediment braced him again. "A message?" he repeated. "By hell! yes, I've got a message for her." And his hand went back with his habitual movement to the little bulge in his hip pocket.

The attendant backed. "What name?" he asked, looking round for help.

"Angus Whitley," was the reply, spoken as if that, to Mrs. Fulton, unknown name was a combination to conjure with. "You let her know I'm here," he added, and, turning away from the counter, threw himself in his oil-stained canvas into one of the luxurious arm-chairs of the Savoy foyer.

They probably sent up his name to Mrs. Fulton, because they did not know what to do with him. Why she consented to see him is a deeper mystery. But Sarah Browning had much strange history behind her, and she may have thought it best, in those early days of her marriage, to be reasonably cautious. Her husband was out just then, and she hoped, no doubt, to deal with the intruder and get rid of him before Fulton returned. If he represented some less

creditable episode in her moving past, he might, she probably imagined, be rapidly and easily bought. For all Sarah's history that had been, in a sense, doubtful, was solely connected with finance. Since that one strange affair of hers with Herbert, ten years earlier, she had, as she might have phrased it, "kept herself respectable." A little shuffling of accounts, such as she had been guilty of in Chicago, did not, in her opinion, impeach her cherished reputation for virtue.

So she gave directions that he was to be shown up to her sitting-room, and to my mind the queerest aspect of the whole queer affair is the change that came over Angus when, at last, he realized that his goal was achieved. He had perhaps three or four minutes in which to grasp that fact while he followed the supercilious but distinctly nervous flunky through long passages and then up in the lift to the sixth floor. And his realization breaking, now, into a clear retrospect of his tremendous Odyssey, showed him, as he said, that he had been "a most almighty fool."

One enormous question posed itself to the extinction of all other issues. "Why," he asked himself, "had he not got rid of the diamonds and kept the money for himself?" He had only one answer; he had never thought of it. The possibility had, quite simply, never occurred to him. And at that eleventh hour it seemed to him that he had missed the chance of his life. He was, by instinct and habit, an honest man, but in his tremendous reaction he cursed himself for his stupidity. He even contemplated the theft as still possible. As he stepped out of the lift on the sixth floor he was reviewing the possibilities of turning back, of hiding himself in London, and disposing of Sarah's diamonds—at however great a loss—to some "fence" in the East End. Sheer inertia carried him on to Mrs. Fulton's room; that and his natural curiosity to see the woman whose life history had been his single study for more than two years.



Drawn by Gerald Leake

Engraved by Nelson Demarest

"YOU'RE SURE THEY ARE DIAMONDS?" SHE ASKED

And when he actually faced her the temptation passed. From the moment he entered Sarah's presence he recovered his sanity. The Angus Whitley of that interview was the Angus who had sailed hopefully enough from Cape Town in the autumn of '96. For the first time he was able to see the humor of the immense undertaking into which he had been so curiously led.

Mrs. Fulton must not be judged too hardly for her share in the culminating scene of Angus's tragic comedy. He began with an obvious but unfortunate reference to Fuller Herbert. With his return to sanity had come also a return to his appreciation of ordinary values; and he was intensely conscious of himself, he says, as being so absurdly "improbable," sprung out of nowhere, in his stoker's outfit, and appearing in an elaborate hotel sitting-room, with no other credential than a bag of uncut diamonds. No one, least of all the practical Mrs. Fulton, could be expected to believe in so unlikely an apparition. And then he must needs open with that unhappy reference to Herbert, Sally's one slip from virtue. Inevitably she scented blackmail from the outset.

"You've made some mistake," she said, with decision. "I've never known any one of that name."

"It's a long time ago," Angus admitted, with the natural but utterly misguided intention of proving his case. "Ten years or more. At Halton in Northamptonshire. You were in service at the Rectory."

Mrs. Fulton's face expressed contempt. "You've made some mistake, young man," she said. "I've never heard of the place."

For one moment he was staggered by her self-assurance. Was it possible, he wondered, that he had picked up the wrong trail, between Chicago and New York; that there were two Sarah Brownings, and that, after all, his travail he had found the wrong one?

"Were you ever at the Central in Chicago?" he asked, testing his clues.

Mrs. Fulton showed a faint shade of disconcertion. It may have flashed through her mind that this queer stranger was a representative of Pinkerton's, that he had ferreted out her complete life history, and that it might be as well to come to terms at once. She had little fear of the results of the Chicago affair; that was nothing more than a question of financial settlement.

"I may have been. Why?" she asked.

"And at the Mountjoy, Frisco?" he continued.

"I was—for a time. Why?" snapped Mrs. Fulton.

Angus heaved a long sigh of relief. This was, at all events, the right Sarah Browning. "Why? Oh, it's a long story," he said. "You've taken two years out of my life."

Sally's eyebrows went up, but her expression was entirely non-committal.

"Let's cut the story," Angus said, desperately, and produced the little leather bag from his hip pocket. "The essentials are that Fuller Herbert thought he had ruined you. He was crazy to make reparation, and he died on the boat coming home from South Africa. He made his will and all that, but he hadn't mentioned you in it for fear of his family making a fuss, so he handed over this bag of diamonds to me to give to you. He—he made it a 'sacred trust'; and I've followed you clean 'round the world to discharge it. It's taken me, as I said, rather more than two years." He paused a moment, watching the cautious, reserved face of the still incredulous Sally, and then emptied the contents of the bag on to the table in front of her.

Mrs. Fulton regarded the diamonds with infinite suspicion.

"What's that?" she asked, pointing to a little bundle of papers that had come out of the bag with the stones.

"The official certificates for the diamonds—to prove that they were not bought illicitly, you know," Angus explained. But the certificates were so

soaked with sea-water as to be practically illegible.

Sarah pursed her handsome mouth and steadfastly declined to touch either the stones or the papers.

"You're sure they *are* diamonds?" she asked.

"Quite sure," Angus returned, grimly.

"Where are you staying?" she said, and continued: "I still think there must be some mistake. I never knew any one called Fuller Herbert. But if you'll leave the diamonds here I'll have them tested to see if they are genuine, and if they are I'll write to you."

Angus wonders whether she was momentarily stirred to a thought of generosity; if she suffered a fugitive impulse to send him ten shillings for his trouble?

"I'm not staying anywhere," he said. "Write to me *Poste Restante* at the General Post Office. My name is Angus Whitley."

It seemed a good moment to get out, but Herbert's heiress checked him at the door.

"What about the bag?" she asked. "Aren't you going to leave that?"

"No, by God! I'll keep the bag!" Angus replied. "As—as a reward."

"Very well," Sally returned, calmly generous.

He has that bag still. It is one of his favorite jokes to produce it and to ask a new acquaintance how much he thinks that little leather bag is worth. His own answer is, "Two years of my life." But, then, as a successful man, happily married, he can afford to laugh now at his amazing Odyssey; just as in his security he can afford to attribute the change of his fortunes to luck. For, as he marched

into the Strand, with his head up, a free and, as he protests, at that moment a supremely happy man, he met Dixon, who had been looking for him for eighteen months, and now found him for the second time by a happy coincidence.

But I am not sure. I feel that the little leather bag represents far more than Whitley thinks when he jokingly says, "Two years of my life." I believe that those two years of his were not, as he implies, wasted. They brought him strength of purpose, powers of endurance, and much experience.

Nor can I convince myself that luck or chance was the final arbiter of his wanderings. The coincidences seem to me too many and too marked for that explanation. For my own part, I prefer to believe that the spirit of Fuller Herbert was always at Whitley's elbow during that long probation of his; that it could not seek its rest until it had achieved its perfectly futile purpose of reparation.

I must add a final paragraph to note that Angus never called at the General Post Office for Sarah Fulton's promised letter, so we shall never know whether or not it contained a postal order for ten shillings—the probable limit of her generosity. Also to say that he did once meet her again, twelve years later, at a great reception in a famous London house. She did not, of course, recognize him, and he did not think it tactful to recall their last interview; but he swears that the magnificent and now famous tiara she was wearing was composed of the stones that he had once carried 'round the world in his hip pocket.

THROUGH GERMANY ON FOOT

PART II.—COBLENZ UNDER THE STARS AND STRIPES

BY LIEUTENANT HARRY A. FRANCK

Author of *A Vagabond Journey Around the World, Vagabonding Down the Andes, Etc.*

THE "Residence City" of Coblenz, headquarters of the American Army of Occupation, is one of the finest on the Rhine. The British at Cologne have more imposing quarters; the French at Mayence—and particularly at Wiesbaden—have more artistic advantages. A few of our warriors, still too young to distinguish real enjoyment from the flesh-pots incident to metropolitan bustle, have been heard to grumble, "Huh! they gave us third choice, all right!" But the consensus of opinion is contentment. The sudden change from the mud burrows of the Argonne, or from the war-worn villages of the Vosges, made it particularly natural that some should draw invidious comparisons between our war-battered ally and the apparently unscathed enemy.

Wealth has long been inclined to gravitate toward the triangle of land at the junction of the Rhine and the Moselle. The owners—or recent owners—of mines in Lorraine make their home here. The mother of the late unlamented Kaiser was fond of the place and saw to it that no factory chimneys came to sully the scene with their smoke or the streets and her tender heart-strings with the wan and sooty serfs of industrial progress. Those who see the boggy of "propaganda" in every corner hint that the Germans preferred that the occupied territory be the Rhineland, "because this garden spot would make a better impression on their enemies, particularly the Americans, so susceptible to creature comforts, than the interior of Germany."

It is hard to believe, however, that those splendid, if sometimes top-heavy, residences stretching for miles along the Rhine were built, twenty to thirty years ago in many cases, with any conscious purpose of impressing the prospective enemies of the Fatherland.

The longed-for creature comforts of his new billeting area have made the American soldier feel strangely at home. Here his office, in contrast to the rude stone *casernes* with their tiny tin stoves that gave off smoke rather than heat, is warm, cozy, often well carpeted. The *Regierungsgebäude*—it means nothing more terrible than "government building"—which the rulers of the province yielded to our army staff, need not have blushed to find itself in Washington society. Our billets recall the frigid, medieval ones of war-torn France with unfair comparison. We were able to dispossess the Germans of their best, whereas the French, generous as they were, could only allot us what was left from their own requirements; yet there is still a margin in favor of the Rhineland for material comfort.

Coblenz is swamped under its flood of Americans. Its streets are rivers of hurrying khaki; there are places where the endless trains of olive-drab automobiles and trucks make crossing not merely perilous, but well-nigh impossible. Scarcely a family has escaped the piercing eye of the billeting officer; its clubs, its hotels, its recreation halls, its very schools and churches, are wholly or in part given over to the boyish con-

querors from overseas. It is awakened by the insistent notes of the American reveille; it is reminded of bedtime by that most impressive of cradle songs, the American taps, the solemn, reposeful notes of which float out across the Rhine like an invitation to wilful humanity to lay away its disputes and differences as it has its labors of the day.

Dovetailed, as it were, into the life of its late adversaries on the field of battle, there is still a wide difference of opinion in the A. E. F. as to their character. The French have no such doubts. Yet while they admit no argument as to the criminality of the Boche, they confess themselves unable to understand his psychology. *Ils sont sincèrement faux* is perhaps the most succinct summing up of the French verdict, and one that has the true ring. "It took the world a long time to realize that the German has a national point of view, a way of thinking quite at variance with the rest of the world"—our known Western world, at least; I fancy we should find the Japanese not unsimilar if we could read deep down into his heart. But the puzzling part of the German's "mentality" is that up to a certain point he is quite like the rest of us. As the alienist's patient appears perfectly normal until one chances upon his weak spot, so the German looks and acts at close range like any normal human being. It is only when one stumbles into the realm of national ethics that the German is found widely separated from the bulk of mankind. Once one has grasped this difficult fact and is able to look at it from various sides, it is comparatively easy to comprehend the German's peculiar notions of recent events.

"The German," asserts a European editorial writer, "feels that his army was not beaten; that, on the contrary, it had all the military prestige of the war. Then he knew that there was increasing scarcity of food at home and, feeling that the Allies were in mortal dread of new drives by the German army and would be only too glad to compromise,

he proposed an armistice. Germany expected the world to supply her gladly with all her needs as a mark of good faith, and, to encourage the timorous Allies, she offered to let them advance to the Rhine. Now the Germans affect to wonder why Germany is not completely supplied by the perfidious Allies, and why the garrisons, having been allowed to see the beautiful Rhine scenery, do not withdraw. Not only the ignorant classes, but those supposedly educated take that attitude. They consider, apparently, that the armistice was an agreement for mutual benefit, and any idea that the war was anything but a draw, with the prestige all on the German side, has not yet penetrated to the German mind."

With the above—it was written in January—and the outward show of friendliness for the American Army of Occupation as a text, I examined scores of Germans of all classes and from all sections of the country, whom our sergeants picked out of the throngs that passed through our hands for various reasons and pushed one by one into my cozy little office overlooking the Rhine. Their attitude, their answers were always the same, parrot-like in their sameness. Before a week had passed I could have set down the replies, almost in their exact words, the instant the man to be interviewed appeared in the doorway, to click his heels resoundingly while holding his arms stiffly at his sides. As becomes a long-disciplined people, the German is certainly no individualist. One can be as sure just what he is going to do and how he is going to do it as one can that duplicates of the shoes one has always worn are going to fit. Yet what did they really think, away down under their generations of discipline? This procession of men with their close-clipped heads and their China-blue eyes that looked at me as innocently as a Nürnberg doll, who talked so glibly with apparent friendliness and perfect frankness, surely had *some* thoughts of their own hidden away in the depths of their



COBLENZ AND THE RHINE

The large building in the left center is the palace and the stronghold at the extreme right is the Fortress Ehrenbreitstein

souls. Yet one seldom, if ever, caught a glimpse of them. Possibly there were none there; the iron discipline of a half-century may have killed the hidden roots as well as destroyed the plant itself. In contrast to the sturdily independent American, sharply individualistic still in spite of his year or two of army training, these heel-clicking automatons were exasperating in their garrulous taciturnity.

"What most characterizes the German," said Moser, more than a century ago, "is obedience, respect for force." What probably struck the plain American doughboy even more than mere obedience was the attitude of passive docility, of their immediate compliance with all our requirements. They could have been so mean, so disobedient in petty little ways without openly disobeying. Instead, they seemed to go out of their road to make our task of occupation easy. Their racial discipline not merely did not break down; it permeated every nook and corner. The very children never gave a gesture, a whisper of wilfulness; the family warning found them as docile as a lifetime of training

had left the adults. Any traveler who has noted the abhorrence with which the German looks upon the simplest infraction of the most insignificant order—the mere entering by a *Verbotener-Eingang*—which the American would break, and pay his fine and go his way with a smile of amusement on his face, will not find it difficult to visualize the red rage with which the soldiers of the Kaiser looked upon any lack of seriousness toward the stern and sacred commands of their armies of occupation.

No one guessed aright as to Germany's action in case of defeat. Talk of starvation though we will, they did not fight to a standstill, as our South did, for example. They gave proof of a strong faith in the old adage beginning, "He who fights and runs away . . ." They quit when the tide turned, not at the last crag of refuge, and one cannot but feel less respect for them accordingly. But whatever remnant of estimation may have been left after their sudden abandonment of the field might be enhanced by an occasional lapse from their docility, a proof now and then that they are human, after all; instead, we get

something that verges very closely upon cringing, as a personal enemy one had just trounced might bow his thanks and offer to light his victor's cigar. It is virtually impossible to believe that any one could be rendered so docile by mere orders from above. It is impossible to believe they have no hatred in their hearts for the nation that finally turned the balance of war against them. It must be habit, habit formed by those with superimposed rulers, as contrasted with those who have their word, or at least fancy they do, in their own government.

That they should take the fortunes of war philosophically is comprehensible. The most chauvinistic of them must now and then have had an inkling that those who live by the sword might possibly some day catch the flash of it over their own heads. Or it may be that they have grown so used to military rule that ours does not bother them. Except to a few ex-officers, politicians, and the like, who must realize most keenly that some one else is holding the bag, what real difference is there in being ruled by a just and not ungentle enemy from across the sea and an iron-stern hierarchy in distant Berlin? Besides, has not Germany long contended that the stronger peoples have absolute rights over the weaker? Why, then, should they contest the argument when they suddenly discover, to their astonishment, that their claims to the position of Superman were poorly based? The weak have not rights; it is the German himself who has said so. Their outward attitude, at least, has a suggestion of almost Arabic fatalism. It is no such anomaly as it may seem that the German and the Turk should have joined forces; they have considerable in common—"Allah, Il Allah, Thy will be done!"

There is very slight difference between an errand of *liaison* to a bureau of the German staff-officers left in Coblenz and similar commissions to the French or the Italians before the armistice—an atmosphere only a trifle more strained,

which is natural in view of the fact that I came to order rather than to consult. In most cases the hand of welcome was proffered as quickly, and usually as quickly accepted, from force of habit. Some contend that the women have a smoldering resentment against us, are still loyal to the Kaiser and the old order of things, see in us the murderers of their sons and husbands, the jailers of their prisoners of war who rumor has whispered will never return. On a few rare occasions I have felt this breath of frigidity in the attitude of some *grande dame* of the haughtier classes. But whether it be a definite policy of conciliation to win the friendliness of the Americans, as a naughty boy strives to make up for his naughtiness at sight of the whip being taken down from its hook, or a mere "mothering instinct," the vast majority of our hostesses, even though war widows, go out of their way to make our stay with them pleasant. Clothes are mended, buttons sewed on unasked. Waiters serve us with good grace and with slight attention to whether tips are given or not. Though Coblenz has something of the callousness of large cities as compared with the homely village manners of Trier, the American had seldom to struggle for his half of the sidewalk. The observation balloon that rode the sky above Ehrenbreitstein—such a one as we had so often seen destroyed in a flash and a puff of red smoke in the heat of battle—its immense Stars and Stripes waving over a hundred miles of country, was frequently pointed out with interest, seldom with any show of animosity. The mass of Americans on the Rhine came with the impression that they would be forced to go heavily armed day and night. Except for the established patrols and sentries, the man or officer who "totes" a weapon anywhere in the occupied area could scarcely arouse the ridicule of his comrades more if he appeared in sword and armor. There was, to be sure, a rare case of an American soldier being done to death by hoodlums or in some drunken brawl,

but for that matter so there was in every army.

The last thing the Germans showed toward us was enmity. Nothing pointed to a smoldering resentment behind their masks, as, for example, with the Mexicans. In France, anything recalling the days when the enemy lived in equality in the land was effaced or destroyed.

Not so in Germany, though there were occasional signs of individual rage or wanton playfulness. Placards in French on railway cars and the like had survived the entire war unscathed. The municipal theater was as apt to give a French or Italian opera as a German one. The Paris papers were as prominently displayed in the news-stands as those from Berlin, even in cities beyond the occupied area. Hauptmann appeared no more often in the *repertoire* than Shakespeare — though, come to think of it, did not some Boche savant prove the latter a German? There was a constant stream of people, principally young men, through our offices inquiring how they could most easily emigrate to America. Incidentally we were besieged by scores of "Americans" who spoke not a word of English, who had been "caught here by the war"—more than four years ago—and had often killed the time by serving in the German army, but who now demanded all the privileges which their "citizenship," genuine or alleged, was supposed to confer upon them. A German major wrote a long letter of application for admission into the American army, inclosing several pages of recommendations and a detailed account of

his four years' experience against the Allies, with the same bland complacency with which a pedagogue whose school had been abolished might apply for a position in another. He even enlarged upon the superior knowledge and training which he could bring the American staff, though he did not mention whether he expected to learn as well as to teach.



A MARKET SCENE IN COBLENZ

There was nowhere a sign of resentment even against "German-Americans"—as the Boche was accustomed to call them until he discovered the virtual non-existence of that anomaly—for having entered the war against the old Fatherland. The government of their adopted country had ordered them to do certain things, and no one understands better than the German that government orders are issued to be obeyed.

Now and then one stumbled upon the sophistry that seems so established a trait in the German make-up. No corporation lawyer could have been more

clever in finding loopholes in the proclamations issued by the Army of Occupation than those adherents of the "scrap of paper" fallacy who set out to do so. My host, a pompous judge, sent up word from time to time for permission to spend an evening out with me over a bottle of the well-aged Rhine wine with which his cellar seemed still to be liberally stocked. On one occasion the conversation turned to several holes in the ceiling of my sumptuous parlor. They were the result, he explained, of an air raid during the last August of the war. A bomb had carried away the elaborate window-shutters, portions of the granite steps beneath, and liberally pockmarked the stone façade of the house opposite.

"It was horrible," he growled. "We all had to go down into the cellar, and my poor little grandson cried from fright—that is no way to make war,

against the innocent non-combatants and women and children!"

I did not trouble to ask him if he had expressed the same sentiments among his fellow club-members in, say, May, 1915, for his sophistry was too well trained to be caught in so simple a trap.

How quickly war shakes down!

Until we grew so accustomed to it that the impression faded away, it was a constant surprise to note how all the business of life went on unconcerned under the occupation. *Ordnung* still reigned. The postman still delivered his letters punctually and placidly. Transportation of all kinds kept almost its peace-time efficiency. Paper ends and cigarette butts might litter a corner here and there, but that was merely evidence that some careless doughboy was not carrying them to a municipal wastebasket in the disciplined German fashion. For if the Boches themselves had



THE BRIDGE OF BOATS OPENING TO ALLOW STEAMERS TO PASS

thrown off restraint "over in Germany"—a thing hard to believe and still harder to visualize—there was little evidence of a similar tendency along the Rhine.

Whatever the docility, the conciliatory attitude of our forced hosts, however, I have yet to hear that one of them has expressed repentance for the horrors they loosed upon the world. If they are sorry, it is not in the sense we commonly give to that word. The war they seem to have taken as the natural, the unavoidable thing, just a part of life, as the gambler takes gambling, with no other regret than that it is his bad luck to lose. Like the gambler, they may be sorry they made certain moves in the game; they may be sorry they entered the game at all, as the gambler would be who knew in the end that his adversary had more money on his hip than he had given him credit for in the beginning. But it is not a regret for being a gambler. Did not Nietzsche say that to regret, to repent, is a sign of weakness? Unless there is something under his mask that never shows a hint of its existence on the surface, the German is still a firm disciple of Nietzschean philosophy.

In one sense he is a "good loser" in that he begins without waste of time or vain regrets to hedge, to make up for his folly—or his bad luck—to bend all his efforts toward quick recuperation. But in the other sense, that in which the term is used in clean sport, he is a decidedly bad loser. For he has none of the generosity toward the victors, none of the "forget it" attitude which characterizes the sportsman of higher instincts.

There is much debate among American officers as to just what surge of feeling passes through the veins of a German of high rank forced to salute his conquerors. With rare exceptions, every man in uniform renders the required homage with great care. The higher and more impressively decorated the officer the more punctilious he was in his pains never to pass even an American lieu-

tenant without stiffening into the best military rigid form, as he might have done before the Kaiser in days gone by. Now and then one carefully averted his eyes or turned to gaze into a shop-window in time to avoid what could scarcely have been anything but a humiliation. But, for the most part, they seemed almost to go out of their way to salute, some almost brazenly, more with a half-friendly little bow. I shall long remember the invariable click of heels and the smart hand-to-cap of the old general with a great white beard who passed me each morning on the route to our respective offices. The punctiliousness was particularly striking when compared with the testimony of all demobilized soldiers passing through our hands that the salute had virtually been abolished by popular agreement among the once sternly disciplined troops "over in Germany." That there was feeling under these brazen exteriors, however, is proved by the fact that most of the officers in the occupied area slipped quietly into civilian clothes, for no other apparent reason than to escape the humiliation. Then on March 1st came a new order from our headquarters commanding all members of the German army in occupied territory never to appear in public out of uniform, to carry always papers showing their presence in the area to be officially authorized, and to report to an American authority every Monday morning. The streets of Coblenz blossomed out that day with more kinds of German uniforms than some members of the A. E. F. had ever seen outside of a prisoner-of-war inclosure.

It was easy to understand why Germans in uniform saluted; they were commanded to do so. But why should every male, from childhood up, in many districts of our territory raise his hat to us with a subservient "*'n Tag*"? Why the same words with a hint of courtesy from the women? In one district the British required men to uncover when they met an officer, but our rules did not exact any such homage. Was it

fear, respect, habit, design? It could scarcely be sarcasm; the German peasantry barely knows the meaning of that. Why should a section foreman, whose only suggestion of uniform was a battered old railway cap, go out of his way to render us military homage? Personally I am inclined to think that, were conditions reversed, I'd climb a tree or crawl into a culvert; but we came to wonder if they did not consider the salute a privilege. Only the well-dressed in the cities showed an attitude that seemed in keeping with the situation, from our point of view. They frequently avoided looking at us, pretended not to see us, took us much as the Chinese take their "invisible" property-man at the theater. In a tramway, in a train, now and then, it was amusing to watch a haughty, weather-browned man one knew had been at least a captain, who still displayed boldly his kaiserly mustache, his army leggings and breeches,

who looked as out of place in his civilian coat and soft hat as a cowboy with a cane, as he half openly grated his teeth at the "undisciplined" Americans who dared do as they pleased without so much as asking his leave. But the doughboys were supremely oblivious to him. Their freedom of movement recalled by contrast the time—was it fifteen or only ten years ago?—when I ventured to open a hermetically sealed window in a compartment in which a testy old German was taking snuff, and found at once that it was *streng verboten* under I do not remember what dire punishment. These proud beings had lost caste somewhat even with their own people. An ex-corporal returned to his place as station guard went out of his way to inform me that American officers were all right; so were German soldiers, but German officers were too proud. One must stand with the middle finger of each hand on the seams of the trousers



THIS TROPHY OF WAR, SURRENDERED BY THE GERMANS TO THE AMERICANS, IS NOW CARRYING MAIL BETWEEN PARIS AND COBLENZ FOR THE ARMY OF OCCUPATION

as long as they chose to talk to one—he demonstrated it most vividly as he spoke.

Speaking of German officers, when the first inkling leaked out of Paris that Germany might be required by the terms of the Treaty of Peace to reduce her army to a hundred thousand men there was a suggestion of panic among our German acquaintances. It was not that they were eager to serve their three years as conscripts, as their fathers had done. There was parrot-like agreement that no government would ever again be able to force the manhood of the land to that sacrifice. Nor was it any great fear that so small an army would be inadequate to the requirements of "democratized" Germany. But the question was, "What on earth can we do with

all our officers, if you only allow us forty-five hundred?" Prohibition, I believe, raised the same grave problem with regard to our bartenders. But as I visualized our own army reduced to the same stern necessity, the panic was comprehensible. However, the predicament is one the Germans can scarcely expect the Allies to solve for them.

"War," said Voltaire, "is the business of Germany." One realized the plain fact in that assertion more and more as new details of the thorough militarization of land, population, and industry came to light under our occupancy. Fortifications, labyrinths of tunnels, such massive stores of everything that could by any possibility ever be of use in the complicated business of war, every man up through middle age who



MILITARY POLICE A. E. F. REGULATING TRAFFIC
IN THE TOWN OF COCHEM

had two legs to stand on marked with his service in some form in Mars's workshop; there was some new hint of the militarism at every turn. None the less, striking was the aggressive propaganda in favor of war and the loyalty to the war lords in every corner. Not merely were there monuments, inscriptions, martial mottoes to din the military inclination into the simple *Volk* wherever the eye turned, wherever the footsteps led. In the most miserable little *Gasthaus* rooms, with its bare floors and not half enough cover on the beds to make a winter night comfortable, huge framed pictures of martial nature stared down upon the shivering guest. Here hung a life-size portrait of Hindenburg; there a war scene of Blücher crossing the Rhine; beyond, an *Opfergaben des Volkes*, in

which a long line of simple laboring-people come with great deference to present their most cherished possession—a bent old peasant, a silver heirloom; a girl, her hair—on the altar of their rulers' martial ambition. It is doubtful whether the Germans themselves have any conception of how widely this harvest of tares had overspread their national life. It may come to them years hence, when grim necessity has forced the digging up of the pernicious roots.

But the old order shows signs of change already. On a large government building over in Trier in the lettering *Königlicher Hauptzollamt* the first word has been obliterated. In a little town down the Rhine the dingy

*Hotel Deutscher Kaiser,
Diners 1mk 50 und höher
Logis von 2 mk an.*

has the word *Kaiser* painted over. Though it is still visible through the whitewash, as if ready to come back at a new turn of events. Even the *kaiserlich* mustache, of world-wide fame, has largely disappeared, at least in the American sector. In fact, the over-modest lip decoration made famous by our most popular movie star seems to be the present vogue. More camouflage? More "*Kamerad*"? A gentle compliment to the Americans? Or merely the natural change of style, the passing that in time befalls all things, human or *kaiserlich*?

The adaptability of the German as a merchant has long since been proved by his commercial success abroad. It quickly became evident to the Army of Occupation that he was not going to let his feelings interfere with business. As the demand for German uniforms, equipment, insignia, faded away behind the retreating armies of the Kaiser, commerce quickly adapted itself to the new conditions. Women who had earned their livelihood or their pin-money for four years by embroidering shoulder-straps and knitting sword-knots for the soldiers in field gray instantly turned

their needles to making the ornaments for which the inquiries of the newcomers in khaki showed a demand. Shop-windows blossomed out overnight in a chaos of colors and shapes of divisional insignia, of service stripes—ugly, over-gaudy things for the most part, thanks both to the German's rather crude taste and the absence of gold braid—with khaki cloth and the coveted shoulder-pins from brass bars to silver stars, with everything that could appeal to the American doughboy as a souvenir of his stay on the Rhine to the girl at home—and this last covers a multitude of sins of taste. Iron crosses of both classes dangled before his eager eyes behind the plate-glass fronts. The sale of these "highest prizes of German manhood" to their enemies as mere pocket-pieces raised a guttural howl of protest in the local papers, but they could still always be had, if more or less *sub rosa*. Spiked helmets—he must be an uninventive or an absurdly truthful member of the new Watch on the Rhine who cannot show visible evidence to the amazed folks at home of having captured at least a half-dozen Boche officers and despoiled them of their headgear. We secured those helmets from a storehouse just across the Moselle; we loaded down the A. E. F. mails with them until it is strange there were any ships left with space for soldiers homeward bound—the Army of Occupation had heard there were soldiers homeward bound, though it took the statement with a considerable pinch of salt. A sergeant marched into his captain's billet in an outlying town with a telescoped bundle of six spiked helmets and laid them down with a snappy, "Nine marks each, sir." "Can you get me a half-dozen or so, too?" asked a visiting lieutenant. "Don't know, sir," replied the sergeant. "He made these out of some remnants he had left on hand in the factory, but he is not sure he can get any more material."

If we had not waked up to our peril in time and the Germans had taken New York, would our seamstresses have made

German flags and our merchants prominently displayed them in their windows, tagged with the price? Possibly. We of the A. E. F. have learned something of the divorce of patriotism and business since those days when the money-grabbers descended upon us with their little booths at the training-camps at home. At any rate, the merchants of Coblenz are quite as ready to take an order for a Stars and Stripes six feet by four as for the red, white, and black. "Shoeshine parlors" sprang up in every block and were so quickly filled with khaki-clad warriors intent on obeying the placard to "Look Like a Soldier" that the proprietors had perforce to encourage their own timid people by adding the notice "Germans also admitted." Barber shops developed hair carpets from sheer inability to find the time to sweep out, and at that the natives were hard put to it to get rid of their own stubble. When the abhorred order against photography by members of the A. E. F. was suddenly and unexpectedly lifted, lock, stock, and barrel, the camera-shops resembled the entrance to a ball-park on the day of the deciding game between the two rival big leagues. There is nothing timid or squeamish about German commerce. Shops were quite ready to display post-cards showing French ruins with chesty German officers strutting in the foreground, once they found that these appealed to the indefatigable and all-embracing American souvenir-hunter. Down in Cologne a German printing-shop worked overtime to get out an official history of the American Third Division. In the cafés men who were shooting at us three months before sat placidly sawing off our own popular airs and struggled to perpetrate in all its native horror that inexcusable hubbub known as the "American jazz." The sign "American spoken here" met the eye at frequent intervals. Whether the wording was from ignorance, sarcasm, or hatred of the English has not been recorded. There was not much call for the statement,

even when it was true, for it was astounding what a high percentage of the Army of Occupation spoke enough German to "get by." The French never tired of showing their surprise when a "Yank" addressed them in their own tongue; the Germans took it as a matter of course, though they usually had the ill manners of insisting on speaking "English" whatever the fluency of the customer, a barbaric form of impoliteness which the French are usually too instinctively tactful to commit.

I wonder if the American at home understands just what military occupation means. Some of our Southerners of the older generation may, but I doubt whether the average man or woman can visualize it. Occupation means a horde of armed strangers permeating every nook and corner of your town, of your house, of your life.

The Americans came in without fuss and feathers, without any of those bombastic formalities with which the imagination imbues an occupation. One day the streets were full of soldiers, a bit slow and heavy in their movements and thinking processes, dressed in bedraggled dull gray, and the next with more soldiers, of quick perception and buoyant step, dressed in khaki. But the newcomers were just plain fighters, still dressed in what the shambles of the Argonne had left them of clothing. They settled down to a shave and a bath and the comforts that were to be had with the unassuming adaptability that marks the American. The German, seeing no signs of many of those unpleasant things which had always attended *their* occupation of a conquered land, probably smiled a bit sneeringly to themselves and whispered that the Americans were strangely ignorant of military privileges. But they soon learned that the occupiers knew what they were about, or at least learned with vertiginous rapidity. The German conception of occupation, the rough treatment, the tear-it-apart - and - take - what - you - want - for yourself style of von Kluck's pets was

not the American manner. The dough-boy might hate a German man behind a machine-gun as effectively as any one, but his hatred did not extend to the man's women and children. With the latter particularly he quickly showed that *camaraderie* for which the French had found him notable, and the plump little square-headed boys and the over-blond little girls flocked about him so densely that a new order had to be issued requiring parents to keep their children away from American barracks.

But the Germans were not long in finding that American occupation lacked nothing in the essentials. A burgo-master who admitted that he might be able to accommodate four hundred men in his town, if given time, was informed that there would be six thousand troops there in an hour, who must be lodged before nightfall. Every factory, every industry of a size worth considering, that produced anything of use to the Army of Occupation, was taken over. We paid well for everything of the sort—or rather the Germans did in the end, under the ninth article of the armistice—but we took it. We commandeered the public drinking-halls and transformed them into an enlisted men's barracks. We shooed the rich man out of his sumptuous club and turned it over to our officers. We handed over to the Y. M. C. A. the big pompous *Festhalle* and a half-dozen as important buildings, and "jazz" and rag-time and burnt-cork jokes took the place of *Lieder* and *Männerchor*. The Germans could not travel, write letters, telephone, telegraph, publish newspapers without American permission or acquiescence. Meetings were no longer family affairs; a German-speaking American sergeant in plain clothes sat in on all of them. We marched whole societies off to jail because they were so careless as to gather about café tables without the written permission required for such transactions. In the matter of cafés, we touched the German in his tenderest point, and at the same time showed our sympathy

with the prohibition movement at home by forbidding the sale or consumption of all joy-producing beverages except beer and light wines—and the American conception of what a heavy wine is does not quite jibe with the German's—and permitted even those to be served only from eleven to two and five to seven—though later we took pity on the poor Boche and extended the latter period three hours deeper into the evening.

Many a German will long remember the date of Washington's Birthday. Scores of them came to the *Verkehrsbüreau* early that day, planning a hurried trip, only to be met by a sign informing them that the bureau was closed until Monday morning—for the 22d came on a Saturday in 1919. Every railway-station gate, even the crude little ferries across the Rhine and the Moselle and their affluents, were in many cases subject to the orders of pass-gathering American sergeants. Our national soft-heartedness inclined us toward leniency in this matter of passes. But when one of our sergeants came back from visiting his family in Belgium, with news that a boy cousin had been shot the year before over the grave he had been forced to dig with his own hands, for no other crime than returning home without a properly stamped pass, things tightened in the area of those who heard the story. Incidentally he brought back convincing proof that it had been safer in Belgium under the German occupation to cut the hair of one's attractive daughters and dress them in male attire.

From the day of our entrance no German in uniform was permitted in our area unless on official business sanctioned by our authorities. But the term "uniform" was liberally interpreted; a discharged soldier, unable to invest in a new wardrobe, attained civilian status by exchanging his ugly, round, red-banded *Mütze* for a hat or cap. Small boys were not rated soldiers simply because they wore cut-down uniforms. Discharged soldiers domiciled "over in Germany" were still sent home in their

uniforms; those who lived in the occupied area were furnished a complete civilian outfit made of the same gray cloth from the army storehouses.

Occasional incidents transcended a bit the spirit of our lenient occupation. We took liberties, for example, even with the German's time; on March 12th all clocks of official standing were turned ahead to correspond to the "summer hour" of France and the A. E. F., and that automatically forced private clocks to be advanced also. My host declined for a day or two to conform, but he had only to miss one train to be cured of his obstinacy.

We ordered the Stars and Stripes to be flown from every German building we occupied; and there were colonels who made a special trip to Paris to get a flag that would catch every German eye for fifty kilometers round about. The Germans trembled with fear, and the dismay of seeing one of their oldest, most cherished bad customs going by the board, when a divisional order commanded them to leave their windows open at night, to avoid the "flu." Over in Mayen a band of citizens, in some wild lark or a surge of democracy,

dragged a stone statue of the Kaiser from its pedestal and rolled it out to the edge of town. There an American sergeant in charge of a stone quarry ordered it broken up for road material. The Germans put in a claim for several thousand marks to replace this "work of art." The officer who "surveyed" the case genially awarded the Germans the value of the stone at current prices.

In the main, for all the occupation, civilian life proceeded quite normally. Trains ran on time; cinemas and music-halls perpetrated their customary piffle on crowded and uproarious houses; bare-kneed football games occupied the leisure time of German youths; newspapers appeared as usual, subject only to the warning to steer clear of a few specified subjects; cafés were crowded at the popular hours in spite of the restrictions on consumption and the tendency of the orchestra to degenerate into rag-time. Would military occupation be anything like this in, say, Delaware? We often caught ourselves asking the question, audibly or inwardly, and striving to visualize our own land under a reversal of conditions. But the imagination never carried us very far in that direction;



DOUGHBOYS PLAYING FOOTBALL AT COBLENZ

particularly those of us who had left it in the early days of the war were unable to picture our native land under a military régime. In the British and French areas civilians were required to remain indoors after an early hour of the evening—the opera at Cologne began at five—but Pershing had vetoed any suggestion of a curfew law in our area.

Even though we rightly appropriated their best to our own purposes, the Germans will be hard put to allege any such wanton treatment of their property, their castles, and their government buildings as their own hordes so often committed in France and Belgium. Our officers and men, with rare exceptions, gave the habitations that had become temporarily theirs by right of conquest a care that they would scarcely have bestowed on their own property. The ballroom floor of Coblenz's most princely club was solicitously covered with canvas to protect it from officers' hobnails. Castle Stolzenfels, a favorite place of doughboy pilgrimage a bit farther up the Rhine, was supplied with felt slippers for heavily shod visitors. The Baedekers of the future will no doubt call the tourists' attention to the fact that such a Schloss, that this governor's palace and that colonel's impressive residence, were once occupied by American soldiers, but there will be small chance to add, as they have insinuated against the French in 1689 into the description of half the monuments along the Rhine, the charge "destroyed by the Americans in 1919."

It may be a surprise to the people at home to know that German highways are poorly made. Whatever we may have charged against the Hun, it was never a lack of thoroughness. But, contrary to the French, who start their road foundations "down in China," the Germans are a bit superficial in this matter, with the result that our heavy trucks began to pound their highways into a condition resembling those of France in the war zone. Moreover, the width is not adequate for present-day needs; a

camion forced a bit too far to one side at a passage was apt to sink to the hubs in the roadside path. The Americans took upon themselves the repair and widening of the roads, at German expense in the end, of course; that was particularly where the shoe pinched. It broke the thrifty German's heart to see these extravagant warriors from overseas, to whom two years of financial *carte blanche* had made money seem unlimited, squandering their wealth, or that of their children, without so much as an "if you please." The labor was German under the supervision of American sergeants, and the recruiting of it absurdly simple—to the Americans. An order to the burgomaster informing him succinctly, "You will furnish four hundred men at such a place to-morrow morning at seven for road labor—wages eight marks a day," covered our side of the transaction. Where and how the burgomaster found the laborers was of no interest to us. Once enrolled to labor for the American army, a man was virtually enlisted for the duration of the armistice—save for suitable reasons or lack of work. Strikes, so epidemic of late "over in Germany," were not permitted here. A keen young lieutenant of engineers was in charge of road repairs and sawmills in a certain divisional area. One morning his sergeant at one of the sawmills called him on the Signal Corps telephone that links all the Army of Occupation together, with the information that the night force had struck.

"Struck?" cried the lieutenant, aghast at the audacity. "I'll be out at once!"

Arrived at the town in question, he dropped in on the A. P. M. to request that a squad of M. P.s follow him without delay, and hurried on to the mill, fingering his .44.

"Order that night force to fall in here at once!" he commanded, indicating an imaginary line along which the offending company could be dressed.

"Yes, sir," saluted the sergeant, and disappeared into the building.

The lieutenant waited, nursing his

rage. A small boy, blue with cold, edged forward to see what was going on. Two others, a bit older, thin and spindle-shanked, their throats and chins muffled in soiled and ragged scarfs, their gray faces testifying to long malnutrition, idled into view with that yellow-dog curiosity of hookworm victims. But the night force gave no evidence of existence. At length the sergeant reappeared.

"Well," snapped the lieutenant, "what about it? Where is that night shift?"

"All present, sir," replied the sergeant, pointing at the three shivering urchins. "Last night at midnight I ordered them to start a new pile of lumber, and the next I see of them they was crouching around the boiler—it *was* a cold night, and when I ordered them back to work they said they hadn't had anything to eat for two days but some war bread. You know there's been some hold-up in the pay-vouchers . . ."

A small banquet at the neighboring *Gasthof* ended that particular strike without the intervention of armed force, though there were occasionally others that called for the shadow of it.

In taking over industries of this sort the Americans adopted the practice of demanding to see the receipted bills signed by the German military authorities, then required the same prices. Orders were issued to supply no civilian trade without written permission from the Americans. After the first inevitable punishments for not taking the soft-spoken new-comers at their word, the proprietors applied the rule with a literalness that was typically German. A humble old woman knocked timidly at the lieutenant's office door one day, and, upon being admitted, handed the clerk a long, impressive legal paper. When it had been deciphered it proved to be a laboriously penned request for permission to buy lumber at the neighboring sawmill. In it Frau Schmidt, there present, certified that she had taken over a vacant shop for the purpose of opening

a shoe-store, that said occupation was legal and of use to the community, that there was a hole in the floor of said shop which it was to the advantage of the health and safety of the community to have mended, wherefore she respectfully prayed the Herr Leutnant in charge of the sawmills of the region to authorize her to buy three boards four inches wide and three feet long. In witness of the truth of the above assertions of Frau Schmidt, respectable and duly authorized member of the community, the burgomaster had this day signed his name and caused his seal to be affixed.

The lieutenant solemnly approved the petition and passed it on through military channels to the sergeant at the sawmill. Any tendency of *das Volk* to take our occupancy with fitting seriousness was too valuable to be jeopardized by typical American informality.

A few days later came another episode to disprove any rumors that the American heel was being applied with undue harshness. The village undertaker came in to state that a man living on the edge of town was expected to die, and that he had no lumber with which to make him a coffin. The tender-hearted lieutenant, who had seen many comrades done to death in tricky ambushes on the western front, issued orders at once that the undertaker be permitted to purchase materials for a half-dozen caskets, and, as the petitioner bowed low his guttural thanks, assured him: "You are entirely welcome. Whenever you need any more material for a similar purpose do not hesitate to call on me. I hope you will come early and often."

The Boche gazed at the speaker with that glass-eyed expressionlessness peculiar to his race, bowed his thanks again, and departed. Whether or not he "got the idea" is not certain. My latest letter from the lieutenant contains the postscript, "I also had the satisfaction of granting another request for lumber for six coffins."

THE ADVENTURE OF LIFE IN NEW YORK

BY PHILIP GIBBS

No British writer who has visited America in recent years has been received with such enthusiasm as Philip Gibbs. A journalist of unusual distinction, a novelist, an essayist, and an historian, he has made for himself a unique position. He is the most graphic and brilliant of war-correspondents, but he writes not less vividly of countries at peace. He is first of all an observer.

The following article is introductory to a series that by special arrangement is to appear exclusively in Harper's Magazine, recording Mr. Gibbs's impressions of America as he has seen it during the past few months. These articles will be illustrated by George Wright.

I HAD the luck to go to New York for the first time when the ordinary life of that City of Adventure—always so vital and dynamic in activity—was intensified by the emotion of historic days. The war was over, and the warriors were coming home with the triumph of victory as the reward of courage; but peace was still delayed and there had not yet crept over the spirits of the people the staleness and disillusionment that always follow the ending of war, when men say: "What was the use of it, after all? Where are gratitude and justice? Who pays me for the loss of my leg?" . . . The emotion of New York life was visible in its streets. The city itself, monstrous, yet dreamlike and mystical as one sees it first rising to fantastic shapes through the haze of dawn above the waters of the Hudson, seemed to be excited by its own historical significance. There was a vibration about it as sunlight splashed its gold upon the topmost stories of the sky-scrapers and sparkled in the thousand windows of the Woolworth tower and flung black bars of shadow across the lower blocks. Banners were flying everywhere in the streets that go straight and long between those perpendicular cliffs of masonry, and the wind that comes blowing up the two rivers ruffled them. They were banners of rejoicing, but reminders also of the

service and sacrifice of each house from which they were hanging, with golden stars of death above the heads of the living crowds surging there below them. In those decorations of New York I saw the imagination of a people conscious of their own power, and with a dramatic instinct able to impress the multitudes with the glory and splendor of their achievement.

It was the same sense of drama that is revealed commercially in the genius of advertisement which startled me when I first walked down Broadway, dazzled by moving pictures of light, by flashing signs that shouted to me from high heaven to buy chewing-gum and to go on chewing; and squirming, wriggling, revolving snakes of changing color that burned letters of fire into my brain, so that even now, in remembrance, my eyes are scorched with the imprint of a monstrous kitten unrolling an endless reel of cotton. The "Welcome Home" of American troops was an advertisement of American manhood, idealized by emotion; and it was designed, surely, by an artist whose imagination had been touched by the audacity of the master-builders of New York who climb to the sky with their houses. I think it was inspired also by the vision of the moving-picture kings who resurrect the gorgeous life of Baby-

lon, and re-establish the court of Cleopatra for Theda Bara, the "Movie Queen." When the men of the Twenty-seventh Division of New York came marching home up Fifth Avenue they

of sunburnt wigwams where the spears of the "braves" were piled above the shields of fallen warriors.

"Like an undergraduate's cozy corner," said an unkind wit, and New York



PHILIP GIBBS

passed through triumphal arches of white plaster that seemed solid enough to last for centuries, though they had grown high, like Jack's beanstalk, in a single night; and the troops glanced sideways at a vast display of Indian trophies with tattered colors like those

laughed, but liked the symbolism of those shields and went on with astonished eyes to gaze at the masterpiece of Chalfin, the designer of it all, which was a necklace like a net of precious jewels, suspended, between two white pillars surmounted by stars, across the Avenue,

At night strong searchlights played upon this necklace, and at the end of those bars of white radiance, shot through the darkness, the hanging jewels swayed and glittered with a thousand delicate colors like diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires. Night after night, as I drove down Fifth Avenue, I turned in the car to look back at the astonishing picture of that triumphal archway, and saw how the long tide of cars behind was caught by the searchlights so that all their metal was like burnished gold and silver; and how the faces of dense crowds staring up at the suspended necklace were all white—dead-white as Pierrot's; and how the sky above New York and the tall, cliff-like masses of masonry on each side of Fifth Avenue were fingered by the outer radiance of the brightness that was blinding in the heart of the city. To me, a stranger in New York, unused to the height of its buildings and to the rush of traffic in its streets, these illuminations of victory were the crowning touch of fantasy, and I seemed to be in a dream of some City of the Future, among people of a new civilization, strange and wonderful. The soldiers of the Twenty-seventh Division were not overcome by emotion at this display in their honor. "That's all right," they said, grinning at the cheering crowds, "and when do we eat?" Those words reminded me of Tommy Atkins, who would go through the hanging-gardens of Babylon itself—if the time-machine were switched back—with the same shrewd humor.

The adventure of life in New York, always startling and exciting, I am certain, to a man or woman who enters its swirl as a stranger, was more stirring at the time of my first visit because of this eddying influence of war's backwash. The city was overcrowded with visitors from all parts of the United States who had come in to meet their home-coming soldiers, and, having met them, stayed awhile to give these boys a good time after their exile. This floating population of New York flowed into all the

hotels and restaurants and theaters. Two new hotels—the Commodore and the Pennsylvania—were opened just before I came, and, with two thousand bedrooms each, had no room to spare, and did not reduce the population of the Plaza, Vanderbilt, Manhattan, Biltmore, or Ritz-Carlton. I watched the social life in those palaces and found it more entertaining than the most sensational "movie" with a continuous performance. The architects of those American hotels have vied with one another in creating an atmosphere of richness and luxury. They have been prodigal in the use of marble pillars and balustrades, more magnificent than Roman. They have gone to the extreme limit of taste in gilding the paneled walls and ceilings from which they have suspended enormous candelabra, like those in the palace of Versailles. I lost myself in the vastness of tea-rooms and lounges, and when invited to a banquet found it necessary to bring my ticket, because often there are a dozen banquets in progress in one hotel, and there is a banqueting-room on every floor. When I passed up in the elevator of one hotel I saw the different crowds in the corridors surging toward those great lighted rooms where the tables were spread with flowers, and from which came gusts of "jazz" music or the opening bars of "The Star-spangled Banner."

In all the dining-rooms there rises the gusty noise of many conversations above the music of an orchestra determined to be heard, and between the bars of a Leslie Stewart waltz, or on the last beat of the "*Humoreske*," a colored waiter says, "Chicken okra, sah?" or, "Clam chowder?" and one hears the laughing words of a girl who asks, "Do you mind if I powder my nose?" and does so with a glance at a little gold mirror and a dab from a little gold box. The vastness, and the overwhelming luxury, of the New York hotels was my first and strongest impression in this city, after I had recovered from the sensation of the high, fantastic buildings; but it occurred to

me very quickly that this luxury of architecture and decoration has no close reference to the life of the people. They are only visitors in *la vie de luxe*—and do not belong to it, and do not let it enter into their souls or bodies. In a wealthier, more expansive way, they are like the city clerks and their girls in London who pay eighteenpence for a meal in marble halls at Lyon's Popular Café, and sit around a gilded menu-card, saying, "Isn't it wonderful . . . and shall we go home by tram?"

There are many rich people in New York—more, I suppose, than in any other city of the world, but, apart from cosmopolitan men and women who have luxury beneath their skins, there is no innate sense of it in the social life of these people. In the hotel palaces, as well as in the private mansions along Fifth Avenue and Riverside Drive, all their outward splendor does not alter the simplicity and honesty of their character. They remain essentially "middle-class," and have none of the easy licentiousness of that European aristocracy which, before the war, flaunted its wealth and its vice in Paris, Vienna, Monte Carlo, and other haunts where the cocottes of the world assembled to barter their beauty, and where idle men went from boredom to boredom in search of subtle forms of pleasure. American women of wealth spend vast sums of money on dress, and there is the glitter of diamonds at many dinner-tables, but most of them have too much shrewdness of humor to play the "vamp," and the social code to which they belong is swept clean by common-sense. "My dear," said an American hostess who belongs to one of the old rich families of New York, "forgive me for wearing my diamonds to-night. It must shock you, coming from scenes of ruin and desolation." This dowager duchess of New York, as I like to think of her, wore her diamonds as the mayor of a provincial town in England wears his chain of office, but as she sat at the head of her table in one of the big man-

sions of New York I saw that wealth had not cumbered the soul of this masterful lady, whose views on life are as direct and simple as those of Abraham Lincoln. She was the middle-class housewife in spite of the footmen who stood in fear of her.

Essentially middle-class in the best sense of the word were the crowds I met in the hotels. The men were making money—lots of it—by hard work. They had taken a few days off, or left business early, to meet their soldier sons in these gilded halls where they had a sense of satisfaction in spending large numbers of dollars in a short time.

"This is my boy from 'over there'! Just come back."

I heard that introduction many times, and saw the look of pride behind the glasses that were worn by a gray-eyed man who had his hand on the arm of an upstanding fellow in field uniform, tall and lean and hard. "It's good to be back," said one of these young officers, and as he sat at table he looked 'round the huge *salon* with its cut-glass candelabra, where scores of little dinner-parties were in progress to the strident music of a stringed band, and then, with a queer little smile about his lips, as though thinking of the contrast between this scene and "over there," said, "Darned good!" In their evening frocks the women were elegant—they know how to dress at night—and now and then the fresh, frank beauty of one of these American girls startled my eyes by its witchery of youth and health. Some of them are *décolletées* to the ultimate limit of a milliner's audacity, and foolishly I suffered from a sense of confusion sometimes because of the physical revelations of elderly ladies whose virtue, I am sure, is as that of Cæsar's wife. The frail queens of beauty in the lotus-garden of life's enchanted places would envy some of the frocks that come out of Fifth Avenue, and scream with horror at their prices. But, although the American woman with a wealthy husband likes to put on the flimsy robes of Circe, it is only

as she would go to a fancy-dress ball in a frock that would make her brother say, "Gee! And where did you get that bit of fluff?" She is Circe, with the Suffrage, and high ideals of life, and strong views on the League of Nations. She makes up her face like a French *comédienne*, but she has, nine times out of ten, the kind heart of a parson's wife in rural England and a frank, good-natured wit which faces the realities of life with the candor of a clean mind.

I found "gay life" in New York immensely and soberly respectable. One could take one's maiden aunt into the heart of it and not get hot by her blushes. In fact, it is the American maiden aunt who sets the pace of the fox-trot and the one-step in dancing-rooms where there are music and afternoon tea. Several times I supped "English breakfast tea"—I suspect Sir Thomas Lipton had something to do with it—at five o'clock on bright afternoons, watching the scene at Sherry's and Delmonico's. It seemed to me that this dancing habit was a most curious and overrated form of social pleasure. It was as though American society had said, "Let us be devilishly gay!" but started too early in the day, with desperate sobriety. Many couples left the tea-table for the polished boards and joined the throng which surged and eddied in circles of narrow circumference jostled by other dancers. Youth did not have it all its own way. On the contrary, I noticed that bald-headed gentlemen with some width of waistbands were in the majority, dancing with prodigious gravity and the maiden aunts. They were mostly visitors, I am told, from other cities—Bostonians escaping from the restrictions of their Early Victorian atmosphere, Senators who voted for prohibition in their own states, business men who had booked reservations on midnight trains from the Grand Central Terminal. Here and there young officers of the army and navy led out pretty girls, and with linked arms, and faces very close together, danced in a kind of

coma, which they seemed to enjoy, though without any sparkle in their eyes. There were also officers of other nations—a young Frenchman appealing to the great heart of the American people on behalf of devastated France, and dancing for the sake of people scorched by the horrors of war, to say nothing of the little American girl whose yellow fringe was on his Croix de Guerre; and young English officers belonging to the British Mission, and engaged in propaganda—oh, frightful word!—of which a *thé dansant* at Delmonico's was, no doubt, a serious part of duty.

One figure that caught my eye gave the key-note to the moral and spiritual character of the scene. It was the figure of a stout old lady wearing a hat with a huge feather which waggled over her nose as she danced the one-step with earnest vivacity, and an old gentleman with side-whiskers. She panted as she came back to the tea-table, and said, "Say, that makes me feel young!" It occurred to me that she might be Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch on a visit to New York, and, anyhow, her presence assured me that afternoon dancing at Delmonico's need not form the theme of any moralist in search of vice in high places. It is not only respectable; it is domestic. Savonara himself would not have denounced such innocent amusement. Nor did I find anything to shock the sensibilities of high-souled ethics in such midnight haunts as the Ziegfield Follies or the Winter Garden, except the inanity of all such shows where large numbers of pretty girls, and others, disport themselves in flowing draperies and colored lights before groups of tired people who can hardly hide their boredom, but yawn laughingly over their cocktails and say, "Isn't she wonderful?" when Mollie King sings a song about a variety of smiles, and discuss the personality of President Wilson between comic turns of the Dooley brothers. That, at least, is what happened in my little group on the roof of the Century Theater, where a manufacturer of barbed wire—I wonder

if they were his barbs on which I tore myself in Flanders fields—initiated me into the mystery of a Bacardi cocktail, followed by a stinger, from which I was rescued, in the nick of time, by a kind lady on my right, who took pity on my innocence. A famous playwright opposite, as sober as a judge, as courteous as Beau Brummell, passed the time of day, which was a wee small hour of morning, with little ladies who came into the lime-light, until suddenly he said, with a sigh of infinite impatience: "Haven't we enjoyed ourselves enough? I want my bed"; so interrupting a serious discussion between a war correspondent and a cartoonist on the exact truth about German atrocities, to the monstrous melody of a jazz band. Human nature is the same in New York as in other cities of the world. Passion, weakness, folly, are not eliminated from the relations between American men and women. But to find vice and decadence in American society one has to go in search of it—and I did not go. I found New York society tolerant in its views, frank in its expression of opinion, fond of laughter, and wonderfully sincere. Wealth does not spoil its fresh and healthy outlook on life, and its people are idealists at heart, with a reverence for the old-fashioned virtues and an admiration for those who "make good" in whatever job to which they put their hands.

After all, hotel life, and restaurant life, and the glamorous world of the Great White Way do not reveal the real soul of New York. They are no more a revelation of normal existence than boulevard life in Paris represents the daily round of the average Parisian. They are the happy hunting-grounds of the transient, and the real New-Yorker visits them only in hours of leisure and boredom.

Another side of the adventure of life in New York is "down-town," where the subways and the overhead railways pour out tides of humanity who do not earn their dollars without hard work and long hours of it. I should never have found

my way to Bowling Green and Wall Street without a guide, because the underground world of the subways, where electric trains go rushing like shuttles through the warp and woof of a monstrous network, is utterly confusing to a stranger. But with the guide, who led me by the hand and laughed at my child-like bewilderment, I came into the heart of New York business life and saw its types in their natural environment. It is an alarming world to the wanderer who comes there suddenly. I confess that when I first walked through those deep gorges, between the mighty walls of houses as high as mountains, in a surge of humanity in a hurry, I felt dazed and cowardly. I had a conviction that my nerve-power would never survive the stress and strain of such a life in such a place. I nearly dislocated my neck by gazing up at the heights of the skyscrapers, rising story on story to fifty or sixty floors. In a House of a Thousand Windows I took the elevator to the top story and wished I hadn't when the girl in charge of the lift asked, "What floor?" and was answered by a quiet gentleman who said, "Thirty-one." That was our first stop, and in the few seconds we took to reach this altitude I had a vision of this vast human ant-heap, with scores of offices on each floor, and typewriters clicking in all of them, and girl-clerks taking down letters from hard-faced young men juggling with figures which, by the rise or drop of a decimal point, mean the difference between millions of dollars in the markets of the world. Each man and woman there in this House of a Thousand Windows had a human soul, with its own little drama of life, its loves and hopes and illusions, but in the vastness of one sky-scraper, in the whirlpool of commerce, in the machinery of money-making, the humanities of life seemed to be destroyed and these people to be no more than slaves of modern civilization, ruthless of their individual happiness. What could they know of art, beauty, leisure, the quiet pools of thought? . . .

Out in Wall Street there was pandemonium. The outside brokers—the curb men—were bidding against one another for stocks not quoted on the New York Exchange—the Standard Oil Company among them—and their hoarse cries mingled in a raucous chorus. I stood outside a madhouse staring at lunatics. Surely it was a madhouse, surrounded by other homes for incurably insane! This particular house was a narrow, not very tall, building of reddish-brown brick, like a Georgian house in London, and out of each window, which was barred, poked two rows of faces, one above the other, as though the room inside were divided by a false floor. In the small window-frames sat single figures, in crouched positions, with telephone-receivers on their ears, and their faces staring at the crowd in the street below. Each one of those human faces, belonging to young men of healthy appearance, was making most hideous grimaces, and each grimace was accompanied by strange, incomprehensible gestures of the man's fingers. With a thumb and two fingers, or a thumb and three fingers, they poked through the windows with violent efforts to attract the notice of individuals in the street. I saw, indeed, that all this fingering had some hidden meaning and that the maniacs, as I had first taken them to be, were signaling messages to the curb-brokers, who wore caps of different colors in order to be distinguished from their fellows. Up and down the street, and from the topmost as well as from the lower stories of many buildings, I saw the grimaces and the gestures of the window-men, and the noise and tumult in the street became more furious. It was a lively day in Wall Street, and I thanked God that my fate had not led me into such a life. It seemed worse than war. . . .

Not really so, after all. It was only the outward appearance of things that distressed one's soul. Looking closer, I saw that all these young men on the curb seemed very cheery fellows, and

were enjoying themselves as much as boys in a Rugby "scrim." There was nothing wrong with their nerves. There was nothing wrong with a crowd of young business men and women with whom I sat down to luncheon in a restaurant called Robin's, not far from the Stock Exchange. These were the working-bees of the great hive which is New York. They were in the front-line trenches of the struggle for existence, and they seemed as cheerful as our fighting-men, who were always less gloomy than the fellows at the rear in the safe back-waters of war. Business men and lady clerks, typists and secretaries, were all mingled at the little tables where the backs of chairs touched, and there was a loud, incessant chatter like the noise of a parrot-house. I overheard some fragments of conversation at the tables close to me.

"They don't seem to be getting on with the Peace Conference," said a young man with large spectacles. "All the little nations are trying to grab a bit of their neighbors' ground."

"I saw the cutest little hat—" said a girl whose third finger was stained with red ink.

"Have you seen that play by Maeterlinck?" asked an elderly man so like President Wilson's portraits that he seemed to be the twin brother of that much-discussed man.

These people were human all through, not at all dehumanized, after all, because they lived maybe on the thirty-first story of a New York sky-scraper. I dare say also that their work is not so strenuous as it looks from the outside, and that they earn more dollars a week than business men and women of their own class in England, so that they have more margin for the pleasures of life, for the purchase of a "cute little hat," even for a play by Maeterlinck.

After business hours many of these people hurry away from New York to suburbs, where they get quickly beyond the turmoil of the city in places with bustling little high streets of their own

and good shops, and, on the outskirts, neat little houses of wooden framework, in gardens where flowers grow between great rocks which crop out of the soil along the Connecticut shore. They are the "commuters," or, as we should say in England, the season-ticket-holders, and, as I did some "commuting" myself during a ten weeks' visit to America, I used to see them make a dash for their trains between five and six in the afternoon or late at night after theater-going in New York. I never tired of the sight of those crowds in the great hall of the Grand Central Terminal or in the Pennsylvania Station, and saw the very spirit of the United States in those vast buildings which typify modern progress. In England a railway station is, as a rule, the ugliest, most squalid place in any great city; but in America it is, even in provincial towns, a great adventure in architecture, where the mind is uplifted by nobility of design and imagination is inspired by spaciousness, light, color, and silence. It is strangely, uncannily quiet in the central hall of the Pennsylvania Station, as one comes down a long, broad flight of steps to the vast floor space below a high dome—painted blue like a summer sky, with golden stars a-twinkling—uplifted on enormous arches. It is like entering a great cathedral, and, though hundreds of people are scurrying about, there is a hush through the hall because of its immense height, in which all sound is lost, and there is no noise of footsteps and only a low murmur of voices. So it is also in the Grand Central Terminal, where I found myself many times before the last train left. There is no sign of railway lines or engines, or the squalor of sidings and sheds. All that is hidden away until one is admitted to the tracks before the trains start. Instead, there are fruit-stalls and flower-stalls bright with color, and book-stalls piled high with current literature from which every mind can take its choice, and candy-stalls where the aching jaw may find its chewing-gum and link up meditation with mastication, on

the way to New Rochelle—"forty-five minutes from Broadway"—or to the ruralities of Rye, Mamaroneck, and Port Chester, this side of high life in Greenwich, Connecticut.

Some of the male commuters have a habit of playing cards between New York and New Rochelle, showing an activity of mind not dulled by their day's work in town. But others indulge in conversational quartets, and on these journeys I heard things I wanted to learn about the experiences of American soldiers in France, the state of feeling between America and England, and the philosophy of success by men who had succeeded. It was a philosophy of simple virtue enforced by will-power and a fighting spirit. "Don't hit often," said one of these philosophers, who began life as an errand-boy and now designs the neckwear of society, "but when you do, hit hard and hit clean. No man is worth his salt unless he loses his temper at the right time."

In the last train to Greenwich were American soldiers and mariners just back from France, who slept in corners of the smoking-coach and wakened with a start at New Rochelle, with a dazed look in their eyes, as though wondering whether they had merely dreamed of being home again and were still in the glades of the Argonne forest. . . . The powder was patchy on the nose of a tired lady whose head drooped on the shoulder of a man in evening clothes chewing an unlighted cigar and thinking, with a little smile about his lips, of something that had happened in the evening. Two typist-girls, with their mothers, had been to a lecture by Captain Carpenter, V. C., one of the heroes of Zeebrugge. They were "crazy" about him. They loved his description of the "blunt end" and the "pointed end" of the ship. They had absorbed a lot of knowledge about naval tactics, and they were going to buy his photograph to put over their desks. . . .

Part of the adventure of life in New York is the acquisition of unexpected knowledge by means of lectures; and

Carnegie Hall is the Mecca of lecturers. Having been one of the lecturers, I can speak from personal experience when I say that a man who stands for the first time on the naked desert of that platform, looking toward rows of white faces and white shirt-fronts to the farthest limit of the topmost galleries, feels humility creep into his soul until he shrinks to the size of Hop-o'-My-Thumb, and is the smallest, loneliest thing in the whole wide world. A microbe is a monster to him, and he quakes with terror when he hears the first squeak of his tiny voice in the vast spaciousness under that high, vaulted roof. On that first night of mine I would have sold myself, with white shirt, cuff-links, and quaking body, for two cents, if any one had been fool enough to buy me and let me off that awful ordeal. And yet, looking back on it now, I know that it was the finest hour of my life, and a wonderful reward for small service, when all those people rose to greet me, and there came up to me out of that audience a spiritual friendship so warm and generous that I felt it like the touch of kindly hands about me, and recovered from my fright. Afterward, as always happens in America, there was a procession of people who came onto the platform to shake hands and say words of thanks, so that one gets into actual touch with all kinds of people and their friendship becomes personal. In that way I made thousands of friends in America and feel toward them all a lasting gratitude because of the generous, warm-hearted, splendid things they said as they passed with a quick hand-clasp.

The lecture habit in America is deep-rooted and wide-spread. Every small town has its lecture-hall, and is in competition with every other town near by for lecturers who have some special fame or knowledge. In New York there is an endless series of lectures, not only in places like Carnegie Hall and Æolian Hall, but in clubs and churches. Great audiences made up of rich society people as well as the "intel-

lectuals" and the professional classes gather in force to hear any man whose personality makes him interesting, or who has something to say which they want to hear. In many cases personality is sufficient. People of New York will cheerfully pay five dollars to see a famous man, and not think their money wasted if his words are lost in empty space, or if they know already as much as he can tell them about the subject of his speech. Marshal Joffre had no need to prepare orations. When he said, "*Messieurs et mesdames*," they cheered him for ten minutes, and when, after that, he said, "*je suis enchanté*," they cheered him for ten minutes more. They like to see the men who have done things, the men who count for something, and to study the personality of a man about whom they have read. If he has something to tell them, so much the better, and if he is not renowned he must tell them something pretty good if he wants their money and their patience. I have no doubt that the habit of lecturing is one of the greatest influences at work in the education of the American people. The knowledge they acquire in this way does not bite very deep, and it leaves, I fancy, only a superficial impression, but it awakens their intelligence and imagination, directs their thoughts to some of the big problems of life, and is a better way of spending an evening than idle gossip or a variety entertainment. The League for Political Education, which I had the honor of addressing in Carnegie Hall, has a series of lectures—three times a week, I think—which are attended by people engaged in every kind of educative and social work in New York, and at a luncheon afterward I listened to a number of speeches by public men and women more inspiring in their sincerity of idealism than anything I have heard in similar assemblies. All these people were engaged in practical work for the welfare of their fellow-creatures, as pioneers of progress in the adventure of life in New York, and the women especially, like Jane Addams,

impressed me by the real beauty of their personality.

Another phase of life which interested me was the club world of the city, and in these clubs I met most of the men and many of the women who count in the intellectual activity of New York. I came in touch there with every stratum of thought and tradition which makes up the structure of American politics and ideas. I met the conservatives of the Union Club, who live in an atmosphere of dignified austerity (reminding me of the Athenæum Club in London, where the very waiters have the air of bishops and the political philosophy of the late Lord Salisbury), and who confided to me with quiet gravity their personal opinions of the President. I became an honorary member of the Union League Club, hardly less conservative in its traditional outlook, and having a membership which includes many leading business and professional men of New York City. It was here that I saw a touching ceremony which is one of my best memories of the United States, when the negro troops of a fighting regiment marched up Fifth Avenue in a snow-storm, and gave back their colors for safe-keeping to the Union League Club, which had presented them when they went to war. Ex-Governor Hughes, speaking from the balcony, praised them for their valor in the great conflict for the world's liberty, when they fought for the country which had given them their own freedom by no light sacrifice of blood. By their service in France they had gained a glory for their citizenship in the United States, and stood equal with their white comrades in the gratitude of the American people. There were tears in the eyes of colored officers when, after a luncheon in the Union League Club, they heard other words like those, giving honor to the spirit of their race. . . . Up the wide stairway in the softly glowing light which comes through a stained-glass window, the colors of the darky regiment hang as a memorial of courage and sacrifice. . . .

I was the guest of the Arts Club amid a crowd of painters, poets, musicians, and writing-men, who sat at long tables in paneled rooms decorated with pictures and caricatures which were the work of their own members. Clouds of tobacco smoke made wreaths above the board. A soldier-poet rose between the courses and sang his own songs to the chorus of his comrades. It was a jolly night among jolly good fellows who had wit and the gift of laughter, and large hearts which beat in sympathy for those who suffered in the war. . . . In the City Club I had a room when I wanted it, and the hall porter, and the bell-boys, and the elevator-man, and the clerks in the office, shook hands with me when I went in and out, so that I felt at home there, after a splendid night when crowds of ladies joined the men to listen to my story of the war, and when a famous glee-party sang songs to me across rose garlands on the banquet-table. The City Club has a number of habitués who play dominoes on quiet nights, and in deep leather chairs discuss the destiny of nations as men who pull the wires which make the puppets dance. It is the home of the foreign correspondents in New York, who know the inside of international politics, and whose president is (or was, at the time of my visit) a kindly, human, English soul with a genius for fellowship which has made a little League of Nations in this New York house. I met him first, as a comrade of the pen, in the Street of Adventure, where London journalists rub shoulders on their way to history; and in New York his friendship was a generous and helpful gift, and by his good words I made many other friends.

It seemed to me that New York is a city where friendship is quickly made, and I found that the best part of my adventure in the city. Day after day, when dusk was creeping into the streets and lights began to gleam in all the windows of the houses that reach up to the stars, I drove down the long highway of Fifth Avenue with a certainty that be-

fore the evening was out I should meet a number of friendly souls who would make me welcome at their tables and reveal their convictions and ideals with a candor which does not come to English people until their ice of reserve is broken or thawed. And that was always so. At a small dinner-party or a big reception, in one of the great mansions of New York, or in a suite of rooms high above the traffic of the street, conversation was free-and-easy, with or without the aid of a cocktail, and laughter came in gusts, and American men and women spoke of the realities of life frankly and without camouflage, with a directness and sincerity that touched the essential truth of things. In one room Melba sang with eternal girlhood in her voice, while painters and diplomats, novelists and wits, famous actresses and princesses of New York, were hushed into silence for a while until, when the spell was broken, there rose again a merry tumult of tongues. In another room a group of "intellectuals," tired of talking about war and peace, played charades like children in the nursery, and sat down to drawing-games with shouts of mirth at a woman's head with the body of a fish and the legs of a bird. In another house the King's Jester of New York, who goes from party to party like a French wit—the little Abbé Morellet—in the *salons* of France before the Revolution, destroyed the dignity of decorous people by a caricature of German opera and an imitation of a German husband eating in a public restaurant. I knew the weakness that comes from a surfeit of laughter. . . .

I did not tire of these social adventures in New York, and I came to see something of the spirit of the people as it was revealed in the cosmopolitan city. I found that spirit touched, in spite of social merriment, by the tragedy of war, and anxious about the outcome

of peace. I found these people conscious of new responsibilities thrust upon them by fate, and groping in their minds for some guidance, for some clear light upon their duty and destiny in the reshaping of the world by the history that has happened. Europe, three thousand miles away, is still a mystery to them, full of unknown forces and peoples and passions which they cannot understand, though they read all their Sunday papers, with all their bulky supplements. When I went among them they were divided by the conflict of political differences with passionate emotion, and torn between conflicting ideals of patriotism and humanity. But most of them put on one side, with a fine disdain, all meanness of thought and action and the dirty squalor of financial interests. Sure of their power among nations, the people I met—and I met many of the best—were anxious to rise to their high chance in history and to do the Big Thing in a big way, when they saw the straight road ahead.

When I left New York they were raising their fifth great Victory Loan, and the streets were draped in banners bearing the great V for victory and for the number of the loan. Their sense of drama was at work again to make this enterprise successful, and their genius of advertisement was in action to put a spell upon the people. The face of a farmer was on the posters in many streets, and that sturdy old fellow upon whose industry the wealth of America depends so much, because it is founded in the soil, put his hand in his pocket and said, "Sure, we'll see it through!"

From my brief visit one conviction came to me. It is that whatever line of action the American people take in the new world that is now being born out of the tumult of war, they will see it through, by any sacrifice and at any cost.

BEULAH

BY ALICE HEGAN RICE

MRS. GRIBBEN had been dead all of three weeks, yet Mr. Gribben was still visiting her grave daily and watering it with his tears. This amazing and uncharacteristic behavior on the part of Bentville's leading citizen led to endless conjecture. The more charitable argued that perhaps the old skinflint had lavished all the kindness and goodwill which he had withheld from mankind in general on the secluded invalid who had been little more than a name in the community for the past ten years. The more cynical insisted that any man who has to be restrained from leaping into the open grave of one wife is pretty apt to be standing at the altar with another before the year is out.

The only person who could have thrown any light on the situation was Beulah Jones, and Beulah had the Sphinx outclassed in the matter of reticence. She was a poor relation of the late Mrs. Gribben's, and for many years had borne the domestic burdens of the farm, taken care of the invalid, and served as a sort of lightning-rod that attracted all the prying comments and caustic queries directed at the family, and conducted them safely into oblivion.

The mere sight of her sweeping snow off the Gribbens's porch ought to have been sufficient to discourage anybody from inquiring within about anything. Her face and figure resembled a jig-saw puzzle that has been put together by an amateur. A pair of non-committal eyes of slightly different size and color stood guard over a nose that was really too small to look after itself, and farther south—to be exact, southwest—on her facial map lay a mouth that only opened when it had to, and usually shut in some-

body's face. In appearance and action she announced to the world that she was quite prepared to live without it, and she wished the compliment returned.

Notwithstanding these inhospitable signs, the strange lady in the fur coat, struggling up the road with a suit-case, turned in at the gate.

"Was I given the correct information when I was informed that this was the road to Bentville?" she asked, fixing Beulah with a pair of deep-set, melancholy eyes.

Beulah, after due consideration, evidently saw no reason for denying the fact, and nodded shortly.

"And how much farther is it to the town?" questioned the stranger, pressing a bangled hand to a chained bosom.

"It might be a mile or so," said Beulah.

The lady cast her eyes upward as if calling Heaven to witness her discomfiture. "A mile! Impossible! I wrote the hotel to have a conveyance at the Junction, and nobody was there. I shall have to come in and decide what's the best thing to do."

Now nobody in the county would have taken such a liberty, but the strange lady swept majestically past Beulah and through the open door.

"Is the lady of the house at home?" she asked.

"I hope so," said Beulah. "She's in heaven." This remark, instead of giving offense, as was intended, awoke a lively interest.

"Really!" said the visitor, taking her seat on the horse-hair sofa and sweeping the comfortable room with an appraising look. "Very recent, I judge, from the wreath over the portrait. An invalid, I

see, from the wheel-chair. How sad! Left a husband and children, I suppose?"

The supposition was allowed to remain suspended in mid-air while Beulah savagely brushed up the snow the stranger had tracked in.

"So much sickness and death all over the country," continued the unwelcome guest, fingering the black-bordered notes of condolence that lay on the table near her. "I hope your town has not suffered many such losses."

"No more 'n it could afford," said Beulah.

The visitor observed her with growing disfavor. "I don't suppose you have any way of getting me to town, or of sending for a conveyance to come for me?"

"No," said Beulah, firmly.

"Then," said the stranger, sighing deeply and rising, "I shall be obliged to walk. I shall leave my suit-case here, and send back for it. See that the man gets it when he comes." Then, as she started off the porch, she added, as an afterthought, "By the way, what is the name?"

"Whose name?"

"The name of the—person who lives here?"

Thus cornered, Beulah gave up the secret as a miser parts with gold. For a moment she watched the mysterious figure as it passed down to the road; then she hastened to put up the windows to let out the pungent odor of sandalwood that filled the air. As she moved about she stumbled over the suit-case, and in picking it up noticed the name "Surelle" painted in bold letters on the end of it.

That evening, supper, which of late had been eaten amid encircling gloom, was enlivened by conversation.

"There is to be a séance at the hall tonight at eight-fifteen," announced Mr. Gribben, who always spoke with the frightful solemnity and dreadful accuracy of one who is under oath.

"A *spirit* séance?" asked Beulah, incredulously.

"Yes; Mrs. Bullock and Miss Wilson saw this woman in Louisville and they claim she can talk with the dead. She



"AND HOW MUCH FARTHER IS IT TO THE TOWN?"



THE NEXT AFTERNOON MR. GRIBBEN DROVE MADAME SURELLE OUT FROM TOWN

has sent me a complimentary ticket for to-night, and I am going."

Beulah's mouth opened and shut twice, but she held her counsel.

"The woman's name is Surelle," continued Mr. Gribben. "Madame Surelle. She's a writer and a speaker and the president of a society called The International Psychic Seekers. Mrs. Bullock showed me a number of newspaper pieces about her. I am going to see if she can get a message for me from Martha."

Beulah flung herself into the kitchen and brought back a plate of hot biscuits, which she presented at his head as if it had been a pistol. Verbal comment on her part was wholly superfluous. Every twitch of her shoulders expressed scorn, every curl of her lip contempt, for the subject under discussion.

"I shall go with an open mind," announced Mr. Gribben, judiciously balancing his fork on his finger as if it were the scales of justice. "If she proves her claims, I shall uphold her. If she proves an impostor, I shall ruthlessly expose her. She will not be able to fool me."

Beulah watched him don his widower's weeds and start forth in the buggy behind old Kitty to solve the problem of immortality. At eleven o'clock when he returned she was waiting up for him, and she saw at a glance that the verdict was in favor of the spirits. His long, square face with its long, square beard wore a look of mystified elation.

"A most remarkable experience!" he said, pulling up a chair beside hers and warming his hands at the stove. "In less than five minutes after entering the hall I was singled out as the most psychic person present. Before the performance was over I had direct and unmistakable communication with Aunt Maria Blankenbaker!"

"Why wasn't it from Martha?" asked Beulah.

"It was," he announced, triumphantly, "a message from her through Aunt Maria. Aunt Maria said Martha had been sick so long before she died that she didn't feel up to coming to a public meeting, but would try to come if I arranged a séance at home."

"That's funny," Beulah said. "Aunt Maria and Martha must have made up in the other world; they weren't speaking in this one. You surely ain't fixing to have a private meeting?"

"I am. Madam Surelle is going to try to stay over and give me a private séance here to-morrow afternoon."

"Here!" Beulah's voice rose in tragic protest. "Who is coming?"

"Only Madam Surelle and myself, and of course I shall want you to be around somewhere."

"Well, I should hope so!" said Beulah, snatching up a candle and stalking off to bed without so much as a good-night."

The next afternoon Mr. Gribben drove Madame Surelle out from town at

the appointed hour and she and Beulah met as if for the first time.

She was much more imposing than upon the former occasion, being swathed in shabby black velvet and an unmistakable aura of mystery. On her forefinger was a large green scarab, and on her breast a silver swastika. She surveyed the world from her deep-set, tragic eyes from under a coil of black hair that sadly needed renovating. Distributing her wraps impartially about the room, she sighed deeply, as if it were a great effort for her to bring her esoteric mind to bear upon mundane things.

"And now," she said, "I will ask you for a small, light table."

Mr. Gribben looked at Beulah and Beulah looked out of the window.

"I think this one will serve," said Madame, languidly sweeping the family Bible and the tray of condolences on to the floor. "And I should like the shades drawn. We must create an atmosphere, you know. Our departed friends are sensitive to heat and light, but impervious to noises. There—that will do nicely, thank you."

She took her seat with her back to the window and Mr. Gribben sat facing her; they both looked at Beulah.

"Aren't you going to join us, Mrs. Jones?" asked Madame Surelle.

"Miss Jones," Beulah corrected, without moving.

"Beulah, draw up your chair to the table," commanded Mr. Gribben. "I want you to see for yourself the truth of this business."

Thus admonished, Beulah took her place between them, gingerly placing her clean, work-coarsened hands on the table touching Madame Surelle's shapely, if soiled, ones.

"If there are any spirits present," said the medium, in an invoking voice, closing her eyes and swaying slightly, "will they indicate it by the usual method?"

Now Madame Surelle may have obeyed the Biblical instruction in not letting her left hand know what her right hand did, but Beulah's left hand knew.

She felt a distinct pull from those jeweled fingers touching hers, and, without a moment's hesitation, she pulled in the opposite direction.

This too ample assistance seemed to embarrass the spirits, and after a few feeble gyrations on the part of the table it became stationary.

Madame Surelle cleared her throat. "Perhaps there is some spirit present who would prefer to write a message. If so, indicate it by rapping."

From below the table came three distinct raps.

Mr. Gribben raised his bent head and challenged Beulah to doubt her own senses. "This is only the beginning," he said. "You'll see!"

Writing-material having been produced, they once more sat in solemn conclave. Presently the pencil in Madame Surelle's fingers began to dance upon the paper; it waltzed up one side and tangoed down the other, and in a final transport flew out of her hand.

She smiled tolerantly: "The spirits are so playful at times. I have had them tease me like this for half an hour. Sometimes if I ask a question it calms them. Let me see— Will the spirits tell us who Mr. Gribben was in a former reincarnation?"

The pencil twisted backward, described a circle, then wrote in small letters, "He was a king in Babylon, and she was his Christian slave."

"Who was?" demanded Beulah, off her guard, and in an instant the pencil had flourished off the letters "Y-O-U."

"Don't mind them," said Madame Surelle; "they are still teasing. Such naughty spirits to-day. There are little vagrants who wait around to get false messages through. I'll ask my control Amenophis, to drive them away."

The pencil promptly assumed another angle and wrote in a bold back hand, "Amenophis says to tell John Anthony to take the pencil."

"Why that's my name!" said Mr. Gribben, excitedly. "What shall I do?"

"Just hold it lightly in your hand,

thus, and I will place my fingers under your wrist like this. Give your other hand to Mrs. Jones."

"Miss Jones," corrected Beulah, with a look of fury.

For some time nothing happened. Then, oh, so slowly, the pencil moved, creeping uncertainly over the paper in long, feeble letters until it had written the one word, "Martha."

"She's weak because she has been gone such a short time," explained Madame Surelle, "and, besides, the right of way is always given to the spirit who has been there longest. My control is Amenophis III, one of the Pharaohs, you remember, and yet he very seldom keeps me waiting. He can get a message through when half a dozen others may be waiting."

Mr. Gribben was divided between amazement at his own performance and admiration for one who could command the services of a Pharaoh, and speak with authority about the traffic laws of the other world. But he had no time to dwell upon such things, for again he felt his hand gliding over the paper.

"It says," translated Madame Surelle, "Martha hears your dear voice in death as she heard it in life."

Something very like a giggle escaped from Beulah. "Martha Gribben was deaf for ten years before she died," she said.

Mr. Gribben's hand trembled on the paper, then traveled back slowly and put a "not" after the "it."

"Beulah!" he demanded, excitedly. "Did you see that? Do you believe me when I tell you that I did *not* write that word?"

"I do," said Beulah, with a significant glance at Mrs. Surelle's fingers under his wrist.

Madame Surelle made an imperative motion for silence. "Amenophis wishes to write. I can always feel his presence. Give me the pencil."

She closed her eyes, drew a deep breath, and apparently surrendered herself to the departed Pharaoh. For ten minutes her hand dashed across the paper with lightning speed, covering sheet after sheet with bold, back-handed writing. Then she gave a sigh of ex-



"IF THERE ARE ANY SPIRITS PRESENT WILL THEY INDICATE IT BY THE USUAL METHOD?"

haustion and the pencil fell from her hand.

"Take it and read it," she said, weakly, to Mr. Gribben. "It's all for you. I have no idea what it says."

Mr. Gribben reverently collected the scattered sheets and, putting up a shade, read aloud:

Mr. Gribben and Beulah exchanged glances of profound bewilderment, then they looked at the medium, who still sat with head back and closed eyes as if her recent round with Pharaoh had been a bit too much for her. Even Beulah's face expressed credulity. It was evidently harder for her to believe that Madame Surelle's fuzzy brain had evolved such a message than to believe it came from another world.

"How do you go about it?" asked Mr. Gribben, studying the paper. "How do you understand about astral experiences and dreams?"

Madame Surelle roused herself with an effort. "It is really too long to go into here. If you are interested you can find the truth set forth in my *Mystic Veil*. By buying it you become a member of the National Psychic Seekers, and you are entitled not only to all their publications, but to their advice and aid in interpreting any messages you may write in the future."

"But I don't think I could ever do anything without you," said Mr. Gribben.

Madame Surelle regarded him earnestly. "How can you doubt? To whom did the first message come last night? Who else in Bentville has been able to do automatic writing? I tell you, you

are psychic to your finger-tips!"

Mr. Gribben looked at the above-mentioned finger-tips and shook his head doubtfully, whereupon Madame Surelle tried another tack.

"I suppose you know that all things are numbers. Numbers control our lives. Pythagoras taught us that. Now in what year were you born? Eighteen-sixty-three? Add those figures and they make eighteen, a multiple of three.



FROM BEHIND THE DOOR SHE WATCHED MR. GRIBBEN HELP MADAME INTO HER COAT

"It is ordained that you should know that during your waking hours you function through your astral body plus your physical body, the latter being surrounded and interpenetrated by the matter of the former. When you fall asleep the dense body is left behind. You then function through your astral body alone, which is what the miscalled 'dead' are also doing. The living and the dead are therefore together again. If you wish to commune with your dear departed, you can do so through astral experiences, popularly known as dreams."

What month? March! The third month. Your name, James Gribben, twelve letters, multiple of three. As I suspected, you are a perfect three."

Mr. Gribben looked pleased. He hadn't the slightest idea what it was all about, but to be a perfect anything flattered his vanity.

"Do you mean that's my lucky number?" he asked.

"Far more than that," said Madame Surelle. "It is your destiny. A little observation will prove to you that the figure three controls all you do. I knew you were either a perfect three or a perfect seven when I saw your face in the audience last night. Once having seen it, I could see nothing else."

Beulah put up the other shade and began to straighten the furniture, but Madame Surelle still leaned on her elbows and gazed into Mr. Gribben's eyes.

"You must not falter on the very threshold of achievement," she urged. "You must practise automatic writing every night and send us the results, however unintelligible they appear to you. The spirits are fond of writing in strange tongues; they sometimes write backward, or upside down. Our experts will interpret these messages for a small sum, and you will be surprised often at the results. I beseech you not to listen to any discouragement in your investigation of this mighty truth. It is a debt you owe to science. You will promise me to persevere?"

Mr. Gribben yielded to the spell of those pale, insistent eyes and promised. He also bought a copy of *The Mystic Veil*, at a price that sent Beulah into the kitchen in a towering rage.

From behind the door she watched Mr. Gribben help Madame into her coat; from the window she saw him assist her gallantly into the buggy, and then jump in beside her and gather up the reins.

"I've seen folks before get spry off of spirits," she observed, sarcastically, as she gathered up the sage counsels of

Amenophis III and shoved them into the stove.

From that time on Mr. Gribben was firmly committed to spiritualism. Once a thing received his sanction it became sacred to him. There was never a twilight-time of misgiving in his mind; it was either day or night. A thing was either so or it was not so, and he always knew without a shadow of misgiving *which* it was. When Beulah offered a few caustic comments he promptly put her in her place, in that mental limbo to which he invariably relegated feminine intellects.

"This is something you know nothing whatever about," he told her. "If you are not willing to help me in my experiments, I will find somebody who is."

Thereupon Beulah, who had long ago discovered that non-resistance was her deadliest weapon, held her own counsel and obediently assisted at the nightly sittings.

Notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Gribben was much more interested in experimenting than in theorizing, he made valiant efforts to rend *The Mystic Veil*. Every night he required Beulah to read it to him, and even when he nodded at his post, she kept doggedly on, familiarizing herself with every phase of spiritual communication. After the reading he would sit for hours, waiting for the table to move. This happened seldom. To be sure, it sometimes rose languidly on two legs, and on one memorable occasion it stood on one. But for the most part it performed its spiritualistic duties in a perfunctory way that showed plainly its heart was not in its work.

Things would have been discouraging indeed had it not been for the automatic writing. From the first night the pencil in Mr. Gribben's hand wandered obligingly over the paper, making feeble hieroglyphics which he duly forwarded to the Society of Psychic Seekers. A tremendous impetus was given to his enthusiasm when he received his first report and found that he had written a message in Coptic! The translation read:

My strength grows with each summons to the earth world. Soon I will join thee in the astral body.

Beulah studied the paper skeptically. "How do you suppose Martha knew how to write that foreign language?" she asked.

"The same way I did!" retorted Mr. Gribben. "It's a miracle I can do anything, with you throwing cold water at every turn. I wonder when Madame Surelle is coming back this way. I've a notion to write and ask her."

Beulah gave him a swift look of apprehension. The next day she began a little psychic research on her own behalf.

A few nights later, as they again sat facing each other across the small table, nothing short of Omniscience could have divined what was going on behind her placid features. No memories of times past or hopes of times to come lit up her leaden eyes. But when Mr. Gribben's "moving fingers writ, and having writ,

moved on," and neither he nor she could read a word of it, she put forth a firm hand and laid it on Mr. Gribben's wrist.

"I might try doing what she did," she said, tentatively.

"Why, I never thought of that," confessed Mr. Gribben, pleased at this first evidence of sympathetic interest on her part. "Just put your two fingers under my wrist, like that."

For a moment they sat immovable; then the pencil began to move, slowly but with precision, in even lines from the right side of the paper to the left, until the sheet was covered.

Mr. Gribben studied the result carefully. "It don't spell a thing, but it looks like it ought to. I'm going to send it on to the society first thing to-morrow. Something will come of this, you'll see."

Beulah made no comment, but for the next week she watched the mail-box with unusual interest, and when the



THE TABLE SOMETIMES ROSE LANGUIDLY ON TWO LEGS

rural-delivery postman left a letter addressed to Mr. Gribben she promptly opened it, read the contents, and, regumming the envelope, put it back in the box.

"What did I tell you?" asked Mr. Gribben, triumphantly, that night at supper. "The society reports that that message was a first-class specimen of mirror writing. It says all I got to do is to hold it up before a looking-glass and I can read it for myself. They want to write me up for their paper and put my photograph in. They say they haven't had such a remarkable case in years. I told you it was something remarkable when I wrote it."

"What does it say?" asked Beulah, peering over his shoulder as he held the paper before the mirror.

"Well, that first word is 'Martha,' plain as day, and the next one— Here! Lemme see—" He adjusted his spectacles and proceeded with some difficulty: "'Martha — don't — need — a — noth-er—medium. She will write—to you—direct. She says—for you—to have—the house painted.'"

Mr. Gribben's jaw dropped with astonishment. "Did you *ever* see anything to beat that? It might have been Martha in the flesh speaking those words. You know there ain't any use denying the fact that Martha was a jealous-feeling woman. It was exactly like her to get nervous about that Madame Surelle."

Beulah took the paper and studied it before the glass. "It ain't a bit like her handwriting," she objected.

"Well, do you reckon *you* could write natural if you was doing it upside down and hindside front? You wouldn't believe your eyes if you was to see her hand on the paper. I wish I never had to talk to you about these things!"

But, greatly as he objected to Beulah's skepticism, he had to depend upon her for co-operation. Together they established a communication with the departed Martha that revolutionized the entire household. A deep concern for

domestic affairs wholly lacking to her in life seemed to possess Martha in the spirit world. She insisted on the house being painted, on the fences being mended; she even concerned her astral mind with old Kitty and the decrepit buggy.

"But you surely ain't going to do everything she tells you!" protested Beulah.

"I am," said Mr. Gribben. "There's no living woman whose advice I'd give a copper cent for, but when one comes back from the dead and tells me that if I don't spend my money while I am living that Tom Gribben's children are going to squander it in riotous living when I'm dead, why, I listen to her. What do you reckon it will cost to paint the house?"

The next few months were so much taken up in carrying out Martha's numerous suggestions that there was little time left for further investigations. Beulah indulged in a perfect orgy of house-cleaning. She had never before had a free hand in this supreme event of the year, and she made the most of her opportunity. The farm-house blossomed with the fruit-trees, and even Mr. Gribben showed signs of second blooming. He bought a new suit, and had his beard trimmed, and even made dark inquiries concerning sage tea.

"I'm thinking something of going over to Claytown to camp-meeting this spring," he confided to Beulah.

"Mrs. Bullock and Miss Wilson asked me if you was setting out," Beulah replied, meekly.

Now Mr. Gribben, like most crusty, domineering men, was very sensitive to criticism, and this remark had the desired effect of driving him back to the cemetery and the séances. Following a suggestion in *The Mystic Veil*, he bought a double slate and, tying it securely with a knot of his own invention, put it in the table-drawer. Two nights later he untied the string and opened the slate. In the middle appeared the following letters:

BAGUSIRTVCNE
REBUOEAVUCDLVNADZH
LRMANY
ROCRTLAIIOBCTDEHNUEV
ZS

"It's in cipher!" cried Mr. Gribben, excitedly. "Get *The Magic Veil* and see what it says about ciphers."

Beulah obediently brought out the large volume and turned to the chapter and read:

"It is a favorite device of the spirits to hide a message in a jumble of letters. The key to this is to be found in a magic number that unlocks the mystery. Try odd numbers first, as, for instance, every third letter, or fifth letter, or seventh."

"Let us try three," suggested Mr. Gribben. "She said I was a Perfect Three. Put 'em down while I call out."

Together they counted out the third letters and there lay the message revealed:

baGusIrtVcnE
reBuOEavUcdLvnAdzH
lrMaNY
roCrTLaiObcTdeHnuEvzS

Mr. Gribben uttered an exclamation of almost profane amazement. "I don't know which to be the most surprised at," he said, "that the spirits could untie that knot, or that Martha could work out all that letter business! It is the most astounding thing I ever witnessed!"

The next day he handed over to Beulah the key to Martha's wardrobe, and also a box containing her cameo pin and camel's-hair shawl. "They were hers to give away in life, and they are hers to give away in death," he declared, magnanimously.

After that Beulah blossomed with the rest. She had fallen heir, not only to Martha's clothes, but to all her personal possessions, among which was an elaborate brown coiffure known as a transformation. That it justified its name was demonstrated on Beulah's first Sunday in her new apparel.

"I never would have known you!" Mr. Gribben declared, "The clothes look familiar, of course, but *you* look different. What *have* you done to yourself?"

"Just what every other woman does," said Beulah.

So impressed was he by her improved appearance that he offered to take her to church with him.

"No," said Beulah, firmly, "I can't afford to take any risks. I shouldn't be surprised if people was talking already."

"About us?" asked Mr. Gribben, aghast.

Beulah nodded. "I been thinking that maybe I ought to be going on back to Locust, though land knows I'd hate to."

"That's not to be thought of!" cried Mr. Gribben, in instant alarm. "Why, who do you suppose I'd ever get to look after the farm the way you do?"

"Well, a unmarried person can't take no risks," said Beulah.

The matter evidently weighed upon Mr. Gribben, and his anxiety deepened as Beulah's hints of departure recurred at shorter intervals. He worked himself into quite a perturbed state about it, and even sank to picturing his forlorn condition in case she left him.

"I am going to see if I can't get some advice from Martha," he said one day at noon. "You have supper early and we'll call up the spirits."

That night they sat for a long time at the little table, waiting for some response from the unpunctual Martha. Mr. Gribben's hand wandered over the paper in meaningless hieroglyphics until he grew impatient.

"I get sick of all this Coptic!" he said. "I wish it would go on and write English. You put your fingers under my wrist; that sort of concentrates things."

Beulah did as she was bidden, and straightway the pencil wrote:

See Isaiah, 62 : 4.

Mr. Gribben reached for the Bible, and, turning to the passage, read:

"Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken; neither shall thy land any more be termed Desolate: but thou shalt be called Hephzibah, and thy land Beulah: for the Lord delighteth in thee, and thy land shall be married."

Mr. Gribben closed the book and looked at Beulah. "Thy land shall be called Beulah, and thy land shall be married," he repeated, slowly. "Surely you ain't thinking of getting *married*, Beulah Jones?"

"Why not?" said Beulah, with a toss of the late Mrs. Gribben's transformation.

The rest of the evening Mr. Gribben appeared lost in abstraction; from time to time he cast surreptitious glances at Beulah as she moved about the dining-

room, and once he got out the Bible and reread the passage in Isaiah.

"Beulah!" he broke forth, at last, "I don't know what on earth we been thinking about all this time. It's just come to me what Martha means. She wants you and me to get married and go on living here just like we are. It's as plain as the nose on your face, and yet I never saw it till this minute. Talk about your spirit control! Why, if ever a man was led into a thing, I was led into this!"

And Beulah looked at him and smiled one of her rare smiles which somehow reconciled all those misfit features, but, according to her custom, she said nothing.

"I KNOW THE STARS"

BY SARA TEASDALE

I KNOW the stars by their names,
Aldebaran, Altair,
And I know the path they take
Up heaven's broad blue stair.

I know the ways of the woods
And where the first flowers grow,
Hepatica, under red-tipped leaves,
Anemone, frail as snow.

I know the secrets of men
By the look of their eyes—
The gray secrets, the strange secrets
Have made me sad and wise.

But your eyes are dark to me,
Though they seem to call and call—
I cannot tell if you love me
Or do not love me at all.

I know many things,
But the years come and go—
I shall die not knowing
The thing I long to know.

EASTERN NIGHTS—AND FLIGHTS

I.—DAMASCUS—AND THE FLIGHT THAT FAILED

BY CAPTAIN ALAN BOTT, N. C., R. A. F.

NAZARETH and Damascus are wonderful names; and apart from historical values each, with the country around it, stands for exceptional beauty. A journey from Nazareth to Damascus, therefore, gives "of the most finest pleasure," as the Greek guard of a Turkish train assured us in his "most finest" English. But if you wish to see Syria at its best, travel otherwise than as a prisoner of war, sitting in a dirty cattle-truck and surrounded by Turkish guards, whose natural odor gives by no means of the most finest pleasure.

Such were the conditions under which we—four Australian officers and I—came to Damascus. All the way from Nazareth we were guarded as closely as a secret meeting of the Peace Conference. Only three weeks earlier a British officer had escaped from Afuleh, and walked forty miles before he was recaptured; so that in our case more than ordinary precautions were taken.

We drove down the steep hill from Nazareth in three rickety carts. Each of the first two contained a pair of prisoners, and a pair of guards with loaded rifles and fixed bayonets; but H., whose giant height and strength the Turks respected, had a cart and two guards all to himself. At Afuleh we sat until night-fall in a mud hut, with the local population gazing and chattering through the open door, as if we had been strange animals.

We welcomed the change to a covered cattle-truck on the railway, away from prying Turks and Arabs. In this truck, with coats serving as pillows, we lay on the filthy floor throughout the night,

while the train jolted eastward over the badly kept track. Whenever I looked at the half-open shutter I met the eyes of a guard whose business it was to prevent us from jumping into the darkness.

The next day we passed in playing cards, in looking at the wild hill country of Samaria, and, by juggling with the few French words he could understand, in trying to tell the Arab officer in charge of us just how contented were the Arab population in those parts of Palestine and Mesopotamia occupied by the British. This man, like most of the Syrian Arabs, showed himself anxious to help us. He gave us bread and hard-boiled eggs bought with his own money, and absolutely refused to take payment. As always, no food had been provided by the military authorities.

So we jogged on, with many a halt, across the Jordan and round and up the steep, winding tracks in the hill country beyond it. We stopped for an hour at Deraa, where a Turkish doctor with pleasant manners and a dirty hypodermic-needle visited the truck. Having assured us that cholera was very prevalent in the British army, he proceeded to inoculate us, so that we might have no chance of taking the disease to Damascus. As a matter of fact, the British army in Palestine was entirely free from cholera; while Damascus, as we afterward learned, was full of it. Fortunately, nothing worse than sore chests resulted from the use of his rusty, unsterilized needle.

Then, just before sunset, we rounded a bend at the bottom of a hill and came upon Damascus; and, forgetful of cap-

tivity and cattle-trucks and guards and their attendant smells, I held my breath for the beauty of it. Away to the north stretched a belt of grainland, in vivid browns and greens. Beyond was a wooded area, reaching to the lower slopes of the mountain range that extends from Lebanon to Damascus. Down the lower slopes of the most easterly mountain flow the sources of Pharpar and Abana, the twin rivers. The streams twist downward until they lose themselves in a detached part of the old town, perched several hundred feet above the rest of the city. Farther below is Damascus itself—a maze of flat buildings, squat mosques, and minaret spires, all in a uniform gray-white, as if sprinkled with the powder of time. The gray was now smudged with faint rose by the sinking sunlight. Eastward and southeastward stretches the great desert that leads to the sites of Babylon and Nineveh, to Bagdad, to Persia, to the beginnings of human history.

In Damascus, as I knew from intelligence officers of the Palestine army, were many friends of the British. Nearly all the population, in fact, was anti-Turk and anti-German. Could we make use of these sentiments in planning an escape? What experiences and adventures awaited us in this oldest city of the world, that was famous in the days of Abraham, very famous in the days of Haroun-al-Rashid, and still famous in the days of Woodrow Wilson?

The first few of these experiences were by no means pleasant. Surrounded by the gleaming bayonets and eyes of the guards, who were clearly anxious lest we should disappear with the fading light, we were hustled from the railway to the police station and locked in a tiny room for four hours. Finally, just before midnight, the police led us to Baranki barracks, a large building used as a prison for military criminals. Tired, hungry, and disconsolate, we fell asleep on the bare bedsteads of the room assigned to us.

But not for long. It must have been

about two hours later when I awoke, tingling all over and vaguely uncomfortable. To my surprise, I saw that C. was standing by his bed and, by the light of a candle, was stabbing at it. M. sat up suddenly, scratched himself, and swore softly in a series of magnificent Australian oaths. R., who had not undressed, still slumbered. Ouch! More sharp stings came from my legs and arms. Bugs, and swarms of them!

In the prison at Nazareth I had lived with scores of the little red brutes so common in the Near East; but here there were hundreds. They were crawling down the wall, falling on the floor, and biting every bit of flesh left exposed. I lit a candle and found dozens on my bed. Lying on the floor was as impossible as lying on the mattress. I went to the window and looked into the night, thinking of the one matter that interested me in those days—escape.

Across the road was a large camp, bordered on the left by a meadow and on the right by one of the seven streams of Damascus. Straight ahead, weirdly colossal in the moonlight, were two great mountains. Beyond them, I knew, the great desert stretched through hundreds of miles to Mesopotamia. I was aware just how far the British Mesopotamian army had arrived on the way from Bagdad to Samarra; but, even if we were lucky enough to find a guide who could smuggle us into an eastward-moving caravan, it would be almost impossible to make a detour around the Turkish army; and in any case we should be dependent on the help of Kurds or Mesopotamian Arabs, who are much less estimable than the Arabs of Syria and Arabia. No, that plan was not feasible.

I considered the suggestion of C.—that we should make our way to the coast, hiding in the daytime and walking only at nights; and then, arrived at Acre or Tyre, or some such seaport, commandeer a sailing-boat and make for Cyprus or Jaffa. For this plan, also, the difficulties would be many and serious. To prevent espionage and deser-

tion the Turks had laid all Syrian fishing-craft on the beaches, with holes knocked in their sides, so that they might not be floated. This I had noticed at Haifa, when taken there for a day's outing by German aviators. To be sure, a certain number of boats were kept for officers and officials to go fishing in, but these would be well guarded, and, even if we managed to steal one of them, it would have to be towed into deep water by swimmers, which was scarcely practicable in the darkness. In any case, a walk to the coast from Damascus must cover many nights. A guide would be essential, as otherwise we could not buy bread on the journey, since none of us spoke Arabic. And a guide would cost a deal of money, of which we had little.

My scheme of getting into touch with the secret caravans by means of which Arabs and Armenians were slipping southward, from Damascus to Akaba, still seemed the best. But here, again, money would be needed, besides a reliable intermediary. Money we might obtain by smuggling a letter to the Spanish consul, who had charge of British interests in Damascus. As for an intermediary, we should have to trust the gods to give us one from among the guards. Whatever we did would have to be done quickly, for we should not be long in Damascus. By the time I had reached this conclusion I was tired enough to fall asleep despite the bugs.

The morning toilet included a ceremony that every prisoner in Turkey found it necessary to perform after traveling on the railway—a careful hunt for lice in our clothes. The search was very productive, and led to talk of the plague of typhus which was being spread all over Turkey by these vermin.

For the rest of the morning all that happened was a short visit from the commandant. By now, having eaten nothing for twenty-four hours, we were irritable with hunger. I made known this fact to the commandant, who promised that we should feed at midday. With him came a little interpreter, with

bent shoulders, a greasy face, and a fantastically long nose. Here, I thought, is a possible intermediary. I asked him to return later. During the afternoon he entered softly and announced:

"I am George, interpreter of English. I am friend of English, honest to God."

George was a native of Beirut, half Syrian, part Greek, part Jew, and wholly scoundrel. I will not mention his family name, in case this should be read by some Syrian who knows him; and I bear the little brute no malice. Were I writing fiction I should call George a Syro-Phenician, which is an impressive term, but means nothing; but as he really happened I can only describe him as a Levantine mongrel. Some time or other in his checkered life he spent three months in America, where he learned to say "Honest to God" quite well, and to speak a queer jargon of English quite badly. By reason of this accomplishment he became interpreter of English at Baranki barracks. However, since he spoke French much better than he tried to speak English, conversation with him was possible. He had the Levantine habit of using *mon cher* in every other sentence when talking French; and this he applied to his English by saying "my dear" on the least provocation. M., who could speak no French, asked him to smuggle a letter to the Spanish consul.

"My dear," he replied, "I take it with lots of happiness. My officer shall not know the letter, I guess."

The Spanish consul replied by return, and next day we were each presented with twenty Turkish pounds—about sixty dollars at the then rate of exchange. This rather annoyed the Turkish commandant, who had himself given each of us seven Turkish pounds, being our first month's pay as captive officers.

With four hundred dollars between us we were now in a much better position to prepare a scheme of escape. I decided to plumb the depths of George's "I am friend of English, honest to God." We should have to take him with us, if possible. If we left him behind he would

be suspected, and the Turks might frighten him into betraying us. An opportunity came that same evening. George had been telling of the starvation in Damascus, of the death from destitution of forty per cent. of the Lebanon population, of the hangings without trial, of the general discontent all over Syria, of the terrible conditions of his own imprisonment for sixty days because he had been suspected of spying for the King of the Hedjaz.

"Wouldn't you like," said M., "to be away from this nightmare of a life and in a peaceful country like Egypt?"

"I guess yes, my dear," said George. "But I wish to quit the East and live among English."

"Well," said C., "I could find you a comfortable job in Australia."

"Very obliged. I take your address and write when the war shall be finished."

"That's no good. None of us may be alive when the war's over. How would you like to take the job now?"

"What can you desire to say, my dear?"

There was an awkward pause. We were shy of carrying the matter farther, for chance-met Levantines, like politicians, do not as a rule inspire confidence. Yet it had to be done. I continued the conversation in French, George's weird English being a bad medium for the discussion of secrets.

"If," I promised, "you help us to escape and come with us, we will give you not only money, but a job for life in Australia."

George's face whitened suddenly, and for the rest of that evening his hands shook with excitement.

"There is nothing I wish so much, *mon cher*," he said, "as to escape to the British. But it is very difficult and would need much money. Also I have so little courage."

He went into the corridor to see if the guard showed suspicions. But the sentry—a black Sudanese—was sitting on the floor, gazing at and thinking of nothing, after his usual stupid fashion.

George returned, and for half an hour we discussed and rediscussed possibilities. He pronounced the scheme of walking to the coast in a series of night marches, and then stealing a boat, to be impossible. The idea of joining a caravan to Akaba he judged more hopeful, but that would mean hiding in Damascus until the next party was ready to start; and hiding in Damascus would be not only highly dangerous, but highly expensive. Anyhow, the Armenians who organized the secret caravans must be shy of adding immensely to their risks by taking British officers; and if they did take such risks they would expect to receive more ready money than we possessed. Also, it would be very difficult to get into touch with them.

George was silent for several moments, then announced that he would try to find an Arab, from among his acquaintances, who would lead us to Deraa, and thence through the mountains to the Dead Sea regions. For this also, he pointed out, money would be necessary—and gold, not paper. We could only change our paper notes at the rate of four and a half paper pounds for one in gold; and the sum obtained by this means would be too little.

"But," I pointed out, "if we go south below the Dead Sea, to the country occupied by the Hedjaz army, we can get gold enough. Haven't you heard of the treasure at 'X,' of a certain Arab emir, of certain British officers?"

"*Mon cher*, I have heard a lot of this treasure, and so have many of the Bedouins around here. But perhaps I shall not be able to convince my Arab friend that you could obtain gold from it."

I gave George arguments enough to convince his Arab friend, and made him swear by his professed Christianity that he would keep secret our conversation. Soon afterward he left us, still trembling with excitement.

Thrilled by renewed hope, I looked out of the window into the Eastern evening, and speculated on what the god of chance might do for us. To be effective

he would have to do a lot. There was, for example, the Austrian sentry whom I could see below, leaning against a motor-lorry. If he were active on whatever night we fixed for our escape, how could we climb down to the ground unobserved? The window itself offered no difficulties, for it was above the street and on the first floor, so that a few bed-clothes tied together would suffice to lower a man out of the barracks. Then, while I was still watching the sentry, a different god intervened. A hooded girl sidled up to him. After looking round to see that nobody was watching, he crossed the road and disappeared with her into the meadow to the left of the camp. An omen, I thought. If, on escape-night, chance spirited away obstacles as easily as that, all would be well.

Meanwhile the flat, gray houses whitened in the light of the young moon, and the river Pharpar radiated soft shimmerings. In this respect, also, chance should favor us. From seven to ten days later, when we hoped to leave, the moon would not rise until after midnight, so that darkness would help us to slip from the barracks, and moonlight would help us as we moved across open country. Just then my meditations were chased away by a fantastic, far-away sound. Somewhere in the maze of streets a wheezy barrel-organ was playing—and playing “*Funiculi funicula*”! How a barrel-organ found itself in Damascus, and in war-time Damascus, I did not try to guess. All I knew or wanted to know was that across the warm, sensitive night air floated the lively tune: and if you are away from Europe and old enough to remember the famous ditty, take it from me that nothing will bring you to the back streets of London, of Paris, of Naples as quickly as a barrel-organ playing “*Funiculi funicula*.” Memories of ribald versions of the song’s words came as a matter of course, and with them memories of the good days they stood for. For long after the barrel-organ had become silent, and

only the moonlight and the stillness remained, I was back in England.

Late next morning George burst into the room with a beaming face and a palpable desire for news-telling.

“*Mon cher*,” he said to me, “I have found a Druse who will guide you. He knows about the gold, and, although not quite sure, he thinks he can trust you, as British officers, to see that he gets paid. He demands two hundred pounds in gold when you reach ‘X,’ and fifty pounds in paper now, for the hire of horses.”

I was overjoyed at this new prospect of a road to liberty; but when I had translated George’s French for the benefit of the Australians, M. counseled caution.

“I don’t like the sound of that fifty pounds down,” he said. “Tell him we won’t pay anything till we’re outside Damascus and have the horses.”

We decided that unless we conformed to the Oriental custom of always beating down an adversary in a bargain the Arab would think we could be blackmailed for any amount of money. He might even regard too ready an acceptance of his terms as evidence that we did not mean to pay on arrival at “X.” Finally we told George to place the following terms before the Druse: one hundred pounds in gold on arrival, and fifty pounds paper when we were on horseback and away from Damascus. For the present, nothing. As for George himself, he should receive fifty English pounds when we reached safety, and his job in Australia.

Next day George returned from the bazaar with the reply that the Druse would be satisfied with one hundred and twenty-five pounds in gold at “X,” and had agreed to leave the question of ready money for the horses until we were out of Damascus. He demanded another twenty pounds paper, however, for the man who was to bring back the horses after we had ridden to the mountains at Deraa. To these terms we agreed, as the withdrawal of the demand for money

in advance evidenced the genuine intentions of the Arab.

"The Druse desires to remark you," said George, breaking into English. "To-morrow an officer will lead you to public baths in the city. When I say to pay attention, observe an Arab who will carry a yellow *burnous* and robe."

And so it happened. We had our bath, and, escorted by a Greek doctor in the Turkish army, with several guards and George the Inevitable, we walked through the hot streets toward the bazaar.

"Honest to God!" said George, suddenly, for it had been agreed that this phrase should signal the presence of the Druse.

I searched the crowd of Arabs gathered in the road at the corner of a narrow turning, and had no difficulty in picking out, right in the foreground, a tall, fierce-mustached man with yellow robe and yellow head-dress. One hand rested on the bone butt of a long pistol, stuck through his sash, and with the other he fingered the two rings round his *burnous*. He looked at us long and intently, especially at H., with his six feet four inches of magnificent physique; then backed into the growing crowd and disappeared.¹

"Don't look to behind you, my dear," said George, whose inability to control himself had again blanched his face, "or my officer will observe."

That walk to and from the big *hammam* (Turkish bath) in the center of Damascus is perhaps the most vivid of my memories of the city. Wherever we passed, a mass of Arabs, Syrians, and nondescripts surged around us, until the road was blocked and our guards had to clear the way forcibly. Bargaining at the stalls was suspended as we moved

through the long, covered-in bazaar, with its carpets and prayer-rugs, its blood-sausages, its necklaces in amber, turquoise, and jade, its beautiful silks and tawdry cottons, its copper-work, its old swords and pistols, and its dirty, second-hand clothes—all laid out haphazard for inspection. Once, when we entered a shop, the crowd that collected before it was so large that the guards took us outside by a back door.

Yet one sensed that this interest was for the most part friendly. The Arabs expected the British army sooner or later, and wanted the British army. Meanwhile they were anxious to see what manner of men were the British officers. We were not a very impressive group, with our bare heads and our much-creased uniforms. What saved us, from the point of view of display, was the tall, upright figure and striking features of H., at whom every one gazed in open admiration.

As we passed through the gardens on the way home an *imam*, from the ground below his mosque, was chanting something to a small gathering. On investigation we found a large map of Gallipoli and the Dardanelles, marked out in the soil fronting the mosque, with hills and trenches and guns and battle-ships shown on it. The *imam* was telling the Faithful just how the unbelievers had been driven off the peninsula by the invincible Turkish army. This he did each afternoon, we were assured.

Everywhere was evidence of destitution, starvation, and squalor. The streets were utterly filthy, as if they had not been cleaned for months or years; which, indeed, was probably the case. Disused tram-lines reared up two or three feet above the worn road, so that camels, donkeys, and pedestrians constantly tripped over them. Along the principal streets one had to turn aside, every dozen yards or so, to avoid enormous holes. Half-crumbled walls, huts, and houses were everywhere apparent. The magnificent old mosque which is one of the beauties of Damascus was decaying

¹ Months afterward, after I had escaped from Constantinople and was back in Damascus, I discovered that the street at the corner of which we had seen the Druse was none other than that which is presumed to be "The Street called Straight," whither one Ananias was sent to find St. Paul, stricken blind by his vision on the road to Damascus.

into decrepitude, without any attempt at support or restoration.

As for the population, most were in rags, very few had boots, about one-half wore sandals, and the remainder went about barefooted. Yet even the destitute Arabs were more attractive than the well-to-do Levantines with their frock-coats and brown boots and straw hats. All the poorer Arabs and Syrians looked half starved, and we must have passed hundreds of gaunt beggars—men, women, and children. Worst of all were the little babies huddled against the walls and doorways. Ribs and bones showed through their wasted bodies, which were indescribably thin except where the stomach, swollen out by the moistened grain which had been their only sustenance, seemed abnormally fat by contrast. So weak were they that they could scarcely cry their hunger or hold out a hand in supplication. Arab mothers, themselves on the verge of starvation, had left them, in the vain hope that Allah would provide. And neither Allah nor anybody else took the least notice, until they were dead. The police then removed their small bodies for burial; and more starving mothers left more starving babies by the roadside. The Greek doctor told me that forty such babies died in Damascus each day.

The next few days were buoyant with expectancy. We collected raisins and other foodstuffs, while George went backward and forward into the city to communicate with the Druse. We now hoped to leave the barracks without especial difficulty. The Austrian sentry below, we discovered, remained inside the doorway after midnight, so that it would be possible to slip down from the window without being seen or heard by him. One night we half hitched our blankets together as a test, and found that they would be fully strong enough to bear even the weight of H., if tied to an iron bedpost.

A more difficult problem was that of the guard outside our room. There were three blacks who performed this sentry

duty in turn, two Sudanese and one Senegalese—Sambo, Jumbo, and Hobo, as we called them. Jumbo and Hobo were intensely stupid and lazy. They spent their night watches in dozing on the floor of the corridor. Our door was closed each night, so that conditions would be ideal if either of them were on guard on escape-evening. Sambo was more alert. He had been a postal messenger at Khartoum, and as such spoke a certain amount of English. When Turkey entered the war, he told us, he had been traveling to Mecca for a pilgrimage, and the Turks conscripted him. Twice he had been in prison—once because he attempted to desert and once because an Arab prisoner whom he was guarding escaped. Apparently he had learned a lesson from this latter misfortune, for he never dozed when on sentry duty. Obviously, if he were outside our door on *the evening*, we should have to find some means of dealing with him. We sent George to buy chloroform, but he returned with the news that none could be found in Damascus. Thereupon we made a gag with a piece of cloth and a chunk of rubber, to be used on Sambo if necessary.

Then, with these preliminary arrangements settled, they tumbled down like a house of cards. We were moved to a room on the north side of the building, so that a number of arrested Turkish officers might be put into our larger apartment. Our first thought, on entering the new quarters, was for the window. Ten thousand curses! It looked on to an open courtyard. Two sentries promenaded the yard, which was surrounded by a brick wall.

"My dear," said George when he next visited us, "the business is lost. It is by all means impossible to leave this window without observation from Turks."

For hours the Australians and I sought a way out of the new difficulty, and sought vainly, for it was George whose cunning rescued our plan from the blind alley. He would leave his rifle at the top of the back stairway, he said,

then come to our room and usher us along the corridor, after telling the black guard that he was taking us to an officer's room (as often happened in the evening). Next he would recover his rifle, slip down the stairway to the Austrian section of the barracks and, with bayonet fixed, lead us out of the side door guarded by an Austrian sentry. The advantage of the Austrian door was that the sentry, seeing a Turkish soldier walking out with prisoners, would think he was taking them to the railway station, or not think about the matter at all; whereas the Turkish guard at the main door would have recognized George and known that something was wrong. George could not take more than three of us, as a larger number with only one guard must make even the Austrian suspicious. He refused point-blank to return to the barracks and repeat the performance so that four of us might go. C. could not come, for personal reasons that would not allow him to let his fate remain unknown for several months. The party, however, was still one too many. With a pack of cards we settled the delicate problem of who was to stay behind. M. cut lowest, to his bitter disappointment and my regret, for he was very plucky and resourceful.

Once more with a definite plan in view—and apparently a better one than the last—H., R., and I fixed a date for the escape. Having calculated the times of the rising and setting of the moon, and communicated with the Druse, we chose the third evening from the day of our removal to the new room.

Meanwhile we had been treated by no means badly. A few nights of irritation accustomed us to the plague of bugs, and constant searching and washing kept our clothes fairly free from more repulsive vermin. For the rest, we passed the days with poker, bridge, and perfecting our plans. We could not grumble at the food, for we messed with the Turkish officers, who, while not feeding as well as German privates, never actually went hungry. Indeed, we met with much kind-

ness and consideration at Damascus. In every prison camp of Turkey the officers and guards took their cue from the commandant. If, as at Afion-kara-Hissar during the reign of one Muslim Bey, the commandant were a murderer, a thief, and a degenerate, unspeakable outrages were committed. If, as at Baranki barracks, Damascus, in the days of Mahmoud Ali Bey, the commandant were good-natured, conditions were passable.

Some of the Turks, in fact, wanted to be too friendly. The deputy-commandant invited us into his room one evening, and with his friends sitting around and George acting as interpreter, asked for an exposition of England's reasons for taking part in the war. For two hours I delivered myself of anti-German propaganda, though I could not tell what force remained in my arguments after they had passed through the filter of George's curious translation. Meanwhile the deputy-commandant looked at his finger-nails and occasionally smiled. He was non-committal in expressing his own views; but afterward, when coffee was handed round, he declared that the talk had been of the greatest interest. This same officer drove us one afternoon to the beautiful spot, on a high slope outside the city, where the sources of the seven rivers are gathered within a space of fifty yards. In the scorching heat we undressed and bathed in the river Abana.

We had ample evidence of the widespread hatred of the Germans throughout Syria, both among civilians and soldiers. Turkish soldiers expressed the greatest dislike and envy of the Germans, and German soldiers expressed the greatest contempt for the Turks. As for the Arab officers, they were wholeheartedly pro-British. Nahed Effendi Malek, the young Arab adjutant, often visited us, with his friend the quartermaster, when no Turkish officers were near. The pair talked the most violent sedition. The quartermaster wanted to be with his brother, a prisoner at Alexandria. The Turks knew this, and once,

when in prison for several weeks as a suspect, he had been freed only by a liberal distribution of *baksheesh* among the military authorities. Both he and Nahed were kept separate from their families, while the Turks levied blackmail by telling them that the lives of relatives or friends would pay forfeit for any breach of loyalty. Like all officers of their race, they were now kept expressly from the fighting front because so many Arabs had deserted to the British.

This very barracks, declared Nahed, was full of imprisoned officers whose loyalty the Turks suspected. Unless they could bribe their way to a release they might be shut up in one small room for months—unpaid, forgotten, and living on such food as their friends provided. Then, if their prayers and petitions brought about a trial, they would probably be acquitted and graciously released; but neither reparation for the months of captivity nor military pay for the period of it would be given. Our own room had lately been occupied by a Turkish colonel who shot dead a fellow-officer. Assassination being a less serious crime than dislike of oppression, and the colonel having been an expert juggler with military supplies and funds (like so many Turkish colonels, who bought the command of their units as an investment in the colossal corporation of Military Graft, Unlimited), he delivered sealed envelopes to various high officers and officials, and within a week was free.

Nahed and his friend talked savagely of the hunger and misery that ravaged Syria, of the killing and imprisonment of Arab sheikhs, of their hopes of an independent Arab kingdom, of their galling helplessness against the Turks and Germans until the British arrived.

"But once let the British reach Deraa," said Nahed Effendi, "and you will hear of such an uprising as Syria has never known"—a prediction that was to be fulfilled during General Allenby's whirlwind advance.

Sometimes, instead of confiding their wrongs and hatreds, they would chant

Arabian songs of love and war, or order George to translate stories and epigrams of Haroun-al-Rashid and other Arabian notabilities. Once George substituted a sentence of his own for the tale he should have retailed for our benefit:

"My dear, I must go to the city to see my friend. Soon it is too late and my officer say no. Please think of some request I can perform for you."

M. laughed, as if in enjoyment at a translated story, and H., turning to Nahed, said, "*Kweis kateer*" ("Very good")—two of the very few Arabic words that he knew. A little later I asked for and received permission to send George to buy wine for us in the bazaar; and the mongrel interpreter, with a "*mille fois merci, mon cher,*" shambled off to see the Druse.

We realized that it would be very unfortunate for little Nahed if we escaped; and we should be sorry to think of him in prison on our account. But it was obvious that, even if he would, he could not come with us, and we certainly dared not confide in him.

As I lay half awake, early on the morning of May 15th, I was conscious that an exceptional day had dawned; but my drowsy faculties could not recall what it was that was imminent. Then the door opened, and with a clatter of mugs and a cry of the German word *Milch*, there entered the Syrian milkman, with his tin pan slung over his shoulder. I was alert in an instant. Why, of course, we had reached escape-day, and we must buy a stock of biscuits for the journey from this dairyman whose privilege it was to make us pay five piastres for each glass of goat's milk that he sold us for breakfast. But today he had brought no biscuits—and that was the first of a heartbreaking sequence of mischances.

Throughout the day H., R., and I remained in a state of high tension. Yet my principal concern was for the lack of self-control shown by George, who walked about with shaking knees and unsteady hands and anxious face.

"For God's sake don't show yourself like that to the Turkish officers!" said H.

"My dear, I am not brave, and fortune never visits me." His fear was pitiful.

"Pray for it, then."

And George prayed, melodramatically and in all solemnity, "God, what is in heaven, take us quickly to Arab with horses."

The thermometer of hope quicksilvered up and down every few minutes, throughout the pregnant hours of afternoon. For the ninety-ninth time I examined the packets of raisins, the bread, and the water-bottles; for the hundredth time I reviewed the details of our plan. Between ten o'clock and midnight the Druse was to wait by the station, with long head-dresses that should be disguise enough for the moment, because in the darkness a passer-by could only see us as silhouetted outlines. Soon after ten George was to take H., R., and me through the side door, according to plan, and lead us to the Druse. Then we would slip out of Damascus to the spot where another Arab was waiting with the horses. We must ride over the plain all night and hide the next day in a certain Druse village, where a hut had been prepared for us. We could buy arms in the village. We would travel without rest throughout the following night, and just before dawn reach the mountains outside Deraa, whence the second Arab was to take back the horses. Once in the mountains, an army could scarcely retrieve us. We should run more than a little danger from Arab nomads, but these might be friendly, and in any case the Druse would be our protector and mouthpiece among his fellows. For weeks we should be trekking over the mountains and desert east of the Turkish lines in the Jordan Valley, and the hardships would be very great. Eventually we should arrive among our allies of the Hedjaz. Having reached "X" and paid off the Druse, we could be taken on board one of the British war-ships in the Red Sea. We might well meet a raiding party of

the Emir Feisul's Bedouins near Amman, in which case safety would come much sooner and we could travel by aeroplane to the British army in Palestine.

After dinner the signal officer invited us to his room for coffee. Having no legitimate excuse for declining, we chafed under his small talk until nine o'clock. Then Nahed Effendi and the quartermaster visited us, and again we were forced to sit still and deliver, from time to time, in response to the translations of George, a fretful "Yes," or "No," or "Good," or "Thank you." Ten o'clock came and went, but two suggestions that we should retire to bed were brushed aside by the Arabs. By now the Druse would be waiting for us outside the railway station. Eleven o'clock arrived and still Nahed continued to draw from his endless store of tales and similes.

"My officer say," announced George, "an Arabian poet compare the breasts of a fellow's beloved to— Please, my dear, say you must go to bed. I shake and feel I must give up. Soon it is too late to leave, honest to God."

Ourselves almost desperate with annoyance, we performed a series of life-like yawns and declared ourselves to be very tired. Thereupon, to my great relief, the Arab officers withdrew, with George in attendance. I followed to the doorway, and spoke to George when the officers had entered their own room.

"In three minutes you must come back."

"I will try, but I have so little courage."

"Think of Australia and of the money."

"*Mon cher*, I have thought of them all day, but my heart says, '*Boum! Boum!*' and a voice tells to me '*Quittez ça!*' But I will come back."

He did not come back. Before George had left me evil chance sent the deputy-commandant—a Turk—along the passage for one of his rare visits of inspection. While he was looking at us

George's overwrought nerves snapped and he broke down. "A—eel" he groaned, and grabbed instinctively at my arm. Shaking visibly, he lowered his head and waited. I backed into the doorway, while the deputy-commandant took George to Nahed's room.

What followed we could deduce from the noises that swept the corridor. George was bullied into a complete betrayal. We heard furious talk, shouted orders, and the unmistakable sound of blows with the bare hand. Nahed ran to our room and counted us feverishly. Then came the corporal of the guard, puzzled and scowling. Finally, six Turkish soldiers replaced Jumbo outside the door, which Nahed locked from the outside.

Disgusted with George, disgusted with ourselves, and, above all, disgusted with fate, R. and I paced up and down, or lay sleepless on the bedstead, through hours of utter despair. H., the only one of us to make a show of indifference, took a pack of cards and played patience on his bed, and said not a word.

The door remained locked until the following midday, when the commandant arrived with Nahed and George, both of whom showed reluctance to enter.

"My officer knows," declared George, with eyes averted. "You are to collect the clothes and go to railway. They send you to Aleppo, I guess." I noticed that one of his eyes was discolored and swollen.

The commandant searched our kits very carefully, but confiscated nothing. Next he demanded why we had wanted to escape and who had been helping us.

"Tell him we refuse to say anything," M. answered. And with that he had to be content.

Surrounded by no less than twelve guards, we carried our few belongings to the railway station and entrusted for Aleppo. A Turkish officer, with the interpreter, stayed until the train left.

All of us took care not to look at George; but I could sense his misery and shamefaced discomfort. At length,

(To be continued.)

for the first time since the betrayal, he showed sincerity with an agonized sentence in French, spoken from the steps of the truck:

"I am mad with sorrow. I ask pardon."

Obviously he hoped for and expected an answer. But nobody took the least notice. It was as if we had not heard.

"My officer has beaten me and he will beat me again. My face is big with hurts—see."

Still no reply. Then, as the Turkish officer called him down from the steps:

"I have so little courage. I ask pardon."

The appeal went home and I half turned my head. But the bitterness of betrayal was too great; and, thinking that a few beatings were not punishment enough, I could offer no comfort and continued to ignore him.

As the train chugged across Syria we wondered often what our own punishment would be. But still more often I called to mind a futile little figure with bent shoulders, a greasy face, a fantastically long nose, and an eye that was discolored and swollen, saying, with despair in his voice: "I have so little courage. I ask pardon." And I regretted not having turned my head to look George in the face and answer him.

Four months later I had escaped from Turkey and was back at Damascus, in the wake of General Allenby's victorious army. The British Provost-Marshal, having heard my tale of *The Flight that Failed*, suggested that the interpreter who betrayed us might well be among the Syrians who were now at liberty in the city, after their release from Turkish military prisons.

"Give me his name," he said, "and I'll hand it to the Hedjaz people. They'll be only too glad to dig the brute up and put him in quod."

But I thought of George's last words on the railway platform, and lied: "I never knew his name."

THE AMERICAN CHILD

BY HARRISON RHODES

IN a recent ingenious and original volume on some eminent figures of the Victorian period the author at the very outset says that the difficulty in writing the history of that time is that we know too much about it.

"Ignorance," he goes on gravely to assure us, "is the first requisite of the historian — ignorance which simplifies and clarifies, which selects and omits with a placid perfection unattainable by the highest art."

These phrases are hastily borrowed to set at the head of this article, not so much because they shine more brightly than other epigrams with which the modern literary firmament is studded as because they seem to give courage to a celibate author about to put a rash pen to paper for a description of the American child.

The bachelor, unless employed in a medical capacity, knows almost nothing of the birth or extreme infancy of the personage in question. And even of that time when the child begins to prattle, and wit and wisdom cascade from its lips like pearls, the non-father is only an ill-accredited historian, unless, as Mr. Lytton Strachey says, ignorance be an equipment. It is singular how easy it is to forget stories about other people's children. In these pages can be promised none of those anecdotes of little Herbert or Eva which enrapture the parent and indeed lead him into an emotional morass from which he can never clearly see the whole race of children, the majority of which are inevitably not his own.

Here indeed has been made, almost before it was intended, the plea of the writer's competence. Child-study—a

majestic term—is nowadays a leading, perhaps the leading branch of American learning, and in investigating a great subject many workers are desirable. Close observation, such as a parent can give, of the individual specimen is indispensable. But a more disengaged eye will perhaps better trace, through the nation's history, the rise of children to their present eminent position, and judge the processes by which they grasped power. The disinterested celibate may also possibly best judge the tendencies in the opposite direction, toward the re-subjugation of the race of children, the ways in which they themselves are made victims of this new wide-spread science of child-culture. The American child is not merely a small individual, straight or curly haired, and agreeable or disagreeable as the case may be. He is a great and epic figure. On his small, unconscious shoulders he bears the nation's future; and as a cat may look at a queen so long as those anomalous figures decorate the world, so may a man who presumably knows little enough about children still observe them, discreetly and from a respectful distance, and believe that his contribution to the knowledge of them has its small value.

It might, too, be urged that a bachelor, even in the forties, may conceivably like children. But doting parents find it so difficult to believe in even this restrained and temperate affection that the point will not be unduly pressed.

In the early days of the Republic the child, though produced freely, had no great vogue, if one may put it that way. Children were an almost invariable accompaniment of marriage, and that they were generally liked there can be no

reasonable doubt. But no one made any great fuss about them. They were sometimes, to quote the language of the period, limbs of Satan, and this, though it distressed, puzzled no one. The doctrine of original sin still prevailed, and affectionate parents resigned themselves to beating the Evil One out of their offspring. "Spare the rod and spoil the child" was a maxim on the tenderest parental lips. Religion held out some hope of retrieving these poor, small lost ones. The early volumes of the admirable *Poole's Index to Periodical Literature* had an astonishing number of entries under the title "Conversion of Children." There were, of course, the incredible Sunday-school stories with painful heroes and heroines, convinced at a tender age of sin, but, on the whole, children appeared very little in literature. Not much was written for them and comparatively little about them. In their social aspect they were, by the grace of God and the discipline of their elders, seen but not heard. A grim picture, every one must admit. And, though under this régime many an unpromising child turned into an admirable grown-up—yet as certainly many a little one of rare gifts and promise was crushed into hopelessness by its harshness.

The pendulum has swung as far the other way now. There was, of course, an intermediate period. Little Eva in Mrs. Stowe's pages is of course a Sunday-school survival, but she was followed by Peck's Bad Boy and then those immortals, Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn. Even Henry James, who at first blush seems out of place in this *galère*, made Daisy Miller's naughty little brother famous. And a tale called *Helen's Babies* was, as late as the early 'seventies of the last century, one of the first phenomenal best-selling successes. It was the bad child's moment, the era of the *enfant terrible*. Scenting no danger and pleased with its new spirit of tolerance and humanity, the American public warmed this monster in its bosom. The child,

which had been an inferior, almost inhuman creature, was now welcomed as an equal and a brother. No one saw in how few years it might become a superior and a master.

Henry James, always oversensitized as to the American child, felt early something ominous about it. In some story of a Europeanized American returning home the hero hears in a hotel, and notes with fear, "the high, firm note of a child." And there is another hotel passage of equal significance which is worth transcribing:

Then there are long corridors defended by gusts of hot air. Down the middle swoops a pale little girl on roller-skates. "Get out of my way!" she shrieks as she passes. She has ribbons on her hair and frills on her dress. She makes the tour of the vast hotel.

Is one mistaken in detecting here the creation of a Frankenstein?

There are many possible reasons for the rise in the value of children. It is always conceivable that it may be explained on purely economic grounds. As families grow smaller, children, now more rarely produced, come to have a scarcity price put on them in the marketplace of sentiment. We now vie with one another in finding expression for their worth. A poet and essayist who is even more widely read here than in her native England drove the point home when she asserted that, rather than that one child should ever die of hydrophobia, she would exterminate all the millions of dogs, pet and otherwise, of the world! Is it to be wondered that it became increasingly difficult to discipline a race so well thought of?

An English visitor in the middle 'eighties notes with grave consternation the difficulty American parents have in keeping children from swearing and from calling their parents by their given names. It would be hard to say to-day just how general swearing has become among our best children, but in any case we may be sure that if they swear it is considered part of their charm as it is of



Painting by Rhoda Chase

CHILDREN ARE NEVER SO HAPPY AS WHEN LEFT TO THEIR OWN DEVICES

parrots. As for calling father "Arthur" or "Woopsy," that goes without saying. And old gentlemen who in the early nineteenth century would have belched fire had they been addressed as anything but "Sir" will now fawn upon children, pleading with them to be called "Cousin Howard" or "Scootums." Anything as formal as the old modes of address seems rigid and chilling, and likely to lose to their elders that approbation by children which is now so essential to any self-respect.

The advance of the child was gradual and insidious. As no one realized the momentous nature of the change, no one noted it. Of course there were outward signs which should have warned. Children's dress, for example, which had been extremely ugly, became pretty and picturesque. The Kate Greenaway books which came with the "art revival" of the 'eighties, made children's clothes delightful and children themselves adorable. The effete continent of Europe began to send its styles. Small dashing sailors began to appear, and ravishing little girls with short socks and bare knees. It was the beginning of the end.

Books about children for children, and, more dangerous, about children for grown-ups, began to appear. Perhaps it was *Little Lord Fauntleroy* who started it. But there was, too, that enchanting volume, *The Golden Age*. The stage played its part, too. Child actresses and actors became an important feature of theatrical life; their bleating voices may still occasionally be detected, though they have grown and now assume maturer rôles. Societies for the protection of children intervened. But the public would not be balked. Dwarfs were discovered who assumed infantile rôles; closely shaven (twice on matinée days) they even assumed the parts of the unborn children in *The Blue Bird*. Once you begin to see that a little child may lead you, you are its hopeless and infatuated slave. You are, as to the young of the race, on the way to being a confirmed Barrieite or a Maeterlinckian.

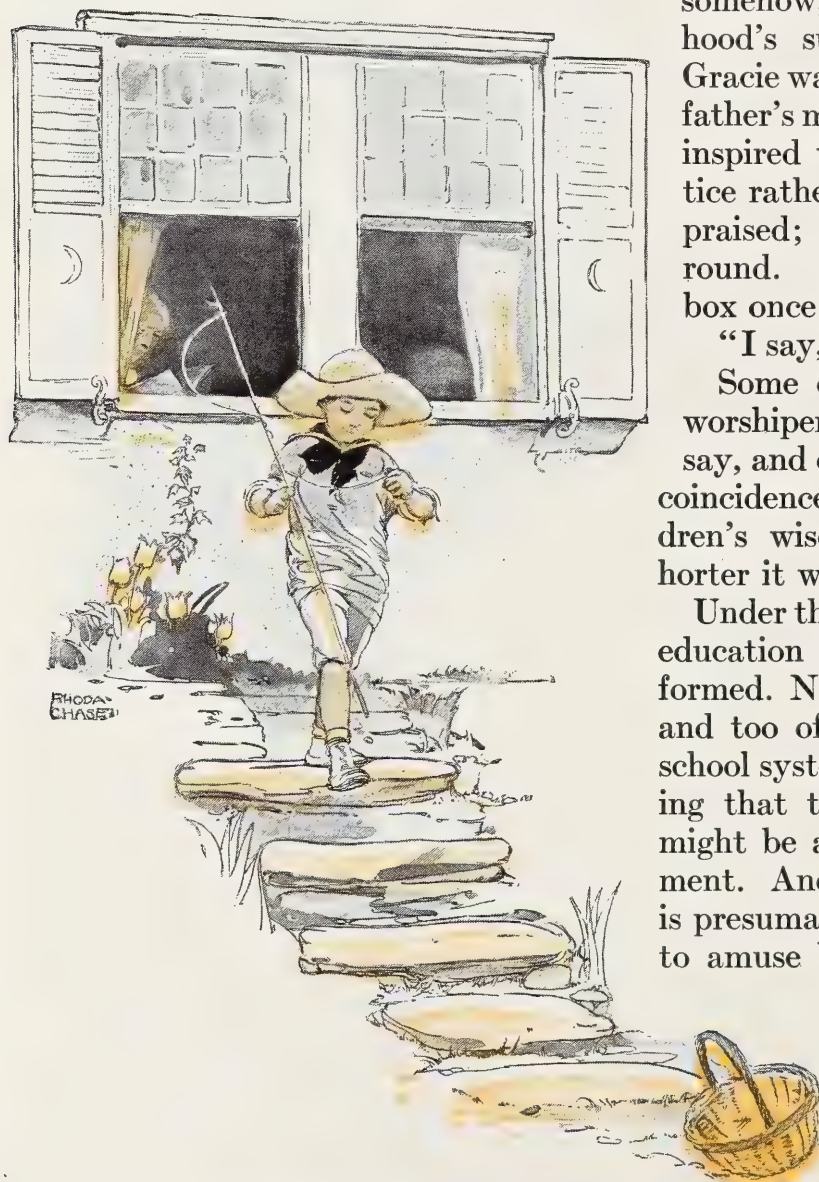
Barrie has made us see childhood anew. In the country where his children play the same dew sparkles that lay like diamonds on the grass at the world's dawn. There is no witchery like his, no such tenderness, no such foolish, lovely jokes. We break our hearts for some lost, half-forgotten Arcadia. We hear the bells that ring in some happy city where all saints and angels and little children that have died now are. And this poor world, as we listen to him, would be, so it seems, like Paradise itself, half laughter and half tears, if we could only rightly value its youngest and fairest inhabitants.

Maeterlinck, speaking another language for another civilization, does not, perhaps, ever come so intimately near to us. But he would lead us even closer to the mysteries. In his dim regions, lit by lovely unearthly lights, little children, all blond and shimmering, wait to be born. And he would have us vaguely apprehend the process by which each small wandering soul seeks out the mother who shall in divine tenderness love it.

If these two writers only are mentioned of a whole school, it is because they are the high priests. There is indeed something of the quality of a new religion in the modern exaltation of the child. Once, when men felt the need of something gentler and more merciful, there grew up in the Church the cult of the Mother of God. To-day, does not the child, sitting on his mother's knee, smile more engagingly, and seem to hint persuasively that in his innocence is the salvation of the world?

Sympathy and liking are duly and sincerely recorded here for anything that can make the world more sensible of the fragile, evanescent beauty of childhood. Yet we have a right to examine even new religions and see how their tenets are to affect our daily lives. If children are human at all it may be dangerous to burn so much incense before them, dangerous alike to them and to those who swing the censers.

Children were once thought well of chiefly because they would grow up to be men and women; nowadays men and women are valued mostly because they were once children. Growing up is only falling from a once proud estate. Children come to us trailing clouds of glory,



IN THE COUNTRY NATURE STUDY PURSUES THE CHILD

and gifted, too—this is the curious point—with some antique instinctive wisdom more cosmic than ours, more directly drawn from the hidden divine fountains of the universe. To adepts of the new cult a child at the breakfast-table consuming its cereal nourishment sits oracularly like the Delphic priestess. A gentleman prominent in national affairs took this view of his blameless little

yellow-haired daughter and gravely put to her the problems which were distracting the world.

"I believe so and so," he would sometimes say, "but Gracie and the chief justice of the Supreme Court think I'm wrong."

That he often *was* wrong does not, somehow, to one heretical as to childhood's supreme wisdom, prove that Gracie was as often right. Of course the father's moderation in allowing Gracie's inspired words to prove the chief justice rather than himself right must be praised; it is more often the other way round. A street preacher on a soap-box once shouted:

"I say, and God agrees with me—"

Some of the more rapturous child-worshippers seem a little like this. They say, and children agree with them; the coincidence being as sure proof of children's wisdom as to the soap-box exhorter it was of God's.

Under the influence of such sentiments education has of course been transformed. No one can doubt the harshness and too often the stupidity of the old school system, and no one can help wishing that the acquisition of knowledge might be a pleasure rather than a torment. And yet the object of education is presumably still to educate, its power to amuse being supplementary wholly, and we must deal with the fact that children in our schools do not nowadays much care to work. If things do not suit them, they strike—even New York has already seen this. From

Bolshevik Russia comes almost ideal news to children. The scholars there establish the curriculum and dismiss at their pleasure unpopular teachers! They see to their own comfort, too, not only by lengthening the recess-time, but by establishing well-equipped smoking-rooms for the upper classes! Of course this last provision may not seem much to the children of New York and New Jersey, who, according to

recent astonishing revelations, are accustomed to securing their supply of cocaine fresh each day from enterprising merchants who are at hand just outside the school gates at the closing-hour. But this is only a measure of what improvements we may expect when American children take the schools in hand.

Even teachers sometimes, in moments of discouragement, admit that children don't work as hard as they used to and don't learn as much. Is it possible to trace a connection between these two facts? Is work really necessary? Will children, even under the most modern system, ever learn the multiplication table in sheer ecstasy of joy? Foreign children seem to know more than their American confrères. Just as grown-up foreigners so often seem better educated than we ourselves are. Is the difficulty that we still make lessons a little irksome, and do not trust enough to that innate excellence of the child, which would doubtless, when the time came, give him knowledge as if by miracle?

There is a singularly pleasant legend (which should be a great favorite with child-worshippers) concerning the offspring of a distinguished American authority on painting. These children, so it is alleged, passed their early years wholly art-free, unmolested by any knowledge of paintings and their value. Their ignorance was abysmal, considering whose children they were. Yet their bodies were healthy and their minds vir-

gin soil, and their parents confident that when the time came—

The time at last did come. When they were fourteen and twelve, respectively, the little boy and girl were, in accordance with their parents' theories, solemnly taken to the Uffizi Gallery in Florence. There they were placed successively in front of the masterpieces of the painter's art while gently and lucidly, in simple words, it was explained to them why these were great and noble pictures. Their little minds, unsullied by art-

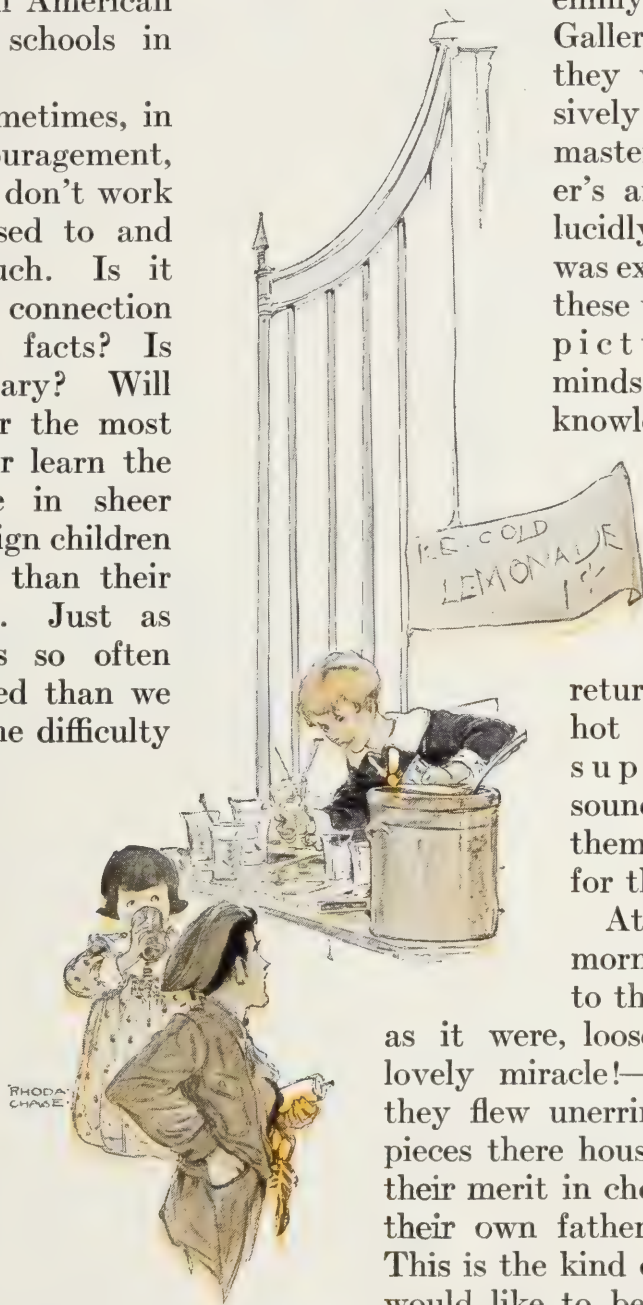
squint which the sight of bad painting gives, were able to understand at once, to swallow art at a gulp. They

returned home, where a hot bath, a wholesome supper, and a night's sound rest invigorated them and prepared them for the morrow's test.

At about eleven in the morning they were taken to the Pitti Gallery and,

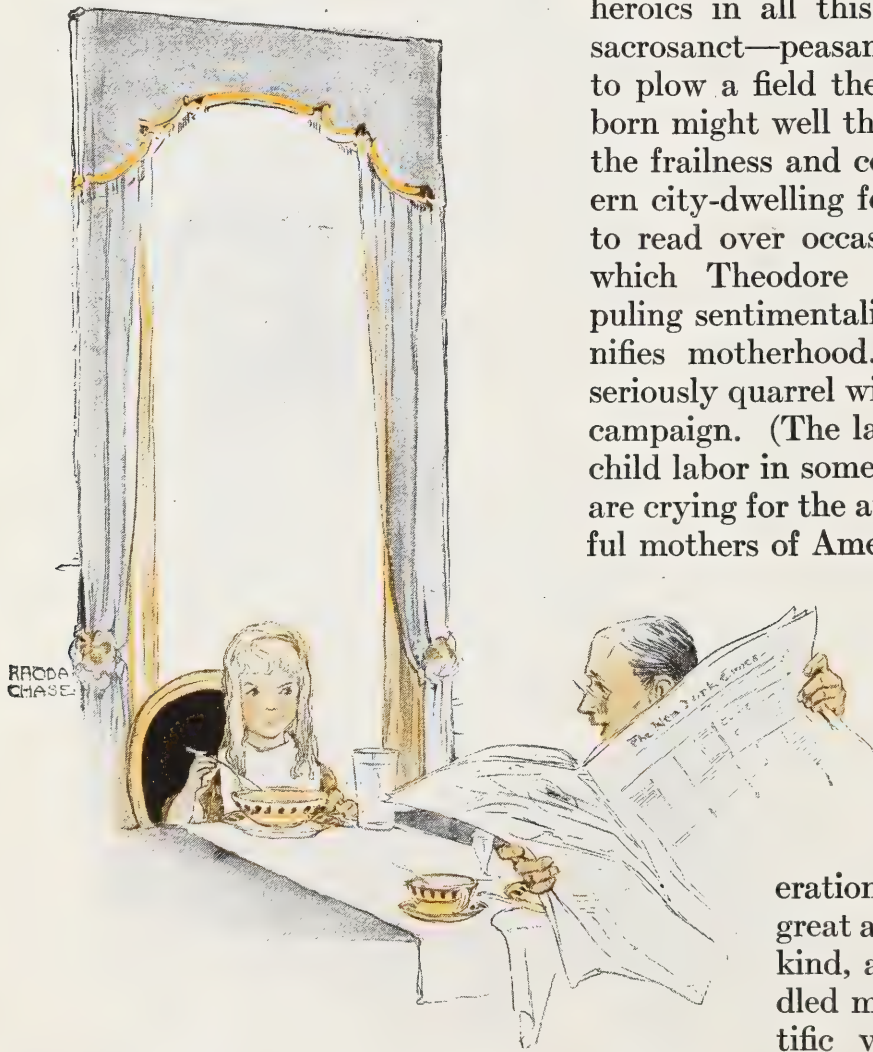
as it were, loosed. And then—oh, lovely miracle!—like homing doves they flew unerringly to the masterpieces there housed, and proclaimed their merit in choice English such as their own father might have used! This is the kind of a story every one would like to believe. It seems to take some practical advantage of the child's intrinsic superiority to the man, and to dispense with all annoying and expensive study.

Unfortunately for the comfort of children, few parents have the perfect faith of these just noted. The education of children, though transformed, still goes on at terrific tension. But the work now seems to be piled on the mothers rather than on the children. The most



THE LUXURY TAX TAKES
NO ACCOUNT OF AGE

feeble-minded mother who is capable of bearing a child must now be thoroughly familiar with all its reflexes, complexes, and inhibitions. While she is washing the dishes she must prop up the latest volume on prenatal influences against the pan. She must swim out upon a vasty ocean of science and theory. She must search her soul to know whether breakfast contained a safe blending of proteins and vitamins, and she must be sure that the union suit of underwear



TO ADEPTS OF THE NEW CULT THE CHILD
IS ORACULAR LIKE A DELPHIC PRIESTESS

she has chosen for her darling puts no strain upon the dorsal muscles. With Freud in hand she must read her child's dreams as did priests of old the entrails of the sacrifices, trying to discover whether the pain in the little one's heel is there because his great-grandmother, in girlhood, dreamed of Achilles.

Such labors and such devotion immediately suggest that motherhood has now perhaps become a greater thing than childhood. May it be, after all, that the child's chief value in our American life is that it brings into being the American mother? When you see in Washington the fine building which serves as Headquarters of the National Congress of Mothers, you realize how serious a matter it is to go into the profession of child-bearing.

There is perhaps a good deal of mock heroics in all this talk of the mother sacrosanct—peasant women accustomed to plow a field the day after a child is born might well think it a confession of the frailness and cowardice of the modern city-dwelling female. Yet it is well to read over occasionally the pages in which Theodore Roosevelt, never a puling sentimentalist, ennobles and dignifies motherhood. And no one can seriously quarrel with any Better Babies campaign. (The law and practice as to child labor in some parts of the country are crying for the attention of the merciful mothers of America.) Even Malthus,

a much-maligned philosopher, did not preach race suicide—only fewer, and so better, children. Indeed, to hand a better world on to a better generation is succinctly the great and holy duty of mankind, and the most bemuddled mother over her scientific volumes, however comic she may be, is never quite a figure of fun.

Nevertheless, it may be permissible to sound a warning. Scientific knowledge on the mother's part must not be allowed to rub the remaining bloom from childhood. The cabbage, even when it begins its career under a bell glass, and has its roots warmed with hot-water pipes within the soil, probably does not much mind being kept from sounding its na-

tive field - note wild. The incubator babies, too, at Coney Island or the county fair, do not concern themselves as yet with the romance and poetry of their rearing. (What a character the incubator baby, free from all sentimental memories of parents, makes for Mr. Bernard Shaw!) But most other modern children, though they be potentates, find life by no means all near-beer and skittles. They are pestered at every step by new theories learned in the child-study course for mothers.

Once upon a time there was a very beautiful little girl with golden locks who lived like a princess with her very modern and scientific father and mother in a large house upon a little hill where many wild strawberries grew. A well-meaning but unscientific grown-up guest (a wretched bachelor, of course) suggested one day, when he happened to be breakfasting alone with the little girl, whom he very much liked, that she and he should spend the morning blissfully gathering the sweet-perfumed little berries which they would eat at lunch with the thick cream which came from the nice cow in the barn. The lovely little girl said, "No, thank you," but her lip trembled. Then the foolish old bachelor again explained and urged his delightful plan, upon which the lovely little girl burst into tears and rushed from the table. The scientific mother a little later explained that by the doctor's orders the lovely little girl had never in all her life been allowed to eat any uncooked fruit!

Now the doctor may have been right; indeed, an amendment to the Constitution of the United States prohibiting the eating of raw fruit by minors may be urgently necessary. But we must learn somehow legitimately to include picking wild berries in the activities of childhood. It is humbly suggested that perhaps if the stewing of the fruit might have occurred on a brick stove which the child

had helped build, over leaves and twigs she herself had gathered, something of the old glamour of wild-strawberry adventure might have clung to it still, as the grown-up had remembered it from his own boyhood.

Especially in reference to rural pleasures it is to be hoped that the children



THE INSTINCT OF MOTHERHOOD IS
EARLY DEVELOPED

of to-day may, when they are older, have some of the romantic memories that their elders now have. Perhaps it is only a trick of advancing age, but the swimming-hole in the brook seems to have a quality which no bathing establishment with a pool and pergola and hot and cold showers can ever have. During last autumn's war thrills one of the great metropolitan newspapers for days filled columns with letters from elderly contributors who debated about the corn-silk cigarettes of their youth, or those they made of the dried leaves of

the wild grape. It seems somehow as if the modern child's country were too well equipped.

Of course in the country nature study pursues the child. A parent or other instructor at his elbow forces him to learn how to tell the wild-flower from the birds—the phrase is by now traditional. And one suspects that, although they provide delightful Indian and cowboy suits, they even want him to learn from some handbook how to play the Sioux brave and from some recommended diagrams how to build a robber's cave. But childhood and the country are an almost invincible combination; it would be hard to ruin them.

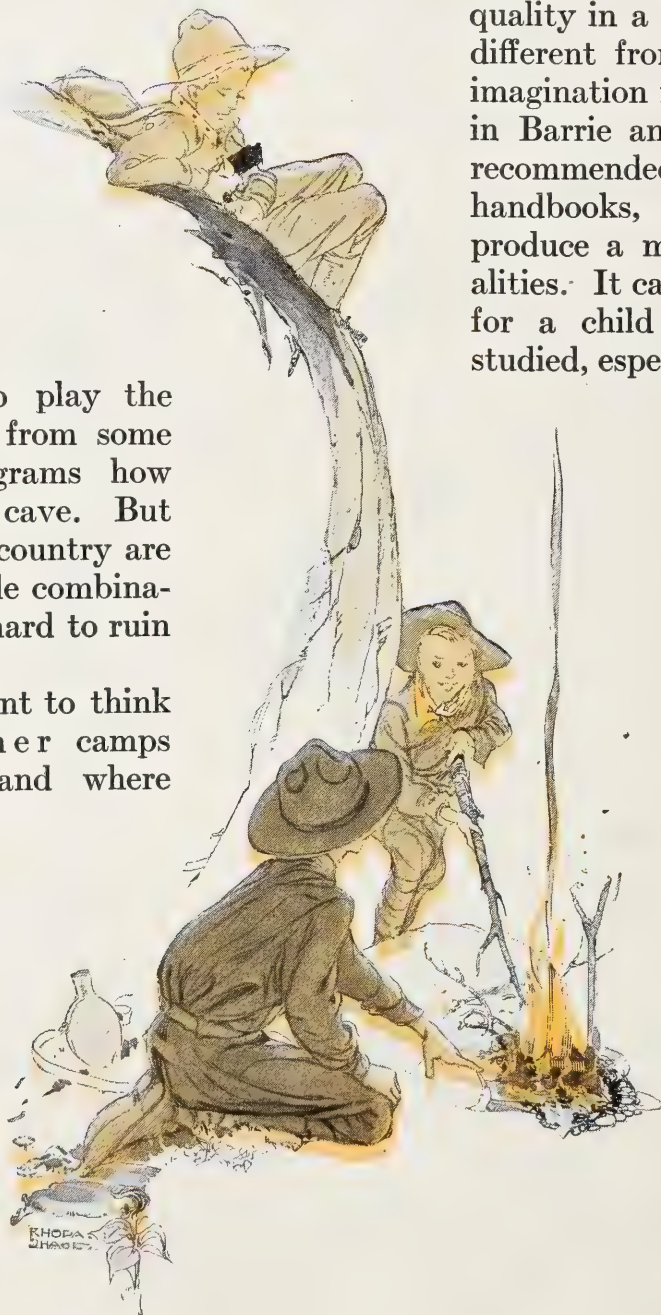
It is very pleasant to think of all the summer camps throughout the land where boys, and girls, too, both rich and poor, may learn something of woodcraft and simple living and open-air sleeping. Nothing can be more agreeable than to see a company of Boy Scouts starting off for a week-end hike to the country, where they will camp, and catch and fry their own fish, and perhaps lie on beds of pine needles. On the whole, perhaps the modern way is just as good. And many parts of the country have a moving-picture theater fairly accessible and a soda-water foun-

tain at hand, so that the most exacting child who is not content with the simple pleasures of field and stream may not lack its evening amusement.

There is, however, quite seriously, the definite danger that all this psychic mode of educating may kill every little eccentricity, every little imaginative quality in a child which may be different from the standardized imagination for children as found in Barrie and Maeterlinck and recommended in the mothers' handbooks, and so in the end produce a monotony of personalities. It cannot be too pleasant for a child to be too closely studied, especially when it comes

into the odd, delicious, happy, sad days of adolescence—it is not pleasant, when a fellow is embarked upon his first love-affair, to find mother at hand with Chapter XIII of her favorite volume on child-psychology, demanding the most awkward and embarrassing confidences, and studying her son as Fabre might an amorous insect under the microscope. In the old days children were sometimes very unhappy because no one was trying to understand them; they

must nowadays be sometimes unhappy because every one is trying to. Privacy, both of person and of thoughts, may be as much their right as ours. We must be careful how we fumble with their souls.



THE BOY SCOUT MOVEMENT HAS GIVEN NEW ZEST TO OLD DIVERSIONS

Apprehensive grown-ups must, of course, remember that some of the simplicity and romance of their childhood has necessarily gone forever. No danger can now threaten a child equal to that of the old high bicycle. No little boy to-day can make it the goal of his ambition to drive the horse-car down the tracks in Main Street; there will soon be children who have never seen a horse. These same nervous people may also safely count on the resistance, conscious and unconscious, of the American child itself. It is amazing how racy of the soil that person is. He reverts to type as do the lower animals or garden flowers. Train him with foreign masters or governesses as you like, he has moments when he snaps back. His speech is an example. He may for a few of the tenderer years, if he is carefully isolated, be master of the low, well-modulated tones of England. But the moment he goes to school his speech gains at once the tang of the streets, or of the gutter if you wish to be emphatic. His nasal tones cut the circumambient air and his R's rasp. It is something stronger than himself, some germ that floats everywhere. Later, at college or after, he may discipline his tongue into the best manner of our own pleasant American language. But he must have sown his linguistic wild oats on the Bowery.

The American child resists manners, too, and sometimes even growing up does not alter this frame of mind. Here in America little boys shake hands and little girls courtesy very much in the way of animals trained by fear. And no American child will, of its own volition, ever say, "Good morning," or, "How d'ye do?" to any grown-up. Foreign children seem by comparison unnatural little monsters of courtesy. And the Latin languages, elegant and concise, give children speaking them an exag-

gerated appearance of poise and polish. There was an undue amount of clamor and shouting in a uniformed line of Venetian school-boys on their way to church, and a child of perhaps ten spoke up.

"*La calma, signori!*" he urged, with



CHILDREN'S DRESS BECAME PRETTY AND PICTURESQUE

mock seriousness. "Calmness, gentlemen!"

An acid little girl of six, on the tram-car at Rome with her nurse, passed by a building where huge posters advertised an exhibition of modern painting.

"That wouldn't interest me," remarked nurse.

"It interests others," answered the little girl, coldly.

Perhaps we may be glad that our children are more natural. There is a kind of wildness still in the American soil.

And children, who are born conservatives, have a deep-seated love for what is indigenous. They are the custodians of the American note. A little ten-year-old boy at our most fashionable seaside resort comes to mind.

He was one of those millionaire babies, fabled in the Sunday supplements, reared in luxury, domiciled in palaces. And when the Fourth of July came there was a terrific scene (from which he emerged victorious) because the one thing he insisted on doing was to sell a pale, watery lemonade for a cent a glass from a small stand which he was going to erect outside the great gates of his father's place on Bellevue Avenue! Within him deep called to deep; by instinct he knew that he could not rightly grow up as an American unless he had at least once performed all the traditional rights of American boyhood, as poor boys and country boys and slum boys were everywhere performing them.

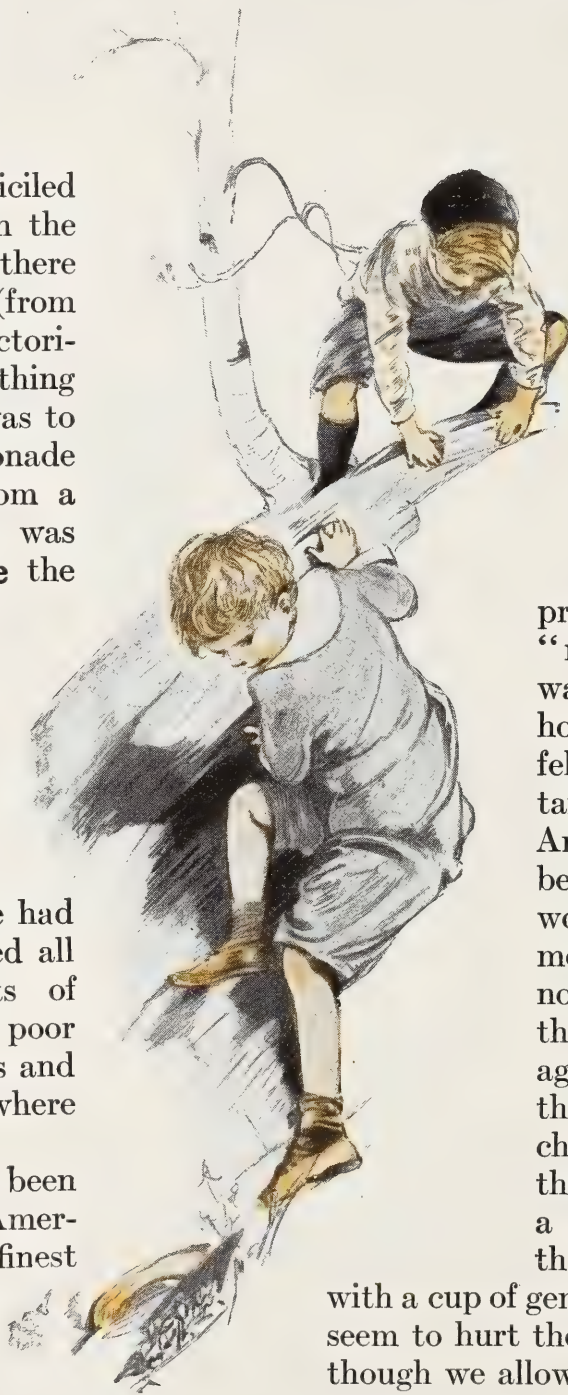
Has the statement been too long delayed that American children are the finest in the world? They are not to be held responsible for the theories and follies of their elders. They want their own way—naturally, if they can get it. They are not much concerned with their complexes. They probably do not take their art-life very seriously—little girls may enjoy dancing barefoot on the greensward, but

they probably think it silly to speak of it as expressing their personalities. If they have more liberty than they once had, let us merely hope that it makes them happier. And let us start a modest catalogue of their merits.

To begin with, they are probably the cleanest children in the world. We are the most bathing race since the Romans; we exceed them in the number of tubs if not in the fervor of our ablutions. St. James the Less, so the *Golden Legend* records in his praise, from childhood “never baigned” and was by this known to be holy. Even among his fellow-boys he would obtain less recognition now. American children should be the healthiest in the world. They are the most generously fed, and nowhere in the world is the battle more fierce against the germs that threaten them. Latin children may sit up with their parents and make a good meal at nine in the evening, enlivening it

with a cup of generous wine. It doesn't seem to hurt them. But our darlings, though we allow them great liberty in manners, are in bed early. They resemble St. James the Less in that he never drank wine, mead, or cider. Their milk is certified and their water boiled. Their food is chosen for them according to articles by popular doctors in the women's magazines. It would be sheer perverseness on their part not to be well.

And we adore them, frankly and with-



CHILDHOOD AND THE
COUNTRY ARE AN AL-
MOST INVINCIBLE
COMBINATION

out embarrassment. It may safely be predicted that children will never be nationalized in America, however much their bringing up by government agencies might, scientifically, be to their advantage. Free love, that goal of so many radical futures, may have to be given up just because parents, both men and women, want their children for their own. Of course everywhere in the world there are to-day women who are inclined to wish children were possible without having undignified recourse to a father, so high above all other loves does, with them, the maternal stand. We have lately on the stage seen Madame Nazimova and Miss Marie Doro go insane over this wish of the young girl, not at all to have a husband, but to have children. But American fathers, though little inclined to the miracle of motherless children, value their offspring with a spontaneity and a lack of self-consciousness which in many parts of the earth would be astonishing. In short, no one in America need apologize for making a fool of himself over children.

The American army has given us an engaging proof of this. In all the reports that came from France one of the most charming things to hear was the way our boys had made pals with the French children. The little ones adored these strange, good-natured, good-looking men, who had such a passion for washing in cold water and smelled so nice. The boys wanted to help the mothers of these children; they were not too proud to offer at once to do "chores" about the house. They made Franco-American friendship a real thing. Individuals, companies, regiments, adopted orphans. Some day they will bring them back to America, and the prettiest, sweetest sentimental comedy will be played as the French boys and girls grow up—*La Fille du Régiment* done over to suit our case.

Even in the occupied districts of Germany our army, which has been able to resist everything else, has found it hard

to resist the children. Perhaps little Hans and Gretchen when they grow up may find it fairly easy to think well of us, if they are only allowed to cling to their childhood's memories of a good-looking khaki-clad American boy holding them upon his knee.

At home the war taught us something about our children. They were so sensitive to patriotism! They were so generous of their small funds and their little strength! Thousands of orphans in France have been adopted by school-children here. Across the seas go letters, and, when the postal regulations allow, shoes and clothing, sometimes sewed by little American girls' fingers. And back come gay foreign picture post-cards and words in funny childish writing that try to express the gratitude of all France. Little stands along our streets where on Saturday afternoon lemonade and rather withered nosegays are sold "for the French orphans" make you smile, and for that instant believe in international friendships and the future of the world.

Whatever his family may be, the child of foreign parents is an American. And he is the great Americanizer. The doctrine he carries home from school he imposes upon them. We may feel sorry that when they might have two languages these foreign children are willing to have only one—American. But the sturdy impulse to be real citizens of the country where they are to live is worth more than the dual ornament of tongues. Little Giovanni, who insists on being called Joe, and Ignaz, who would like to be known as Mike, we should be proud of.

Are we not proud of them—as of all American children? Do we not fill our magazines with jokes made from children's clever sayings, and cover our colored supplements with their engaging doings? (Oh, where in the snows of yesteryear wanders Buster Brown?) Has any article in any magazine a chance to say even half that should be said about our darling, the American Child?

“ A PORTRAIT ”

BY THOMAS SULLY

THERE are few painters who matured so quickly, maintained their powers so evenly for at least a score of years, and then lost the firm grip they so unmistakably had, as did Thomas Sully, who, born in England, came to this country when a boy, began to paint seriously at twenty-five, and, leading a perfectly regular life, commenced running down-hill in his profession before half a century of his ninety years had rolled past. The truth of this becomes apparent whenever some work previously unknown is brought to one's attention, and unhesitatingly and, I may add, unerringly, you place it either before or after the period named without any actual knowledge of its painting date.

The portrait of Sarah Bringhurst Dunant (Mrs. John Stull Williams) falls within the period of Sully's best work. It goes without saying that the painter had a most attractive sitter in this young girl just budding out of childhood into the radiant glory of womanhood, in 1812, the year of her marriage. She appealed to Sully as youth and beautiful femininity always did, for he was particularly sensitive to the subtle ideality of the opposite sex, and he has fixed these evanescent qualities with a strength of handling quite notable, and enveloped them in an atmosphere of very high art, without losing any of the delicacy requisite to preserve the charm of line and of expression of the dainty original.

The color scheme, which is admirably translated on the wood, is very simple. Over her white-muslin gown she wears a crimson-velvet pelisse, faced with yellow satin which shows here and there not to be obtrusive, and her arm rests on the round top of a green-upholstered chair. The figure is relieved by a curtain of the same color as the coat, but lighter in tone, with a glimpse of cloud-flecked sky and landscape in the left distance. This, then, is one of Sully's great accomplishments and well worthy of being preserved by Mr. Wolf's rare craftsmanship.

CHARLES HENRY HART.



"A PORTRAIT," BY THOMAS SULLY

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting

Owned by Miss Sarah D. Williams, Boston, Mass.

LUCK

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

"LUCK!"

Without looking at the others, or at the beef-grower, who had pushed his chair back and got up noisily, Jennison removed one cupped hand from the heap of bank-notes and began to edge them off with a dampened thumb, counting under his breath. The smoky light in the back room of the mountain store showed him still more unlovely in his diligence, deepening the purplish cast of his pain-ridden face and accentuating the twist of his wry-neck.

"Luck!" he repeated for the third time, in the same dry tone.

The others fidgeted, coughed, and fooled with the soiled, scattered cards, keeping uneasy eyes on Yaard. The beef-grower had turned back from the doorway, his arms struggling with the armholes of his wine-colored mackinaw. He was a big, young, blond fellow, good-looking, full-blooded, easy-going. But now the stale light showed his face blotched with red.

"Luck!" he cried. "Luck, eh?"

Peters, the storekeeper and peace-maker, got up with an unnecessary clatter and came around the table, bearing a half-empty bottle.

"Yaard, old fellow, have just one before you go, that's the man. It'll be cold going over the mountain. Just a small one—to help the sun up? Eh?"

"To hell with that stuff!" The beef-grower ran the back of a wrist over his lips with an unconscious gesture. "I'm looking at that man there!"

Jennison, counting, "Seven hundred and five, seven hundred and fifty-five—" did not raise his eyes. His studied pre-occupation struck deeper into the other's anger. Leaning over a chair-back, Yaard

brought his fist down on the table-top.

"I'll be damned if that four queens over four tens was *luck*. And here's another thing. Take it from me and put it in your pipes and smoke it up, the whole lot of you. There's no such thing in the world as *luck*, and the man's a damned fool that thinks there is. . . . Good night!"

Turning his back on them, he went out, and they heard him blundering through the littered darkness in the front part of the store. Peters, anxious for his goods, followed, catching up a pile of burlap from a barrel beside the door. They heard him calling:

"Oh, Yaard, take care for them apricot-cases right in the way there. Wait a second! You forgot your grain-bags. Wait a second!"

"God-a-mighty!" he complained, when he came back. "I never can tell if that fellow's had too much or not." His mouth was sour with the night, and he made a face. "And now what's wrong with *you*, Ed?"

Boler, the sawmill man, shook a sad, comical head. "You heard that? 'No such thing as luck'? Yaard! Will Yaard! And him the luckiest fool devil that ever drew breath! Luck? Good Mother o' mine! *Luck!*"

The recurrence of the word put them in mind of the one remaining, the silent, wry-necked winner bent over his calculations, and they stopped talking. The awkward silence in the room merged with the wide hush of the mountain night; through it they heard the infinitesimal flaws that made it only the more complete—the fall of a lone pine cone on the crust, the whine of a dog asleep

in a shed, the bladelike creak and snap of fibers under the pressure of the frost that comes before dawn. A mile away above the Forks a vixen barked.

Jennison stuffed the folded notes into a hip pocket and got up. He began struggling into his sheepskin reefer with his usual sighs and grimaces of pain. It made every one uncomfortable.

"Going over the mountain?" asked Peters, who knew well enough.

Jennison gave him a sour look and nodded obliquely.

"If I was you," Tinker advised from the stove-corner, "I shouldn't walk too fast goin' over the mountain. It's a narra road for two to travel, Jen, and by the looks of Will Yaard when he left here he wouldn't relish havin' his heels trod on too much this mornin'."

Tinker was Peter's hired man. He was held for something of a wit, and made everybody laugh with his solemn drawl.

"Yaard's all right," he went on, "when he's *sober*. And when he 'ain't got a *grudge*."

Boler, who enjoyed this sort of thing, slapped his thigh.

"And a *gun*," he put in. "What Yaard wants to lug that old forty-four around for beats me. Wolves, he says."

"Wolves!" Peters gave a sarcastic laugh and looked at Jennison. "Have you got a gun on you, Jen? You got to remember you're carrying quite a piece o' money, and by the looks of Will Yaard he wasn't more 'n above too certain yet who it belongs to. Got a gun, Jen?"

The storekeeper thought it had gone far enough. He clapped the table.

"Pshaw! Jennison, don't pay 'em any attention!"

Jennison was not even looking their way. He pulled his rat cap over his red, outstanding ears, fished for his mittens, and shook his head with a touch of anger at the other's proffered bottle.

"Come to think of it, though, guess I will," he muttered.

"That's the boy," nodded Peters. "Same to you. I hope you prosper!

You busy now, Jennison? Got any fox-traps out this year, eh?"

"Oh, a few." Jennison drew his sleeve over his bloodless lips. "Got a couple down near the pond. If I feel like it when I come by there I might have a look at them on the way over."

Tinker reached over and tapped Boler on the knee.

"That's where we'll search for him," he advised, in a stage whisper.

Boler struck back at him with a ponderous glee. "Yessir! We'll have the pond drug. If he don't turn up to home in good time, with the money, you understand, we'll—"

But Jennison was gone. They heard him, as they had heard Yaard before him, groping through the store, and Peters after him, calling advice and caution.

The storekeeper was out of temper with them when he returned.

"You fellows ought to know better 'n to go on like that," he said. "Good God! as if there wasn't enough bad blood between 'em already."

"Women!" Tinker soliloquized. "If there wasn't any women, now!"

"I guess that's right."

"That's about it, I guess."

They all nodded.

"Judge Proal's daughter, ain't it?"

"Looks so."

"And to think of Jen—with *his* face! And his kind of luck with money! Why, to-night's the first time I ever see money cross Jen's palm the right way yet."

"And you got an idea why—to-night—"

"Now, now, what's the use—"

"All right. But to think of *him* looning around a girl like Judge Proal's young un! Dear, dear!"

"Especially with Will Yaard—"

"Yeh."

Peters yawned. Corking the bottle and tucking it under his arm, he turned to the door.

"I'm going to bed. Let Boler out, Joe, when he begins to feel like going home. Thank God for Sunday. Good night."



Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner

"TAKE IT FROM ME, THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS LUCK"

And they heard him in his turn making off through the store, and then the sound of his boots, incisive and metallic, on the frosty stair leading to the loft. . . .

It was one of those windless, brittle nights which come sometimes in a mountain winter, when the utter stillness, piling up on itself through the hours, takes on just before dawn an electric quality; the report of a twig popping a quarter-mile away comes to the ear undiminished through the clear, magnetic fluid, and a man may be well-near deafened by the crackle of his own footfalls running under him like a slow fusilade of musket-fire.

Jennison halted for the second time where the road came in a bend over a little ridge spurring down from the mountain, and remained standing as he was, motionless as the architectural pines flanking him to left and right, his knees bent between steps, the tilt of his head, cocked and thrust forward by the malformation of his neck, heightening almost to the point of caricature the attitude of the listener.

He had been quite sure the other time that some one beside himself was moving on the road. What he learned now was that the creaking footsteps were not, as he had imagined, ahead of him, but behind.

Turning around with a half-conscious care to keep his boots from crunching on the snow, he waited, his eyes fastened on the inner wall of the bend, black in the starlight. After a moment a figure detached itself from the pines and came forward, climbing steadily along the blue-gray ribbon of the road. It was Yaard.

Had Jennison been a braver man he would have turned on his heel and walked on with his back to Yaard. As it was he waited, standing quite motionless. When the beef-grower had come to within about ten paces he halted. Whether or not it was because he saw Jennison then for the first time it would be hard to say, just as it would be hard

to say whether the gesture with which he shifted the grain-bags to his left arm was simply to give the other a rest, or whether it was with the old, half-buried instinct of leaving the right hand free.

For perhaps twenty seconds neither man moved or spoke. In the perfect stillness each could hear the other breathing and see the gray, pear-shaped jets rising from the other's nostrils straight upward in the windless starlight. It was one of those queer, lawless moments, one of those dropping-off places in time for which no man can account or be held responsible.

Jennison was the first to stir. "Will—what do you want?"

The beef-grower lifted his right hand suddenly and struck his brow with the flat of his mitten.

"Me?"

He began to laugh, opening his mouth wide and throwing his head back. The charmed silence was broken. His loud, frank laughter ran away through the corridors of the forest and came back indecorously from the faces of hidden rocks.

Jennison felt his face breaking into a profuse perspiration which froze immediately in a gossamer crust on his skin.

"Well, what the hell, then!" he protested, huskily, mopping his forehead with his mitten. "What we standing here for like a—a—"

"Like a couple of strange dogs," the other supplied. He came forward, stamping his feet and whacking his sides with his elbows. In him the revulsion from melodrama took the form of an exuberant liberation. "Only I didn't know you were ahead of me, that's all," he explained, with another burst of laughter.

They started on, side by side. The first rift appeared in the night. A ghostly effulgence hovered in the zenith and was gone again, and after a moment the woods on the crest to the east showed an edge of grayness, faintly heliotrope.

As they tramped along, Yaard explained his lagging, and the whole start-

ling trick of transposition became absurdly simple. Coming past the Pitner place at the bottom of the hill he had remembered that he ought to see Pitner, and he had turned up the road to the house.

"Pitner was just getting up," he said. "There's a little piece of money I been owing him for a bunch of calves, and I was figuring to pay up to-day. I wanted him to know I was—was—" He broke off suddenly, his face flushing, and began to whistle "Suwanee River." He shook his shoulders roughly.

"That you were *what?* Go on!" Jennison lagged half a pace behind and watched Yaard's back with an odd fascination. The sweat began to stiffen on his brow once more, and he, too, shook his shoulders roughly, as if struggling with something. He had not wanted to ask the question at all.

A singular thing had happened to them. The long, heavy night, their lungs drowsy with the spent air, their brains alternately sagging and leaping with the recurrent, suppressed excitement of the play and the repeated stimulation of whisky—the abrupt plunge into the outer air, like a plunge into an icy bath—the interval of isolation and utter stillness—the profound nervous shock of that moment when, startled by a trick of time and place, they had found themselves staring into each other's eyes, "like a couple of strange dogs"—by such successive stages had they been stripped, unconsciously, piece by piece, of their protective husks, their inhibitions, their spiritual defenses, their mental reserves. And now in the weird hour of dawn they found themselves of a sudden unable to hold their thoughts or curb their tongues. It made them ill at ease. They saw that they were naked, and they were ashamed. They struggled against it. A man drunk will give himself away inevitably; he will say what he always really wants to say, will do what he always really wants to do. These men were drunk with something more than whisky—added to whisky.

"That you were *what?*" asked Jennison. "Go on!"

"That I wasn't able to keep my word about paying him to-day—because I'd gone and lost the money—sitting in a poker game—like a damned fool."

A hunted look came into the other's eyes, mingling with and deepening the expression of fascination.

"It was a run of luck," he muttered, and bit his nether lip.

"And I tell you it wasn't. I was a damned fool to sit with you, and that's settled and done. No, there's no such thing as '*luck*.' A man gets what's coming to him in the long run. Look at me, now."

"Yes, but look at *me!*"

"Look at me, now. They'll tell you I'm lucky. 'That lucky bastard, Will Yaard,' they'll say. But let me tell you the secret—"

"Yes, yes, but look at *me!*" In his hunger to be heard, Jennison increased his pace by two or three short steps, almost like a hopping bird, an illusion still further heightened by the twist of his neck and the eager, inquisitive cock of his head. "Look at *me*, Will! Do you say I ain't *unlucky?* Eh? Eh?"

"No, it ain't unluckiness, Jen. You're always doing fool things, that's all. You're always making fool bargains with your money, or getting drunk and throwing it away. And you're damned lazy, Jen, and you know it. Always were. You'll never get ahead any, never in God's world, and it ain't unluckiness, either."

"I know, Will, I know. But it ain't *that* I'm thinking of. I've never cared a shuck about that, not a shuck. I've never cared much about anything till just lately—not till—till—"

"Till Hetty Proal came home from seminary with her hair up, eh?"

"I'll tell you the living truth, Will; not till then."

At ordinary times they were ordinary men; wild horses could not have dragged either of them to pronounce the word "love" in the other's hearing, except

as personal to a third party, with jeering or mock pity. But now as they walked, climbing higher and higher over the mountain's shoulder into the thin, pale, icy wine of the dawn, a sort of Pentecostal carelessness loosened their tongues, the bars were let down, and their thoughts ran away with them.

"Not till then," Jennison went on, with a fevered eagerness. "I'll tell you the living truth, Will; I love that girl."

"You do, do you? Why, look at you, Jen! Just look at you! Good Lord! you make a man laugh."

"And then you say I ain't unlucky! You say I ain't unlucky!"

Their voices, unrestrained, incisive, ran away among the trees; a flight of startled snowbirds whirled in the near air; for a moment a fine thread of tone hung over the ridges, the engine's whistle as the "Five-fifty-eight" came sliding into Monk's Falls. Colors—the cold lilac of the sky and snow, the blue of firs, the deep malachite of pines, grew vivid. The world was big with the day.

"You say I ain't unlucky? Look here. I go by the Judge's every day, almost. I'll go five mile out of my way to pass there. I'll go in. She'll ask me in. I'll sit there and I'll look at her. I'll see her smooth, soft, white neck, and I'll see how the brown hair lays light and warm against her cheek, and I'll imagine how it would feel against *my* cheek—my cheek that's never touched the hair of a woman that knew me. I'll sit there and talk. I can talk better than most men, better a good sight than you, Will. I can talk—just so long as she don't look at me. . . ."

"Talk? Good God! Yes. Talk, talk, talk. You can talk!"

It was quite without rancor. Yaard walked at an enormous, free gait, his right arm swinging, his face lifted a little and his eyes on the sky.

"That's all right, but just the same I'd make her a good husband."

"*Husband?*" The beef-grower laughed loudly without taking his eyes from the waning stars. "*Husband?*"

"All right, all right, but I would. No, maybe I wouldn't make her quite such a good living, but I'd know better what she was thinking of, or worrying about, or such things. I can see different sides of things. And she likes to hear me talk, and I can talk—so long as she don't look at me. But the minute she looks at me—"

"She laughs?"

"She *don't*! That's a lie! That's a hell of a thing to say! She don't laugh, no, sir. . . . Only when I feel her looking at me I— Well—you know. . . . And then you got the cheek to say I ain't unlucky. Is it *my* fault I'm like— Is it any of *my* fault I was born like— *this?*"

"You've made it worse by drinking, that's all I know. And then again, if it ain't your fault yourself, it's the fault of somebody; it's pay for something. It says in the Bible that a man's sins will go down from two to three generations. You look back and I warrant you'll find a foolish act somewheres—your father or your grandfather or some one. No, no, Jen; complain all you want to, only don't lay it to luck; don't lay it to accident. Accidents don't happen. . . . Take *me*, now . . ."

"Yes," cried Jennison, in a bitter tone. He had almost to run to keep pace with the other's sanguine stride. "Only everything always comes easy for you."

"Take *me*, now. If I need what you call 'luck,' why, I make it. Accidents? Bah! I'd like to see the accident that would keep me from going right on ahead. The whole thing is, I work hard, but not too hard. I use my head, but I don't worry. I'll take a drink, but I don't take too many. I'll do a fool thing, maybe, once in a long while, like to-night; but here's the point—you won't find me doing it *twice*. And so I'll keep on going ahead. Bound to!" He lifted his chin still higher, expanded his chest with a yet deeper draught of the sparkling air. "Bound to!"

The mists of easy-going, workaday self-detraction were swept away; he saw

himself for the moment in the naked splendor of dawn.

"You wonder how Hetty's hair would feel against a man's cheek. *I know.* Night before last it laid against mine—when she told me all right—when I asked her if she'd marry me and she told me all right. That's the way with you, Jen—you wonder. That's the way with me—I know!"

For a little while there was silence, ruffled only by the swift crunching of the snow in the road. When Jennison spoke his voice sounded thick and rasping, as if it hurt his throat.

"Is that true, Will? No fooling, is it true, Will?"

"God's truth. We'll be married before the month's done."

There was another silence, longer than the last.

"No, I'll be *damned* if you will!"

The beef-grower wheeled, startled not so much by the words as by the abrupt change in distance. Jennison had halted a dozen paces back and stood there staring after him. His eyes were bloodshot, his color livid. His upper lip contracted, showing his teeth.

"What you mean, you'll be damned if we will? What you mean by that, Jen?" And then, with a wave of exasperation, Yaard bawled at him: "Quit it! Quit it! O my God! you're such a baby! Quit looking that way, I say!"

"I'll be *damned* if you will!" Jennison repeated, in the same tone.

Yaard walked back to him, taking long steps. Halting before him, he spread his feet wide and put his fists on his hips.

"Well, then, what you going to do about it?"

For a moment they remained staring fixedly into each other's eyes. The eastern sky was turning green; the poisonous light ran over their set faces. Once again it was the weaker man's glance that fell.

"I don't know. I don't know." His shoulders sagged with a sudden weariness. In a flash of pitiless light he seemed

to see himself for the first time as he was. "What can I do? Look at me. I ain't anywhere near as big as you nor as stout as you. And on top of that you've got a gun."

"Oh, *bah!*" Yaard spat loudly in the snow in his disgust. "That's just like you, Jen." Fumbling in his pocket, he drew out the revolver and thrust it roughly into the other's hand, crying: "There you are! Now! There! You got it, man! Now what?"

Jennison's eyes rested heavily on the weapon lying in his palm. Lifting with a slow and horrible fascination, they came to the other's breast, where, under the deep-red stuff of the mackinaw, the heart beat. His sick nerves rebelled. A shudder passed over his frame. His teeth chattered, distorting his words.

"You're lucky, lucky. You know I can't do it. You know as well as I do I can't do it in cold blood, you—you devil, you."

He felt himself stripped, ashamed, degraded. He could not meet Yaard's glance; his hunted eyes ran everywhere. At the foot of a long, gentle, sparsely wooded declivity to the left he saw the pond, its ice gleaming iron gray between the silhouetted poplar-boles.

Strange thoughts tumbled slowly through his brain, speculations, fragments of remembered speech. So engrossed was he that the other's outburst came to him only in meaningless dribbets: "—poor snipe—as if *you* could harm *me*—as if you could imagine—" He was thinking to himself instead, "Joe Shultz was up to try the ice for cutting yesterday. Must have been just down there, because he told me there was ten inches just off the bend. . . ."

"As if you could imagine," Yaard was repeating, hoarsely, "that anything *you* could do—"

"As if I could imagine," Jennison echoed, hanging his head.

"You poor snipe!"

"Yes, I *am* a poor snipe."

"You make me sick." Yaard spat on the snow again, as if to get a taste out



Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner

Engraved by H. Leinroth

HE STOOD WATCHING JENNISON'S LABORIOUS PROGRESS DOWN THE HILL

of his mouth. "You never *can* carry a thing through."

"No," Jennison agreed, in a dreary voice. "I never been able to carry a thing through yet; I know it as well as you do."

The sight of his moral disintegration was revolting. His knees bent under him, his head lopped over untidily on his twisted neck. One hand began groping feverishly in a hip pocket.

"I can't," he groaned. "I can't even carry through my one run of luck. Take it!" he cried, pushing the roll of bank-notes into the other's hands with a nervous violence. "It's yours! I—I—"

"I know," Yaard put in with a sudden large tranquillity. "I knew all along. That last was too raw; that four queens. You saved three of them out of your full-house three hands before. I knew it. But I never worried. I knew I'd get the money back. I knew you couldn't carry it through. . . . But look here; I only want what's mine. You got some of your own in here, Jen."

"No, no, no!" Jennison waved a hand in passionate protest. "I don't want part or parcel of it, Will. I won't touch it, Will. It's dirty to me now."

"Don't be a fool!" Yaard's ordinary, expansive good-nature had come back. He unrolled the bills with his thumb, counting. "How much, Jen? Well, never mind, then; I know."

"I won't, Will! I won't, I tell you!" Jennison almost danced in the ecstasy of refusal.

"There!" Yaard forced a thin sheaf into his hand. "Take it, I say. And now shut up and come on along."

Jennison did not move. For the moment he seemed unable to answer. As he stared down at the money lying limp in his hand a curious look came and went in his eyes. He seemed to shake himself.

"I ain't going on just now," he said. "I got a couple of traps down here by the pond I'd like to have a look at before sunup." He stared thoughtfully at the snow near his feet. "There's a blue

fox on the mountain somewheres." Joe Shultz seen it less 'n a week ago. If I could get that fellow! Say, Will, would you mind leaving me take one of them grain-bags for a spell? Eh? Thanks. I tell you, if I had the luck to catch that blue one I shouldn't want the whole township knowing it, eh?"

He took the grain-bag and folded it over his arm. It was a good, stout bag (Yaard took pride in his business and all its physical details), and on one side it bore the black-stenciled legend:

ELM BROOK FARM

Wm Yaard Prop

"Here's your gun," he went on, still looking down slantwise at the snow as he held out the big, clumsy revolver. "But no; wait a second," he reconsidered. "I'll bring it 'round to your place later, if it's all the same, Will. If you don't mind, I'd just as leave have it along, in case that fox—"

"Fox!" Yaard almost shouted with mirth. "Lord, Jen, you ain't a-scared of a fox!"

Jennison's teeth sank slightly into his lower lip. "No," he said, slowly. "Only them blue ones, you know. I've heard say they ought to be shot in the eye—so 's not to mar the pelt."

"Oh, well, hell!" Yaard waved his arm. "I don't claim to know anything about such things. Go on, take it and welcome. *Keep* the plagued thing if you're a mind to; been trying to throw it away for a year, anyhow. There's no more of them forty-fours hereabouts any longer; can't even get shells any more, without I send away for them. Keep it, keep it; I make you a present."

"Oh no, no! That's all right," the other muttered, sheepishly. "I'll see you later with it, all right. So long!"

Putting the weapon in the pocket of his reefer, he stepped out of the rutted road into the clean snow down-hill. He was not gone, however. He had something yet to say, and, staring hard at the beef-grower's boots, he said it.

"Will, if you don't mind—maybe you'll think it's funny—but I'd be as obliged if you wasn't to say anything about it, about my handing back the money, you know, and all that. I suppose I deserve to be showed up, only, somehow or other—I'd be just as obliged—"

"Not a word!" cried the other, in good-natured protest. "Not a word, trust me!"

"If you was to say you hadn't met up with me, or seen me, even. If any one asked you—if you was to say you hadn't laid eye on me after you left Peter's place—"

Yaard cut him off with a wave and an indulgent laugh. "Anything you like, Jen. Not another word. I'll swear on the Bible I never laid eye on you. Now go 'long about your business. So long!"

Filled with a sense of large and beneficent tranquillity, he stood as he was for a moment, watching Jennison's laborious progress down the hill. The snow, about a foot deep and crusted not quite thickly enough to bear, made heavy going.

The long labor of dawn was near its end. The whole eastern heaven flamed with a pale, cold lemon, against which the farther ridges stood out dark and cold and dead. The poplars fringing the pond, silhouetting more strongly with each passing moment, looked hard and dead, too, each separate stem like an upright bar of iron eaten black with rust. And on the spotless mat of the snow the figure of the walker showed vividly in its every detail, the narrow, uneven shoulders, the grotesque carriage of the neck and head, the awkward posture of the left elbow as he held the grain-bag clear of the snow.

"Blue fox, eh? Shoot them in the eye, eh? Sounds just a trifle fishy to me. Now I wonder . . ."

A vague sensation of uneasiness came over him. He shuffled his feet in the snow and told himself he was silly. With a formless impulse he put his hand to his mouth to call after Jennison. And

then he took it down again without calling.

Jennison waded on down the gentle slope without once looking back. His feet made hard work, but he was conscious of no fatigue. His face was set and expressionless. He was thinking.

It was as if he had a new brain, in which thoughts came and went with an intoxicating swiftness, a starry clarity. Bits of recollected speech hovered for instants in the clean, new mental firmament:

"As if *you* could harm *me*—you poor snipe—"

"As if you could imagine that anything *you* could do—"

"You never *can* carry anything through, Jen, never—"

His face remained expressionless, save for a faint satirical twisting at the corners of the lips. His eyes, staring straight ahead rested on the pond, glimpsed in larger and larger fragments through the trees. Phrases came back to him:

"That's where we'll search for him. . . . We'll have the pond drug . . . if he don't turn up to home . . . with the money—"

"Yaard's all right when he's *sober*. . . . And when he 'ain't got a *grudge* . . . and a *gun*. . . . That old forty-four—"

"Remember you're carrying quite a piece of money, Jen, and Yaard—"

He was well down among the trees now. A phrase of the beef-grower's recurred to him:

"But look here, I only want what's mine. . . ."

Halting, he took from his pocket the notes Yaard had thrust upon him and studied them for a moment with an extraordinary concentration.

"Damn the luck!" he muttered. "Why did he have to think?"

There were six of them, five tens and a two. Holding them out fanwise, he scratched a match and set them on fire. They burned pallidly in the growing light. When the flames had come to his

finger-tips he gathered the ashes in his palms, rubbed them to dust, threw the dust in the air. And then, turning two of his pockets wrong side out with a violence that left one of them torn half-across, he went on.

At the pond's edge, where a ribbon of black, frozen earth and stones intervened between the snow and the ice, he laid the grain-bag down, folding it neatly two ways. On it he placed the revolver. Then, standing up and shading his eyes, he swept them slowly across the nearer ice. All his actions now were performed with an extraordinary precision, doubly extraordinary in a man who had always faltered and fumbled a little.

"There!" he nodded. "I knew it must be somewheres here."

He had some trouble in getting a stone. He picked out a large, round one and tried to pry it from its bed of frozen mud. It was only after he had pushed and tugged for minutes, his fingers bleeding under the nails with the cruel work, that he had it free in his hands.

Carrying it, he walked out across the ice. He was glad to see that his soles left no imprint on the glassy surface. Schultz, the owner of the ice-house at the foot of the pond, had cut a small, rectangular hole about twenty yards out from shore. During the night it had closed up again, but the new ice was only an inch or so thick and showed darker. Jennison cast the stone in the center and the whole new surface caved in with a turmoil of black water. He looked down at it, and a slight, convulsive shudder passed over his body. He raised his eyes to the eastern ridge.

"I got to hurry."

Returning to the shore, he hesitated only a moment.

"I need more stones." He looked down at the stones. "Let them be, just now. I got to hurry."

Abandoning the pond, the stones, the bag, and the revolver, he started off swiftly through the trees, throwing up a huge furrow with his boots. Five minutes later he was back again, standing

in the same place, in the same posture, looking down at the stones. Only the half-congealed sweat on his face told of the enormous exertion he had been through, exertion of which he had been scarcely aware, exertion which seemed, on the face of it, to have gained him nothing. In reality it had accomplished this: whereas, when he had started, there had lain across the snowy expanse between road and pond a single, well-churned foot-track, there now lay three, and to the eye of any mountaineer it could be seen that *two* of them led *down* to the pond, and *only one* led *back*.

"More stones!" he muttered. "More stones!"

He got down on his knees and fell to the terrible work of tearing them out. The blood ran down freely from his nails; groans issued from his throat, but he felt no pain. When he had four worked loose he put them in the grain-bag and tied up the end securely. All this he did mechanically and, as has been said, with an extraordinary precision and thrift of movement. All the while, across the stage of his transfigured brain thoughts came and went in a troop — words, phrases, small, vivid, and fragmentary pictures. . . .

He saw a crowd of men, grim-faced, angry, gathered at the pond's edge.

He saw them walking along a road.

He saw Hetty Proal's face, as in silhouette against a winnow with flowers, her hands pressed tight against her whitening cheeks.

He saw Yaard, ignorant as yet of what had happened, opening his door in the night to invisible questioners. He heard him answering, hesitating, as he remembered his promise, grinning slightly: "Jennison? No, I didn't see him. Don't know nothing about him. What? Money? No, I don't know nothing about any money. Where's my forty-four, you say? What's it all about? Say! Yes, yes, that's my grain-bag. Can't you see for yourselves? What? Search my house? What do you mean? Say, look here—what the devil!"

The sun trembled under the earth's rim; the sky ran crimson from the eastern ridges to the zenith. Under the spacious glow an illusion of warmth, or roseate hope, flooded the little valley. Snowbirds flew high. Even the trees seemed to lift their sapless boughs a little to the instant of day. An energy, as inexorable as it was dramatic, carried the man along.

He was standing with his back to the pond and his face toward a little copse of undergrowth fifteen or twenty yards up among the poplars. The grain-bag was bound to his middle, his belt let out a little and buckled over it, with two of the heavy stones hanging down in either end.

"I got to throw it right there, right there." He repeated it over and over. Somewhere or other he had heard that if a man thought hard enough about a certain action or set of actions he would somehow or other go through with them in the moment of death. "Then," he whispered to himself—"then I got to turn 'round and walk straight."

There was no hesitation, no bungling. Caught up in the dramatic sequence of events and circumstances, he thought, for the first time in his painful, self-centered life, scarcely at all of himself or of what he did. There was no faltering. He held the revolver out at arm's-length, aimed at his right breast, his thumb on the trigger.

"I got to throw it right there," he repeated. "Then I got to turn 'round and walk straight out across the ice. . . ."

He was not conscious of any stabbing or rending pain; rather of a broad, flat, heavy blow, as from a fist. He recovered his balance, took his thumb out from the trigger-guard carefully, drew back his arm, and threw the weapon into the underbrush, where, flicking the twigs as it passed, it sank out of sight under the snow.

Then he turned around and walked out across the ice toward the hole. As he walked he said out loud:

"No, I'll be *damned* if you will!"

The blood from his lips fell down and immediately spread out in large, pinkish circles on the ice. The sun's red rim peeped over the ridge directly ahead, laying a sudden, blinding, crimson path before his numb feet.

It seemed farther than he had thought. He walked and walked. The numbness in his legs increased; a great fatigue came over him; the stones in the bag dragged him down. A terrible fear smote him. He had lost his way. He had missed the hole, and, passing it by, walking, walking, under that dragging weight, he must have come almost as far as the center of the pond. It was so far. He began to cough.

One of his feet went out from under him. He clawed at the air and found nothing to sustain him. The water in the hole rose up in a round, black fountain to engulf him.

He felt himself going down and down. The icy impact of the water all around his head seemed to have awakened him from a dream. He opened his eyes, but it was all green and dark. He opened his mouth to shout, and water gushed into his throat. . . .

"*God! God! Where am I?*"

In the new sunshine bubbles rose to the surface of the water in the hole Shultz had chopped. Breaking, they rocked the floating splinters of ice, like microscopic ships in distress on a miniature sea. And then all was still again.

Yaard stood as he was for a moment, watching Jennison's laborious progress down the hill. On the spotless mat of the snow the figure of the walker showed vividly in its every detail, the shoulders, the carriage of the head and neck, the awkward posture of the left arm holding the grain-bag clear of the snow.

The beef-grower was conscious of a vague sensation of uneasiness. Moved by a formless impulse, he put his hand to his mouth to call after Jennison. And then he took it down again and wheeled at sound of a sudden, close thudding of hoofs on the snow of the road. A big

bay gelding between the shafts of a black sleigh was near to running him down.

"Say!" he protested, jumping to one side. And then, seeing whose sleigh it was, his temper changed.

"What you doing there, Judge? If you don't get them bells put on again pretty quick you'll be up for manslaughter in your own court."

Judge Proal peered over the edge of the buffalo-robe. He had a broad, jovial, rubicund face, rather dull just now with a hard night spent in a mountain smoking-car. He brightened, though, when he discovered who the speaker was, winked his sleepy eyes very hard, and grinned.

"Hullo!" he said. "Hullo, Will! Just got in on the 'Five-fifty-eight.' Jump in and I'll give you a lift. . . . Hullo! What's Jennison doing down there?"

He sat up a little straighter and shaded his eyes.

"Where's he going this time of morning with that grain-bag? Eh?"

"Oh, he thinks he's got a fox down in his trap," Yaard explained. "Blue one,

he thinks, maybe. Borrowed one of my bags and the old cannon. Shoot it in the eye, he says. What you think of that, Judge? Queer, ain't he?"

"Queer enough. I can't stand him for a cent. Here, jump in, will you, and let's get out of here before he sees us and changes his mind. Two's company, three's a crowd. Can't stand him!"

"Say, but you're pretty lucky," he rattled on, jovially, as the gelding answered to the lift of the reins. "I don't know where you've been, but I know you'd have had a long road to go yet on a good cold morning if I hadn't just happened along. Lucky, eh?"

"Lucky?"

Yaard lifted his head with an air of protest. The word had begun to get on his nerves. But then he said no more. The horse's hoofs drummed rhythmically in his ears; the keen air rushed across his face, trees fell away swiftly to the rear. A fine languor crept over him. It was warm under the soft weight of the robe. He rubbed his eyes, yawned, laid his head back again, and let it go.

MARINERS

BY DAVID MORTON

MEN who have loved the ships they took to sea,
 Loved the tall masts, the prows that creamed with foam,
 Have learned, deep in their hearts, how it might be
 That there is yet a dearer thing than home.
 The decks they walk, the rigging in the stars,
 The clean boards counted in the watch they keep—
 These, and the sunlight on the slippery spars,
 Will haunt them ever, waking and asleep.

Ashore, these men are not as other men:

They walk as strangers through the crowded street,
 Or, brooding by their fires, they hear again
 The drone astern, where gurgling waters meet,
 Or see again a wide and blue lagoon,
 And a lone ship that rides there with the moon.

THE REAL CONQUEST OF THE AIR—A LABORATORY PROBLEM

BY BUCKNER SPEED

The author, a consulting engineer and inventor, served as an engineer in the Spanish War and has been one of the pioneers in the petroleum engineering development of the West. As thesis counsellor and lecturer in technical chemistry in the University of California, and later, head of the physical laboratory of the Western Electric Company, he has made important original contributions in mathematics, hydraulics, and electrical engineering.

THE latest triumph of aviation—the successful crossing of the Atlantic—only emphasizes the problems that must be solved before our boasted mastery of the air becomes a fact. After weeks of preparation, with destroyers vigilantly stationed along the course, only one of our naval machines reached its goal by way of the closest natural stopping places, while, of the two daring attempts at the direct route, the first narrowly escapes disaster in mid-ocean. Over a dozen years ago, all in a stroke, the Wrights did their thirty miles at Dayton; and yet, with all the pressure of the war—business economics thrown to the winds—flying is still apparently confronting practically insuperable difficulties.

Let us put our finger at once where the difficulty lies. It is a need for very much more power—yes, half a dozen times as much for the same weight of engine and fuel as we have now, and materials of construction for the aeroplane several times as stiff and strong for the same weight as anything now obtainable, and I think the real conquest of the air will be achieved, little by little, as we accomplish these two things.

Improvements that will give us many times more power for the same weight of machinery and weight of fuel will take their rise in the laboratory in studies apparently not directed toward the art of flying at all. Much has already been done. The tiny wire in a modern incandescent lamp is a stronger piece of metal

by a dozen times than the steel in the hands of the engineer twenty years ago. Steels themselves are many times stronger than they were only a few years ago; and, little by little, we are learning something of the ways of metals.

If we take a bit of steel and polish it to a very brilliant surface—and for this purpose the art of grinding and polishing metals has been carried far beyond the polish of a razor blade—if, I say, we polish a bit of steel and then etch it with a little acid and examine it under a microscope with the right kind of illumination, we find that it is made up of a number of irregular grains, these grains separated from their neighbors by boundary walls, and the grains all about the same size. Now if we take this piece of steel and heat it suitably, or draw its temper or anneal it, as we say, and then polish it, etch it, and look at it again, we find these grains have grown enormously and at the same time we know very well that we have softened the steel. It is not so hard nor so strong. If now we take the same steel and hammer or roll it cold and again polish it and examine it, we shall find that we have cracked up these grains, the little cracks in the grains being very different indeed from the boundary walls between the grains. They seem to be little fractures, little slips of the material on itself; but, strange to say, instead of having shattered the strength of the steel by such treatment, we have made it harder and stronger. If, again, we heat up the bit

of steel and work it and hammer it hot and quench it in water while it is red-hot, we get a bit of steel so hard that it will scratch glass or make a razor-blade exceedingly hard and strong. Now let us again polish this, etch it, and look at it. We now find that the grains have become very minute. This short paragraph is the summing up of volumes of recently acquired lore, filling several shelves full of books with the title "Metallography." The war gave great impetus to the study of metallography because of the need of knowing exactly how another metal, brass, could be made into cartridges without the brass being too soft and stretchy or too brittle. This is only a hint of the way the universities and great industrial laboratories are finding out in other parallel lines of effort the trick that will give us the material strong enough for the real achievement of flight which will take flying out of the field of acrobatics.

Every high-school boy knows that the steam-engine and the gasoline-engine are pitifully inefficient means of getting the energy that is in fuel changed into motion; and most fuel, in turn, is pretty heavy stuff. If we were able to make an aeroplane engine out of huge diamonds as big as one's head, we could get better utilization of fuel, because the diamond possesses the property of retaining its strength and hardness when red-hot. Here we see another vista of discovery, to be achieved by means of mixing liquids in test-tubes and melting buttons of mixed metals in tiny experimental electric furnaces, working perhaps at temperatures above that of the carbon points in a search-light, under high pressures and in atmospheres of queer gases. Every step of this process is followed by intimate searchings into the characteristics of the materials produced and the strengthening by different kinds of maltreatments of the metals after they have been melted, using the polishing method and microscope as in the case of the study of steel to find out what has been accomplished. The diamond merchant

need have little fear that his wares will be reproduced so as to hurt his business, but it is likely that some sort of exceedingly hard, smooth, and strong vitreous substance like diamond or carborundum or garnet will be produced which will retain its characteristics at all temperatures. If this were obtained, turbine types of aeroplane motors would be within hail.

There is, of course, before us the possibility of undreamed-of release of power through the mysteries of radioactivity, and it is neither wise nor scientific to pooh-pooh improvement or achievement along that line. But this is probably not the immediate step now at hand. Hydrogen gas, used with present-day aeroplane-motors, has three times the amount of power or length of flight for the same weight as any known aeroplane fuel; nor, as far as even seems likely, can there be anything anywhere approaching it as a fuel, though here again patient chemists in their laboratories may prove the contrary. Gaseous hydrogen is, however, far too bulky for containers of it to be carried on aeroplanes as fuel-tanks, unless it is liquified in the same way that air is liquified and then carried in simple thin sheet-metal tanks and the hydrogen gas used as fast as it evaporates. Liquified hydrogen is not known except in a few highly specialized laboratories; nevertheless, it is true that one hundred pounds of liquified hydrogen would carry an aeroplane as far as three hundred pounds of the best gasoline. This liquified hydrogen is peculiar stuff. It is like the Scotchman's whisky—it won't keep. It is futile to try to keep it liquid in a tight tank under pressure. If we were to fill a pint cup with it, it would be a surprising thing to see. Instead of the liquid weighing about ten ounces, as it would if it were gasoline, it will weigh about an ounce and a half and will be unbelievably cold, so cold that the air itself will freeze solidly all around the pint cup, just as the moisture in the air used to freeze around the silver goblet which once contained the beloved and

lamented mint-julep. The hydrogen in the cup evaporates rather rapidly and gives rise to a white cloud, not of hydrogen, but congealed air. It is so cold, only twenty-odd degrees warmer than the scientist's absolute zero, away down several hundred degrees below any of the ordinary varieties of zero such as Fahrenheit or Centigrade—so liquid hydrogen in the present development of aeroplanes is not very usable. Also up to the present time so little of it has been produced that certainly nobody has ever seen any of it in a pint cup. The writer urged the use of liquid hydrogen for aeroplane service in the war, but, though much fundamental experimental work was done, the urgency of the situation made it necessary to use materials with which the War Department was familiar.

But now let us look ahead a moment. We have already granted that the metallographer and metallurgist will in a reasonable length of time present us with materials so strong and so light that we can throw all of our present-day flying-machines into the scrap-heap, and that other scientists will give us engine-making materials which will allow us to use far hotter engine temperatures, thereby obtaining reasonably good engine efficiencies, and at the same time solve our lubrication troubles; that the great companies who are now making liquid air by the car-load and furnishing oxygen for cutting metal and hydrogen for turning cotton-seed oil into lard, and all the other wonderful things of a like kind, will have given us liquid hydrogen filling-stations at any street corner just as we now have the gasoline-stations. Then, and probably not until then, can we have the aeroplane with a sufficient surplus of power so that it can have a cruising speed of two hundred miles an hour or more and at the same time sufficient wing area to land at the leisurely speed of the original Wright machine of the last decade.

The winning of the air is, and will continue to be, a brave and hazard-tak-

ing enterprise. The history of it when written will be as full of wild tales as Theodore Roosevelt's *Winning of the West*. People will be hurt, piracies and country-house robberies will be committed, attempts will be made to governmentalize it and otherwise paralyze its development. Only the other day the newspapers had it that a bill would be introduced in the English Parliament prohibiting future attempts by British aviators to fly across the Atlantic. The law, as it now stands, probably gives a man a right to all the blue over his property, and a flier over him is a trespasser. Wheat-fields may be set ablaze by a falling, burning plane, roofs broken through by falling tools, and other heretofore impossible accidents occur.

Let us beware of passing safety-first laws that will make achievement in this line difficult. Listen a moment to this bit of history. In 1831 an Englishman, Walter Hancock, was one of a number of engineers who sought to apply the steam-engine, which had been brought to commercial success by James Watt in the late 1700's, to road transportation. He built a steam-'bus. The pictures of it look not unlike the Fifth Avenue 'bus of the present day. Up in the front end was a marvelously compact tubular steam-boiler, with a little furnace in which coke was burned and a little steam-engine underneath, and the whole thing actually worked. He succeeded in running it at thirty-two miles an hour, in carrying passengers, in making it pay; and then what happened? The stage-coach owners and employees, a strong union, got much exercised over their business, and Parliament at their instance passed an Act forbidding any engine-propelled vehicle from traveling on any road except under the following conditions: that the maximum speed should be four miles an hour and that the engine-driven vehicle should be preceded by a man on horseback waving a red flag and warning all the legitimate users of the road of the approach of this horrible new monster. In West Street,

New York City, where the New York Central tracks run down to the old Vanderbilt freight-station on Hudson Street, is still seen the relic of this old law, duly copied in this country. A few freight-cars, drawn by a box-car built over a locomotive in order not to frighten the horses, are bravely preceded by a boy on horseback waving a red danger flag. What was the direct result of this "safety-first" legislation in England in 1831? Simply this, that England, having its finger-tips almost closing around the automobile at that time, found progress along that line paralyzed—and the auto-

mobile was developed sixty years later in France.

Be sure we will do it, not limpingly nor by the skin of our teeth, but very ably and magnificently. The uplifting sense of power that every one has felt when with a touch the high-powered car leaps forward to take a hill, and confidently breasts it, will come for all of us when, adequately fitted out with strong and powerful engines and planes, we, like King David in his prophetic vision, take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth.

"GOOD-BY, PROUD WORLD, I'M GOING HOME!"

BY GRACE FALLOW NORTON

I AM going back to my valley, my own,
 Away from the streets of stone!
 I am going up to the great gray hills at last,
 To lift the fairy gauntlet the snake has cast,
 To find red buds and a shivering reed,
 Thistle, wild thorn, and weed;
 And I shall see the scarlet salamander on the dark moss,
 And I shall see the brook, the belovèd, toss
 Rainbows over her fall;
 And I shall kneel to praise her silver being
 And bless my hearing and my seeing. . . .
 Through fence—over wall—
 And then brook, belovèd, I too shall run,
 My feet on earth, my feet on stone,
 My feet amid fern, amid meadow-grass—
 Stand back, pine, and let me pass!
 Catch me, berry-bush! Wind me, vine!
 (Lost wildness of mine!)
 For I am coming back to you, birch-tree, bride!
 Cedar, I will stand straight at your side!
 I shall watch with you, wood-thrush, soon!

*O sun, burn the months from me and bless
 My soul with nakedness
 And sear my heart with its hot content;*

*Then rise, rise through the dusk and heal
 Me with many and many and many a veil,
 Mistress of mystery, veiled, unspent
 White moon!*

SOLVING THE PROBLEM OF THE ARCTIC

PART V.—OUR FIRST DISCOVERY OF NEW LAND

BY VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

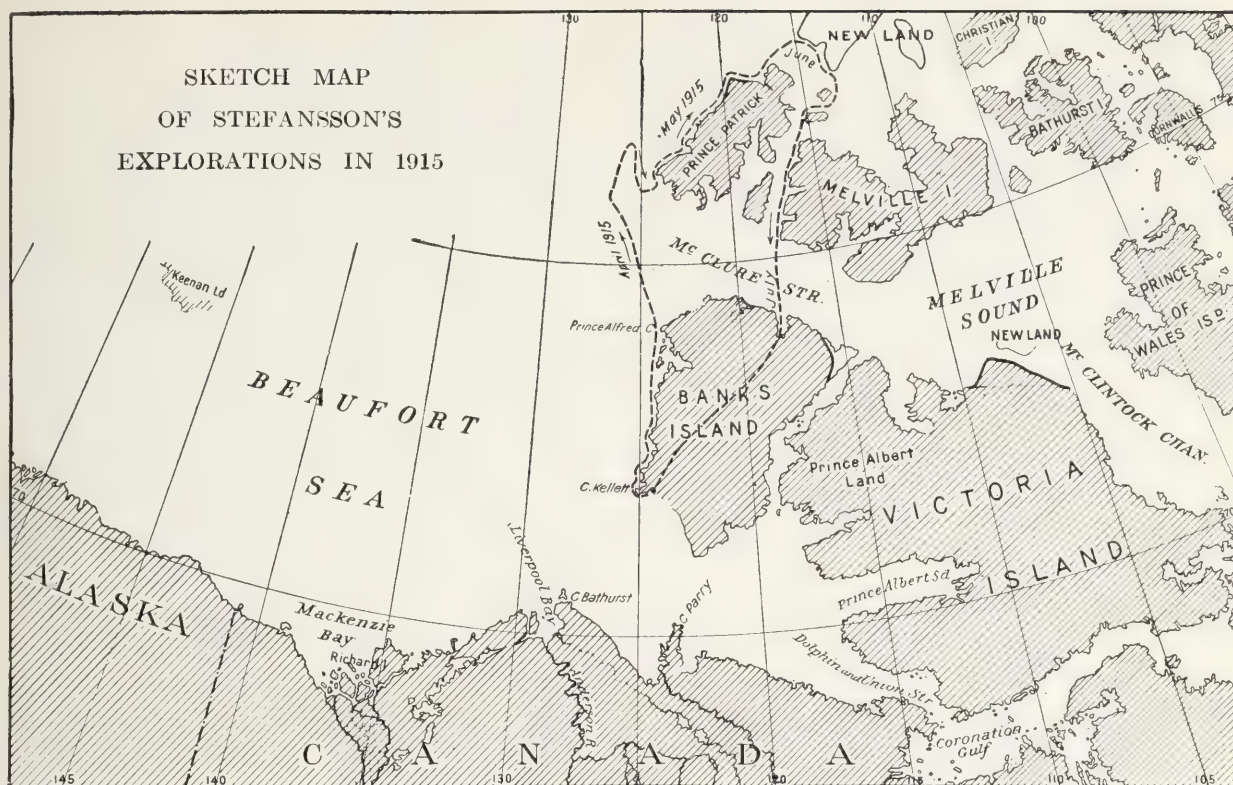
LIKE all of our Arctic winters, the winter of 1914–15 was spent in getting ready for the exploratory work of the coming spring. The previous summer the *Mary Sachs* had brought to Cape Kellett at the northwest corner of Banks Island an outfit of such things as we still had left after the loss of the *Karluk*, but our good sledges were gone, and consequently Captain Bernard of the *Mary Sachs* occupied most of his time making sledges. Much of the material for these was obtained by dismembering the ship to secure the hardwood and iron. Our pemmican had also gone with the *Karluk*, and for that reason our steward, Baur, and others spent many hours slicing up and drying beside the galley stove the meat of polar bears, seals, and caribou, which the rest of us killed either at sea or on shore and brought to the camp. The *Sachs* had not brought us much fuel, so that one or two men had to busy themselves continually in searching up and down the coast, under the snow, for pieces of driftwood and hauling these home, sometimes a distance of fifteen miles.

With this work going on, Natku-siak and I nevertheless found time for an exploratory crossing of the south end of Banks Island. As we made this in the darkness of midwinter, first-class geographic results were not to be expected. Our main purpose was, in fact, to pay a visit to the Eskimos whom we supposed to be wintering on the southeast corner of the island. The supposition that we should find them there was based on the verbal statements of these Eskimos themselves when, in the

spring of 1911, I had met them on their return from Banks Island on the ice of Prince Albert Sound. Eskimos may be as truthful as any people, and are so in fact; nevertheless they frequently give wrong impressions to one another and to those most conversant with them because of their fatal lack of exact words for time and distance. They cannot count above six and have to describe distances by such indefinite terms as "not far" or "very far," and with regard to time their vocabulary is almost equally vague. We now know that the portion of the winter spent by them on the southeast corner of Banks Island is not January, but March and April.

But not knowing it then, we devoted much of December to a hazardous crossing of the mountains back of Nelson Head. The danger is not in the mountains themselves, although precipices are frequent, but in the darkness which makes every precipice treacherous. Because of the elevation of the land to perhaps fifteen hundred or two thousand feet, and because of the open water which prevails most winters around the south end of the island, every breath of wind that blows off the sea is converted into clouds of fog when it strikes the colder hills. The daylight is negligible; and the moonlight, which comes to you commonly enough first through clouds that are high in the sky and later through a mass of fog that immediately envelops your party, is a light which enables you to see your dog-team distinctly enough, or even a black rock that may be one hundred yards away, but is scarcely better than no light at all upon

SKETCH MAP
OF STEFANSSON'S
EXPLORATIONS IN 1915



ROUTE OF STEFANSSON'S SUMMER EXPLORATIONS
(1915) AND HIS FIRST DISCOVERY OF NEW LAND

the snow at your feet. So far as your eyes tell you, you never know whether you are going to step on a bank of snow or into an abyss. Walking ahead of the team in light of this sort, I used to carry a pair of large, dark-colored deerskin mittens. After throwing one of them about ten yards ahead of me, I would keep my eyes on it till I got within three or four yards and then throw the other mitten, so that most of the time I could see the two black spots on the snow ahead of me separated by five or six yards of whiteness. When falling snow or a blizzard still further complicated the situation we used to remain in camp, sometimes two or three days at a time, unless we happened to be following a valley where there was no special danger of falling, but where we were merely inconvenienced by walking now and then against the face of a cliff.

Although the south end of Banks Island where we crossed it was no more than fifty miles in diameter, we undoubtedly traveled double that distance between December 22d and January 4th, when we reached the sea ice of De Salis

Bay. In another five days we had examined the whole southeast coast of the island and had crossed Prince of Wales Straits to Victoria Island without discovering any signs of human beings. This is the one time of the year, as we well understand, when traveling is dangerous if you rely upon game for your food and fuel. The game is there, of course, no less than at other seasons, but the darkness is a great handicap in securing it. We found the ice in the vicinity of Victoria Island not to be in motion, and as there consequently was no open water, the chance of getting bears was less here than elsewhere. Seals could be secured only through the tedious method of having the dogs discover breathing-holes and then waiting for the seals to come up, a method where the element of chance plays such a part that no one should use it where other methods are available.

Instead, therefore, of stopping to hunt in Victoria Island when our food-supplies began to run low, we turned back to Banks Island toward the open water we had seen as we followed the coast

east from De Salis Bay. The reason they did begin to run low was that we had had to cross a range of mountains in a condition of light which compelled us to climb steep ridges and make comparatively precipitous descents into valleys, as the daylight was insufficient for the selection of better courses. Hauling a load was impossible, for where a light sled could travel a loaded one could not be moved by the combined strength of men and dogs. I had felt certain also of discovering Eskimos who in all probability would have had stores of food from which to supply us.

When we turned back from Victoria Island I had no immediate intention of giving up the search after Eskimos, but expected merely to replenish our food stores at De Salis Bay. January 12th was our first day of hunting. We had, on a clear day at noon, daylight enough to see the sights of the rifles for about two hours, although not clearly enough for good shooting. It is never really safe to leave a camp unguarded, for the dogs must be tied to protect them against one another, and when they are tied a bear may very well come and kill one or more of them. We took the chance, however, left the camp to itself, and went in different directions to search for game. That day I had no luck, but Natkusiak killed one seal.

For three days after that both of us continued to be unsuccessful in our hunting. Both of us killed seals, but the ice was moving so rapidly that before we could secure them they had been buried under heaps of crushing ice. The tracks of polar bears were numerous, and it was only a question of time when one was certain to be encountered. On the fourth day of the hunt I had just killed a seal and secured it when I looked over my shoulder to see three bears approaching. It was already past noon and their yellowish-white outlines against the pure-white ice were so indistinct that they could not be seen except when they were moving, or at least their bodies could not, although their shiny black noses

were conspicuous. When bears are on the alert and when they either see something indistinctly or are expecting to see something the presence of which they suspect, they move their necks and their whole bodies to peer about in a peculiar snaky way. When the light is such that their bodies cannot be seen, but their black noses are conspicuous, they give, in their efforts to see the more plainly in the rough ice about the effect of railway men's signal lights that are being swung on a dark night. These particular bears made themselves conspicuous now and then by standing on their hind legs, which brought their profiles against the sky. My first two shots brought down a big bear and a small one, but the third inflicted apparently only a flesh wound and the bear that received it disappeared instantly in the rough ice. Natkusiak, who was about half a mile away, soon arrived. We skinned the two bears, and, making a sort of sledge of the skin of the small one, we loaded into it its own meat and dragged it home, allowing, perforce, the meat of the other bear and the seal to take its chances. These bears came just in time, for we had but a single meal left of the seal killed three days before. The following day we found where we had left them the other bear and the seal, although the ice, which was crushing in the neighborhood, might easily have buried the meat during the night.

One of our most serious losses when the *Karluk* sank was that of our kerosene-containers, which had been substantially made of galvanized iron. We were now forced to carry our kerosene in the ordinary five-gallon tins furnished by the oil companies. As kerosene is much more convenient than blubber for cooking in snow houses in winter, we were carrying a supply of it, but now found that our tin had sprung a leak and that nearly all the kerosene was gone. This mischance, together with the too rapid passing of the midwinter period, decided me to give up for that year the search for Eskimos and to return to the winter base at Kellett. We made the return with

such good luck as to weather that we were able to travel in one day as much as forty-five miles, a distance it had taken us seven days to make on the way east.

When we got back to Kellett we found that Mr. Wilkins had completed a series of tidal observations, and that Captain Bernard had prepared for us a thousand pounds of dog feed, by drying meat and mixing it with fat as required. He had also made two excellent sledges.

On February 9th the first advance ice party of the year left Cape Kellett under the command of Mr. Wilkins, and the rest of us followed a few days later. Our plan was to follow the west coast of Banks Island north about one hundred and fifty miles and then to cross McClure Strait to Prince Patrick Island and strike out on the ocean northwest from the southwest corner of that island.

Before leaving I had come to realize that we were facing a failure of the plans for that spring because of circumstances unpreventable, no matter how clearly they are foreseen. The various sorts of dog sickness are still as mysterious as were the African fevers in the time of

Livingstone. By Christmas-time our dogs at Kellett had begun to die, one by one. In some cases it was the fattest and the youngest dogs; in other cases the oldest and most decrepit. The only thing we could do was to isolate the affected animals from the healthy ones, and in some cases this may have helped, although one or two of the dogs that died appeared never to have had any contact with the ones that originally showed the disease. There are many theories about these diseases, and there may be some significance in the fact that we have never lost any dogs that have been living on caribou or other land game, but always dogs that have been living on seal meat.

When we finally got away from Kellett we still had two good dog-teams and a third poor one, which was really all we needed, for we had only two first-class sledges. But a day or two after starting we realized that we had a serious difficulty to contend with in addition to the dog sickness. It seems that the preceding autumn a certain amount of snow had first fallen upon the coast ice and



A SPRING CAMP ON THE NEW LAND



THE ARCTIC ISLANDS ARE CROWDED IN SUMMER
WITH FLOWERS, BUMBLEBEES AND BUTTERFLIES

later a shower of rain had formed a skin of ice over the snow. On top of this soft snow had again fallen, but the thin layer of ice was left as a sort of roof over innumerable cavities and soft places underneath, so that every few steps a dog would break through and get the sharp, angular pieces of thin ice between his toes. Before we realized it nearly all our dogs had bleeding feet and some of them were incapacitated for work. The temperature also at this time was exceedingly low, averaging for a period of weeks forty-two degrees below zero. We did not mind the cold in general, and out at sea such cold is really an advantage, but now it prevented us from doing what we should have done had the weather been warmer—namely, tying boots upon the feet of the dogs to protect their pads from the cutting ice, which at this temperature we did not dare to do for fear the tight lashing around the legs might so interfere with the circulation of the blood as to cause freezing.

When we got to the northwest corner

of Banks Island we discovered that more kerosene-containers were leaking. To have kerosene is an undoubted convenience; and now the only hope of healing the feet of our dogs was to give them a good long rest. So while our sore-footed dogs were being healed by resting I sent Storkersen and Thomsen back to Kellett with a team of those dogs some of which we did not expect to use on the ice and all of which we could now protect with boots against the ice, as the temperature had become less severe. The result of these delays was that it was not until April 5, 1915, that we were finally able to leave Banks Island. It was then too late, in my opinion, for crossing to Prince Patrick Island, so we struck northwest from Cape Alfred.

Our party up to this time had consisted of seven men. But now I sent back Wilkins, Crawford, and Natkusiak, and the ice exploratory party of that year therefore consisted of Storkersen, Thomsen, Andreassen, and myself.

Because the season was already so

late, we took rather more risks on this journey than I consider generally justifiable in polar work. On April 10th, for instance, we camped at the southern edge of a level expanse of ice of unknown width. I examined it in the evening and found it about four inches thick and not strong enough to bear a sled, but that night we had an exceptionally hard freeze and the next morning the ice was between six and seven inches thick. This is quite thick enough for safe travel of loaded sledges if the area to be crossed is a limited one, and, no matter what the area, it is safe so long as the ice remains unbroken.

But ice of this thickness, as indeed of any thickness, may at any time be broken up by increase in the strength of a current or the sudden oncoming of a gale. If the ice is thick no great danger results, for then a cake of almost any size will be a safe refuge for men and dogs, but if six-inch ice commences to break up, then no cake is safe unless it is of great area; and under the strain cakes naturally break into smaller and smaller pieces. If, then, we were to find ourselves with a loaded dog-sled on a piece not much bigger than is necessary for the men and dogs to stand on, the cake would either tip on edge or actually sink under our weight.

It is not often that we have found perfectly level ice to be more than five miles across, and the morning of the 11th when we started out on this six-inch ice we expected to cross it in an hour. But we found it very sticky with the salt crystals on its surface, as indeed it was bound to be, and this interfered with our speed so that we did not travel at much more than three miles per hour.

In some places the ice had telescoped on the previous day and was of double thickness, but wherever it was of single thickness it bent perceptibly under our weight, and we never dared to stop except upon telescoped places.

We traveled hour after hour and the horizon was everywhere a straight line with the sky. It

was exceedingly cold, and clouds of "steam" were seen rising here and there. These worried us a bit, for we thought they might be from opening leads and consequently danger signals showing that the break-up of our ice had commenced. Of course we realized that



A TYPICAL ESKIMO DOG

six-inch ice is so warm from the water underneath that it throws off clouds of vapor if the air is at a low temperature, and as we advanced the vapor clouds continually receded before us, showing that they did not come from open water, but were being formed from the ice. After about twenty miles of travel we sighted some heavy old ice upon which we found a safe camping-place for the night. Within an hour after we landed the thinner ice which we had left began breaking up, giving us excellent sealing water right by our camp, but giving us also an uncomfortable feeling that had the thin ice been five miles wider or had we started in the morning an hour or so later, this day might have proved the last day of our travels.

In our ice journeys, besides the astronomical observations which serve to tell us where we are, we take frequent soundings to learn the depth of the waters where we are traveling and the character of the sea bottom. For some two weeks we had a bottom that was clearly

uneven, for the water varied in depth from one hundred to two hundred fathoms. Comparison of our dead reckoning with our astronomical observations also showed that the ice we were traveling on was moving steadily to the southwest—a very inconvenient fact, as our hopes all lay to the northwest. There was a great deal of open water. When we found a belt of a quarter or half a mile of clear water lying across our path it took us only an hour or two to get over, for we were expert by this time in converting our sleds into boats by the use of our tarpaulins. But much more often the leads were filled with moving ice or with stationary ice that was not strong enough to walk on, but so strong that, had we attempted to break a way through it with our sled rafts, we should in half a dozen crossings have chafed holes in the canvas.

A delay beside a lead when the ice is not moving is one thing, and a delay when you know the ice is drifting in a direction opposite to your course is quite another. We took frequent chances in crossing leads on thin ice, and one of these crossings, on April 25th, came near ending in a serious accident. We realized

the risk and took certain precautions. Our main dependence being always rifles and ammunition, we carried half the ammunition and two rifles on each sled, and for an additional precaution I used to carry my own rifle on my back, and about fifty rounds of ammunition with it. Had we lost one sled we could still have continued with the other; and had we lost both, the fifty cartridges would probably have taken the four of us home, although exploration for the year would have been at an end.

The accident of April 25th resulted when we came to a strip of young ice about ten yards wide. As on all such occasions, I walked out upon it carefully, while the teams and men awaited the verdict. With my hunting-knife I made holes at three different places, and by putting my hand in the water found that the ice was about six inches thick. To those used to fresh water, ice of six inches seems a great thickness, and as a matter of fact a team of dray-horses and a heavy load could be taken across six inches of fresh-water ice. Salt-water ice is a different thing. A piece of it four inches thick, if you allow it to drop on any hard surface from a height of three or four



ICE BREAKING UP IN SPRING ON AN ARCTIC COAST



THIS SLED WAS HAULED BY SIX DOGS OVER LAND AND ROUGH SEA-ICE FOR FOUR YEARS

feet, will splash like a chunk of ice-cream instead of falling like a piece of rock as would glare ice of the same thickness. I knew this crossing was dangerous, but it was so short that I thought the dogs would probably be upon firm footing before the ice broke, if it did break.

The first sled crossed safely. It had been built by Captain Bernard according to a design of my own, with runners that rested on the ice for seven out of their twelve feet of length, so as to distribute the weight over a large area of ice. The other sled was of the typical Alaskan type, where the runners are bent somewhat rocking-chair fashion, to make the sled easier to turn and maneuver, and only two or three feet of the middle portion of the runners rest on level ice.

Andreasen was in charge of the leading sled, and, as it came across without difficulty, Storkersen and Thomsen anticipated no trouble with the second. They were walking along close to the stern end when I noticed the ice under them begin to bend. I shouted to them to get away from the sled, my idea being to remove their weight from the locality and to expose the ice to the weight of the sled only. But when they realized that

the ice was about to break their idea was to push the sled quickly over to the other side. Both of them took hold of the handle-bars and commenced pushing, when the inevitable happened. Their weight added to that of the sled broke the ice, after the dogs had landed on the firm part beyond, but when the front end of the sled itself had barely touched it. Before the ice had fully broken I had hold of the trace of the leading dog and Andreasen was at the bow of the sled. Storkersen and Thomsen escaped falling into the water by letting the sled go as it broke through, and the stern of it was immersed while the bow was held against the ice. It was doubtless not much more than over a second before we all had our hands on the front end of the sled, and not more than two or three till we had it out of the water, but it seemed much longer, and it was certainly long enough for imagining what our situation would be if we lost everything that was on the sled. Not a desperate situation necessarily, although we might have had to give up our work for the year at that point. As it was, we spent two days in getting rid of as much as possible of the ice that had formed on

the various articles that got into the water. After the accident we examined the ice and measured every piece that had broken, and found that at the very thinnest the ice was five and three-quarters inches thick. The temperature at the time of the accident was twenty below zero.

Long before this we had left the area of shallow soundings and were now traveling over an ocean of unknown depth, for our sounding-wire was only about half a mile in length and we never got bottom with it.

The ice behaved in a peculiar way. When the wind blew from the south or southwest, no matter how hard, it would merely stop moving, or, in the case of an extreme gale, would in the course of a day move a few miles to the north. But whenever there was a calm or when the wind was from the north-

this conclusion we tried to travel northeast directly into the teeth of the drift, but we lost as much ground at night as we gained in the daytime, and eventually turned toward shore. The current was so strong, however, that we were unable to reach land on Prince Patrick Island abreast of our turning-point, but were carried south, and were with difficulty able to land on the southwest corner near Land's End, on June 4th.

The west coast of Prince Patrick Island was explored in 1853 by a party under command of Lieutenant Meham, of McClintock's expedition. Meham tells us that no country could possibly be more barren or desolate. They found not a blade of grass nor a living creature, but gravel everywhere, and the land sloped so imperceptibly to the sea that they had to dig through the snow to ascertain whether they were on land or on ice.

In view of this and of the fact that we had several weeks before run out of kerosene for fuel and had finished our dog feed some time before that, it became necessary to talk over with the men the advisability of going on. We all knew that the world would approve if we were to turn home at this point, for it has been the rule in Arctic exploration that the traveling parties face toward home soon after half the provisions have been used with which they started from home, relying on the other half to take them back. It had been so with Meham

and with McClintock on this very coast; a portion of it remained unexplored because Meham's party on the south and McClintock's on the north had been forced by the partial exhaustion of their supplies to turn back toward their base on Melville Island. But I was delighted



ONE OF OUR BEST DOGS

Half mastiff and half Eskimo. Note the mosquitoes, which even the arctic regions are not free from in summer

west, the north, or the east, the ice kept moving steadily southwest. By the middle of May we had lost hope of making any notable journey to the northwest that year, for we were only one hundred miles offshore from the Prince Patrick Island coast. For a time after reaching

to find that all of us were agreed that no risk of life was involved in advancing into any portion of the Arctic without supplies at this time of the year. While we did not expect to find Meham wrong in saying that no living thing could be found on the coast of Prince Patrick Island, we felt that this would only mean that if our experience agreed with his, we should have to turn back to sea again, where, on the sea-ice and in the water, all of us knew that food could be secured. The plan of advancing north, therefore, had the enthusiastic support of all our party.

In following the coast northeastward we soon came to the conclusion that Meham's charting of it was by no means correct, but we also concluded that were we to attempt to revise it our results would not be much better than his, if at all. It was generally a question of light. There is much fog at this season, and Meham had evidently done a good deal of his mapping in fog, with the inevitable results. If we were going to attempt a revision of his work we should have to do part of our work in fog also, with a result that those portions of the coast where he had got sunlight would have been done by him better than we could do the same portion in fog; the only improvement we could hope for would be here and there where our luck in weather was better than his. Furthermore, no one can with reasonable ease make a map of this coast in winter, for the land slopes so imperceptibly into the sea-ice that, so long as snow covers land and ice alike, their limits can be ascertained only by digging. A good map of this coast can be made only when the land is free of snow, in May or early June.

After following the coast north for a few days we had confirmed Meham's opinion of the absence of game. Accordingly, we went offshore about ten or twelve miles to where the land-fast ice meets the moving pack and where in the open lead we were able to secure seals. It is a curious fact, confirmed by the ex-

perience of other years besides this one, that bear tracks are absent in spring north of the south end of Prince Patrick Island. This is doubtless because seals in those latitudes are difficult for bears to secure on account of the peculiar ice conditions, although they are easily secured by the more skilful human hunter.

Because we traveled parallel to the land ten or twelve miles offshore, we found a series of small islands or reefs that had not been noticed by Meham. When finally we came to the portion of the coast which Meham and McClintock had been unable to explore in 1852, we loaded up our sledges with meat and blubber and proceeded toward shore. The coast turned out to be rather complicated and there were several little islands. It took us three days to complete the survey between the most northerly point reached by Meham and the most westerly reached by McClintock, who had been working from the opposite direction.

In a cairn at Cape McClintock, which is the northern extremity of Prince Patrick Island, we found a record left by McClintock sixty-two years before. It ends with the sentence, "I have searched the islands and reefs lying offshore to the northward," which recalls the tragic reason for McClintock's and most of the other expeditions that gave us our knowledge of the islands to the north of Canada. Theirs were not primarily voyages of geographic discovery; they were searching not for islands unknown since the beginning of time, but for men lost in the search for a Northwest Passage, the hundred and twenty men who made up the crews of Sir John Franklin's ships. As we now know, this portion of the search was being conducted and hope was still being maintained five years after the last of the men they were searching for had died.

It is a matter of curious interest that this record is dated P.M., June 15, 1852, and that we found it on June 15th, and in the afternoon, sixty-three years later.

June 17th, after taking the necessary



EXPLORING THE SOUTH-EASTERN COAST OF THE NEW LAND

astronomical observations to check up with those of McClintock, we started north, and after traveling twenty miles discovered new land. In order to keep a more careful account of the various courses by which we traveled, it was my custom at this time to follow several miles behind the sledges and to take frequent compass bearings of them, as well as, in this case, the outlying islands north of Cape McClintock so long as they remained in sight. After making what was considered a reasonable day's travel, the men camped with me about five miles behind them. After camp had been pitched and while the others were cooking supper, Storkersen climbed an ice hummock about forty feet in height just back of the camp, and with his glasses sighted to the northeast a new land which he could see at once was of considerable extent and about fifteen miles away. I was watching him through my glasses, and when I saw him shouting and signaling to the other men I knew that a discovery of some sort had been made. I climbed the highest avail-

able hummock in my vicinity, but it was not high enough, and I did not see the land until some two hours later, when, after taking all the necessary compass observations, I arrived at camp.

My men were all Norwegian, and as any one may see from reading the books of Nansen and Amundsen, Norwegians are prone to the celebration of any sort of event in any way possible. In this case they had cooked some malted milk they had saved for no particular reason, and had discovered some biscuit crumbs in the corner of a box in which we had long been carrying something else, and had made the two into a sort of stew. I don't think any of them considered this any better than seal meat, but, since seal meat was the food of every day, stew was a sort of celebration.

June 19th we landed at what I have called Cape Murray, in honor of James Murray, our oceanographer and the friend and Antarctic traveling companion of Shackleton. Murray lost his life on the ice near Wrangell Island on the *Karluk* branch of our expedition. Dur-

ing the following two years, as we gradually explored this land and located its extreme points, we named cape after cape for the scientists and sailors who lost their lives with Murray or not long after.

When I was exchanging my fur clothes at Nome, Alaska, in 1912, for a suit of the well-advertised American kind, the clerk who sold them to me said that he could not understand how I could waste five years of my life in the Arctic. That is one point of view and a common one. This young man had spent the same five years behind a clothing-store counter. Colonel Roosevelt had spent them in African travel, in the writing of books, and in the making of history. He said to me a month or two later that he envied me my five years in furs and snow houses, in new lands and among new people. That was another point of view. And a third was mine, for I in turn envied him his power and achievements and the character which had made them possible. But while I concede that accident plays so large a part in determining the momentous or trivial nature of geographic discovery that the greatest geographic discoverers must for that reason be ranked lower than the great men in other fields, still there is much to be said for exploration as a career, so long at least as there remains possible discovery of lands previously undreamed of. The tourist who crosses the Atlantic for the first time will spend hours on deck awaiting the predicted rising of Ireland above the rim of the sea, and feels then, unless he is neither young nor imaginative, a thrill which he does not forget the rest of his life. Yet Ireland to the tourist or America to the immigrant can never be what San Salvador was to Columbus, and, though you may not for the thrill of San Salvador be willing to change places with Columbus, you may well envy us who are still alive our first sight of the new land and our first landing upon it. While you may think what you will about the greatness of the achievement, the permanence of it cannot be

denied. The next generation and the next will find that land upon their maps and, if they care to visit, they will find it there bounded by its ice-covered sea. If it is not an important, it is at least a tangible, contribution to the world's knowledge of itself.

Summer was fast approaching when we reached the new land on June 19th. There was snow on most of it, but some of it was bare and there were ponds and puddles here and there, although the rivers had not opened. We found lemmings, which are a sort of bob-tailed mouse, running about; several species of birds had arrived and their nesting was about to commence, and there were tracks of caribou and of wolves and foxes. The caribou had not come from the south, for it is another one of the many pieces of misinformation about the north that the caribou migrate south in the fall and north in the spring. This may be true in some places, but it is not true in others, and in general the same islands that are inhabited by caribou in summer are inhabited by them in winter.

The wisdom of the fox is not so evident as the saying is wide-spread, but the more I see of wolves the more respect I have for their intelligence, which is unique among the non-human inhabitants of the north. The second day on the new land I met a wolf that came running toward me at first, for he could not fail to mistake me at a distance for a caribou, but when he got within two hundred yards and could see me more plainly he realized my strangeness and, what is truly remarkable, inferred that I might be dangerous. This wolf could certainly never have seen a human before, and the only dark thing of size comparable to mine that he had ever seen must have been either a caribou or a musk-ox. The caribou are his prey, and while he seldom kills a musk-ox, he at least has no reason to fear that exceptionally clumsy and slow-moving animal. But at two hundred yards this wolf paused and, after a good look that

satisfied him that I was something new in his experience, commenced to circle me at that distance to get my wind. When he got it it took him but a sniff or two and he was off at top speed. The similarly unsophisticated foxes of this region will commonly run within ten or fifteen yards of you and follow you around for miles, barking like a toy dog following a pedestrian.

The season was so far advanced that, after following the south coast of our island for three days and determining that it was of considerable size, we turned south on June 22d. On our way toward Melville Island we completed the mapping of Fitz William Owen Island, which had been sighted by McClintock, discovered a little island only about five miles in diameter, and followed the west coast of Melville Island south. Here we killed two musk-oxen as well as some caribou, and saw a number of musk-oxen that we did not disturb.

The 4th of July we left Melville Island and in six days crossed McClure Straits to the Bay of Mercy on the north coast of Banks Island. Here we stopped to rate our watches. The place is an exceptionally interesting one. It was here that McClure wintered two years with his ship, the *Investigator*, which he abandoned eventually, retreating with his men to another ship at Melville Island. As I learned from the Eskimos of Victoria Island on my previous expedition, the ship had been broken by the action of wind and ice some years after McClure left her, and all that we found to mark the place were a heap of coal and a great

many barrel-staves and fragments of packing-boxes, with here and there a piece of rusty iron.

We left our sledges at this point, cut up the tarpaulin that had served us so well in crossing many a lead of open water, and made it into pack-saddles for our dogs in which to carry meat and other heavy things, while we ourselves carried the bedding and other bulky articles. The journey south over Banks Island was delightful. The caribou were fat and were seen in large and small bodies here and there on the rolling green prairieland. We usually killed one toward evening and our party was large enough so that we consumed about a whole animal at each camp. There is no wood for fuel, but our knowledge of the botany of the country enabled us to pick grasslike plants that have a resinous substance so that they burn well even when wet from rain or fog. I am unable to see any great hardships in polar travel in winter, whether it be on sea-ice or on an uninhabited land, and am still less capable of seeing anything in the nature of hardship in a summer journey overland.

We arrived at Cape Kellett on August 9th to find everything well at the camp. But two days later Capt. Louis Lane with the *Polar Bear* arrived, bringing us the unbelievable news of the death of eleven members of our expedition at Wrangell Island in the spring of 1914, and the no less unbelievable news of the World War which had been raging more than eleven months when Captain Lane left the last telegraph point at Nome, six weeks before.

(To be concluded.)

THE BOX-STALL

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

MRS. HUMMER stood in the soft dusk, at the remote doorway of the big room, and looked back at the appalling young scarecrow before her.

She swayed slightly from one foot to another, like an elephant at tether, Richard thought. He could not take his eyes from her. He knew he had no business to stare in this glassy, fixed sort of a way at old Hummer. Why old Hummer was the most familiar thing in the world. He could not remember when she had not been their housekeeper. Her sitting-room had always been his refuge from wrath. Yet this big, kindly woman seemed as improbable and as far removed from usual experience as finding a kindly cow gazing at one from one's bedroom door—cows and women being equally absent from German prison camps. How strange in turn he seemed to her he had measured by the tears that sprang to her eyes at sight of him.

So for a moment they stared at each other, not as though across a room, but as if trying to peer at each other over the intolerable cruelties of the past four years since he had run down the steps waving to them and shouting out a gay, "Well, Good-by, Hummer!"—bound for a trip down the Rhine before he went to Cambridge.

Hummer broke the silence with: "You'll have everything you need now for dressing, Mr. Ricky. You'll find your bath ready for you." She switched on the light from the door and hurried away, leaving him staring after her.

Ricky! He had forgotten all about that name. His mother's letters had always begun "My darling Boy," his father's with "Dear Richard." The last time he had ever seen it written was in a

letter, ever so long ago, from his cousin Dorothy.

"I have been trying for the last hour," she wrote, "to put down 'Dear Ricky'! but Ricky means out of door, and Surrey lanes, and getting into mischief, and all that part of you that can't be shut up in a German prison camp. They can't have shut up Ricky!"

They had not shut him up. Ricky was as dead as Richard's mother. The news of her death had come to him two years before, not with the clean, deep stab of grief, but as something still farther shutting him off from the life's reality, a window gone through which to look on the world, a thickening of the darkness around him. The news had come when he himself was ill, and when the horror of each individual discomfort of life crowded between him and the realization of grief.

Now, slowly, like a black and bitter tide, a numbing sense of loss invaded him. There came to his mind the words of a letter of his mother, written not long before her death. "It's the eternal silence of this house that's killing me, when I think that we used to scold you for the noise you used to make!" This silence that was killing him, too.

A stealthy grief wrapped itself about him. It was not his mother for whom he was grieving—not as one ought to; what he wanted was to be Ricky again. He wanted that, and that was the only thing he did want in life for the moment.

He walked to the glass which was let into the huge wardrobe, a piece of furniture taking up half the wall space, places for hanging on one side, drawers for every conceivable kind of clothes on the other, as solid and resourceful as the

Bank of England, presupposing substance of its possessors.

It mirrored forth relentlessly Ricky's scarecrow figure. He looked at himself curiously, as at some distasteful stranger. His trousers were tight and short, showing his thin, bony ankles. His shoes were dejected things, dilapidated, sordidly jovial in expression. A long overcoat flapped about him, opening on a woolen sweater. He was unshaven, and his long hair was brushed straight back from his high forehead.

For a moment he looked at himself with surprised disgust. He had not known he was as bad as all that.

He dressed himself slowly and carefully, his body grateful to the comfortable, clean garments. It was as though he was shedding the degradations of the past four years with the clothes which he rolled up into a compact little bundle.

When he went down-stairs he found a young girl waiting in the drawing-room. A cloud of dusky hair was drawn back from her pure white brow, and done in a heavy coil above her white young neck. Her eyes were deep and gray and rimmed about with long dark lashes. She had a lovely deep color, a fine, full mouth and wide-cut nostrils. She was very young, and yet had the dignity which comes from responsibility and work. To Richard, she seemed as lovely as an angel and as remote. She sprang to her feet as he came in.

"Ricky!" she cried, holding out her hands.

He looked at her with polite inquiry, searching among his memories for the answer to her.

"Why, Ricky!" she said, a tremor in her voice. Don't you know me? I haven't changed so much as that, have I? I'm *Dorothy!*"

He tried to be cordial. "Dorothy!" he cried. He took her hands. "I didn't know—I hadn't thought—"

Then came to him a memory of a strapping tomboy, running with the dogs down Surrey lanes, long, thin legs covering the earth like a pair of callipers.

And here she was, beautiful, a woman whom men would turn their heads to look at anywhere. Her beauty put him off. He was choked almost as with the coldness of disappointment.

"I recognized *you*," she reproached him, smiling.

"Why, you see, I haven't grown beautiful or let down my skirts," he countered. He stopped. He knew he should have said more. He had a sick sense of failing her. This was Dorothy, he told himself, the sharer of his boyhood, his faithful vassal in those old days. The current of friendship between them had never failed—until now. He was conscious that he had been writing always, to a long-legged girl whose nose was too big for her thin face, whose loosely curling hair was always falling in disorder around her eyes, a little girl who was always finding some pretext for breaking into a run. Never had he been writing to a beautiful, grave young woman.

A silence had fallen between them. She was scrutinizing him, trying to familiarize herself with him. And as he had stared at Hummer in that remote and vague way, so he stared at Dorothy.

"We have waited so for you, Ricky," she said. "I've been perched on your door-step, a fixture, ever since we got word that you were coming. We thought you'd come sooner."

"I was in Berlin ten days," he said. He stopped again. There was no way he could have told her about those ten days in Berlin. "One had," he explained, lamely, "to get used to being out in the world again, after where—we'd been, you know. I was afraid of crossing the street at first. I'd forgotten wheels and horses and things like that."

He stopped again. He felt his face flush painfully. Every now and then there would sweep over him a composite memory of those four years, which brought with it a feeling of degradation. He walked up and down the room, agitated and nervous.

"When did you learn for the first time

that you were going to get away?" she prompted.

"The newspapers first. There were talks of serious riots at Hamburg."

"Newspapers?" she wondered. "I thought you weren't allowed them."

"We got them, thirty marks apiece. Six of us in each stall, five stalls to a paper. We paid fifty pfennigs apiece and each stall would read the paper for an hour—we had a reader."

"How do you mean," she asked, "six to a stall?"

He stared at her with a little impatience. "That's how we lived," he explained, "six of us, just like animals, you know—six of us to a box-stall."

He hated to have to tell about it. Memories of those degrading propinquities of life crowded about him, and yet that was all that he had to tell. Already that life was so remote, and had so little relation to reality, that it was as though it were plunging back one's mind into memories of the nightmare of delirium. She was waiting for him to go on. Her face lifted up, and there was on it an expression of eagerness which was almost as of innocent greed. Suddenly he realized that there was no place in her to which he could communicate his experiences, nor to any one who had gone on living in the world. The heroism and despairs of that place. Its monstrous loves and hates. The anguished waiting. The terrible patience of men—that fidelity to trivial occupation with which they fought to keep their sanity and self-respect.

"Go on and tell me about it, Ricky," she urged, "if you feel like it, I mean."

How can you tell people about fighting for self-respect and for sanity? That's what life had resolved itself into. Forever all the life's mean details gnawing at the foundations of your self-respect—dirt and inaction and brutality and promiscuity of life. All the enemies of dignity massed together to assail the frail spirit of man—and she asked him to tell her about it!

"What happened to Bonfield," she

prompted him. "You used to write about Bonfield."

"Bonfield died," said Ricky.

"I'm sorry," she cried.

"I was glad when Bonfield died!" Ricky explained in a matter-of-fact voice. "It was a great relief. He'd gotten to be an awful nuisance."

"Why, Ricky!" she cried, shocked.

This irritated him. She wanted to know about it. Now she could have it, so he threw at her, but in a tone of level matter-of-factness.

"You get to hate them so when you live with them like that. Everything about them—the way they undress and the noises they make and the way they clean their teeth—that you plan how you could kill them, and the only reason you don't kill them is that you'd get caught, and you know that they're planning all the time how they'd like to kill you. I hadn't spoken to Bonfield for six months before he was taken sick; then I had to take care of him, and I tell you it was a relief when he died."

He knew that he was alienating her, covering himself with an armor of strangeness.

He turned the subject abruptly. "I told you we learned about the revolution first by the papers. Trouble in Hamburg, trouble in Bremen; then they said the revolution had been put down and next we saw the sailors swarming on the trains, inside and out, waving red flags." His thin face flushed again. "We couldn't believe it. We thought the troops in Berlin would arrest them. They had signs, 'Brothers, don't shoot!'" He stopped abruptly. "It seems already as if it never could have happened—those four years."

"Oh, Ricky," she cried, "it's so wonderful to have you back at last!"

For a moment they were together. In a moment they had bridged the distance that separated them, then life went flat again. He tried to keep the current of precious sympathy, but he couldn't, and she after a moment rose abruptly.

"I'll see you soon. I'll see you a great

deal," she promised him, and hurried away. Ricky stared after her, wondering if he had only fancied that tears stood in her eyes.

The days passed by filled up with visits from eager, compassionate relatives. At the end of the day Ricky felt as though he had been wrung dry. How eager they were for stories of horrors! How full of energy they seemed! So to refresh himself he would go to Dorothy's, and once there would find no words, so for a while they would sit together miserably trying to grope toward each other, but not knowing how. He had learned in prison one thing, and that was how to isolate himself from his fellows through sheer force of pride. And now out of prison his habit of isolation had followed him. He walked through life, the shadowy walls of remoteness around him. It followed him to Dorothy's. It was always with him.

This troubled him, but there was something else that troubled him more and he had no name for it. It was a vague discomfort, like the knowledge that one was going to be ill, the forewarnings of pain. He wouldn't recognize its meaning. It was like shutting out a sullen day by keeping the shade down. Suddenly one day his father snapped it out, and it was as though Ricky were blinded with a stab of light.

"I suppose," his father remarked, "you have been considering what you want to do!"

Now he knew what had disturbed him as he walked around the seething London streets, where everybody was hurrying so, as though to keep an appointment with opportunity itself. Where everybody seemed to have some object in life; yes, and aims and desires and friends and memories, and he alone had none.

To do something in the world you need preparation, and he had had four years' preparation living in a box-stall. There flashed before his mind his five companions. Dungleby, who had been fat, who would have been prattling eter-

nally about his stomach-ache, but that he was afraid of Richard, who had learned to throw at him, with a terrible young arrogance that had menace in it, "Shut up and give us a rest!" This was the sort of thing that he knew—how to make a sick man stop whimpering, or a garrulous one afraid to speak to him. So he answered his father:

"I haven't any plans. There isn't anything that I know about."

"When you were at Ruhleben didn't you plan for the future?" pursued his father. He was a big man, heavy, ponderous, who had never had the knack of drawing Ricky out. He puffed now as though dragging a heavy load.

"I only planned about getting out. I'm no good," he burst out. "I haven't learned anything!"

"Don't be morbid, my boy," said his father, ponderously.

Ricky didn't reply. He wanted to scream at his father, who stood there so complacent.

"Morbid? Morbid? Of course I'm morbid! Life's morbid! You live in a box-stall for four years and think and think about the fellows out there being shot—dying, fellows like you—and you penned up with a lot of prisoners until your thoughts drip blood. Life's been normal, hasn't it? Life's been calm!" If he could only make any one understand even for a minute. Then that desire passed like a warm tide of life, and the stale annoyance of Ruhleben enveloped him. The walls of the box-stall rose about him and shut him off.

He met his father's words with dutiful convention and went out into the hot, anonymous crowds of the streets with a vague hope that some of his adventurous imaginings of Ruhleben might come true.

Girls and women—how much he had thought about them at Ruhleben! There had been times that queer thoughts had beaten against the walls of his brain like dark birds, days when in the background of his mind were strange imageries—grotesque, unspeakable—as though in

him lived the spirit of the men who had invented the carvings on the temples of India. He could not bear to have his spirit so invaded. It was as though by living like brutes, old and forgotten brutishness came stealthily forth. All the hot imaginings of antiquity pressed around him.

He had taken then to studying German grammar, to studying anything. "Keeping his mind occupied" was no mere phrase with Ricky; it was the necessity imposed on him by sanity. So in this endeavor all the thoughts of Europe surged through his mind. He read—he read—and always there was the recurring speculation about women.

Now here he was out on London streets and England's women pouring past him. He hadn't remembered them as so lovely. It was an ever-recurring surprise to him. There were a great many women in uniform. Why, what with the conductresses, half the women of England seemed in uniform. How smart they were and brisk, and how informed with purpose—and how remote from Ricky.

He could hardly talk to Hummer—he had failed miserably with Dorothy—and these handsome, ruddy, purposeful girls—the box-stall cut him off from even casual speech with them.

Ricky walked down Piccadilly past the Circus, moving without volition, as though borne on the bosom of the crowd. He got to Charing Cross and stood for a while watching all the wilful youth of the Empire flow past him. The air seemed filled with their laughter. All the sons of England went streaming past London's gray and ancient magnificence. It was darker than Ricky remembered it, and more splendid. It hadn't shrunk as some things did. Rather, it had grown. Now all the youth of the English peoples was loosed in a boiling torrent down London streets, and its grave imperial splendors formed only an unnoticed back-drop against which life was played. Australians with their brims tucked up, young, keen-faced

d'Artagnans coursing down the streets, chasing amusement; New-Zealanders in their wide hats with their ribbon; Canadians, Scotchmen, and the regiments of England—you read them on their shoulders—Yorkshire, Lancashire; New South Wales, South Africa, American troops, American sailors—they swarmed everywhere. "Eating up the place" was their own term for it.

Ricky seemed to himself to be an atom removed by centuries of emptiness from the experience of this hot, gay youth that flooded and surged, and boiled through the streets.

There was still in the air a hint of the madness of armistice. One felt everything went, that the old restraints were down. You could see it in the way that the girls talked to the men and the men joked them back, and the casual acquaintances they formed in the twilights. Evidently it was the custom. The girls came flooding out from the munitions up the Strand, up Charing Cross, up Piccadilly, out for a good time.

What an England! With what insolence of youth they enjoyed themselves, as though they said to the venerable stones of the city:

"Others like us helped to build you, and we have defended you. We have come from the ends of the earth to do it. Look at us—the youth of England, of the colonies, of Canada, and of America. And so, while we remain, your streets and your pleasures belong to us."

So they streamed past Ricky like scarlet banners. They streamed past him as though keeping time to the music of drum-beats. How powerful it was, and how careless, this youth that had faced death for four years, this youth that had been snatched from death and now ran in a riot of life down London streets.

He drifted along in the crowd, feeling useless and empty. They swanked past him—groups of Scotchmen, swinging their skirts above their bare knees; Americans, solid, and walking with direction; now a New Zealand boy, searching in the crowd for a girl to speak

to. Suddenly three young girls going abreast barred Ricky's way, laughing.

"Where are you off to?" one said.

"What will you give us to let you pass?" said another.

"Name and address?" asked a third, politely. Ricky couldn't make them out. They were nicely dressed, neatly booted, and wore pert little hats, and had faces that were at the same time bold and innocent and young. He stood before them namelessly embarrassed. He would have given his soul for a natural gesture. Who were they? To him it was mystery. The spectacle of the munition girls enjoying themselves was since his day. This very episode plumbed a gulf between his experience and the world he now was called to live in.

"Are you a deaf mute, dearie?" asked the prettiest one, who wore a little velvet Tam over one ear.

"Shrapnel took his tongue at Mons," another announced. They laughed immoderately, one of them doubling herself up in the abandon of her mirth. They were indecorous and shameless, and yet their gaiety had no vice in it. He stood there. Words wouldn't come to him. There were none. He snatched at them, tried to drag them out of the well of his embarrassment. What fun it would have been to run off with these youngsters. Who cared who they were?

"E's a deaf mute," said one.

"E's a *dead* mute," said the other.

"E's a dead un. Good-by, dead un!" they called, and sped down the street, trailing out cruel laughter behind them that stung Ricky like the lash of a whip. He could have cried with anger. The little scene, so unexpected and so meaningless, had plunged itself deep into some citadel of his self-respect. He drifted into an archway and stood there, feeling that now the barrier between him and the fierce, pulsing life before him was complete.

The bitter waters of defeat had now gotten as high as Ricky's heart. There came to him a certainty that he would always be like this, that he would always

be a shadow at the feast of life, that he would never be able to take hold again of work or love or adventure. There was no one in all the world to whom he wanted to speak. There was nothing in all the world he wanted to do. He only wanted one single thing again, and that was to be able to turn back the hand of time four years and be back with his mother.

He wanted to see his mother. He didn't want her alive again now, because if he met her now, perhaps it would be the same as it was with his father and Hummer—and with Dorothy. But he wanted to go back. He wanted to be Ricky instead of this nameless shadow.

He drifted up Piccadilly again, turned down St. James's Street and along Pall Mall. It was quieter there. Rows of silent clubs looked down upon one, and as he walked along a feeling of revolt came over him.

"Why should I go on?" he asked himself. He had had no part in any of this—no part in the work, no part in the victory. Why should he fit himself now at this late day for a life from which he had been so completely divorced?

"Why should I go on?" he asked himself. He stopped in front of the door of one of the dark and solemnly august buildings, and then heard his own voice saying again, "*Why should I go on?*" He walked along, quickening his steps angrily at the thought that he had been betrayed into speaking aloud the barren miseries of his heart.

"There is no reason for going on"—he answered himself. There was not in all the world a person who needed him or who could even possibly need him. Service—all the rest of England knew it, those rioting girls and boys in uniform, his contemporaries now marching down the streets the victorious owners of England. And Ricky, who had only the cold walls of his lonely pride—and no memory of any service ever—turned his face resolutely away from this world in which he had no part or parcel. As though sucked down on some dark river

of doubt and desolation, he found himself by the Thames.

He had no plan. He did not need despair to well up in a sudden flood to carry him over the brink. He could go now and look at death and think about it and get up to-morrow, or say to himself:

"My appointment with death is for half past seven to-night." That didn't matter, either. The whole business wasn't emotional enough. It was just that he definitely didn't care for this complicated business of living, and there didn't seem any sense or use in it. He had lived with just one idea in his mind so long—it was to get out. And now he carried the invisible walls of his prison about him. He was tired of them.

He walked over a bridge and stood looking at the dark water and at the lights reflected in it. And presently a soldier stopped near him. They looked at each other with suspicious eyes, like wary animals. Ricky felt the other was an intruder. He had come here to be familiar with the kind face of death. The English soldiers owned England. They might leave him by himself now.

The soldier moved slowly toward him. He seemed about Ricky's age, and as he passed under the light Ricky saw that across his temple and down the side of his face was a crimson scar. He was evidently waiting to be spoken to. He seemed humble and embarrassed. There was about him something of an animal begging mutely to be taken notice of.

"It's quiet by the Thames," Ricky threw to him. If the boy would neither go away or speak, he could say something himself.

"Yes," he answered, with an oddly eager inflection. He hesitated, then he said: "You're lucky to be discharged so quick. I wish I was."

"What would you do?" asked Ricky.

"I'd get away from London, first off. Lots of the lads like it. I was in hospital a good while. I'd like to get away."

"Why?" Ricky wondered to himself. Perhaps this boy roamed London streets

unable to speak to people or to take part in the great festival which was forever there in progress. "When you got away, what would you do?" Ricky asked.

"I don't rightly know. The older men—it's easy for them—but when you haven't a trade—" He spoke with difficulty. "What are you doing with yourself, now that you're through?" he asked.

"I've been in prison four years," Ricky blurted out.

"Were you so?" There was an inflection of pity in the other boy's voice. There was silence between them.

"I used to be quite mad to get to London," the boy volunteered, "and now I'm here I want to get on, but I don't know where to." His voice was puzzled. He was searching, in some blind way, for sympathy and understanding. "This takin' hold again worries a chap," he explained, in his helpless voice. "You won't know yourself what you're doing, will you?"

"No," said Ricky. "Four years in prison doesn't give you a trade."

"Nor four years at war. It's easier for the older ones," he repeated. "I had a pal—he was an aviator—and when he came home he blew his brains out. Do you know what worried him? He couldn't get up mornings, so he saw he was going to be a burden to his family and thought he'd rather 'go West.'" He looked down into the dark water. "Sounds dotty," he said, "but a chap can understand—" He let his voice trail off. And then suddenly Ricky understood, too. This other boy had come to him for sympathy and for help. In his halting fashion he was pleading with Ricky to help him back on his feet again. He came to him asking for the key to the door of normal existence.

"How did you take hold of life again? You're in civilian clothes. What did you do? How did you get at it? How do chaps like us get back in again?" was what he was asking. For the people who had gone on living in the real world couldn't help him. They didn't know about it. They talked about going to

work with intolerable briskness, and about what you wanted to do, as if it was as simple as ordering a meal from a bill of fare. And this boy understood about it. He had been separated from life and come out on that dark bridge, perhaps, as Ricky had come. They looked at each other.

"What do you think about that chap, the aviator?"

"He was a fool," said Ricky, promptly. "He should have waited."

"Would it have done any good?"

"Why, of course," said Ricky. He was proud that conviction sounded in his voice. He had acted. He had come up to an emergency. "It's getting on," said Ricky. "Let's have a bite. Shall we?"

The other followed Ricky with dog-like obedience, frankly glad to let someone else lead him. They walked along, finding comfort together, two atoms lost in the world's immensity. They talked with diffidence, forever skirting the subject that was next their hearts, which was how to take hold now of that terrible and perplexing thing called Life.

They said good-by to each other after dinner and Ricky went away comforted. He knew that he wasn't an outcast in the world, and that the world was full of boys perplexed like himself, and he felt that he had the answer as to what to do. The answer was that one must go on. Time helped one. He had told the boy that and the boy believed him.

Then, walking on London streets, he had a strange vision of the world. It appeared to him like a great shining globe spinning about, and it had a hard, transparent surface, and within this surface were all those people who were part of life, all those people who had their place in life's complex affairs; while on the outside, swarming over the hard, shining surface, unable to get in, were the boys whom war had disinherited, the maimed ones and those who were sick. There was a great company of them, young and old—men whose place in the world had been wiped out while they fought, men who came home to find their

families had become strangers. There were blind men and the mutilated, and there was this army of boys like the one with whom he had talked, to whom war had given no trade, and there were boys whose only knowledge of life was a box-stall. And all of these swarmed over the shining surface of the globe, trying and trying to get in—back to those within.

It was a great discovery. His heart suddenly went out to all those lonely ones. He wanted to cry out to them: "Wait! You'll find your way in. You're not alone."

Hope bloomed green in Ricky's heart as he walked along. Then Dorothy came into his mind as though she had entered a room where he was. It was the first time that he had thought of her without feeling how intolerably he was separated from her. He imagined himself going to her, being able at last to talk instead of shouting at her over great distances, as he had before. He felt as if he must find her now, as though the clue which led one back to life was in her hand. He had told the boy time helped. He wanted her to reassure him. He wanted her to know. He hurried to her house, filled with dread that she might not be home, because he had to see her. He had to tell her his discovery. He had to ask her for this clue to life which it seemed to him she held in her hand, and he felt he couldn't wait, and that life somehow would have failed him again if she were not home. But life did not fail him. He found Dorothy in the drawing-room. She was dressed for the evening and her arms gleamed like silver. There was a little shining fillet of silver in her hair and dress of young green, and as she came toward him her very loveliness made her formidable and remote as when he had first seen her.

He found himself saying, tonelessly: "You are going out. I mustn't keep you."

"I'm not going for ever so long," she answered. "I won't go at all, Ricky, if you will stay. I'm so awfully glad to have you come."

He couldn't talk to her any more now than ever. His discovery was an illusion. He could talk to her as little as to a silver and ivory statue of Artemis, and so he only stared at her with his unhappy eyes, while one of the uncomfortable silences that he trailed around with him enfolded them.

She sat down in one of the cushioned chairs near the cheery fire and looked into it, and suddenly Ricky saw that tears were sliding down her face. For a moment she tried to check them. She tried not to notice them, but their hot tide was stronger than she. Then, with a swift gesture of defeat, she put her face in her hands and sobbed uncontrollably, and then Ricky found himself kneeling beside her.

"Dorothy," he said, "Dorothy, what's the matter?"

She groped with her hand for his head.

"It's you, Ricky. It's you," she

sobbed. "It's that I can't get near you—it is that no one can get near you. I try and try—"

She cried as Ricky remembered having seen her cry once or twice as a little girl, with the same abandon, and then sobbed out this amazing thing:

"Oh, Ricky! Ricky! *How I wish I was your mother!*"

At this cry of hers, so absurd, yet so full of understanding of him and so full of love, the icy wall around Ricky melted. He forgot everything except that Dorothy was crying and that she was crying about him—crying absurdly because she wasn't his mother and so couldn't help him. He began comforting her awkwardly in the same way that he had when she had cried when she was little. He had his wish. The hands of time had turned back. He had found his way somehow back into the world.

A NATURE-LOVER PASSES

BY DANIEL HENDERSON

In certain parts of the world the custom still prevails of telling the bees that a member of the family has died.

BEES, go tell the things he treasured—
Oak and grass and violet—
That although his life was measured
He is with them yet!

Tell the wild rose and the clover
That the earth has made him over!
Tell the lilting, loitering stream
He is sharer of its dream!
Whisper to the April wood
Of his blending in its mood!
Tell the wind his spirit flows
In whatever path it blows!
Tell the thrush it draws its art
From the rapture of his heart!
Bees, to his green shelter bring
All of earth's bright gossiping:—
Tales of feather, flower, or fur;
Sap upmounting; wings astir!

Now we may no more attend him,
Bid his loved wild things befriend him!

THE WRONG SIDE OF THE LOOKING-GLASS

IMPRESSIONS OF TOPSY-TURVY RUSSIA

BY ARTHUR BULLARD

THERE was one class of impressions which was shared by all foreigners in Russia during the first winter following the revolution. It was a sort of comic relief to the grim tragedy in which we lived. Running through all the somber patterns of misery and fear there was a gaudy thread of incongruousness which would have pleased the author of *Alice in Wonderland*. We fell into the habit of speaking of "Home" as "The Right Side of the Looking-glass." We were on the Wrong Side—where ridiculously incongruous things happened as naturally as in dreams.

Often this impression of Carroll-esque unreality would come over me so strongly that I would go out into the anteroom of the Consulate and turn over the pages of the latest New York paper, six months old, just to reassure myself that there was a place—on the Right Side of the Looking-glass—where there were people who still acted in the way we expected them to act.

For nearly a week, during the Bolshevik insurrection in Moscow three of us were marooned in the Consulate. Two rival machine-guns were having a duet in the street before our door and the Nikitski Gate a block away was in the line of artillery fire and rapidly coming to resemble more and more closely the latest picture post-cards of Ypres. We kept up a roaring fire to burn the code-books in case the Consulate was raided, and we read and re-read those frayed old newspapers. What wouldn't we have given for an "extra" just off the press! We suffered a great deal more from lack of home news than we did from the food shortage.

The hunger which weighed on the

city was typical of the topsy-turvy condition of that winter of 1917. There was still plenty of food in Russia. But much of it came under the chemists' definition of "dirt"—it was "misplaced matter." The ordinary law of gravitation did not work. The food did not fall—as it should—into hungry mouths. There were plenty of plausible reasons in explanation of this: the transportation system had broken down; the things for which the peasants care to exchange their farm products were lacking. But the real cause for much of this shortage was an incredible stupidity.

The city of Moscow was on hunger rations, but the near-by province of Riazan was surfeited with grain. At the outbreak of the war, in 1914, certain food-producing provinces had been allotted to the Army Commissary and the private sale of grain prohibited. The army had crumbled into dust, but in spite of the revolution the Czar's ukase that the food of Riazan should be reserved for the army was still in force.

The soldiers of the garrison of Moscow organized regular freebooting expeditions across the river into Riazan. All that was needed was a cart and a boat and enough soldiers to overpower the listless guards at the army grain-depots. A cart-load of flour would fetch a price which would keep an entire regiment in cigarettes and sunflower seeds for a month.

While this method of provisioning the city was lucrative for the soldiers, it was inadequate. There was a Food Control Committee, yet at best it was only trying to feed the normal population according to the last city census. But the number of inhabitants of Moscow had

been doubled by the influx of refugees from the invaded districts. So, even when the newspapers published a complacent statement from the committee that Moscow would receive a full quota of food for the following week, it meant that there would be only half enough to go around. And with sickening regularity the reports grew worse. By the spring of 1918 the food receipts were often down to 25 per cent.

However, enough "social injustice" persisted, even in revolutionary Russia, so that I never went hungry. There were all sorts of ways to get the better of the official rations.

This was the favorite subject of conversation in Russian gatherings, one of the incredible conditions for us foreigners. The Russians were not interested in the things that interested us most. I was there for the Committee on Public Information, and my job was to inform the Russians about the part America was preparing to take in the war. It was not surprising that they were not interested in our ship-building program—so very few Moscovites have ever seen the ocean. But I could not understand their indifference to our "selective draft" system, our Liberty Loans, our aeroplanes and munition output. One editor finally explained it to me:

"You Americans," he said, "are having your honeymoon with war; we've lived with the hag for three years!"

And by New-Year's day, 1918, the comfortable classes had lost all their illusions about the revolution. They were bored by our insistent interest in it, and preferred to discuss ways and means of getting more than their share of the meager food-supply. Every one had some mysterious "method"—just as most inhabitants of the Riviera have a secret "system" for beating the bank at Monte Carlo.

There were two Russian families in whose houses I knew I could always get a good dinner. The "system" of the Evalenkos was beautifully simple. They had a good-looking servant-girl. She

was also methodical and had worked out a schedule for having different soldiers call on her every night in the week. Instead of chocolate creams, she exacted tribute from them in fat fowls, suckling pigs, and jars of butter. The Evalenkos lived royally.

The other family—with marvelous business acumen—had succeeded in trading some useless thing like a munition-plant or a gold-mine for a cigarette-factory. And you could buy anything with cigarettes. They were the most lavish entertainers in Moscow. They were not embarrassed if even four or five guests turned up unexpectedly at meal hours. Their table groaned under the weight of "improcurables"—sugar, eggs, cheese. But their pride was white bread, really white.

It was this very luxury which brought my dinners with them to an end. One evening when there were only a few intimate friends left the hostess explained how they got it. They bribed the chief surgeon of a war hospital with cigarettes! There was still a small hoard of white flour in the hospital, reserved for the soldiers who had had so much of their stomachs shot away that they could not digest black bread. Although every one present at the dinner would have insisted upon being classed as gentlefolk, no one protested at the infamy. But I could not eat any more of that white bread. I never went back.

It was real self-denial on my part, for good meals were hard to come by and my own food-supply had vanished. And thereby hangs another—very Russian—tale.

The Consul-General, foreseeing the food shortage and not wanting to deplete the scanty Russian supply, had arranged for a food shipment from America. Although I was not technically a member of his staff, my work was so closely associated with the Consulate that I was allowed to share in this good fortune. There was a large stock of real flour, preserved butter, a side of bacon, corned beef, condensed milk—

best of all, sugar, and wonderfully sweet canned fruit. It was sweets we missed most. Properly husbanded, this supply would have run me comfortably through the winter.

But I was not keeping house. I was living with a delightful Russian family named Alexeev, as charming people as I have ever met. He was an architect and his wife the leading soprano in the Municipal opera. The arrival of my food allotment caused great excitement. That night we had a wonderful dinner. There was an immense loaf of white bread and a great cake. They contributed a fowl, so there was chicken-pie (it is almost impossible to make an edible pie-crust out of black flour), and for dessert we each of us consumed a can of California apricots.

About eleven I was called from my room for the usual evening ceremony in front of the samovar. The dining-room was crowded. I suspect that Madame Alexeev had spent the time since dinner at the telephone, boasting to her friends of the wonderful prosperity which had befallen her larder. They had all come to see—or rather to taste. Till one in the morning I was kept busy opening fruit-cans.

After all, I had been sent to Russia to make America popular. And no propaganda I attempted stirred an equally enthusiastic response.

The next day I had to go up to Petrograd and was gone two weeks. When I came back there was nothing left of my winter's store of provisions. Madame Alexeev had not been able to resist the *éclat*, which comes from giving good dinners.

There was only one unit remaining of the large assortment—a cardboard box of shredded codfish. She had not known how to cook that. At first they had thought it was a *zakusta* and had tried to eat it raw, but they had found it too salty. I translated for her the receipt printed on the cover. But codfish balls require potatoes and there were none to be had that month in Moscow. The only

available vegetable was cabbage. She thought perhaps the cook might make something out of cabbage and codfish. I was skeptical. And, although she tried several times, my skepticism was fully justified.

In a way this incident was typical of what I mean by feeling that we were on the Wrong Side of the Looking-glass. There was something fantastic and incredible about the *abandon* with which the good madame had dissipated my food-supply. We should expect even the most improvident to be a little sparing with some one else's bread and butter. But it never occurred to her nor to her husband to be even faintly apologetic about it. They often expressed their regret that the supply had not been large enough to prolong the orgy till my return. They were the kindest people in the world and sincerely sorry that business had taken me out of town so that I could not share my own fun.

Most Americans who have known the Russians at all intimately like them. I certainly do. And yet one is always being surprised in this way. I cannot imagine any American family whom I should like as I liked the Alexeevs—people so cordially hospitable, so ready to share their last crust with a friend—making free with what did not belong to them. I was not angry, but I was surprised.

In this way Russians are more "foreign" than other nations. Once you get really to know a Briton, a German, an Italian, or a Turk, you can prophesy with fair accuracy what he will do under given circumstances. We expect certain combinations of qualities. If we know that such a man does not cheat at cards, we are pretty sure that he will not steal from the collection-basket at church. If we know that he does not pick his teeth in public, we expect him not to eat peas with a knife. If we know he is cruel to dogs, we don't expect him to be kind to children. But such combinations of character do not always hold true with Russians. A Russian acquaintance nine

times running may do just what, from your previous knowledge of him, you would expect, and then, the tenth time, act in complete contradiction to what you had thought was his character.

For several months before I went to live with the Alexeevs I had shared an apartment with an officer in the Judge-Advocate's department named Pavil Ivanovitch. He had been a successful civilian lawyer before the war; he had served with distinction in the active army for two years, winning rapid promotion, and then, after being wounded several times, had managed a hospital train until a short while before I met him. He was a man of real intelligence, wide travel, of a dainty, almost dandified, culture, and withal more public-spirited than most Russians of his class. He was a member of the City Council and, between that and the public committees on which he served, he rarely had a free evening. I liked him immensely and a very cordial friendship had developed. I should have called him as honorable as any man I knew. Shortly after my return to Moscow I dined with him. His table was very much better supplied than when I had lived with him.

"What's your system?" I asked. "It's something new since I was here."

"Oh yes," he said, complacently, "I do myself properly now. I've been elected to the Food Committee. I get all I want to eat now."

The one kind of honesty, which I had assumed from the many other honest qualities I had observed, was simply not there. He was like a sheet of paper with one side written on—but not the other.

Now I can imagine a food controller in some other country who was such a scoundrel that, in a starving city, he would use his office to secure titbits for his private table. But I should confidently expect that, combined with this strain of villainy, there would be a large degree of hypocrisy and secretiveness. I was very much surprised to find that a person so lovable and generally admira-

ble as Pavil Ivanovitch could be in one section of his character such a black-guard, and I was utterly amazed at the nonchalance with which he admitted it.

That was the trouble for us foreigners in regard to the food problem. It was not impossible to get invitations to good meals, but we generally found that the "system" employed by our hosts was so unsavory that it took away our appetite.

However, the combinations by which people succeeded in getting more than their share of food were as child's play compared to the fantastic "systems" they contrived to procure a drink. The poorer people could still kill themselves with furniture polish, but those of more delicate tastes were in desperate straits as all the eau de cologne had been consumed.

When I first reached Moscow in the late summer of 1917 things were not so bad, as the regular wine-merchants still had some stock left and foreigners were exempted from the prohibition edict, and, on a certificate of nationality from their consul, could get a monthly ration of thirty bottles of wine and two of strong liquor. You could read advertisements in the papers from reluctantly reformed toppers, offering free bed and board to foreigners. I even heard of one old gentleman offering a not unattractive daughter with a large dot.

A flutter was caused in consular circles by the sudden unfurling of the flag of a Central American Republic in one of the side streets of Moscow. This new venture was not, I believe, recognized by the regularly established consuls, but the city authorities were "convinced" of its bona-fide status. If you called on this consul and intimated that a five-ruble note might be forthcoming, you would be invited into the felicity of the back room. But by midwinter the existing stores were depleted and even foreigners had to go dry.

Pure alcohol went far above par. By mixing it with two parts water and letting it stand overnight with certain

pungent grasses a drinkable substitute for vodka was produced. But pure alcohol was hard to come by. The people who owned the cigarette-factory were the only ones I knew who could get all they wanted. The surgeon in the war hospital could furnish that as well as white flour.

The most original "system" for procuring alcohol I heard of was invented by my host, Alexeev. He and his wife were a very devoted couple and always made a great to-do over their wedding anniversary. This year was to be their tenth and should have been especially festive, but my little snowball of supplies had long been melted and the prospect of getting delicacies was slight.

The chef of the British Club—to which Allied officials were admitted—had a hidden store of sweets, and after much coaxing, he produced a small but highly decorative cake. Somehow or other, Madame Alexeev procured some eggs. But the sensation of the evening was a carafe surrounded by little vodka-glasses. Even the aromatic herbs could not disguise the taste—it was a very little crude alcohol and a great deal of water. However, it was highly appreciated and all the guests were eager to know how he got it. At the psychological moment, when general interest was at its height, he brought out from a closet a large waste-paper basket overflowing with little bottles of pills. We were more mystified than ever.

In the university—he explained—he had roomed with a chap who was an enthusiast on homeopathy, a very apostle. He had a little family medicine-chest and was always looking around for people with the various complaints printed on the labels, so that he could demonstrate the efficacy of his pills.

"There was one disease," Alexeev said, "I've forgotten the name—perhaps it was leprosy—anyhow, it was a tropical complaint. He could not find a case in Moscow. One summer he made a special trip down to Samarkand in the hope of finding a case.

"He always looked at you sharply when you first came into the room, on the chance that you had developed some new symptom for which he could try a pill. How I hated that medicine-chest! He could not talk of anything else. He read me the list of its contents so often that I knew it by heart. 'Digitalis, paregoric,' etc.—just like the Latin verbs *utor*, *frutor* . . . And the other day, wracking my brain to think of some way to get a little alcohol, I remembered that there was a bottle of it in that medicine-chest."

The rest had been simple. He had found the only homeopathic drug-store in Moscow. There were only six medicine-chests left in stock and he had bought them all.

"But," he added, dolefully, pointing to the full waste-paper basket, "there was an awful lot of pills for a very small drink."

Perhaps the most incredible part of the situation was that, while almost every one was thirsty and we often had nothing to eat but black bread and cabbage, the menu for the soul was unsurpassed.

Never in any winter season have I heard so much good music. A great many critics agree that Moscow offers the most interesting drama in the world, and it was an exceptionally good season.

Even the terror of the Bolshevik insurrection interrupted the ballet for only a week. The echo of the cannonade had hardly died down when I saw a much-heralded revival of "The Little Hunchback Horse." This ballet, which I believe has never been presented abroad, was put on with new settings and new costumes. Its subject comes from old Russian folklore, and there is real Russian music—immensely more interesting than the pseudo-Orientalism of Bakst's *Arabian Nights* themes, or the *legende de Josef* to Strauss music.

And the taste of those who reject the classic and traditional art and prefer the ultra-new, the bizarre and exotic, was catered to in the various miniature theaters with which Moscow abounds. The

most remarkable was a Cubist production of "Salome." It made a fortune for the owner of the Chamber Theater. A very able and shameless actor played the utterly disgusting rôle of Herod with great gusto and nauseating fidelity.

The same week I saw an entirely delightful performance of "The Cricket on the Hearth" in the Studio Theater. None of the actors remotely resembled the pictures which Anglo-Saxon readers get from Dickens's story, but in spite of its Russian disguise it remained delightful.

All the entertainments, from cinemas to grand opera, were crowded at every performance. Every theater was a city of refuge. And those who wished to escape from the bitterness of reality were innumerable. It was desperately hard—sometimes quite impossible—to adjust one's mind to the fantastic jumble of starvation and ballet, sweet-hearted friendliness and cold cynicism, opera-bouffe and tragedy.

I went one night with a friend—quite the best pianist and one of the most interesting women I know—to the Art Theater. Her home was on the outer boulevard, but that night we dined with a friend near the center of the city and later she slept there, as the streets were infested with footpads and there was shooting every night in her neighborhood. It was quite impossible to get an *ishvoschik* to drive there.

The performance was an old poetic drama, on which the better-known opera of "Boris Goudonov" is founded. It has some of the magic quality of Shakespeare. We forgot all about the real world when the curtain went up—all the miserable famine, the tyranny and tragedy of life. It was pure romance. During the *entr'acte*, the spell of it still heavy upon us, we went out into the crowded foyer. We were in earnest talk about the art of it when I suddenly felt a sharp push and a voice—trying hard to be stern—said, "Look out!" But, to the confusion of its owner, the voice broke at its sternest note. I faced

around to the most amazing sight I have ever seen.

It was a boy, just struggling painfully through the worst stage of adolescence. He was dressed in a flaming red revolutionary blouse. Two automatic pistols stuck out of his belt, flauntingly. And hanging about him, like clusters of grapes on an overloaded vine, were a half-dozen army hand-grenades. "Careful," he said, with unbelievable solemnity. "Don't bump me. They might go off."

But once more, just at the critical moment, his voice broke. He blushed scarlet. He was so chagrined at the way his voice betrayed him that I thought he was going to cry. Before I recovered from my surprise he turned away to hide his confusion and strutted out of sight down a lane which opened for him in the crowd.

The amazing thing about it to me was this—why didn't some one, more quick-witted than I, do the obvious thing—take the lad across his knees, spank him, and send him home to his nursery? A youngster like that ought not to be allowed to play with high explosives. He was perfectly harmless; he wouldn't have hurt a fly. He was only showing off—and he could not keep his voice from breaking. Nobody in all that crowd thought of taking him in hand.

The incident sticks in my mind as ridiculously typical of an utterly tragic situation.

I doubt if anywhere in the world but Russia you could have filled a theater in such parlous times to hear a poetic drama. If an American boy wanted to show off in the rôle of a desperado he would hardly stay up so late at night, and certainly would not invade the lobby of a highly respectable theater. And nowhere on the Right Side of the Looking-glass would such a fantastically dangerous lark be permitted by grown-ups.

The fundamental misery of these days was just this—there was not anything to laugh at except such incidents as these.

THE GOD BEHIND THE GIFT

BY MARY ESTHER MITCHELL

JUDGING by outward signs of grace and wisdom, no one would have suspected Billy of having business with the gods, but the selection of *deus ex machina* remains one of the mysteries as well as the surprises of life.

Christian Road stretches out from the little hilltop village of Warsaw for three miles or more, journeying at a proud altitude, attended by fair, wide views and swept by cool, clean breezes, until the ridge loses itself in a confusion of slope and valley and the highway descends to the common level. Just why "Christian" not the oldest inhabitant can tell, the origin of the title being lost in the obscurity of the past. In its day the name had, doubtless, a more cogent reason for being than did that of the village itself; "Warsaw" and a group of New England farm-houses have little apparent connection. That the early settlers of Maine were acquainted with the map of Europe is made obvious in every county. Paris obtains its groceries in Norway, educates its youth in Hebron, and shows off the elephant at Poland. Naples and Denmark shoulder each other, while China, Peru, Belgrade, Madrid, Mar's Hill, Corinth, and dozens of other evidences of the Gazetteer give classical and unimaginative dignity to various parts of the state. What picturesque form the "Lodge on the Hill," or the "Village of the Low Clouds," or the "Place of the High Wind" might have taken in the native American tongue has been lost to an interested world which must, perforce, be content with "Warsaw," the sponsors having arrived at the *W* of the index.

The Road, vantage-ground of a wide

sweep of country, runs between farms and pasture-lands, none so fertile as those on the lower slopes or in the river valley, small holdings with rich crops of stones and straggling orchards of apple-trees. Here flourishes the Baldwin, ruddy, hard, and wholesome, possessing nothing of personal magnetism or subtle flavor, unsought for the immediate delight of the palate, but prized as a winter stand-by, with an established place in the market, as the Road can testify.

The Pope farm lay about midway of the Road's length. To it Gershom had brought Emmeline in the days long past, and the two had wrestled together to bring subsistence from the grudging soil. No children had grown up to help or hinder; back in the early years there had been a little boy who lived just long enough to establish the parental terms by which the couple addressed each other. The results of unceasing effort had been a bare livelihood and little to spare. Early and late had they toiled; now their backs were bent, their hands rough and distorted, their feet heavy and stumbling, but they had kept their inward vision. The light of their old eyes was undimmed, untroubled by the meagerness of their life's harvest.

The little farm-house faced the great range of the White Hills. Beyond the deep valleys, cups for the purple dusk, and the heaped white of the morning mist; beyond the folds of the foothills, lay the mountains, blue and soft in summer haze, sharp cut against the sky of sunset, gleaming silver with the covering of winter. Emmeline's gentle eyes did not often rest upon them; the pageantry of the hills meant little to her. It is in

the pages of fiction that the rustic soul draws its inspiration from the greater demonstrations of nature. In life, the dwellers on the threshold, hard-pressed by necessity, pay more heed to the rain-fall and the cut-worm than to the tints of amethyst and the gates of gold. It is the sophisticated heart, made simple by the complexities of experience, that turns to the hills for their helping. The message of the mountains is not one of repose to those who toil in their presence. The great, pushing shoulders carry a vague sense of unrest, bespeaking effort and upheaval. It is certain that Emmeline's gaze sought the quiet level land widening out from the river valley and spreading into a great plain until it was lost to sight on the far horizon, a cheerful, open plain, checkered with a patchwork of varied green, dotted with farm-houses and little villages, revealing intimate bits of road which hinted of easy travel and near human companionship. "So kinder neighborly," Emmeline would sigh. "Land! Up here there's hours when there ain't so much as the passin' of a dog, say nothin' of a team!"

The farm had once covered a considerable number of acres, but it had dwindled with the waning of Gershom's physical powers. Now all that remained was the little home garden, the corn-field, and the rough pasture for the only cow. Emmeline tended the dooryard of bright flowers in front of the house and the chicken-yard at the back, touching petals and feathers alike with the impartial love for growing things. The two earned enough to keep them from want, but their margin was negligible. For diversion they had the Grange and the Church Circle. Their home comfort was taken every evening when, chores done, they sat together by the kitchen lamp, Emmeline with a clean apron over her calico, sewing or mending, while Gershom read aloud *The Putnam County Chronicle*, the daily paper of the nearest town. The kitchen represented the center of home life. To be sure, Emmeline possessed a best room—what self-re-

specting farmer's wife does not?—but it was reserved for occasions; swept and garnished, it remained behind a closed door, never to be taken lightly or casually, an asset in the bank of convention. Its record of every vagary of fancy-work for the past forty years was not for the light of common day. Once, in a time of financial stress, the room had been reluctantly sacrificed to a summer boarder, but it proved too much for her and she had soon departed. Emmeline and Gershom would no more have thought of taking their ease in the sacred precincts than of sitting down to work within the temple gates.

"The man that's took the *Chronicle* over 's a smart feller," remarked Gershom, laying down the paper after an evening's careful perusal. "He writes out my notions exact. If all our men thought as Powers does I guess the country 'd be safe 'nough. I'd like to shake hands with him."

Emmeline peered over the top of her glasses. "Do you know, Father, I took to him right off. It was the 'nitals that fetched me fust; then when I found his name was Charles it seemed like a leadin'. I reckon our own Charley might 'a' be'n somethin' littery. He'd grab every book he could git holt of an' yell like all-git-out if I took it away. An' picters, there warn't never a young un fur picters like our Charley."

"Well, I dunno," returned Gershom, judicially. "You can't allers tell how their tastes 'll turn; but if he'd grown up as fair an' right-minded as Powers he'd be'n all right. He oughter be sent to Legislater, that man had."

"Now, Father, why don't you write him a letter an' tell him so? It does any young man good to know he's got a follerin'."

Gershom's smile was one of conscious authority. "Lord! Mother. Them editors are dreadful busy men an' can't be bothered with readin' letters frum every old farmer hereabouts. My name wouldn't carry a mite o' weight."

Mrs. Pope measured off a strip of

gingham—middle finger tip to knuckle, counting aloud. Then she resumed the subject.

"There ain't nobody better known 'round here 'n you be, Gershom Pope! You 'ain't got the dollars, but you've got the sense an' jedgment, an' I guess that's what counts. As fur Powers, we're beholden to him, an' you can see he's reel interested in the county. I don't believe we'd ever got the stage route to go this way if it hadn't be'n fur Powers. I'm reel grateful fur that. I look forward to the stage goin' by frum the time I git up in the mornin'. I'd miss it Sundays if it warn't fur meetin'. I've a great mind to write to him myself. It never hurts anybody to speak out thanks."

"Like 's not he'd never see it," said Gershom. "These big men hev their mail read by some one else. The stage route's a great thing fur Christian Road, but it's his principles that fetch me. He's a good, clean man, Powers is. I'd like to see him at Washington. It's what the country needs—good, clean men with no eye fur favor. Powers ain't afeered to say jest what he thinks. You call to mind that article he writ on the Lower Mills water power. Gosh! it took some spunk to write that!"

"I reckon you're right," acknowledged Emmeline. "Anyways, I don't write very plain, now the rheumatics has got holt o' my hands. But I tell you what I've a mind to do, Father. It jest come to me. There ain't a man frum a king down but you can please through the stomach. I'll make one o' my thick blueberry pies an' send it down by stage. Drew'll see it gits there."

"I guess there couldn't be no objection to your doin' that," admitted Gershom. "There ain't nobody can beat you on pies, Emmy."

The office-boy of *The Putnam County Chronicle* answered to a variety of names, shouted or spoken, as disposition or mood dictated. Ordinarily "Bill" or "Billy" served the occasion. "Billy

Boy" and "Little Willy" were not to be feared, being by the way of a mild jocularity. "You, Bill!" staccato, brought a sense of guilty apprehension which sent the crimson tide to the large and already pink appendages adorning the sides of Billy's head, while "William" in cold and level tone froze boyish blood. "Booming Billy" and "Blundering Bill" had their turn as happy specimens of satisfactory and appropriate alliteration.

Billy, the real boy, detached from momentary exigency, was dimly to be apprehended behind a large and violent crop of freckles. Scrutiny revealed the facts of indeterminate nose, greenish-gray eyes, wide mouth, and hopeful expression. The rest of Billy was easily distinguished in a shock of light and upstanding hair, and a long, lanky frame terminating in unwieldy and not easily adjusted extremities. Billy, unintentionally, kicked everything in reach; what he could not kick he knocked over. His path through office life was strewn with debris. He spilled ink and glue, upset the dust-pan and waste-basket, and set reams of paper flying in confusion.

Some potent but vaguely understood impulse had drawn Billy from his native setting of green pastures and grazing cattle to the larger interests and opportunities of Bellfield. He had brought with him his entire stock of bucolic inheritance and attainment, which his residence in town had done little to mitigate. By sheer force of willingness and good-nature Billy held his post, in spite of his devastating temperament. Every man in the office liked the boy, though he might curse him roundly. Billy plodded, or rather clumped, his way faithfully; what he undid through unfortunate propensity he did over, patiently. Billy's grin did not lessen, however dark the day and stormy the times. Cheerfulness unshakable makes itself felt even in a newspaper office.

"Billy!" called Mr. Powers from his private office, one summer morning.



"TAKE THAT THING AWAY!" DEMANDED MR. POWERS

The boy, standing by a window in the outer room, slouching and apparently unjointed, sprang into instant action. With a clatter of boots and a whirling of arms he made his way, bumping into table corners and stepping on the tail of the office cat. Imprecations mingled with squalls of feline distress rose in his wake, followed by the calm after the cyclone.

"Yes, sir," said Billy, stumbling on the threshold.

Mr. Powers pointed to a package which lay on the desk. It had been partly opened and the brown paper was damp with a purple stain, darkly and unpleasantly suggestive, while a slow trickle of ooze found its way over the polished surface of the oak.

"Take that thing away!" demanded Mr. Powers, with an indicating jerk of his head.

Billy regarded the dripping article suspiciously. "Yes, sir. What is it, sir?"

"It's a pie some fool woman's dumped on me," snapped Mr. Powers.

"What—what shall I do with it?" hesitated Billy.

"Do with it? Feed it to the cat! chuck it into the waste-can! Eat it! I don't care as long so you get it out of my way. Of all idiots!"

"Yes, sir," responded Billy, meekly appropriating the pie and the epithet.

But for once Mr. Powers was not referring to his office-boy. "I can put up with peculiar potatoes and an occasional pumpkin; even the largest ear of corn ever produced is easily disposed of," he muttered as he turned back to his work. "Pie marks a limit. I'm not a county fair, if I do run a country newspaper!"

Billy returned to the outer office. He clutched the offending package in both hands, holding it at arm's-length. The juice oozed through his fingers and an occasional drop marked his passage.

"What in thunder!" roared the society

editor as a big, purple blob landed on a pile of fair copy.

"Pie!" explained Billy between clenched teeth, holding on for dear life. He got through the room without accident and halted in a small rear entry where the back stairs went down. In one corner stood a big, galvanized-iron can, used for waste. Some time later, the foreman of the press-room, coming through, found Billy apparently taking a bath in a strangely colored fluid.

"Mr. Powers told me to eat it," spluttered Billy, mouth full.

"I dunno what the stuff is," remarked the foreman, "but I guess he meant you to put it inside you an' not all over the place. Clean up an' git to work!"

"Yes, sir," said Billy. As he stuffed the stained wrapping-paper into the can his eye was caught by a few shaky words written in faint ink: "From your respecting reader, Mrs. Gershom Pope, Warsaw, Me." "Warsaw," repeated Billy. "I was there onct. 'Tain't fur frum here. I wisht I lived with that woman."

From that time on pies flowed in a steady and weekly stream to the *Chronicle* office. The season was marked by the variety of pastry. Blueberries were followed by raspberries and blackberries and rounded up by early apples. Billy

took charge of them and returned from the back entry unctuous and smeary.

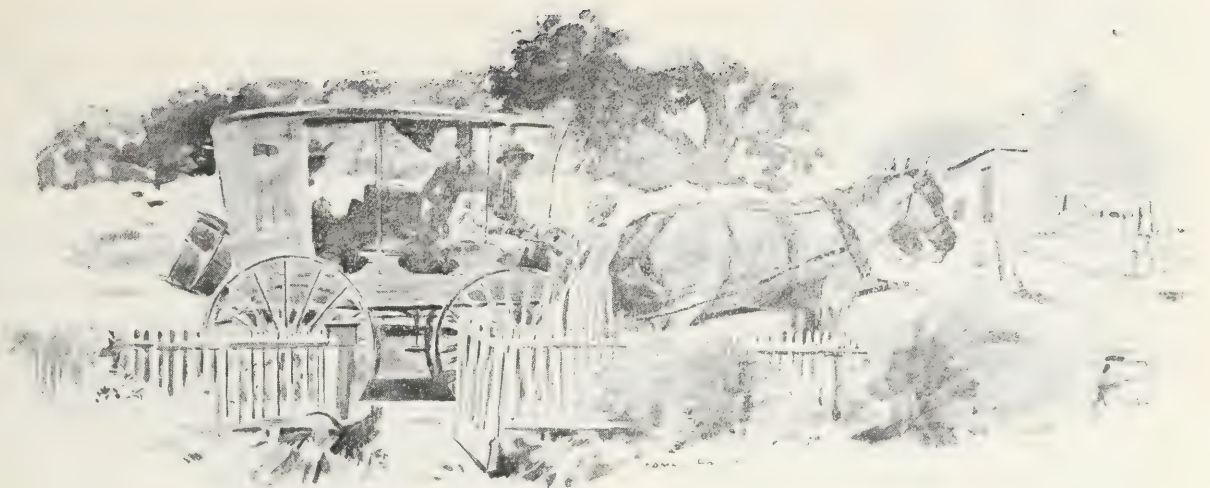
"Don't let them come in here," ordered Mr. Powers. "I suppose the woman's after something; they all are, every last one. Well, I'm after something myself—only it isn't pie."

The full attention and interest of Mr. Charles Powers was not absorbed in the editing of a country newspaper, save as it served as a stepping-stone to larger things. Not a country-bred man, he had little understanding of the country mind. He could deal with rural politics, but he missed the value of the personal equation. The rustic interest in local affairs bored him; the purveying of country-side gossip roused his humorous contempt. He gave every man credit for grinding an ax, having a big one of his own to make ready. His staff



"MR. POWERS TOLD ME TO EAT IT
SPLUTTERED BILLY

respected and admired him, but without warmth. Always excepting Billy. Billy, ungainly and disastrous, possessed the fiery heart of worship. Beauteous were the robes in which he clothed his hero. Secretly he played Mr. Powers to the audience of himself; others might not have recognized the impersonation, but it filled Billy with glowing satisfaction. He expanded in spirit to fit the measure of his demigod; he imitated his atti-



FROM THAT TIME ON PIES FLOWED IN A WEEKLY STREAM TO THE *CHRONICLE*

tudes, walk, and, with the help of an innocuous stick or pencil, his manner of holding a cigar. At the office he laid aside his rôle and became Billy, ennobled and glorified by service. No one guessed that the racket which followed Mr. Powers's call for his office-boy was the clank of the armor which encased a devoted knight.

The "Powers pie" passed into a joke confined to the outer office. Mr. Powers, having given his orders, forgot the affair. Billy, in the back entry, profited willingly and abundantly. On Christian Road the preparing of the gift had become a mark of time, as the sweeping and the washing are milestones of the week.

"I feel like I was makin' it fur our own Charlie," Emmeline, with tremulous pleasure, confided to her husband. "I guess they don't feed none too well at that Bellfield hotel. Home victuals taste good, an' eatin' don't ever come amiss to a man. Father, jest cast an eye over the 'Clippin's'" she would say as Gershom unfolded the evening paper. "Not that I'm lookin' fur notice," she would add, wistfully.

Back in Billy's mind there lurked a memory of a thin, overworked woman, often sharp of speech, but with a hand which ministered tenderly to boyish comfort. Billy rarely thought definitely about his mother, but the fact

that her spirit lived manifested itself in unexpected ways. The woman with whom Billy lodged found the clumsy boy surprisingly considerate. He brought her wood and coal without waiting to be asked. He rendered many a small service as if glad to have the chance. "He's never sassed me onct!" asserted the landlady, putting the crown to Billy's virtues. It was this small, still voice from the past, chiming in with the present call of loyalty, which made itself heard to Billy one day in the late fall. The year had swung on to the time of frost and golden sunsets, bare brown earth and white mountain-tops. Thanksgiving was in sight, and farmers were taking account of their stock for the feast. For the first time on a Saturday morning the pie had failed to appear; in its place came a crate containing a bunch of aggressive feathers which, being interpreted, turned out to be a much disgruntled hen. Tied to one of the slats was a slip of paper. "I was afraid eggs would git broke. She's a good layer."

The outer office roared and Mr. Powers shouted for Billy. "What did I tell you?" he demanded, angrily.

"It was pies," stammered Billy. "You never said hens."

"Well, I say it now. Good Lord! I was under the impression I was running a newspaper, but I find it is a farm.

Billy, take this thing and send it back on the afternoon stage. It'll be pigs and a cow if I don't put a stop to it." He gave the offending crate an irritated push with his toe and went back to his desk, slamming the door.

Billy picked up the crate; the unhappy fowl emitted one squawk of outraged dignity, then relapsed to its sullen silence. The boy, amid the jeers of the outer office, tugged his burden to his entry refuge. There he squatted on the floor and contemplated his charge.

Billy knew by experience the workings of a meager farm. In his boy's way he read the considerable sacrifice this offering represented. "There ain't nothin' but poor little places on Christian Road," he said to himself. "An' eggs is 'way up. It's a good hen," he went on. I bet the old lady was reel proud sendin' it." He accepted the donor as old because it fitted with certain associations. "Say, but she'll feel bad to git it back!" This brought his mind to his hero. To return such a gift would be to inflict mortal injury to any sense of friendliness. The boy had gathered that Mr. Powers was working for political preferment. In his own mind he had no doubt that the Presidency was the goal. Mr. Powers was making an awful mistake in sending back that hen. Such a slap in the face would not be forgiven. "Set the hull place ag'in' him," thought Billy. He, better than Mr. Powers, understood the fierce partizanship of the farmer, which, turned aside, grows to bitterness and gall. Mr. Powers needed the county's support in the coming election, yet he was setting the countryside against him. Deep is rural pride; quick its spirit of offense. Billy could almost hear the condemnation. "Powers! Humph! My wife done him a favor an' he slung it back. If *we* ain't good 'nough fur him, my vote ain't!" Of course Mr. Powers couldn't be expected to know; he was a city man, the kind that don't notice trifles. He, Billy, must see to it.

Billy disobeyed orders; he kept the

melancholy hen in the back entry until he went to his boarding-place at night. He smuggled it up to his little bare room and fed it with crumbs from his supper. In the morning he took the fowl from the crate and tied its legs, suffering, in the process, numerous vicious pecks of protest. The hen rendered helpless, Billy put on a ragged sweater over which he buttoned his thin coat, pulled his cap over his ears, and started out, swinging the defenseless hen by its shackled feet. The air was keen and the boy walked briskly up the main street and along by the lake where the big shoe-factories stood in Sunday emptiness. Soon he gained the open country. The street, now a road, began to rise toward the four-mile upward slope that led to Warsaw. The mud was frozen and rough and the wind swept over the hill unhindered and benumbing. Even Billy's strong young lungs puffed, and he rested on a rock in the lee of a stone wall, or on the sunny side of a chance barn. He had a few crackers in his pocket and this refreshment he supplemented by frost-bitten apples appropriated by the way. Reaching Warsaw, he inquired for the Pope farm and was soon trudging along Christian Road. The little neat white house designated was closed when he reached it, and the boy remembered that it was church time and that he had heard the bells ring before he entered the village. Billy might have walked in any door unhindered, for keys were seldom turned at Christian Road, but something within him forbade such entrance. He took refuge in the open shed, dancing about on the rough board floor and blowing his stiff fingers. After a long time an aged white horse came to a halt in the little yard. Billy stepped forward. A white-haired man was helping a little bent old woman to alight from the wagon. When she was safe on the ground Billy spoke.

"Be you M's. Pope?"

The wrinkled face lighted up in a smile. "Yes, I be. I'm Emmeline Pope, an' this is my husband."

Billy touched his cap, a grace acquired through contemplation of Mr. Powers. "You're the lady what sent the hen?"

The scant feathers in the shabby bonnet vibrated to a nod of assent.

"Well," went on Billy, "I brung it back." He had not expected to blurt out the truth so bluntly. In his embarrassment he nearly stumbled over his own feet. The old face lost its brightness.

"You see," stammered Billy. "You see—Mr. Powers, he—thought a heap o' that hen. He said it was the finest hen he ever see." Billy, once started, plunged in recklessly. "He said he never see sech a hen. But the office 'ain't got no place to keep hens. The hotel 'ain't, neither. Not an' do 'em justice. So he—he tol' me to bring it up here an' arsk you to keep it fur him. He said it would be doin' him a great favor. He said you could take the keep out in sellin' the eggs." This last was an unexpectedly brilliant stroke on Billy's part and quite took his breath away. "He says he'll allers take a great intrust

in that hen, an' some day when he's so fixed he'll claim it." Billy stopped, fairly winded.

"Land sakes!" cried Mrs. Pope, her smile come back. "Now ain't he thought-takin'! But the keep of a hen ain't nothin' when you've got a dozen."

"That's what I tol' him," said Billy, drunk with deception.

"Poor Nellie!" pitied Mrs. Pope, regarding the helpless fowl on the shed floor. "I allus called her Nellie, but I guess I'll change it to somethin' more distinguishin'. Mabbe Charlotte; it's as nigh Charles as you can git fur a hen. You ontie her an' fetch her along to the chicken-yard."

Charlotte, unbound and within her own precincts, indignantly retired to her own meditations. "I'm reel glad he liked her," went on Mrs. Pope. "I didn't hev nothin' else to give, an' a hen is a producin' present, so's to speak. It don't stop with the givin', not so long 's it's layin'."

"I guess I better be goin'," said Billy, awkwardly. He was tired, he was cold.



BILLY SAT IN HIS SHIRT SLEEVES WHILE BEING MADE WHOLE

he was hungry, but his business was done.

"Well, now, I guess not!" cried Mrs. Pope. "Not arter what you've done. You're goin' to sit right down to dinner with us, jest as soon 's I git the meat outer the oven. Father killed last week an' we've got sparerib. It's a treat fur us an' it would be reel close not to share. An' I made an extry mess o' apple-sass. You like roast pork an' apple-sass?"

"You bet!" said Billy.

Seldom had the Popes seen food vanish as it did at the points of Billy's knife and fork, but they were no counters of cost at the feast of a benefactor. Emmeline beamed happily; there is no sweeter flattery to the housewife than the appreciation of the spread board. Between mouthfuls Billy talked. He talked of Mr. Powers, of his greatness and of the success that would surely be his, but he tactfully avoided the subject of pie. When he had at last reached the stage of repletion he offered to help Mrs. Pope with the dishes.

"I guess I wouldn't break *much*," he assured her, hopefully.

Emmeline, having an eye to her humble stock of crockery, declined. "I'll jest stack 'em up in the sink till you're gone," she said. "'Tain't often I hev comp'ny."

"I ain't one to take a needle on the Sabbath," she continued. "But I guess it won't be laid ag'in' me as a sin if I mend you up a bit."

So Billy sat in his shirt-sleeves while he was being made whole. A warmth crept about his heart such as he had not felt for years. For some time Billy had been "on his own," and being on one's own is a lonely business for a lad. Mrs. Pope made much of the boy, even taking him to the cold front room and showing him the portrait of her baby, an amazing crayon by the type of artist who throws in the frame. The afternoon was well gone when Billy said farewell.

"Thanksgivin's right on us," said Mrs. Pope. "We don't hev fine dinners like you git in the city, but there'll be a

turkey an' puddin'. We'll be more 'n pleased if you want to come."

Billy, thinking of the cold, lonely comfort of his boarding house and of its scanty table, hastened to state that he'd "jest as soon," which admission from the mouth of a boy is paramount to a gracious and enthusiastic acceptance.

"Good-by, son!" called out Mrs. Pope to the departing figure. "Give our respects to Mr. Powers an' tell him we'll do our best by Charlotte." . . . "That's a reel nice boy," she went on to her husband, as the two turned back to the warmth of their kitchen. "There's somethin' 'bout him makes me think o' our Charley. I dunno but it's 'round the eyes."

Billy, descending the hill, his pockets stuffed with apples, his heart warm and his body glowing, gave a long, low whistle.

"Gee!" he said to himself. "If I 'ain't lied all 'round the barn!"

It was perhaps a month later that Mr. Powers made a stump speech at Warsaw, motoring over the miles so laboriously covered by Billy. The school-house on the hill was well filled. In the very front row sat an attentive couple who never took their eyes off the speaker—an old man in carefully brushed suit of shiny black, and a little old woman whose rusty bonnet-feathers trembled in excitement. At the end of the speech the two pressed forward with a certain half-timid assurance of a private understanding. Mr. Powers shook hands cordially—that was his business for the moment—but the two lingered.

"I guess you don't know who I be." Emmeline's voice shook with eagerness. "I've took reel good keer o' Charlotte. She's layin' right through the slack time. Seems jest 's if she knowed."

"Charlotte?" inquired Mr. Powers, politely.

"Land! now. Didn't William tell you how we'd named her? I charged him to."

"William?"

"Your boy, down to the office. Him you sent with the hen."



HE STARED DOWN AT THE COINS AND THEN INTO THE WRINKLED, UPTURNED FACE

"Oh, I see—Billy." Mr. Powers's memory stirred, bringing with it a suspicion that the transaction held something which might possibly prejudice a possible constituent.

"We was pleased fur you to accept of her," went on Mrs. Pope. "An' we was glad to keep her fur you. I brung the price of the eggs along." The flapping ends of the black gloves searched a small bag which hung on the old lady's arm.

Mr. Powers looked on uncomprehendingly. "My dear Mrs.—"

"Pope," interpolated the old man. "Mrs. Gershom Pope."

"Of course," assented Mr. Powers.

"I am afraid I haven't a royal memory." He stared down at the few coins which Mrs. Pope held out, then into the wrinkled, upturned face. "I don't quite understand," he said.

"Well, William did make a mess of it!" cried the old lady. "But I dunno as you can expect much of a boy's rememberin'. I told him to tell you Charlotte's layin' 'd more 'n cover her board. I can't be makin' outer what we give you."

The old man laughed. "We ain't Indian-givers, up here," he put in.

For a moment Mr. Powers forgot politics, and his constituents awaiting his handshake. So Billy had taken things

into his own hands! Not so bad for Billy. Mr. Powers looked down into the dim old eyes and something stirred within him that was not ambition. He put a strong young hand on the thin arm.

"My dear Mrs. Pope," he said, and his clear, incisive voice held a new note. "That Billy wants somebody to look after him a bit. Will you do me the great favor of having him here now and again and filling him up—if you can? He strikes me as unfillable, but you can try. That'll put Charlotte's eggs to good use and I shall be very grateful." Then a vision of a brown parcel, damp and dripping, came to his assistance. "Billy'll be in clover. I've had samples of your cooking," he added, smiling a broad smile which was caught up and reflected on the happy old face.

The next morning Mr. Powers sent for his office-boy. He kept him standing by his desk while he finished a piece of writing.

"Billy," he said at last, "since you've

undertaken the job, I want you to keep on looking after Charlotte."

"Ch—" Billy's voice broke and a vivid crimson rose to the roots of his stubbly hair.

"Billy," went on Mr. Powers, solemnly, "one of the very worst of the penalties of dissembling is that you often have to continue on the deceptive path. In short, you sometimes have to stick to your lie. I take it that's your case, Billy."

Billy painfully twisted his fingers; his feet did something all by themselves, he could not have told what, only that they clattered.

"Now, William," continued Mr. Powers, sternly, "you've got to live up to Charlotte. I want you to go and see her often. I'll pay your stage fare up. It'll be expensive, but if you go in for fancy farming you've got to do the whole thing. And, Billy, don't let one of Charlotte's eggs get away from you! You hear?"

"Yes, sir," said Billy.

THE PATIENT GODS

BY HESPER LE GALLIENNE

THE gods were weary with the prayers of men—
 So often and abjectly did they cry
 Their little needs from out their cowardly souls,
 And send them upward to the listening sky.

Leaving entreaties on the altar steps,
 Each to his god in turn he duly prayed,
 Shifting the burden of his petty soul,
 So craven and of life so sore afraid.

Full of a gainful lust were many prayers,
 Making the porch of heaven a gamblers' den—
 Few offered gifts of joyous thankfulness—
 The gods were weary with the prayers of men.

HOSTS AND GUESTS

BY MAX BEERBOHM

BEAUTIFULLY vague though the English language is, with its meanings merging into one another as softly as the facts of landscape in the moist English climate, and much addicted though we always have been to ways of compromise, and averse from sharp hard logical outlines, we do not call a host a guest, nor a guest a host. The ancient Romans did so. They, with a language that was as lucid as their climate and was a perfect expression of the sharp hard logical outlook fostered by that climate, had but one word for those two things. Nor have their equally acute descendants done what might have been expected of them in this matter. *Hôte* and *ospite* and *huesped* are as mysteriously equivocal as *hospes*. By weight of all this authority I find myself being dragged to the conclusion that a host and a guest must be the same thing, after all. Yet in a dim and muzzy way, deep down in my breast, I feel sure that they are different. Compromise, you see, as usual. I take it that strictly the two things *are* one, but that our division of them is yet another instance of that sterling common sense by which, etc., etc.

I would go even so far as to say that the difference is more than merely circumstantial and particular. I seem to discern also a temperamental and general difference. You ask me to dine with you in a restaurant, I say I shall be delighted, you order the meal, I praise it, you pay for it, I have the pleasant sensation of not paying for it; and it is well that each of us should have a label according to the part he plays in this transaction. But the two labels are applicable in a larger and more philosophic way. In every human being one

or the other of these two instincts is predominant: the active or positive instinct to offer hospitality, the negative or passive instinct to accept it. And either of these instincts is so significant of character that one might well say that mankind is divisible into two great classes: hosts and guests.

I have already (see third sentence of foregoing paragraph) somewhat prepared you for the shock of a confession which candor now forces from me. I am one of the guests. You are, however, so shocked that you will read no more of me? Bravo! Your refusal indicates that you have not a guestish soul. Here am I trying to entertain you, and you will not be entertained. You stand shouting that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Very well. For my part, I would rather read than write, any day. You shall write this essay for me. Be it never so humble, I shall give it my best attention and manage to say something nice about it. I am sorry to see you calming suddenly down. Nothing but a sense of duty to myself, and to guests in general, makes me resume my pen. I believe guests to be as numerous, really, as hosts. It may be that even you, if you examine yourself dispassionately, will find that you are one of them. In which case, you may yet thank me for some comfort. I think there are good qualities to be found in guests, and some bad ones in even the best hosts.

Our deepest instincts, bad or good, are those which we share with the rest of the animal creation. To offer hospitality, or to accept it, is but an instinct which man has acquired in the long course of his self-development. Lions do not ask one another to their lairs, nor do

birds keep open nest. Certain wolves and tigers, it is true, have been so seduced by man from their natural state that they will deign to accept man's hospitality. But when you give a bone to your dog, does he run out and invite another dog to share it with him?—and does your cat insist on having a circle of other cats around her saucer of milk? Quite the contrary. A deep sense of personal property is common to all these creatures. Thousands of years hence they may have acquired some willingness to share things with their friends. Or, rather, dogs may; cats, I think, not. Meanwhile, let us not be censorious. Though certain monkeys assuredly were of finer and more malleable stuff than any wolves or tigers, it was a very long time indeed before even we began to be hospitable. The cavemen did not entertain. It may be that now and again—say, toward the end of the Stone Age—one or another among the more enlightened of them said to his wife, while she plucked an eagle that he had snared the day before, "That red-haired man who lives in the next valley seems to be a decent, harmless sort of man. And sometimes I fancy he is rather lonely. I think I will ask him to dine with us to-night," and presently, going out, met the red-haired man and said to him: "Are you doing anything to-night? If not, won't you dine with us? It would be a great pleasure to my wife. Only ourselves. Come just as you are." "That is most good of you, but," stammered the red-haired man, "as ill-luck will have it, I *am* engaged to-night. A long-standing, formal invitation. I wish I could get out of it, but I simply can't. I have a morbid conscientiousness about such things." Thus we see that the will to offer hospitality was an earlier growth than the will to accept it. But we must beware of thinking these two things identical with the mere will to give and the mere will to receive. It is unlikely that the red-haired man would have refused a slice of eagle if it had been offered to him where he stood.

And it is still more unlikely that his friend would have handed it to him. Such is not the way of hosts. The hospitable instinct is not wholly altruistic. There is pride and egoism mixed up with it, as I shall show.

Meanwhile, why did the red-haired man babble those excuses? It was because he scented danger. He was not by nature suspicious, but—what possible motive, except murder, could this man have for enticing him to that cave? Acquaintance in the open valley was all very well and pleasant, but a strange den after dark—no, no! You despise him for his fears. Yet these were not really so absurd as they may seem. As man progressed in civilization, and grew to be definitely gregarious, hospitality became more a matter of course. But even then it was not above suspicion. It was not hedged around with those unwritten laws which make it the safe and eligible thing we know to-day. In the annals of hospitality there are many pages that make painful reading; many a great dark blot is there which the Recording Angel may wish, but will not be able, to wipe out with a tear.

If I were a host, I should ignore those tomes. Being a guest, I sometimes glance into them, but with more of horror, I assure you, than of malicious amusement. I carefully avoid those which treat of hospitality among barbarous races. Things done in the best periods of the most enlightened peoples are quite bad enough. The Israelites were the salt of the earth. But can you imagine a deed of colder-blooded treachery than Jael's? You would think it must have been held accursed by even the basest minds. Yet thus sang Deborah and Barak, "Blessed above women shall Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite be; blessed shall she be among women in the tent." And Barak, remember, was a gallant soldier, and Deborah was a prophetess who "judged Israel at that time." So much for ideals of hospitality among the children of Israel.

Of the Homeric Greeks it may be said

that they, too, were the salt of the earth; and it may be added that in their pungent and antiseptic quality there was mingled a measure of sweetness, not to be found in the children of Israel. I do not say outright that Odysseus ought not to have slain the suitors. That is a debatable point. It is true that they were guests under his roof. But he had not invited them. Let us give him the benefit of the doubt. I am thinking of another episode in his life. By what Circe did, and by his disregard of what she had done, a searching light is cast on the laxity of Homeric Greek notions as to what was due to guests. Odysseus was a clever, but not a bad man, and his standard of general conduct was high enough. Yet, having foiled Circe in her purpose to turn him into a swine, and having forced her to restore his comrades to human shape, he did not let pass the barrier of his teeth any such winged words as "Now will I bide no more under thy roof, Circe, but fare across the sea with my dear comrades, even unto mine own home, for that which thou didst was an evil thing, and one not meet to be done unto strangers by the daughter of a god." He seems to have said nothing in particular, to have accepted with alacrity the invitation that he and his dear comrades should prolong their visit, and to have prolonged it with them for a whole year, in the course of which Circe bore him a son, named Telegonus. As Matthew Arnold would have said, "What a set!"

My eye roves, for relief, to those shelves where the later annals are. I take down a tome at random. Rome in the fifteenth century: civilization never was more brilliant than there and then. I imagine; and yet—no, I replace that tome. I saw enough in it to remind me the Borgias selected and laid down rare poisons in their cellars with as much thought as they gave to their vintage wines. Extraordinary!—but the Romans do not seem to have thought so. An invitation to dine at Palazzo Bor-

ghese was accounted the highest social honor. I am aware that in recent books of Italian history there has been a tendency to whiten the Borgias' characters. But I myself hold to the old romantic black way of looking at the Borgias. I maintain that though you would often in the fifteenth century have heard the snobbish Roman say, in a would-be offhand tone, "I am dining with the Borgias to-night," no Roman ever was able to say, "I dined last night with the Borgias."

To mankind in general Macbeth and Lady Macbeth stand out as the supreme type of all that a host and hostess should not be. Hence the marked coolness of Scotsmen toward Shakespeare, hence the untiring efforts of that proud and sensitive race to set up Burns in his stead. It is a risky thing to offer sympathy to the proud and sensitive, yet I must say that I think the Scots have a real grievance. The two actual, historic Macbeths were no worse than innumerable other couples in other lands that had not yet fully struggled out of barbarism. It is hard that Shakespeare happened on the story of that particular pair, and so made it immortal. But he meant no harm, and, let Scotsmen believe me, did positive good. Scotch hospitality is proverbial. As much in Scotland as in America does the English visitor blush when he thinks how perfunctory and niggard, in comparison, English hospitality is. It was Scotland that first formalized hospitality, made of it an exacting code of honor, with the basic principle that the guest must in all circumstances be respected and at all costs protected. Jacobite history bristles with examples of the heroic sacrifices made by hosts for their guests, sacrifices of their own safety, and even of their own political convictions, for fear of infringing, however slightly, that sacred code of theirs. And what was the origin of all this noble pedantry? Shakespeare's "Macbeth."

Perhaps if England were a bleak and rugged country, like Scotland, or a new

country, like America, the foreign visitor would be more overwhelmed with kindness here than he is. The landscapes of our countryside are so charming, London abounds in public monuments so redolent of history, so romantic and engrossing, that we are perhaps too apt to think the foreign visitor would have neither time nor inclination to sit dawdling in private dining-rooms. Assuredly there is no lack of hospitable impulse among the English. In what may be called mutual hospitality they touch a high level. The French entertain one another far less frequently. So do the Italians. In England the native guest has a very good time indeed—though of course he pays for it, in some measure, by acting as host, too, from time to time.

In practice, no, there cannot be any absolute division of mankind into my two categories, hosts and guests. But psychologically a guest does not cease to be a guest when he gives a dinner, nor is a host not a host when he accepts one. The amount of entertaining that a guest need do is a matter wholly for his own conscience. He will soon find that he does not receive less hospitality for offering little; and he would not receive less if he offered none. The amount received by him depends wholly on the degree of his agreeableness. Pride makes an occasional host of him; but he does not shine in that capacity. Nor do hosts want him to assay it. If they accept an invitation from him, they do so only because they wish not to hurt his feelings. As guests they are fish out of water.

Circumstances do, of course, react on character. It is conventional for the rich to give, and for the poor to receive. Riches do tend to foster in you the instincts of a host, and poverty does create an atmosphere favorable to the growth of guestish instincts. But strong bents make their own way. Not all guests are to be found among the needy, nor all hosts among the affluent. For sixteen years, after my education was, by cour-

tesy, finished—from the age, that is, of twenty-two to the age of thirty-eight—I lived in London, seeing all sorts of people all the while; and I came across many a rich man who, like the master of the shepherd *Corin*, was “of churlish disposition” and little recked “to find the way to heaven by doing deeds of hospitality.” On the other hand, I knew quite poor men who were incorrigibly hospitable.

To such men, all honor. The most I dare claim for myself is that if I had been rich I should have been better than *Corin*’s master. Even as it was, I did my best. But I had no authentic joy in doing it. Without the spur of pride I might conceivably have not done it at all. There recurs to me from among memories of my boyhood an episode that is rather significant. In my school, as in most others, we received now and again “hampers” from home. At the midday dinner, in every house, we all ate together; but at breakfast and supper we ate in four or five separate “messes.” It was customary for the receiver of a hamper to share the contents with his messmates. On one occasion I received, instead of the usual variegated hamper, a box containing twelve sausage-rolls. It happened that when this box arrived and was opened by me there was no one around. Of sausage-rolls I was particularly fond. I am sorry to say that I carried the box up to my cubicle, and, having eaten two of the sausage-rolls, said nothing to my friends that day about the other ten, nor anything about them when, three days later, I had eaten them all alone.

Thirty years have elapsed, my school-fellows are scattered far and wide, the chance that this page may meet the eyes of some of them does not much dismay me; but I am glad there was no collective and contemporary judgment by them on my strange exploit. What defense could I have offered? Suppose I had said, “You see, I am so essentially a guest,” the plea would have carried little weight. And yet it would not have

been a worthless plea. On receipt of a hamper, a boy did rise, always, in the esteem of his mess-mates. His sardines, his marmalade, his potted meat, at any rate while they lasted, did make us think that his parents "must be awfully decent," and that he was a not unworthy son. He had become our central figure, we expected him to lead the conversation, we liked listening to him, his jokes were good. With those twelve sausage-rolls I could have dominated my fellows for a while. But I had not a dominant nature. Leading abashed me. I was happiest in the comity of the crowd. Having received a hamper, I should have passed muster. I suppose I was always glad when it was finished, glad to fall back into the ranks.

Boys (as will have been surmised from my record of the effect of hampers) are all of them potential guests. It is only as they grow up that some of them harden into hosts. It is likely enough that if I, when I grew up, had been rich, my natural bent to guestship would have been diverted, and I, too, have become a (sort of) host. And perhaps I should have passed muster. I suppose I did pass muster whenever, in the course of my long residence in London, I did entertain friends. But the memory of those occasions is not dear to me—especially not the memory of those that were in the more distinguished restaurants. Somewhere in the back of my brain, while I tried to lead the conversation brightly, was always the haunting fear that I had not brought enough money in my pocket. I never let this fear master me. I never said to any one, "Will you have a liqueur?"—always, "What liqueur will you have?" But I postponed as far as possible the evil moment of asking for the bill. When I had, in the proper casual tone (I hope and believe), at length asked for it, I wished always it were not brought to me folded on a plate, as though the amount were so hideously high that I alone must be privy to it. So soon as it was laid beside me, I wanted to know the worst at once.

But I pretended to be so engrossed in talk that I was unaware of the bill's presence, and I was careful to be always in the middle of a sentence when I raised the upper fold and took my not (I hope) frozen glance. In point of fact, the amount was always much less than I had feared. Pessimism does win us great happy moments.

Meals in the restaurants of Soho tested less severely the pauper guest masquerading as host. But to them one could not ask rich persons—nor even poor persons unless one knew them very well. Soho is so uncertain that the fare is often not good enough to be palmed off on even one's poorest and oldest friends. A very magnetic host, with a great gift for bluffing, might, no doubt, even in Soho's worst moments, diffuse among his guests a conviction that all was of the best. But I never was good at bluffing. I had always to let food speak for itself. "It's cheap" was the only pæan that in Soho's bad moments ever occurred to me, and this of course I did not utter. And *was* it so cheap, after all? Soho induces a certain optimism. A bill there was always larger than I had thought it would be.

Every one, even the richest and most munificent of men, pays much by check more light-heartedly than he pays little in specie. In restaurants I should have liked always to give checks. But in any restaurant I was so much more often seen as guest than as host that I never felt sure the proprietor would trust me. Only in my club did I know the luxury, or rather the painlessness, of entertaining by check. A check—especially a club check, supplied for the use of members, not a leaf torn out of his own book—makes so little mark on any man's imagination. Offering hospitality in any club, I was inwardly calm. If my guest was by nature a guest, I managed to forget somewhat that I myself was a guest by nature. But if my guest was a true and habitual host, I did feel that we were in an absurdly false relation; and it was not without difficulty that I could restrain

myself from saying to him, "This is all very well, you know, but—frankly: your place is at the head of your own table."

The host as guest is far, far worse than the guest as host. He never even passes muster. The guest, in virtue of a certain habit that is part of his natural equipment, can more or less ape the ways of a host. But the host, with his more positive temperament, does not even attempt the graces of a guest. By "graces" I do not mean to imply anything artificial. The guest's manners are, rather, as wild flowers springing from good rich soil—the soil of genuine modesty and gratitude. He honorably wishes to please in return for the pleasure he is receiving. He wonders that people should be so kind to him, and, without knowing it, is very kind to *them*. But the host, as I said earlier in this essay, is a guest against his own will. That is the root of the mischief. He feels that it is more blessed, etc., and that he is conferring rather than accepting a favor. He does not adjust himself. He forgets his place. He leads the conversation. He tries genially to draw you out. He never comments on the goodness of the wine. He looks at his watch abruptly and says he must be off. He doesn't say he has had a delightful time. In fact, his place is at the head of his own table.

His own table, over his own cellar, under his own roof—it is only there that you see him at his best. To a club or restaurant he may sometimes invite you, but not there, not there, my child, do you get the full savor of his quality. In life or literature there has been no better host than Old Wardle. Appalling though he would have been as a guest in club or restaurant, it is hardly less painful to think of him as a host there. At Dingley Dell, with an ample gesture, he made you free of all that was his. He could not have given you a club or a restaurant. Nor, when you come to think of it, did he give you Dingley Dell. The place remained his. None knew better than Old Wardle that this was so. Hospitality, as we have agreed, is not one

of the most deep-rooted instincts in man, whereas the sense of possession certainly is. Not even Old Wardle was a communist. "This," you may be sure he said to himself, "is *my* roof, these are *my* horses, that's a picture of *my* dear old grandfather." And "This," he would say to us, "is *my* roof: sleep soundly under it. These are *my* horses: ride them. That's a portrait of *my* dear old grandfather: have a good look at it." But he did not ask us to walk off with any of these things. Not even what he actually did give us would he regard as having passed out of his possession. "That," he would muse, if we were torpid after dinner, "is *my* roast beef," and "That," if we staggered on the way to bed, "is *my* cold milk punch." "But surely," you interrupt me, "to give and then not feel that one has given is the very best of all ways of giving." I agree. I hope you didn't think I was trying to disparage Old Wardle. I was merely keeping my promise to point out that from among the motives of even the best hosts pride and egoism are not absent.

Every virtue, as we were taught in youth, is a mean between two extremes; and I think any virtue is the better understood by us if we glance at the vice on either side of it. I take it that the virtue of hospitality stands midway between churlishness and mere ostentation. Far to the left of the good host stands he who doesn't want to see anything of any one; far to the right, he who wants a horde of people to be always seeing something of *him*. I conjecture that the figure on the left, just discernible through my field-glasses, is that of old Corin's master. His name was never revealed to us, but Corin's brief account of his character suffices. "Deeds of hospitality" is a dismal phrase that could have occurred only to the servant of a very dismal master. Not less tell-tale is Corin's idea that men who do these "deeds" do them only to save their souls in the next world. It is a pity Shakespeare did not actually bring

Corin's master on to the stage. One would have liked to see the old man genuinely touched by the charming eloquence of Rosalind's appeal for a crust of bread, and conscious that he would probably go to heaven if he granted it, and yet not quite able to grant it. Far away though he stands to the left of the good host, he has yet something in common with that third person discernible on the right—that speck yonder, which I believe to be Lucullus. Nothing that we know of Lucullus suggests that he was less inhuman than the churl of Arden. It does not appear that he had a single friend, or that he wished for one. His lavishness was indiscriminate except in that he entertained only the rich. One would have liked to dine with him, but not even in the act of digestion could one have felt that he had a heart. One would have acknowledged that in all the material resources of his art he was a master, and also that he practised his art for sheer love of it, wishing to be admired for nothing but his mastery, and cocking no eye on any of those ulterior objects but for which some of the most prominent hosts would not entertain at all. But the very fact that he was an artist is repulsive. When hospitality becomes an art it loses its very soul. With this reflection I look away from Lucullus and, fixing my gaze on the middle ground, am the better able to appreciate the excellence of the figure that stands before me—the figure of Old Wardle. Some pride and egoism in that capacious breast, yes, but a great heart full of kindness, and ever a warm spontaneous welcome to the stranger in need and to all old friends and young. Hark! he is shouting something. He is asking us both down to Dingley Dell. And you have shouted back that you will be delighted. Ah, did I not suspect from the first that you, too, were perhaps a guest?

But—I constrain you in the act of rushing off to pack your things—one moment: this essay has yet to be fin-

ished. We have yet to glance at those two extremes between which the mean is good guestship. Far to the right of the good guest, we descry the parasite; far to the left, the churl again. Not the same churl, perhaps. We do not know that Corin's master was ever sampled as a guest. I am inclined to call yonder speck Dante—Dante Alighieri, of whom we do know that he received during his exile much hospitality from many hosts and repaid them by writing how bitter was the bread in their houses, and how steep the stairs were. To think of dour Dante as a guest is less dispiriting only than to think what he would have been as a host had it ever occurred to him to entertain any one or anything except a deep regard for Beatrice; and one turns with positive relief to have a glimpse of the parasite—Mr. Smurge, I presume, “whose gratitude was as boundless as his appetite, and his presence as unsought as it appeared to be inevitable.” But now, how gracious and admirable is the central figure—radiating gratitude, but not too much of it; never intrusive, ever within call; full of dignity, yet all amenable; quiet, yet lively; never echoing, ever amplifying; never contradicting, but often lighting the way to truth; an ornament, an inspiration, anywhere.

Such is he. But *who* is he? It is easier to confess a defect than to claim a quality. I have told you that when I lived in London I was nothing as a host; but I will not claim to have been a perfect guest. Nor indeed was I. I was a good one, but, looking back, I see myself not quite in the center—slightly to the left, slightly to the churlish side. I was rather *too* quiet, and I did sometimes contradict. And, though I always liked to be invited anywhere, I very often preferred to stay at home. If any one hereafter shall form a collection of the notes written by me in reply to invitations, I am afraid he will gradually suppose me to have been more in request than ever I really was, and to have been also a great invalid, and a great traveler.

A SAGE-BRUSH INTERLUDE

BY ALICE COWDERY

SKIM the pages of a diary more and more languidly filled toward October; skim the record of how one, fortified with a gold-illuminated collegiate sheepskin, assailed a teacher's agency and besought a school, very far away, and most scholastically limited, in a country as wildly free as might be compatible with educational demands. Skim over the days when one left home and climbed from the sunny gardens of the coast, through warm California valleys, up into the purple gorges of the high Sierras, through blinking miles of snowsheds and out and far beyond where the last pines dwindle into sage-brush—and dropped off, at last, into one of those railroad towns strung along double wires across the desert, like lonely, rough-hewn beads of a necklace, just begun.

But turn to the morning when, at sunup, sandwiched between the Brundels, on a wagon loaded with supplies, one trotted briskly out of the back door of that town, by the Indian huts and the tin-can dump, to face the fresh wonder of vast gray spaces and far barren horizons and a day's journey, winding through the sage.

Dusty and heat-shriveled men crawling toward elusive water-holes have hitherto formed my vicarious climatical associations with the desert. I take off my dust-cloak and wind it about my throat; I double my veil over my face; they wrap a piece of canvas about me—and I grow colder. Five miles, and they have plastered me, fore and aft, with a copy of *The Elko Whirl*.

Says Mrs. Brundel, who is hospitably inclined, but a Swede and a pessimist, "Why you left God's country and come

up here—" and gives my idiosyncrasy up, with a violent rubbing of the long and pointed nose that juts out from the black shawl about her face. Mrs. Brundel is small and grim and her manner toward man is compounded of admonition and reproach; but she sometimes permits her piercing eye to convey a hint of indulgent humor, accompanied vocally by a strident, "Aw, get out!" Mr. Brundel has apparently rounded up what rebellions may have surged within him during thirty years of matrimony, to a condition of mellowed resignation wherein the semblance of independence is maintained by an occasional nicely modulated drooping of his left upper eyelid.

Twenty miles, and we reach the shack of an uncouth derelict with a kindly skill in administering hot coffee; the shack, like myself, is plastered with newspapers, and for the same reason. It is here that Mr. Brundel discovers within himself resources of initiative and gallantry. It is here that he takes masterly charge of my benumbed feet and for them devises strange wrappings of gunny sacks and hay-rope. He becomes naïvely proud of this achievement, and at intervals through the long winter evenings, when his gaze fixes on me over his pipe and then is submerged by a series of chuckles and winks, I know what reminiscence approaches: "Say, well, they worked, them California overshoes, didn't they? Poor little tender-foot! They kept you fine and warm, didn't they, schoolmarm?"

Schoolmarm! I can still hear the painfully subdued whisper in which Mrs. Brundel endeavors to impress upon him her decision as to my name's pro-

nunciation. In mercy, I abjure that name. I become just "schoolmarm," and one more emphasis is laid upon myself, at play, in some strange rôle, unfolding.

"That's a grand house, ain't it, schoolmarm? I don't never expect to have no house like that." A dreadful villa-thing confronts me, thirty miles from anywhere, stuck over with cupolas and simulated turrets, festooned with scroll-work and painted a violent pink! I restrain the equally violent denunciation with which I would champion the soul of harmony to heed Mrs. Brundel's remarks concerning the perpetrator of this outrage. She had come from Norway, at sixteen, it seems, to work on the railroad with her husband, until they had saved enough to buy a few cattle and to build a log cabin for a desert station. But this was a mere detail of her early career. Why, Mrs. Brundel herself had followed her husband, grubbing up each separate root of sage to make their meadows, and had fought through fire and drought and life and death and all that sort of thing, but, unlike this gallant Norsewoman, she had never achieved eight sons. I gather, from the gloomy gusto of her narrative, that it was this woman's custom to stop scrubbing the floor and produce a son as early as possible in the morning, relax for a moment, welcome the new-comer, finish the floor, take a little time off, during the day, for setting-up exercises, such as walking six miles to drive the cows home, and then prepare a good, hearty meal with which to greet her husband and the evening stage. "And never too tired to help a neighbor," sighed Mrs. Brundel. And never so hard pressed, I infer, but that she had clung to vague, contrastive hopes and fixed them, with prosperity, upon a house as luridly roseate, as flippant and fluffy, as a house may be.

Logs and clay, I am glad to hear, form the tiny grouping of the Brundel ranch and my three months' home, just visible now across the dusk. It lies far up near

the foot of the purple-tawny mountains toward which, like a motionless sea, the desert undulates. Night, and the crashing and splashing through creek willows; pauses to unwire gates; a sense of black, still masses looming upon us, but only the corralled stacks of winter feed; of dark, slow-stirring cattle shapes; of bare meadows and jolting ditches; of tired horses stumbling on the trail to shelter; and then, my first knowledge of falling snow, like the touch of stealthy fingers.

Joe Brundel's nose, unlike his mother's, has not grown up. And I suspect it never will. His eyes are very blue and meet mine with a speculative diffidence in which I find no trace of joyous anticipation. I may be self-congratulatory at the assurance that the winter weather conditions will be too severe for gathering in what scattered supply of children the district has produced, but I sympathize with the man-boy who must, therefore, receive my concentrated attention. And I am conscious of how appallingly my entrance must emphasize his doom, as monstrously proportioned, because of strange swathings, I advance on him with the stately buskined tread occasioned by muffling gunny sacks. Poor Joe! buffeted between strident admonitions to mind his chores or me! When I sometimes shiver out of the state bedroom and across the bleak state parlor, to procure a pitcher of hot water from the tank in the kitchen stove, I am glad to see him, through the door of his dark cubby-hole, wrapped, like a big cocoon, in coyote skins and peace.

My room looks out on three stripped and alien alders and a garden of yellow rye-grass, bent double under snow crystals, toward which deluded cattle are forever straying and then staring pessimistically; and beyond it, on the ditch, a coyote comes at dawn and sits, with ears pointed cunningly forward, and an almost kittenish gracility of forepaw, ready to scoop up any careless field-mouse.

Mrs. Brundel's apartment is a dim, mysterious place where precious eggs

are kept, from freezing, under the bed. But lest I have led you to infer that she scorns all concession to feminine charm, let me state that, though her forehead may wander far back into her hair, there is permitted a tight curl on either temple, and the tongs whereby those curls exist are clamped into the steer's tail that holds the family comb over the wash-basin in the kitchen.

On the walls of that kitchen hang heavy coats and shaggy chaparejos, and overshoes send little streams along the well-scrubbed floor to the accompaniment of womanly shrieks and allusions to the handy broom. Particularly if it has been wash-day, when woolens hang, stiff and frozen, between the alders, until one could break off an arm or a leg as one breaks a cracker. There's the coffee-mill that heralds the icy dawn, and in tin cans along the window are half-frozen stalks of treasured geranium whose least dry abortive bud sends Mrs. Brundel into shrills of anticipation.

I shake out the pellets of dry clay which the woodrats scatter down on my coiffure (which means one braid wound close in defiance of jolting broncos). The roof of the log school-house is braced across with tree-trunks, on which are laid rows of willow saplings, packed with straw, and all through the straw are their nests.

"I never went to no school but one day in my life—and then the teacher wasn't there," so says my hostess. For this reason, if for no other, the teacher must always be there for her son. So every morning at five that son rides out and drives twenty horses into the corral and cuts out two therefrom for educational purposes. Every morning at eight, cheered on by my host and trustee, amid Mrs. Brundel's last exhortations for Joe to guard me, firmly grasping the reins, the mane, the saddle-horn, and a tin lard-bucket full of steak sandwiches, I mount.

The fascinations, albeit sometimes painful, of that rakish Baldo! It is a horse I sing, a lustrous-eyed Indian cow-

pony. Pouting and shrugging, chubby in his new winter coat, he starts out for school, repeating all the tricks that he has discovered most annoy me: he heads for large bushes that catch and drag off my stirrups; he implies piteous thirst at every ditch and plunges at the water with noisy gasps; he exhibits intentions of hysterical collapse when a twig crackles or a sage-hen whirs out of the brush; dawdling, twitching, dragging, he is tethered, eventually, in the willows behind the school-house, stamping with disgust and impervious to blandishment. But coming home! Who so gay, so desperately gay, as Baldo? Paws the air in his impatience to be through gates; loathes water, loathes, alas! even wetting his little hoofs, and takes every ditch at a jump; develops a spasmodic streak of duty at the sight of a stray steer on the homeward line and heads briskly for it, nipping at its flanks and sending it gallumping; and then, with a snort, grips the bit and is off straight and true for his stable door. His feet come together with unyielding determination before it and his eye fixes thereon, glassy and unbudging. But when the good little thing has plunged his head into his feed he rolls his great, innocent, brown eyes about at me for one brief moment. I wish he could sleep at the foot of my bed.

Six miles from the Brundel ranch our temple lies, in the midst of kine and calves, of stately bulls and frisky yearlings, that preserve a pleasing aloofness, except when a curious and excitable cow strolls up and punches in a pane of the window. It did, indeed!

Men ride down upon our herd sometimes to separate them for the long drive to the railroad. But I note that Joe keeps out of sight during the proceedings, all his seventeen years protestant and humiliated, I surmise, at being shut up with a teacher and at a desk far too small for him.

I infer, furthermore, that high-school in town, which is our presumable educational objective, holds for him but one

possibility of solace, in that, its doom fulfilled, he shall have acquired the promised trophy of a gold watch!

"Well, but, Joey, if you'll try and not say 'ain't got no,' and 'favorite,' and all that sort of thing, you know—I'll trade you this minute, and for while I'm here, my gold ancestral timepiece." Oh, brave attempts at nonchalantly subduing joy, and, oh, when we pass a stray rider, what meticulous inquiries as to the time and what proud flashing of gold! Joe has taken, of late, to wearing a highly distinctive silk handkerchief knotted, buckayro-like, under one ear. But he seems to like mine better, so we also effect another trade, uncursed by the necessity for grammatical vigilance.

There are legitimate ways of escaping school. There is Election Day, when the halls of learning are resigned to vaster purposes. But it is upon the morning after I would dwell.

There are perhaps thirty voters. Thirty bottles, diffused over large areas, do not seem to call for comment. But, concentrated, they may impress. Of course, some *do* maintain that even in the bitterest season ever known (it always is) a sip of cold water, accompanied by deep-breathing exercises, keeps one warm and fit for duty; but I know it to be a fact that the water in the school-house freezes overnight, and that to procure fresh you must go through the drifts at least three blocks to the hole in the river, and *then* you are liable to find that hole covered.

Bottles, unbelievable bottles, unbelievable sizes, shapes, and remnant odors; bottles, cigar butts, sample ballots; bottles, half concealing themselves, a few, under the school-house, but mostly a shameless lot, prostrate upon the snow or clinging rakishly to the interstices of the logs and empty—exceedingly empty.

We collect them, Joe and I, and arrange them upon the river-bank in a long and single file. The next day we bring the twenty-two rifle and plenty of ammunition. Carrie Nation of the

Sage-brush—just a bit late! And every spring, when the snow melts under the sun, a peculiar radiance scintillates from that spot, a powdered and silvery glory.

But we really do work with a conscientious, if slightly ironic, eye upon the official schedule. After the horses are tethered in the willows and the firewood is chopped, and the stove begins its feeble pretense of contending with the cold, I put a cross after a name in the register, to solemnize prompt attendance, and we draw two of the little desks close to the stove and, huddled in our overcoats, hold a percentage session, and I recall from my own school-days many strange arithmetical things and, for the first time, come near to understanding them. The masculine half of us is inclined to sharpen pencils and sigh gustily, and has to be sternly regarded. But on the whole he is touchingly patient with his jailer.

We register attendance, these bitter mornings, by knocking a mold of ice from the water-bucket and adding it, with a nice eye for symmetry, to the unmelting crop about the school-house door. The river we must cross has sheeted hard and glassy, and the meadow marshes freeze broader and deeper, until one's craven mind recalls them as the first thought of each frigid awakening. Spirit of the lusty matron of the pink house, sustain me; spirit of the widow who broke her own broncos until one of them broke her, uphold me, and also uphold Baldo, when his feet slide and his legs cross like sawbucks with the rickets!

Perils survived, the blessed relief of that last spurt across the softer snow into the fiery heart of the four-o'clock sunset and home! Huddled under the open sheds, a strange bread-line awaits me: four dozen chickens, two great hogs, three joyful dogs, a cat shaking velvet paws; they advance, one hundred and eight bright eyes fixed upon my tin lunch-bucket where the crusts rattle so enticingly—all but the one-legged pul-

let, who stands, proud and aloof, under the shed, for she knows I always save the choicest morsel for her.

If, on our way home, we see hungry cattle pushing between weakened wires, regardless of the barbs, and tearing and trampling upon the hoarded feed, must we not take a day off and mend hay-corrals, Joe and I—since father is riding fence for horses? In three months there are Saturdays in which mere lessons can be made up before the kitchen stove. Are not the calves to be weaned and fires kept lit in the cellar on the opposite hill, that the potatoes may not freeze in their winter quarters? Have we not trained the little flock of sheep to eat dried beef from our hands?

To-day the idea occurred to me that, after three months of allegiance to Baldo's convexities, I might be fated to bear for evermore the anatomical insignia of a cavalryman. With some notion of energetic counteraction, and in spite of the dazed protests of the Brundels, I decided to walk the four miles to the river station for my mail.

"Couldn't she even lend you a horse?" inquires, with dark significance, the lady who keeps that station. I may mention that there is a feud on between herself and Mrs. Brundel, instigated by a difference of opinion as to the logical place for a schoolmarm to board. I, however, am accepted as one more to be pitied than blamed. I am regaled with a competitive meal and offered a mount for my return. I was tired. I wanted it, but loyalty forbade my so affronting the Brundels or Baldo. So back I trudge, intent upon my letters.

It is interesting to note how small one can feel, on foot, in the cattle desert; it is exceedingly interesting to study, on the level, and from a distance of not more than ten paces, the action of a particularly large bull. With what a virile heave of mighty shoulder he rises, how efficiently he concentrates his gaze.

Now I will not be bullied; no low-

swinging head, no mean, red-glinting eye shall make me swerve from my ideals of womanly dignity. I shall not even stop the obvious perusal of my mail. I may, it is true, calculate with the tail of my eye my distance from the barbed-wire fence; I may, in fact, subtly accelerate my pace toward it—

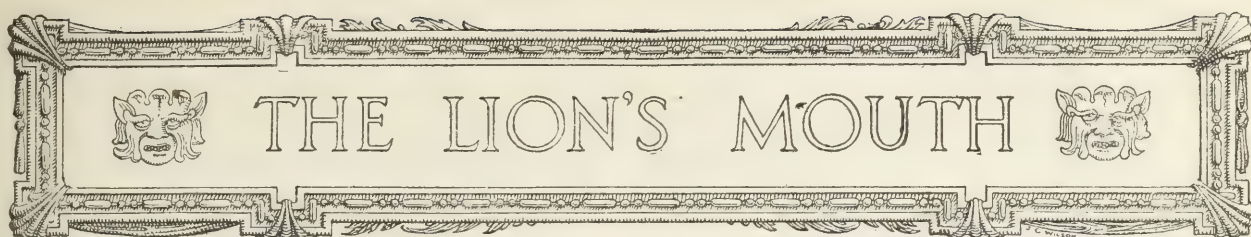
I do not expect to be believed, but there, on the other side of that fence, was another bull, a big, dirty-white one, going through exactly the same maneuvers as his compatriot.

When confronted by a bull, I may authoritatively state that the best course of action is neither to stand pat and, when that awful head charges, leap and hang onto it like a burr, nor yet, in case of a co-operative attack like this, to cling under the lowest strand of fence and let them use you temporarily as a punching-bag, in the hope that they may eventually gore each other, but simply to raise your head and hear, simultaneously with the first preliminary bullish groan, a beautiful shout, simply to turn your eyes and see, dashing down, his arms outspread like the wings of an angel, Joey on Baldo.

Oh, Joey, caballero, vaquero, buck-ayro, and buckaroo! Oh, Joey! it is I who now stare, and at you, with diffidence and awe! And, oh, Baldo! who grinds his teeth and gnashes at gallumping bull flanks!

Joey shall keep the gold watch, yea, though it happens to belong to my mother! And for Baldo—get out the catalogues—Baldo shall have buttons for his bridle straps, practical leather for school-days, shiny silver for Sundays, and, for bull-baiting times, lovely crystal things as big as butter-plates, with the picture of a noble horse inclosed.

A last drive at dawn to meet the stage, a last clinging to friends found and lost, and again—oh, Joe! now grown to a man—fate under alien skies—a glimpse of a boy waiting still and dark against the winter sun, until one has dipped below the sage-brush waves toward home.



THE LION'S MOUTH

TO ALMOST ANY EMPLOYER

BY JOHN PALMER GAVIT

WITH the keenest interest I heard last night at the Chamber of Commerce dinner your remarks about the relations between employer and employee; especially what you said about "close bargaining" in what you described as "the purchase of that commodity known as 'labor.'" No doubt you remember your saying that you were just as keenly economical in the purchase of that "commodity" as in the purchase of coal, machine-oil, tool-steel, or any other equipment or supplies for your business. You said, too, in another connection, that you expected to get a good return for your money; that you insisted upon "delivery of the goods" in respect of labor, as much as in respect of "any other raw material."

Well, I have been thinking about what you said, and some things that I find in my mind it seems worth while to say to you, in hope that you will think them over, and over, and over. Shifting one's point of view sometimes helps to clarify one's sight, and I am asking you to look at this business for a moment from where I sit.

I could see that you set great store by your capacity for "bargaining," and for "salesmanship." I have great admiration for your amazing ability in certain aspects of business. You have the financial attestation of that ability in your bank-account and in the increasing capital behind your enterprise. I shall try to talk in terms of business—"bargaining" and "salesmanship."

I dare say that in the purchase of *things*—machinery and supplies, fuel and raw material—for as much less than

their worth as possible, "bargaining" is a virtue; though there may be something to be said on the other side of that question. From my point of view it is impossible to separate coal, for instance, at the point of ultimate delivery and consumption, from the question of the lives of the men who dig it out of the farthest corner of the mine. A human being has no business making himself comfortable with coal at such a price as to deny decent life—to say nothing of comfort—to those who produce the coal and get it to his fireside.

However that be, in the direct purchase of flesh-and-blood, and with it (if you want them, as I suppose you do) those imponderable, spiritual qualities that are more essential parts of people than are their bones and organs—loyalty, devotion, enthusiasm, ambition, and *esprit de corps*—I think that "bargaining," in the ordinary sense, in the sense in which you so particularly stressed the word, is not a virtue, but a vice. Indeed, in the way in which it is generally practised by employers, and much more by those who represent them in contact with the human beings known as "labor," it simply *isn't bargaining*.

You would be the first to say that it was no bargain at all unless the purchaser *got what he paid for*. Poor stuff is not cheap, no matter how low the price at which you get it. This is particularly true of persons whom one employs. If all you get is the physical presence of the employee during certain fixed hours measured by a time-clock; if you don't acquire also the service of his mind and heart, you are wasting your money. Your economy, so far as he is concerned, is not economy at all, but the worst kind of extravagance. You have bought, as

it were, an inferior machine, which occupies the space and goes through the motions of a good one, and which no amount of repairs or shifting about will make efficient. It is worse than that, usually, because if, as he goes about his job, he has in his heart a continuing discontent, a feeling that he has got the worst of the initial "bargain," he is an active center of infection, so to speak, operating to undermine the *morale* of the whole place.

A bargain is, after all, a two-handled thing. It's as broad as it is long. It is just as legitimate for one party to "jew down" as the other. If it is legitimate for the employer to "buy" labor for as little as possible of wages and the things that go with and are even more important than wages, why isn't it equally legitimate for the employee to buy his wages, his job, for as little as possible of labor and the spirit that makes labor worth getting? Where, in such a transaction, is there any place for loyalty and enthusiasm?

Consider it from the point of view of "salesmanship." The basic secret of real salesmanship is to make the other fellow feel that the ideas you have given him are his own; that he not only *needs* what you have sold to him, but that it perfectly fills his need from every reasonable standpoint. If you don't leave him with that feeling, you haven't "sold" him. You may have his money, but it has cost you more than it is worth. "A satisfied customer is the best advertisement." You said that yourself.

Never forget that the man or woman who has bought your money with his labor in an employment transaction is just as much and as truly *your customer* as the one who comes in to buy a piece of furniture or a quantity of cloth for so much cash. The big difference is that in the purchase of employment a human being is selling to you something infinitely more important and more precious *to him* than the money you pay him is to you. He is selling you his life, his best years, the hours and enthusiasm he

would much prefer to devote to some purpose of his own. Especially if he be young and ambitious, he comes to invest his whole being in your enterprise; it is an event of great moment to him, even though it be less than an incident to you.

More than that—in the case of a sale of goods, the customer goes away, satisfied or dissatisfied, as the case may be; very likely you never will hear from him again; but the fellow who has "bought a job" has become a member of the family; he is going to live right in the house with you, and his satisfaction or dissatisfaction is made up not only of the cash in his pay-envelope, but of what happens to him and his associates, and in their presence or within their knowledge, from day to day. If the transaction is satisfactory, if the relation begins and continues to be a happy one, you have gained for the House not only a devoted friend and admirer, but an advertising-force which, within and without, will have a more potent influence than any chance customer mildly satisfied with a mere purchase of material product.

The folly of most, or at least of very many employers, who regard labor as a "commodity," is that they get a dissatisfied employee right at the start. The employee feels at the outset that he has been trapped, "bought," in a shrewd and ruthless bit of "bargaining" in which his necessity has put him at a disadvantage. He never even begins to be loyal; the human relation has been destroyed before ever it had a chance to bud. He does not get the feeling of having been initiated into a fellowship of which he is to be an enthusiastic member, with a stake in the common effort, an interest in its success and prestige. He comes to you for just so much money—all he can pry out of you—because he has to; he will work in the same indifferent or grudging spirit by the tick of the time-clock, and leave your employ the very minute he can see a chance to get a little more. He will leave you on the run to get into a place where he can get something more than money.

The employer who sees in "labor" nothing but a "commodity," and in the employment transaction nothing but a purchase and sale, like the purchase and sale of coal or steel, is justifying this sort of spirit. He is more than justifying it—he is exemplifying it, for the spirit is his own. And that spirit on the part of employers, and of their representatives who deal directly with the human factor in industry, has done and is doing more to create and aggravate class hostility than all the preaching of all the agitators.

The only honest function of a "bargain" is to simmer down to the *real* values. It isn't an honest bargain unless both parties are reasonably satisfied. The man on either side who wants to get either goods or labor for less than they are really worth is a thief in his heart, for stealing is the desire to get something for nothing. In the relation between employer and employee, the wages are only a part of it. Satisfaction with that kind of a transaction is a thing that must be taken care of from day to day. The spirit of the individual employee and the groups of employees toward the employer and his establishment is a subtle thing, made up of very small matters. It is terribly true that it is "little drops of water, little grains of sand," that "make the mighty ocean and the pleasant land." And an impression once fixed is very difficult to change; a bad impression is far more durable than a good one. A reputation for good treatment or bad treatment, for good conditions or bad in an establishment, lives long after the facts change.

High wages and comfortable conditions *may* keep a man or woman working for an employer for whom he has no respect; but there are some things that no money or material benefits or surroundings will pay for, just as there are spiritual conditions that keep people happy and loyal even when the pay, considered by itself, is insufficient. The man who knows how to win and keep the respect and affection of those under

him; who insists upon the same spirit in his subordinates who have the power to "hire and fire"; who gets and holds, directly and indirectly, throughout his establishment the reputation for conscience, honesty, just and considerate treatment of his fellow-workers—something more and finer than mere "fair play"—does not need to worry about their loyalty. Generally speaking, he could not chase them away with a gun.

Very likely you will regard all this as the theories of an amiable but impractical idealist—applicable only in some remote millennium. Maybe so; but I have the conviction that they are so very practical and timely that without the big truth that underlies what I have said, "business ability" is one-legged, falls short, and in the long run will fail, especially in the coming days when more and more the old ways of handling men and women in industry will become as extinct as the dodo.

MOTHER GOOSE, PROPAGANDIST

BY DON MARQUIS

MOTHER GOOSE has never had the recognition which she deserves for the part she has played in making the world unsafe for anti-democracy.

A young fellow who will be four years old by the time he is half a year older, asked me the other day just what a crown is. I explained that it is a style of head-dress affected by kings, in their more formal and regal moods and tenses.

He accepted the explanation so readily that I wondered what he knew about kings, and asked him.

Kings, he told me, were persons who stole things. They stole meal and made puddings out of it. Queens were the same as cooks.

Queens fry things for breakfast. He had known about kings and their thieving propensities for a long time. Kings were the same as Arfurs. There was a picture of a king who was an Arfur in his

Mother Goose Book stealing a bag of meal.

My own introduction to kings was the same as this young person's. . . . The King Arthur in my Mother Goose Book who stole three pecks of barley meal to make a bag pudding was the first king I ever knew. I am no Bolshevik by temperament or trade, but to this day I cannot think of kings as quite honest persons. Even the jovial King Cole did not quite reassure me with regard to kings; I seemed to see a something cunning in his eye. While ostensibly occupied with his pipe, his bowl, and his fiddlers three, he was likely thinking up some scheme to purloin edibles. The king who sat in his counting-house, counting out his money, after having had the four-and-twenty blackbirds baked within a pie, all but confirmed my youthful suspicion of kings as a class. . . . I was sure that the money really belonged to some one else; he counted it, in the picture, with a guilty air. Possibly he had stolen the blackbirds, to begin with.

Later, when I read Lanier's version of the Arthurian legend, I was still unable to banish the thought of King Arthur as a fat rogue with a sack of meal slung over his shoulder and a hang-dog eye beneath his crown.

Still later, Tennyson could do nothing for me. The Tennysonian Arthur was very pure and noble and brave, to the eye, but beneath the royal mail there was a horrid secret; disguise himself as he would, I knew that he had once been a meal-stealer; for me, he could never live it down. It influenced me in my judgment of him and Guinevere. I felt that Guinevere was unable to forget it, too, and that she justified, in some measure, her relations with Lancelot, with the reflection that the Arthur whom she deceived had, after all, the soul of a pudding-thief under his splendid exterior.

As for Guinevere herself, I could never feel so very sorry for her when she was flung from her place beside the king and

compelled to enter a convent and scar her dainty fingers embroidering heavy tapestries for the Camelot trade; she had done rough work before, and she could do rough work again, and get no pity of mine. I remembered her from the old kitchen days; at one time in her career she had fried mush for breakfast—stolen mush—with her hair straggling unqueenly down from her coronet, and with a look upon her face that showed her glad enough to get that mush to fry.

A friend and I once paid a visit to the Eden Musee, and in the Chamber of Horrors we saw two females showing the great gouts of blood and severed heads to their offspring, nine or ten in number, and all between the ages of three and eight. The little boys and girls were in a state of agreeable hysteria, evidently supposing all this blood to be real; nothing in after-life would make the impression upon them that this shambles was making. "The mind of youth," quoted my friend, eying the group reflectively, "is wax to receive and marble to retain." It is possible that young Hohenzollerns were trained in a similar manner.

It took me a long time to live down an impression of Welshmen, gained from the same source as the notion about kings . . . and even now, when I contemplate Mr. Lloyd George and the list of things that he is taking home from Paris, I murmur that the hand is quicker than the eye. But what I started out to say was that the world of to-morrow is not being made in the school-rooms of to-day; it is being made before the children get as far as the school-rooms. I warn all kings that Mother Goose will bear watching.

ANONYMOUS BENEFACTIONS

BY ALICE BROWN

THERE are seldom two sides to questions of high decorum, and yet, in the case of anonymous letters, I am persuaded they may be

judged, and not alone in Looking-glass Land, by the law of "Contrariwise." For it is indubitable that he is either a sneak or a coward who will write what he is ashamed or afraid to set his name to. But, contrariwise—and actually there is a contrariwise involved—think of the gay acceleration in place of moral and esthetic betterment if we might jog our neighbor's conscience or his decorum and he jog ours, under the shelter of anonymity and with no resultant bad blood. For example, we'd like to know exactly how old we do look outside our glass. Is not the too rigorous deference of the young a tribute to our charms, defying the tooth of time, or are the imps playing their thistledown game with us? Does their favor light upon us only because we happen to be in the way of their fortunate wind? How can we know? But if anonymous communications were among the decencies, we should know speedily, for our third cousin, Belinda, would lose no time in writing us:

I see you are quite off your head over those young things that tag you for all the world as if you were in the game. You have simply lost, among other things not to be supplemented by the toilet, your perspective. Actually, you are doing the kittenish to a deplorable extent. Cease chasing your tail and take to sitting in a square of sunlight on the floor, blinking back at old Egypt like a self-respecting Tab. The mad race and scamper may then pass you by; but console yourself by thinking how decorous and imposing is the spectacle of a quiescent cat worshipping, in appropriate calm, not Momus, but the god of bounds.

Now if Belinda offered that by word of mouth, you would never speak to her again, or, if you did, it would be to remind her that you were ten months younger than she and a hundred per cent. handsomer, and that her side of the family was ever cursed with a crimson tip to its nose. You would have lost Belinda, and simply through her too technical sense of honor, and she—poor Belinda!—would have lost you.

Whereas if she had sent you a fair copy of the exceptions taken above, unsigned, in non-committal type, you would simply have pondered briefly, "Could it have been Belinda?" only to dismiss the suspicion, because just now she commended your youthful hat and your "yellow stockings and wished to see thee cross-gartered." How much wiser for Belinda to sacrifice the integrity of her decorum and keep her friend! How much better also for you!

One of your oldest intimates has fallen into a rut of stock phrases and catchwords. Years ago, when his mind was so fertile that all he had to do was to snatch at a posy and "toss," for you to find it worth the catching, he did rain down some noseays so bright of hue, of such pungent smell, that his friends cherished them for the *hortus siccus* of memory. He saw them there. Alas that he did! for the incident was pleasing, and he, too, remembered; and now when the fields of fancy are infertile and forlorn he proffers you a replica of the old posy, and you do indeed catch, but with a forced and patient smile. Once, too, he went fluting through the dawn, but there's no doubt his pipe has now a somewhat rusty scrape and he doesn't improvise as he did that too-well-remembered May. Why shouldn't you with profit, not only to your patience, but his thinning reputation, write him anonymously, like a leaf drifting from the multitudinous eyries of the woods:

DEAR OLD BOY,—Springtime's over. Actually it isn't, you know, until the vernal hues begin to sear and the birds forget to sing. It's all in the way you're made. But you, dear boy, dried up quite young. Why not recognize it? You won't like it a bit at first; but even now, if you lie fallow for a while, maybe the old notes would come briefly back. They do with the birds, you know. After that mid-summer silence there's nothing so poignantly sweet as the conversation on farm-house roofs some cold day when, over the woodbine berries and the bittersweet, bird voyagers are marking out their itineraries. Only—don't buy a force-pump for what was once a bubbling spring.

Don't offer a wax flower under the glass of other times and manners. Be patient in this present flat level of the middle years, and who knows what seeds will sprout, what fountains gush, what birds will sing?

I am persuaded that many failings could be rectified through the sweet uses of anonymity. Abuses in hair-dressing, also the "trot-trot" of ladies immured in constricted skirts—these are crying aloud for the admonitory offices of the unknown well-wisher. When we see pollen-pink, fresh maidenhood defacing itself by hirsute knobs, malevolently concealing that most delicate shell in the world, the perfect car, shall we remonstrate openly and be not only despisingly flouted, but incur the odium of frumpishness in ourselves, thereby suffering unjustly for what in us was pure benevolence? By no means. Let us write in a dissembling hand and style, all manly dash and braggadocio, an imprecation on the wrong done by fashion to "beauty such as yours," consigning all knobs, except of a mechanical nature, to everlasting bonfire. If we see beauty tottering forth in the confining circumference of a skirt equivalent to one manly trousers-leg, shall we bark out our scorn or trumpet forth the laughter whereto our soul is stirred? A thousand times, no! Rather let us draw a touching picture of returned heroes accommodating their stride to rocking-horse girls in the durance of skimpy skirts, and insinuate it under the eye of the poor fettered tailor-made, laying adequate stress upon the resultant weariness of the heroic mind.

For there are things that can't be said by mortal lips without the aftermath of deep offense; and yet, how simplifying to the economy of social life if they could be. In what small perplexities are we tangled! and yet, if we ask our most trusted and our dearest to set us free, even they, out of their sweet-heartedness, will temporize and even lie, to leave us our poor self-respect. What is my horrid habit? When I think myself just, am I only pharisaical?

When I keep from my right hand the number of times my left hand dives into its pocket, am I therefore considered a tight-wad, and thus an ill example?

Can we ever snatch at that strong tonic of seeing "ourselves as others see us" unless somebody loves us well enough to sacrifice his private honor and snipe us from behind a hedge? And the day-book of preventable gaucheries and frailties, how often it could be balanced by the column of anonymous admonition! There might even be "Complete Letter-Writers" for the anonymous correspondent, forms full of circumspection and void of offense. As the deleterious quality is said to be eliminated from coffee by certain processes, with only the resultant disadvantage of a slightly increased bitterness, why should there not prove to be palatable anonymous admonition or reproof? There is painless dentistry; why not painless censure?

Ah! but—again contrariwise—let us not forget that there are anonymous tributes of commendation, love, and gratitude. Not all anonymity need be "herb-o'-grace." There are the rose, the laurel, and balmy slopes of fragrant herbs. You have a love-letter of some degree from the unknown. He has nothing to gain, in the writing. He merely wants to tell you, out of his warm-heartedness, that the world is the merrier—and therefore the better—for your presence, and because he is so generous and so modest you believe him whole-heartedly, where the flatterer over the teacups is as naught. His posy is like the incense from hidden altars, the fragrance from the twilight dusk of secret gardens. If friendship is benefaction, then is he thrice your friend.

THE CHOICE OF A MATE

BY MAYONE LEWIS

IF it is true in the affairs of nations that an outsider is the fairest judge; if a Lord Bryce can teach us much about the American Commonwealth and a Taine much about English literature,

why should it not be true in the intimate relations of life, where prejudice is more warping? To be direct, why should the advice of old maids on the rearing of children be a theme for derision? Is it not conceivable that they are the best judges of results, if, perhaps, a trifle academic as to methods? And on the choice of a life partner I dare say they are most fitted to speak who have never chosen one.

Here I see the married woman smile her familiar mockery. "What can an old maid know about such things?" Ah, my sister, you forget that up to the fatal march to the altar she has probably known the same complex of emotions that stirred your own heart. The dark flower blooms easily and everywhere; only the puerile or the shallow can think its perfume is the singular experience of the married. Look upon the active spinster, that woman of affairs. She is forty, perhaps, but is as slim and as vigorous as at twenty. There are some crow's-feet around her clear eyes and many lines of decision and experience in her alert face. When you meet her she talks about politics or business or art. Sentiment in her? Knowledge of the affairs of the heart? Understanding of such a woman, for example, as Anne Gilchrist? You smile at the suggestion. But wait; the sprite, Imagination, comes at call to lead you back along the paths of her experience. A little girl of six years walks shyly, hand in hand, with a boy sweetheart as infantile as she. At eleven she looks up with secret adoration to the indifferent tall lad of sixteen. At fourteen she holds in her arms a baby niece or nephew, and, as the little, downy head nods sleepily on her young breast, she feels something deep and sweet throb within her. Sixteen herself, she reads poetry to a pair of blue eyes for a month and coquettes with impish brown eyes for the next. At seventeen she has the thrill of her first proposal, and during one wavering minute of mastery she hears the unforgettable male cry of exultation. Now for a season she

beholds in her mirror at evening the blazing cheeks and starry eyes of young love that lives in a kiss and takes no thought of the future. At twenty she has many men friends and no lovers, and her life begins already to assume the character of maturity, a life filled with work of many sorts and sweetened by a few close friendships. The busy, happy years go by and she follows the fortunes of her friends as they find their mates, easily and instinctively in youth, or tardily after many restless years. And now she is forty, and can look with a humorous and sympathetic eye on life's inconsistencies.

Can this old maid, this typical old maid, have nothing of interest to say on the choice of a mate? On the contrary, I venture to say that her views would have value *virginibus puerisque*. But, alas! I forget that youths and maidens learn, as we learned, not by precept, but by experience, and they will pass her reflections by. No; they are of interest less "in the hour of thoughtless youth" than to "the eyes that have kept watch o'er man's mortality," to those pensive souls that like to muse over the mistakes their friends—never they themselves!—have made.

"Where can be found a well-mated pair?" I put the question to my typical old maid.

"Not among my human acquaintances," was the prompt retort. "But look for a moment at these wrens beside my window. Wrens, I am convinced, never even saw the dark flower bloom. Passion is alien to their nature, yet happiness is their daily emanation. I fancy they choose their mates for their congeniality of tastes. A cheerful, wholesome, busy life is that of Jenny Wren and her agreeable mate. They never sound the liquid note of passion; they do not thrill the heart as do the thrushes, but neither do they have silent and gloomy or shrill and querulous hours. At noon they are as blithe as at dawn or evening; all day long they work and sing together; their notes, like those of

Wordsworth's stockdove, are a hymn of sweet reasonableness, a beautiful assertion of the joy of homely things and noontide hours."

Herein my old maid proceeded to find a lesson for all married folk.

"Taste the sweetness of passion if you must," she continued; "life is incomplete without it; but do not drink too deep or too often. Marriage is an everyday relation, and love lives too close to the seat of hatred to be a safe companion for every day, unless it is tempered and strengthened by congeniality. A natural, unforced similarity of tastes, common interests both in work and in play, tempers that are not mutually irritating, manners, voices, personal habits that are mutually pleasing—these are the rocks on which to build a happy, united life."

"Look around at our friends, Mary Ann," said the typical old maid to me on another occasion. "They have been married ten to fifteen years now and results begin to show. There is Maria, the kind of woman who always wears a raincoat when it is wet and her second-best suit when it is cloudy. Maria always buys the first hat that is shown to her, if it is not too expensive or too giddy. She married Alfred DeWitt who admires nothing so much as a smartly dressed woman. And William, who would sit up all night discussing abstractions, and who revels in *vers libre*—William married Annette, a wonder, as you know, in practical affairs, but Ann is bored in half an hour by 'high-brow stuff.'"

She mused for a time while I poked the fire and silently reviewed the lives and characters of four excellent people who were enjoying little pure satisfaction.

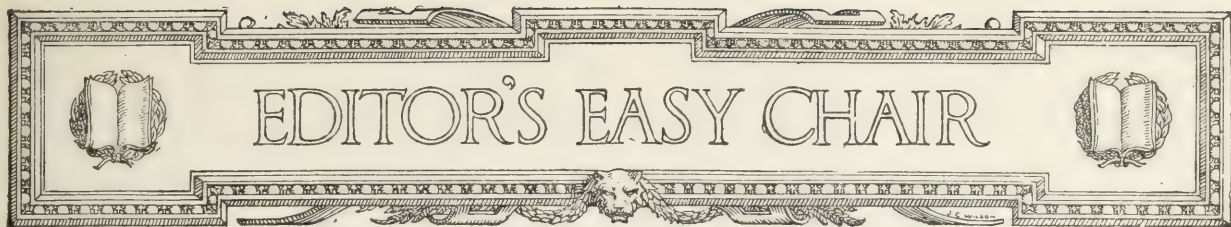
"Do you remember Betty's room in college?" she resumed. "It was a marvel of interior decorating—a little too much so. She married a man who wouldn't have a curtain in the house for years, and who looks black at the suggestion of

heavy hangings. . . . But Marjorie fared worse. You didn't know her. Gay, pretty Marjorie! She would still rather dance than keep house, in spite of her five children and her one hundred and eighty pounds. Marj loves a crowd and is always the merriest person in it. She enjoys even the discomforts of travel, and, with her sturdy constitution, no life could be too crowded or too strenuous for her. Did she marry a man who liked movement and variety? No. Tom Dickson hasn't left his native New England village for five days in as many years, and he hasn't ambition enough to take active part even in the life of the village. Marj and Tom always remind me of the girl in '*La Parure*,' and her stupid, honest clerk of a husband.

"Sometimes, when I think over these and other yoke-mates, it occurs to me that young people are led into marriage by some external Deity, some Eros, Hymen, or Lucina, whose concern is not with the happiness of adults, but with preserving the balance, the norm, in the children who are to be. So he unites the practical woman to the idealistic man, the lively to the staid, the economical to the extravagant, the artistic to the dull. Possibly the system keeps down the percentage of insanity in the offspring, but it has obvious disadvantages to the parents."

"But, my dear O. M.," said I, "you speak as if these good friends of ours were unhappily married, whereas, in point of fact, they stand before the world as model housewives, husbands, and parents."

"Mary Ann, you are dense to-day," the O. M. replied. "Don't you gather yet that I am speaking, not of good housewives and good parents, but of congenial comrades, of mated adults who continue to enjoy daily living and working and playing together? As such I still affirm that our married friends are a failure, and I recommend them and their successors to a study of the wrens."



EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

"YOU remember," we said to our friend, about the middle of May last, when the collective airmen's attempt to fly across the Atlantic hesitated failure—"you remember how we philosophized the great general success of aviation as the result of a universal resolution to fly? Man, we said, had always wished to fly and dreamed of flying, and all at once, after Langley had evolved the principle and the Wright brothers had invented the practice, men came together as by a racial impulse and flew. You recall the idea, if not the words."

"Oh yes," our friend responded. "And you were quite right. Men always get what they want."

"Then, if they want to fly across the Atlantic now, why don't they, or why don't they at once?"

"Perhaps they don't want to badly enough. Probably, long before our words will reach your readers people will be making regular air-trips to Europe, and the wonder will be gone out of the simple detail as it now is out of the application of the principle of aviation. You must remember that there is no such pressure of necessity in the present case as there was in that. We talk across the ocean as simply and easily as we talk across this room. So, why hurry, why fuss? Of course we shall ferry the Atlantic through the air in regular trips when there is any need of it, or so much need that we really want to do it. There is no doubt about it."

We were both silent, as people are in novels when the author cannot think of something for them to say. Then our own active mind turned to a question which had been occupying it rather constantly before the notion of an aerial

ferry to Europe possessed it; and we said, "So you think that when people really want to know whether 'if a man die shall he live again?' they really *will* know?"

"People always get what they want," our friend placidly repeated.

"Ah, but they've always wanted to know that, and they don't know it yet," we insisted.

"Perhaps," our friend returned, "not enough people have wanted to know it. Plato's answer sufficed for his followers, and Jesus taught a good life here so wholly that the first Christians took the life hereafter for granted. The belief in a future life was coextensive with Christianity. In fact, there was no religion in the world which denied it; all religions were founded on it."

"And what largely blotted that belief out of the Christian world?"

"Well, you know. People say Darwinism, Evolution, or whatever. But the Evolutionists were not all agnostics. Wallace was as good an Evolutionist as Huxley, though he was as confirmed a spiritualist as Sir Oliver Lodge. Our own John Fiske could not go to the end without evolving the idea of God."

"And now that agnosticism is as dead as the faith it seemed to slay, you think that we may be on the verge of a revival of belief in a life hereafter?"

"Oh, I don't say that!"

"Then what is it you do say?"

"That when we universally want to know whether we shall live again, we *shall* know, on the simple principle that people always get what they want."

"Oh! You said that before. Prove it!"

"Prove that people really want to know it."

We were perhaps not so shocked as we pretended to be, but we put on the air. "Have you ever known of a time when people were so universally interested in the question? All sorts and conditions of men have taken it up. Spiritualism has become respectable through the quality of its followers. People of the first rank now consult mediums and accept their drivel as gospel."

"Not so bad as that—"

"Well, men of the first repute as scientists respect it."

"That's nothing new. Before Sir Oliver Lodge was, Sir William Crookes was. Lord Lytton was as firm a believer in mediumism as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is. You must remember that in England spiritualism has always been better society than here—perhaps because we invented it, and knew what the mediums were from the beginning. The worst and the best of them have been Americans; occasionally a Russian or Italian has arisen, but they haven't lasted like our psychics," our friend said.

"Yes, that's very true, but all you say doesn't dispose of the impressive fact that there is a larger and wider interest in the life hereafter, as a question, than ever before," we maintained.

"I'm not sure that is the fact. My memory doesn't go back to the first notoriety of the Rochester Rappings, as we called them, but I remember that during the eighteen-sixties and well into the 'seventies there was a crepitation and agitation of the tables far beyond anything we have now; the walls of the average house, if they had no ears, had tongues, and few families were without their mediums, who were in constant communication with the sages of antiquity, and all the great poets of the past, as well as the spirits of the dead whom the bereaved neighbors came to consult them about. The thing became a joke before it became a religion. The mediums were girls of all ages, and the younger the girls the more fun they got out of it. But it did become a religion. There used to be spiritualistic newspa-

pers and I don't know but reviews and magazines."

"Yes, we remember that, too," we said. "Then what's the reason that the other world was not, so to speak, discovered at that time? Why wasn't the question of a future life then settled once for all? Didn't people want to know about it, or enough of them?"

"Not *hard* enough, so to speak. Besides, they were hearing from the other world as fast as the facts could be rapped out and tilted out or written out by hands under spirit control."

We held our breath, bridling our impulse to say: "Oh, come! That won't do! They wanted as hard as they do now." But we suggested more respectfully, "Perhaps the passing of souls by millions from the battle-fields of the recent war has carried our thoughts over the border of the other world with an intensity of longing not felt before, and the revelation will be proportionate."

"Perhaps, our friend admitted; but we felt his reserves.

"Isn't it imaginable that there is a pressure of interest from the multitude of the bereaved more intelligent than ever before at any one time, which will be of the effect of a longing to know from an overwhelming majority?"

"Why," our friend said, "that is an interesting question. One must consider it with a tenderness, a reverence which no demand of bereavement has heretofore made for a world beyond this. There is no denying a claim in the universal sorrow which has been wanting in the curiosity of earlier spiritualistic movements as we may call them. To deny verity to all the revelations of the mediums now, or to regard the mediums as charlatans, is in some sort to insult the sorrow which has found consolation in them—a sorrow so general as to be almost universal."

"Well, then?" we pursued.

"Do you say," our friend evaded us, "that the claim of this sorrow, this faith, ought to be sufficient to establish

the fact that there is a life after this beyond a doubt? Why should the absolute conviction of the fact have been denied to the myriad martyrdoms of the past from the very beginning of Christianity?"

"Yes!" we exclaimed. "Weren't those martyrdoms sufficient to convince the other world that this world desired strongly enough to realize its existence? There were those who entreated the Saviour to assure them of it."

"And how did he answer them?"

"Why, negatively, almost disappointingly. 'If it were not so, I would have told you,' he said."

"Disappointingly, yes, but not negatively. I should say he divined that their desire was not strong enough to justify the other world's affirmation of its own existence. Do you really think that there has ever yet been a strenuous universal demand for that affirmation?"

Again we were silent. Then we said, "It seems to us that you are rather beating about the bush."

Our friend laughed. "How strenuous, how universal, do you feel about it yourself? Are you sure that you would exchange 'this pleasing, anxious being' for the assurance of another life elsewhere, which should be more pleasing and less anxious—"

"You are toying with the question, begging it."

"Yes. I'm not playing fair, I own. I am so absolutely certain of that other life myself that I can't take your doubt seriously. But there is a charm, which I'm sure you must feel in your own questioning state of mind and wouldn't willingly part with. I have been there myself, and I miss that charm in my actual certainty. Sorrow itself, the blackest hour of loss, isn't as hopeless as we say. What we feel in that hour is the loss, but the loss is not despair, and as time goes on we become reconciled to the loss. This experience is as universal as the loss. The burden is not more than we can bear, even when it is first laid upon us, and every hour, day, year, lightens

it. Who is it that seek comfort, conviction, from the mediums?"

"Why, the newly bereaved, of course. Mostly, now, those who have lost friends in the war."

"Of course. It is the newly bereaved who feel that they must make sure of that other world, of that exile which their beloved have been hurried into. It is they who feel the anguish of the longing for reunion. Those whose grief is older rather dread it."

"What!" we exclaimed.

"Yes, they *dread* it. Don't you know that beautiful, wonderful, sorrowful poem of Holmes's, 'Homesick in Heaven'? You can't, you mustn't have, forgotten how one whose bereavement had grown an experience of many years questions in what form he shall meet the child, the wife, the father and mother whom he has lost in that long succession of years. Those years have changed him here; they must have so changed them there that he will not meet them as he remembers them."

"Yes. Terrible! Terrible, unless we believe in a power that shall work the miracle we instinctively expect."

"Instinctively, yes. But can we *reasonably* expect it?"

"And you believe that this dread, this misgiving, is so common, that it will forever withhold us from the universal demand of realizing the other world which is the condition of realizing it?"

Our friend smiled sadly. "I don't say that it is this misgiving which withholds us. I only say that there has never yet been the universal desire of realizing the other world as we realize this."

"And without this unanimous desire?"

"Ask yourself. We believe the other world is peopled from this world, that its life is from death in this, and that it began almost coevally with our own life. It is the newer world by only so little time, that its life flows beside our life, as one river flows side by side with another in the same channel. You have seen two such streams, and how they

seem never to mix. But they do mix at last in the ocean, and in eternity the parallel life of the spiritual world shall mix with our own. We think that when we die we shall pass into that parallel life and dwell in it forever. But do we? Isn't there something beyond both lives, both worlds, where we shall dwell forever? What if there were a world of good and evil beings such as Milton imagines and such as have haunted human belief ever since humanity existed; and what if that world antedated the 'other world,' as we call it, as well as 'this world'? What if there were good and evil angels dwelling from everlasting to everlasting, forever different from the spirits of good and evil men? People once thought so, and perhaps people think so still, and possibly give them the same names as those that the poets and prophets knew them by. I do not think so, myself, but such seraphic and infernal beings are not outside the faith of the vast majority of Christians."

"But," we observed, "the faith of the vast majority of Christians embraces many things which the vast minority does not believe. Ghosts are not altogether outcast, and wise women and otherwise are invited to commune with the dead and

"Tell us what and where they be. But somehow the seraphim are no longer considered in our explorations of the other life. The *Psychical Research* did not include them. It is curious how they have altogether dropped out of the minds of the inquirers into the other life. Yet I remember once asking a clergyman of the English Church—to be sure in Wales, the land of faery—to give me an idea of that life, and he by no means ignored the celestial hierarchy. It rather surprises me to realize this now, but at the time I merely found it rather odd—I had been so entirely used to ignoring the seraphim. The other world was to

me solely the world of the spirits of our dead. In your own notion of men's getting what they want by universally willing it, and surprising the fact of another life by that means, were you at all conscious of including those celestial beings in your idea of the other world?"

"No. I should say not. Perhaps I ought to be ashamed of ignoring them; but I must confess that I thought only of human spirits who had passed into their life through our death."

"Then perhaps," we suggested, "we must make a further demand on our volition. We must unanimously imagine an eternity where there is an order of celestial beings coeval with divinity itself."

"That will be difficult," our friend confessed. "I don't say impossible, but certainly difficult. We must almost reconstitute ourselves in the effort. We must unite ourselves with that immense majority of Christians who accept the primitive idea of the universe—the idea of the Old Testament after we have been used to dwelling in the idea of the New. We have been used to thinking of the angels as the spirits of good men, and now we must think of an order of celestial beings never akin to ourselves. Can we pay the price? Can we consent to an effort so far beyond the experience of our imagination? Is there a world where our dead have gone and where they dwell in remembrance of their earthly life but do not desire reunion with us as utterly as we desire reunion with them, where they may have grown apart from us in association with beings who were never born, and have never died?"

"It is asking a good deal of one's self," we assented. "We thought that universally desiring knowledge of the other world was a condition beyond human power, but if we must accept knowledge beyond even that desire—You see?"

"Yes," our friend owned, "I see."

EDITOR'S DRAWER

RESERVED SEATS

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

I SAID that what we needed was a quiet furnished apartment, centrally located, with large rooms and not too expensive—a floor in an old-fashioned house preferred. I wanted to be near where things were going on, and a good deal of uninterrupted and plenty of space were desirable things. I may repeat that the matter of price was rather important. Elizabeth remarked in her casual way that from the specifications Heaven was probably our home, as it seemed unlikely that we should find those things elsewhere.

She was mistaken, however. Through a

line discovered by careful search in the Sunday *Times* I found the very thing. The "Attractive furnished apartment to sublet cheap" proved to be on lower Fifth Avenue, in an old brownstone front. Once a mansion, it was now "Floors to let." Ours was the third one, with big rooms just far enough above the street to make the murmur of rubber tires and asphalt rather soothing, and the occasional honk, honk a pleasant variation. A man who had leased it for a term of years, at the old rates, had business elsewhere, he said, now that the war was over, and was willing to sublet without increase of



price. Then he called attention to the fact that the three large front windows commanded a fine view of the street, and that on Fifth Avenue one got everything that was going. He said it was a wonderful place to see the parades. If there was anything to give one pause in the tempo of that observation, I did not notice it. I remembered it afterward merely as a pleasant remark, and so did Elizabeth. It was Elizabeth, in fact, who added that it would be nice to invite in friends for such occasions, to which he made no response—very likely a rather selfish person, as we thought, who had not cared to share his windows. It was generous in him to be willing to let the place go at the price, though. Elizabeth admitted that it was a find, and that I had been wonderfully smart to locate it. Then we moved in.

I have never known anything more satisfactory than it all was when we were really settled. The open fire in the big front room, the solid and comfortable old furnishings, with our own personal belongings, the quiet rumble of the passing show that was always so interesting day or night, to look out upon.

That was just when our victorious armies were coming back from France, to pass before the throng in bannered review. When we read that the gallant Steenty-eighth had landed and were going to parade from Washington Square to the frontiers of Harlem, with martial bands and all the trappings of war, we were deeply stirred by the prospect. No more standing on a cold curb for hours, mashed and trodden by the medleyed throng; no more ruinous prices for windy seats in some rickety grand stand. We would merely draw up nice, comfortable chairs to our spacious windows, and from the comfort of their deep luxury see everything, as it were, from our own fireside. We would invite in a few less privileged friends to share our monopoly. We wanted to be generous. Also, we wanted them to see how fortunate we were. We knew some fellows in that regiment—we would ask their relatives. Elizabeth said it would be nice to serve a few refreshments. It was all going to be lovely, she said.

It was; there wasn't a single hitch in the program. Our maid wished the day off, so we got up fairly early and made the sandwiches and things ourselves, and I went down to a near-by hostelry and acquired a bottle or two of certain liquids that have become noticeably more expensive since the "July 1st" order appeared on the horizon. Then

we carried in the dining-room table and arranged everything on it, where it would be handy for our guests to help themselves at will. There was a free-and-easy atmosphere about the arrangement that we thought went well with patriotic spirit.

If ever a party was a success ours was. Not one of our guests failed us. Indeed, they multiplied somewhat, for most of them had friends with boys in the parade, and some of our invit  s telephoned for permission to bring the said friends along. Others brought them without taking time to telephone, knowing it would be all right, as they explained, and of course it was, everything being free and easy and patriotic on such a day. Also, there were quite a number who did not seem to have been invited by any of those present and who appeared surprised to find us there. These, as we gathered, had been friends of our predecessor, and we revised our opinions of his generosity, while we made his former guests welcome.

So you see we had really quite an imposing assemblage by parade-time. Elizabeth went out hastily and carved a good many more sandwiches, while I slipped down for a reserve supply of those enhanced bottles, and we both felt quite elated in the thought that we were doing something fine and substantial in the grand cause of "Welcome Home," which was the legend on the banner suspended from our window.

As I say, there wasn't a halt or a hitch anywhere. It was a bright, brisk morning. The parade started with military promptness. There burst forth a splendid blast of music from down the Avenue and then presently the mounted police came riding ahead, the serried ranks of our brave defenders behind them, their steel helmets glancing in the sun.

We threw up the windows and leaned out to cheer—that is, our guests did. Elizabeth and I were not near enough for that, though we managed to get a glimpse, now and then, over the shoulders of those who had relatives in the parade and were of course entitled to the choicest positions. It was all very stirring and splendid, and with every detachment that passed our cheers and tears and patriotism welled up, and from time to time had to be washed down, and nourished with relays of sandwiches, as the hours sped and the ranks went marching by. Elizabeth and I really got a pretty fair view at these intervals, though I do not remember that we ever

enjoyed the luxury of the comfortable chairs, in the way we had anticipated.

But we did honestly enjoy the pleasure of our guests. They all said it was just grand to see the parade in that way. Our three big windows were like private boxes at the opera, they said, only ever so much better, because of our refreshments. Those refreshments were certainly popular. Our friends had all eaten early breakfasts and the brisk air blowing in sharpened their appetites. There were always from four to seven around the table, and sometimes as many as eleven. Those were the times when Elizabeth and I got our best views of the parade.

I began to get anxious for that procession to end. I was afraid our refreshments wouldn't hold out—especially the liquid things. I had never seen patriotism flow so. It was really beautiful. Elizabeth slipped back into the kitchen and sliced up everything she could find, and I produced some odds and ends of a special reserve stock that the July order had sent up to four-fifty per. When the last gallant doughboy swung by, and the last faint music died in the northern distance those present made a final raid on the lunch-counter and three minutes later there wasn't a thing discoverable in the way of solids, or enough liquid corruption in the bottles to disturb your grandmother.

It had been a most pleasant occasion—everybody said so. Our guests went away, gratefully declaring that they would never

forget us, and that they hoped they would never miss a parade again as long as we were in that neighborhood, and we said that of course they mustn't. Then we carried all the empty things back into the kitchen and the table back into the dining-room, and opened up the house to let out the smoke, and by and by sat down to get our breath a little and remark how great it had all been. And by and by Elizabeth observed, in her casual way, that no less than a hundred and fifty quite hearty sandwiches and a box of cigars and some five bottles of rather expensive fluids had disappeared during the occupation, and that she supposed if we entertained a parade like that as often as once a month our rent wouldn't really be so cheap, after all.

Once a month! Ah, me! There were *four* parades that month, and *seven* the next!

We didn't miss one of them. There was the return of the Stoonty-unth, and St. Patrick's, and the naval boys, and the Darktown Brigade, and— Oh, well, never mind the rest. You read about them at the time, and saw their pictures in the Sunday papers. But we entertained them—that is, we entertained their friends—all of them, unless there is a mistake in my figures. That little initial affair was a mere first ripple of the rising tide. The next fête-day brought all those dear people back again, and all their friends with them. Again we prepared generously and again they swept us clean and



A FINAL RAID ON THE LUNCH-COUNTER



WE CLIMBED INTO OUR GRAND-STAND SEATS

departed, heaping blessings upon us. The third time we elongated our table to its fullest extent, piled it high and heaped up great reserves in the kitchen. Our pride was at stake now; we could not afford to weaken. Once more the hearty grasp of greeting—the backwash of gratitude at the end. Our regular attendance voted us public benefactors, and we began to feel like it. When the fourth and fifth processions had come and passed, and the sixth was in the near imminence, I confided to Elizabeth that I could see where it was going to be necessary to sell our Liberty Bonds if this thing went on. Elizabeth asked, rather pointedly, if I still considered the apartment secluded, and a bargain as to price. Inasmuch as it was Elizabeth herself who had suggested the idea of guests and refreshments, it seemed to me this remark did not partake of her usual good taste.

Of course we no longer, either of us, saw anything of the parades. It was only because of the constant shuttle process between the refreshment-table and the windows that even our friends could be fairly successful in that line. The attendance was too great for any

large percentage of it to see at one time. As I say, we saw nothing. It was our job to provide sustenance for those present. We heard the bands, though, and the stirring music inspired us to renewed efforts.

I know now what it is to run a lunch-counter. We got it down to a system. When a parade was due we put in the day before sawing bread and ham, and putting away our fragile articles of furniture. At odd times during the week I cruised among the lower currents of trade, hunting bargain sales of wet goods, which daily became fewer and offered less attractive "specials." We never feared that we should provide an oversupply. Rain or shine, our patronage did not fail. Our friends, and our friends' friends, and the

friends of our friends' friends came in force, and they came early. I am not sure that some of them did not come for breakfast, for they asked if we had coffee. Long before the first blare of the trumpets from Washington Square there was standing-room only, and as the shouts of the multitudes floated in, and the music of the recurrent bands, our windows bravely showed their rosettes of beaming faces and waving handkerchiefs while the home-coming veterans swung past.

It's a long, long way to Tipperary—
It's a long way to go;

came throbbing in until I sometimes wondered what the mileage really was to Tipperary, and if we were ever going to get there.

Still, it was all stirring and rejoicing, and I recall those weeks now with pride. I said if we got through it alive, and solvent, it would be something to remember, and it is. As I look back on that time now it seems to me one vast tide of tumult—of brass bands and shouting, of hilarity and ham sandwiches. Such an experience cannot happen twice—not to us.

It was the "Big Parade" at the end of

March that closed our engagement as Relief Committee to an Observation Post. Nothing like that parade was ever seen before, either in or out of our quiet apartment. We knew what was coming. Elizabeth and our assistant worked for two days getting ready for the drive, and on the great morning when I went down-stairs on an early errand our outside steps were already filled with our patrons, waiting for us to open. They were certainly faithful.

An hour later, when our rooms were pretty solidly packed, and the parade was about to begin, Elizabeth and I slipped quietly down the back stairs and worked our way around to the front and climbed into two grandstand seats, previously reserved at considerable expense. There on that glorious day we sat undisturbed for three mortal hours—no, immortal, I mean, for the memory of them will not pass—and watched the boys march by. And when the last rank of shining helmets, and the wreaths for the sacred dead, and the last automobile of the honored wounded had been welcomed with cheers and tears and waving, we slipped back to find, as I expected, that we had not been missed by our company.

And when the final grateful guest had eaten the remainder of a damaged sandwich and rinsed out a trickling drainage of VOP and gone happily his way, I said to Elizabeth, without emotion:

"How would it be to put a line in the *Sunday Times*?"

She did not ask me what for, but in her casual way observed:

"It *might* be a good idea. It worked before—on us."

"If it brings results we could go away for

a while—I have just about enough left for that—to some place where it is quiet—where we could rest, I mean, and decide what we want to do next."

We then set to work straightening up our apartment, which looked as if it had been sublet for a county fair.

On Monday morning a pleasant old gentleman appeared with a copy of the *Times* advertising section.

"Is this your offer: 'An attractive furnished apartment, cheap?'" he asked.

I said it was.

"And is this the apartment?"

"It is," I said, and led him to the windows that looked down on the passing show. "You notice," I went on, "it commands a fine view of the street, and on Fifth Avenue one gets everything that is going. It is really a wonderful place to see the parades."

His face brightened. If there was anything in my observation to give him pause, he apparently hadn't noticed it.

"Why, yes," he said, "and one could invite in a few friends."

I made no response to this remark, and he probably thought us rather selfish people who had not cared to share their windows.

That was barely two months ago. There have been only eight parades since then, but this morning when I opened the *Sunday Times* I read under the proper heading:

"An attractive furnished apartment, on lower Fifth Avenue, to sublet, cheap."

It is really a delightful old place, and it is cheap. I hope he will find a tenant—some one who will take up the good work that we, or our predecessor, began, and carry it on worthily, as long as—well, as long as he is able.

Making It Easy for Himself

MRS. KILLIFER desired that the picture be hung to the right of the door; Mr. Killifer wanted it hung to the left. For once the husband proved to be the more insistent of the two, and Henry, the colored man, was summoned to hang the picture according to Mr. Killifer's order.

Henry drove in a nail on the left. This done, he also drove one in the wall on the right.

"Why are you driving that second nail?" asked Mr. Killifer.

"Why, boss, dat's to save me de trouble of bringin' de ladder to-morrow when you come round to de missus's way of thinkin'," said Henry.

A Careful Shipment

IT was in a small town in New England. In their morning walk little Isabel and her mother passed the home of a woman who was so ill that a quantity of straw had been strewn over the street that the noise of the highway might be deadened. This straw excited the curiosity of the child, and she asked many questions concerning it.

"Why, dearie," said the mother, "it has been put there because last week they brought a little boy baby to the lady who lives there."

At this Isabel looked at the straw with renewed interest.

"Well, mother," she concluded, "I must say that they brought him well packed."



HIS WIFE: "That reminds me, Fred—did you order those curtain-poles I told you to?"

Spoke From Experience

A VISITING trustee, during the course of an address made to the pupils of a public school, said:

"My dear children, I want to talk to you a few minutes concerning one of the most wonderful, one of the most important organs in the whole world. What is it that throbs away, beats away, never stopping, never ceasing, whether you wake or sleep, night or day, week in and week out, month in and month out, year in and year out, without any volition on your part, hidden away in the depths, as it were, unseen by you, throbbing, throbbing, rhythmically all your life long?"

During the momentary pause of the speaker for oratorical effect a small voice was heard to say:

"I know, sir. It's the gas-meter!"

What Class Did He Travel

FARMER Harris, who had been buying stock in a town some distance away, telegraphed to his wife:

"As cattle cannot be shipped to-day from here. I shall start for home to-morrow."

It Helped

A CERTAIN bishop had had what Methodist preachers were wont to call "a good time" preaching in a small town, and as soon as the service was over a number of persons went to him to express their appreciation of his sermon. One woman in particular was most outspoken in praise of his eloquence.

"Why, bishop," she said, "you can never know what your sermon meant to me. It was just like water to a drowning man."

Prevention

OLD Doctor Sturgis was a phlegmatic man who generally took his own time to answer even urgent calls, but one day he hustled

around in a great hurry.

"Mrs. Downey," he explained to his wife, "has sent for me to come and see her girl, and I must go at once."

"What is the matter with her?" asked the doctor's wife.

"I don't know," said the doctor, "but I do know that Mrs. Downey has a book on *What to Do Before You Get the Doctor*, and I must hurry up before she does it."

Required Some Data

KLINKER, a serious-minded young man, had sought audience of the father of the girl he had chosen, and made known his hope that he would interpose no obstacle in the way of their marriage.

For a moment the old gentleman was silent, and he scowled at the young man with great sternness. Finally he growled:

"So you want to marry Alice, do you?"

"Very much indeed," answered Klinker.

"Can you support a family?" continued the father, narrowly searching the young man's countenance.

Klinker reflected a moment and then asked, "How many are there of you, sir?"

His Turn

TWO city men, motoring in the southern mountains, vainly tried to find hotel accommodations, and finally were obliged to make the best of a small inn. Even then they had to share a bed that was—and on this point the landlord laid great stress—a feather-bed.

The two turned in and one was soon fast asleep, but not so the other. He could not manage to dodge the lumps, and listened hour after hour to the church clock until three in the morning. Then, at the end of his patience, he began to shake the other man violently.

"What's the matter?" growled the awakened one. "It can't be time to get up yet!"

"No, it isn't," grumbled the unhappy one, "but it's my turn to sleep on the feather."

First Lesson In Art History

A TEACHER in one of the Boston schools had shown the lower-grade pupils in her room a beautiful picture of the "Madonna and Child," and had asked them to write something about it. One boy of a dozen years handed the teacher the following brief and terse account of the picture:

"I think Mrs. McDonough's baby is just fine."

Why She Changed Her Name

LITTLE Elizabeth Tilton had been at school but a few days when she became ill. Upon her return, some weeks later, she bore a note of excuse from her mother, signed Mrs. Banes. Thinking that perhaps she had misunderstood the child's name, the teacher asked for an explanation.

"It's this way," said Elizabeth, with quite a confidential air. "My mother got married again, but I didn't."

Eloquence Rather Than Elegance

A BOY of eight was dining with his father at a hotel where the manners of the guests were not remarkable for their elegance.

Soon after they had seated themselves at the table, the youngster piped up with, "Daddy, why do all the men say 'whoop' to their soup?"

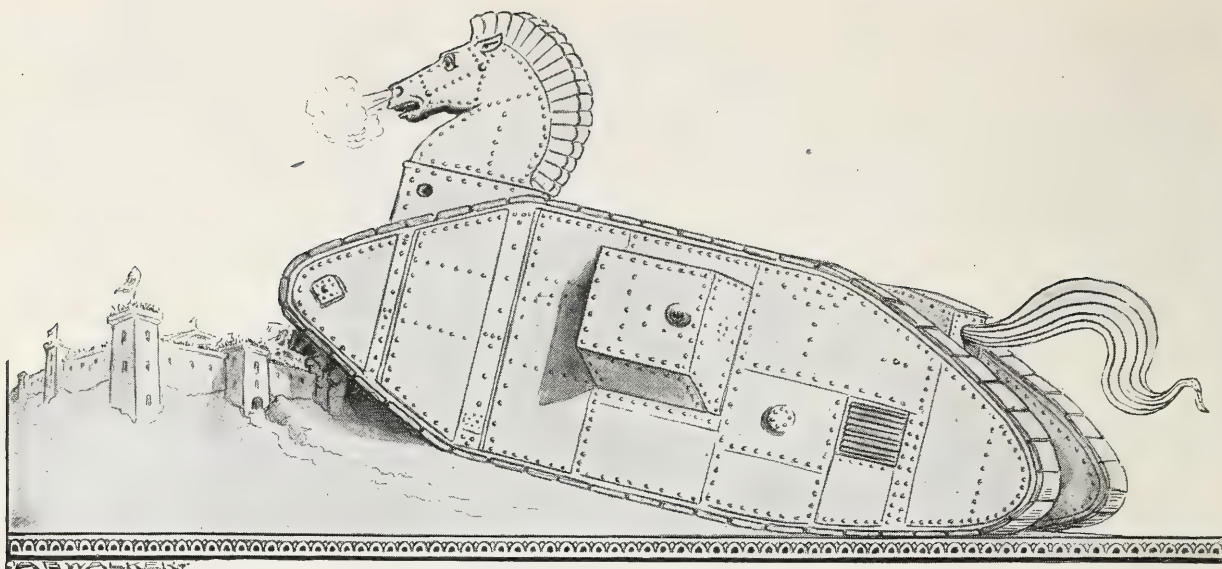
A Reason for Rebate

SEVERAL elderly ladies who were giving a dance for a certain charity felt that everything must be run as economically as possible. One approached the leader of the orchestra with this proposition:

"Couldn't you possibly supply us with music cheaper? A good many of us do not dance, you know."



His Old Job Back Again



The Trojan Horse

If the Greeks had only known what we know to-day

Looking Forward

LITTLE Julian has already decided that he will be a doctor. In talking over the matter one day his father rather facetiously asked whether Julian intended to adopt a specialty, inasmuch as that was the way to make a lot of money in medicine.

"I think I shall," replied Julian, quite gravely. "What do you think of specializing in airplane accidents, dad? There ought to be a great future in that line."

Quite So

THE lads in the primary class had been given a talk on architecture, and when the teacher had finished she asked:

"Is there any one in the class who can tell me what a 'buttress' is?"

Whereupon one lad arose and answered, eagerly: "Yes, ma'am, I can. A buttress is a nanny-goat."

New Use for a Quarantine Sign

DURING an epidemic in a small Southern town every infected house was put under quarantine. After the disease had been checked, an old negress protested vigorously when the health officers started to take down the sign on her house.

"Why, Auntie," exclaimed the officer, "why don't you want me to take it down?"

"Well, sah," she answered, "dey ain' be'n a bill-collectah neah dis house sence dat sign went up. You-all let it alone!"

A Ballade Against Critics

YOU mourn for your hope's decay?
Ambition and Fame are cheats?—
Some Critic has deigned to flay
Your work in the public sheets.
Come, don't be a lamb that bleats!
The battle is gay and long.
Remember (oh, sweet of sweets!)
The Critics are mostly wrong.

The Critics?—and who are they?
Usurpers that hold their seats
An hour of a passing day;
And what are their noble feats?
Why, see what they did to Keats—
And Byron, that Lord of Song!
Apollo himself repeats,
"The Critics are mostly wrong!"

Aware of their feet of clay,
When Critic with Critic meets
They wink as they go their way
To plot in their foul retreats.
Then shout in the open streets,
O ardent but inky throng,
The truth that each heart secretes:
"The Critics are mostly wrong!"

ENVOI

Though skilled with the lash that beats,
And deft with the prodding prong,
As sure as their moment fleets,
The Critics are mostly wrong!

ARTHUR GUITERMAN.



Painting by P. A. Carter

Illustration for "The Gulf",

"THERE ARE THINGS YOU CAN'T FACE ALONE COMFORTABLY"

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. CXXXIX

SEPTEMBER, 1919

NO. DCCCXXXII



THEY SET ME UP LIKE A LAY-FIGURE AND SNAP-SHOTTED ME FROM VARIOUS ANGLES

SOME PEOPLE I MET IN AMERICA

BY PHILIP GIBBS

AS a professional onlooker of life (and it is a poor profession, as I must admit) it has always been my habit to study national, and social, types in any country where I happen to be. I find an untiring interest in this, and prefer to sit in a French café, for example, watching the people who come in and go out, and hearing scraps of conversation

that pass across the table, to the most thrilling theatrical entertainment. And I find more interest in "common" people than in the uncommonly distinguished, by fame and power. To me the types in a London omnibus or a suburban train are more absorbing as a study than a group of generals or a party of statesmen, and I like to discover the lives of

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the world's nobodies; their way of thought and their outlook on the world, by the character in their faces and their little social habits. In that way one gets a sense of the social drama of a country and of the national ideals and purpose. So when I went to the United States after four and a half years in the war zone, where I had been watching another kind of drama, hideous and horrible in spite of all its heroism, I fell into my old habit of searching for types and studying characters. I had unusual opportunity. New York and many other cities opened their hearts and their houses to me in a most generous way, and I met great numbers of people of every class and kind.

The first people I met, before I had stepped off my ship of adventure, were young newspaper men who searched the ship like a sieve for any passenger who had something in his life or brain worth telling to the world. I was scared of them, having heard that they could extract the very secrets of one's soul by



EYES AND FINGERS ACHED WITH MUCH STITCHING



SHE HAS HER COUNTERPANE SPREAD WITH THE MORNING'S NEWSPAPERS

examination of the third degree; but I found them human and friendly fellows who greeted me cheerily and did not take up much time when they set me up like a lay-figure on the boat deck, turned on the "movie"-machine, snap-shotted me from various angles, and offered me American cigarettes as a sign of comradeship. I met many other newspaper men and women in the United States; those who control the power of the press—the masters of the machine which shapes the mind of peoples—and those who feed its wheels with words. Because I had some history to tell, the word-writers lay in wait for me, found my telephone number



A RELIEF FROM BOREDOM AFTER OFFICE HOURS

in any hotel of any town before I knew it myself, tapped at my bedroom door when I was in the transition stage between day and evening clothes, and asked questions about many things of which I knew nothing at all, so that I had to camouflage my abysmal depths of ignorance.

They know their job, those American reporters, and I was impressed especially by the young women. There was one girl who sat squarely in front of me, fixed me with candid gray eyes, and for an hour put me through an examination about my sad past until I had revealed everything. There is nothing that girl doesn't know about me, and I should blush to meet her again. She did not take a single note—by that I knew her

as a good journalist—and wrote two columns of revelation with most deadly accuracy and a beautiful style. Another girl followed me round a picture-gallery, listening to casual remarks among a group of friends, and wrote an article on art-criticism which left me breathless with admiration at her wit and knowledge, of which I took the credit. One young man, once a Rhodes scholar at Oxford, boarded the train at New York, bought me a drawing-room for private conversation, and by the time we reached Philadelphia made it entirely futile for me to give a lecture, because he had it all in his memory, and wrote the entire history of everything I had seen and thought through years of war, in next day's paper. I liked a young Har-



ANYBODY LOOKING AT HER WOULD HAVE PUT HER DOWN AS A HARMLESS LITTLE LADY

vard man who came to see me in Boston. He had a modesty and a winning manner which made me rack my brains to tell him something good, and I admired his type, so clean and boyish and quick in intelligence. He belonged to the stuff of young America as I saw it in the fields of France, eager for service, whatever the risk. I met the editorial staffs of many newspapers, and was given a luncheon by the proprietor and editors of one great newspaper in New York which is perhaps the biggest power in the United States to-day. All the men round me were literary types, and I saw in their faces the imprint of hard thought, and of hard work more strenuous, I imagine, than in the newspaper life of any other country of the world. They all had an absorbing interest in the international situation after the armistice, and knew a good deal about the secret workings of European policy. A young correspondent just back from Russia made a speech summing up his experiences and conclusions, which were of a startling kind, told with the utmost simplicity and bluntness. The proprietor took me into his private room and outlined his general policy on world

affairs, of which the first item on his program was friendship with England. . . . I found among newspaper men a sense of responsibility with which they are not generally credited, and wonderfully alert and open minds; also, apart from their own party politics and prejudices, a desire for fair play and truth. The Yellow Press still has its power, and it is a malign influence in the United States, but the newspapers of good repute are conducted by men of principle and conviction, and their editorial and literary staffs have a high level of talent, representing much, I think, of the best intelligence of America.

The women of America seem to me to have a fair share of that intelligence, and I met many types of them who were interesting as social studies. Several states are still resisting woman suffrage, but as far as equality goes in all affairs of daily life outside political power the women of America have long claimed and gained it. During the war they showed in every class, like the women of England, that they could take on men's jobs and do them as well as men in most cases, and better than men in some cases. They drove motor-lorries and

machines; they were dairy farmers and agriculturists; they became munition-workers, carpenters, clerks, and elevator-girls, and the womanhood of America rallied up with a wonderful and devoted spirit in a great campaign of work for the Red Cross and all manner of comforts for the troops, who, by a lamentable breakdown in transport organization, never received many of the gifts sent to them by women old and young whose eyes and fingers ached with so much stitching during the long evenings of war. Apart altogether from war-work, American women have made themselves the better halves of men, and the men know it and are deferential to the opinions and desires of their women folk.

It is natural that women should have a wider knowledge of literature and ideas in a scheme of life where men have their noses down to the grindstone of work for long hours every day. That is

what most American husbands have to do in a struggle for existence which strives up to the possession of a Ford car, generally known as a "Tin Lizzie" or a "Flivver," on the way to a Cadillac or a Packard, a country cottage on Long Island or the Connecticut shore, an occasional visit to Tiffany's in Fifth Avenue for a diamond brooch, or some other trinket symbolizing success, a holiday at Palm Beach, week-ends at Atlantic City, and a relief from boredom after office hours at the Forty-fourth Street Theater or the Winter Garden. That represents the social ambition of the average business man on the road to fortune, and it costs a goodly pile of dollars to be heaped up by hard work, at a high strain of nervous tension. Meanwhile the women are keeping themselves as beautiful as God made them, with slight improvements according to their own ideas, which are generally wrong; decorating their homes; increasing their



THE PEOPLE WHO SPOKE TO ME WERE EARNEST SOULS, WITH AN IDEALISM WHICH SEEMED TO LIFT THEM ABOVE PARTY POLITICS

housekeeping expenses, and reading prodigiously. They read a vast number of books and magazines, so making it possible for men like myself—slaves of the pen—to exist in an otherwise cruel world.

Before the American lady of leisure gets up to breakfast (generally she doesn't) and uses her lip-salve and powder-puff for the first time in the day, she has her counterpane spread with the morning's newspapers, which are folded into the size of small blankets. There is *The New York Times* for respectability, *The Tribune* for political "pep," and *The World* for social reform. The little lady glances first of all at the picture supplements while she sips her orange-juice, reads the head-lines while she gets on with the rolled oats, and with the second cup of coffee settles down to the solid reading-matter of international sen-

sations (skipping, as a rule, the ends of columns "continued on page 4"), until it is time to interview the cook, who again gives notice to leave because of the conduct of the chauffeur or the catlike qualities of the parlor-maid, and handles the telephone to give her Orders of the Day. For some little time after that the telephone is kept busy at both ends, and, with a cigarette threatening to burn a Buhl cabinet, the lady of leisure talks to several friends in New York, answers a call from the Western Union, and receives a night-letter sent over the wire. "No, I am absolutely engaged on Monday, dear. Tuesday? So sorry I am fixed up that day, too. Yes, and Thursday is quite out of the question. Friday? Oh, well, make it Monday, then!" That is a well-worn New York joke, and I found it funny and true to life, because it is as difficult to avoid invitations in

New York as collisions in Fifth Avenue. There is a little red book on the Buhl cabinet in which the American lady puts down her engagements and the excuses she gave for breaking others (it is useful to remember those), and she calculates that as far as the present day's work is planned she will have time to finish the new novel by John Galsworthy, to get through a pamphlet on Bolshevism which was mentioned at dinner by an extremely interesting young man just back from Russia, to buy a set of summer furs in the neighborhood of Forty-second Street (Herbert, poor dear! says they are utterly unnecessary), to lunch at the Ritz-Carlton with a party of friends, including the man who made such a sensation with his lecture on France at the Carnegie Hall (she will



SHE PRODUCED A GOLD CIGARETTE-CASE AND BEGAN TO SMOKE



THE CROWDED SANDS OF PALM BEACH

get a lot of first-hand knowledge about the French situation), and to look in at the *thé bavardage* with dear Beatrice de H——, where some of the company of the French theater will meet French-speaking Americans and pretend to understand them. Then there is a nice free evening, for once (oh, that little white lie in the red book!), when she will wallow in the latest masterpiece of H. G. Wells and learn all about God and humanity as revealed by that extraordinary genius with a sense of humor.

So the American lady of leisure keeps up-to-date with the world's lighter thought and skims the surface of the deeper knowledge, using her own common sense as an acid test of truth when the imagination of a novelist runs away with him, and widening her outlook on the problems of life with deliberate de-

sire to understand. It makes her conversation at the dinner-table sparkling, and the men folk are conscious that she knows more than they do about current literature and international history. She has her dates right, within a century or two, in any talk about medieval England, and she knows who killed Henri IV of France, who were the lovers of Marie de Medici, why Lloyd George quarreled with Lord Northcliffe, and what the ambassador said to the leaders of Russian Bolshevism when he met them secretly in Holland. It is useful to know those things in any social gathering of intellectuals, and I met several ladies of American society in New York who had a wide range of knowledge of that kind.

Many American ladies, with well-to-do husbands, and with money of their own, which is very useful to them in time of need, do not regard life merely as



CONGRESSMEN, LEADERS OF WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE SOCIETIES, BUSINESS MAGNATES,
AND OFFICERS BACK FROM THE FRONT

a game out of which they are trying to get the most fun, but with more serious views; and I think some of those find it hard to satisfy their aspirations, and go about with a touch, or more, of heart-ache beneath their furs. I met some women who spoke with a certain irony which reflected the spent light of old illusions, and others who had a kind of wistfulness in their eyes, as though searching for the unattainable happiness. The Tired Business Man as a husband has his limitations, like most men. Often his long hours of absence at the office and his dullness at home make his wife rather companionless, and her novel-reading habits tend to emphasize the loss, and force upon her mind the desire for more satisfying comradeship.

Generally some man who enters her circle seems to offer the chance of this. He has high ideals, or the pose of them. His silences seem suggestive of deep, unutterable thoughts—though he may be thinking of nothing more important than a smudge on his white waistcoat—he has a tenderness in his gray (or black or brown) eyes which is rather thrilling to a woman chilled by the lack-luster look of the man who is used to her presence and takes her for granted. . . . The Tired Business Man ought to be careful lest he should become too tired to enter into the interests of his wife and to give her the minimum of comradeship which all women demand. The American Woman of Society, outside the Catholic Church, which still insists upon

the old law, seems to me quicker than most others to cut her losses in the marriage gamble, if she finds, or thinks she finds, that she is losing too heavily for her peace of heart. Less than women in European countries will she tolerate deceit or spiritual cruelty, and the law offers her a way of escape, expensive but certain, from a partnership which has been broken. Society—in New York, at least—is tolerant to women who have dissolved their married partnership, and there is no stoning sisterhood to fling mud and missiles at those who have already paid for error by many tears. Yet I doubt whether, in many cases, the liberty they find makes for happiness. There is always the fear of a second mistake worse than the first, and, anyhow, some unattached women I met, women who could afford to live alone, not without a certain luxury of independence, seemed disillusioned as to the romance of life, and the honesty of men, and their own chance of happiness. Their furs and their diamonds were no medicine for the bitterness of their souls, nor for the hunger in their hearts.

But I found a great class of women in America too busy, too interested, and too inspired by common sense to be worried by that kind of emotional distress—the middle-class women who flung themselves into war-work, as before, and now, in time of peace, the activities of charity and education and domestic life have called to them for service. There was a woman doctor I met who seemed to me as fine a type of American womanhood as one could have the luck to meet, and yet, in spite of uncommon ability, a common type in her cheery and practical character. When the war broke out her husband, who was a doctor also, was called to serve in the American army, and his wife, who had passed her medical examinations in the same college with him, but had never practised, carried on his work, in spite of four children. They came first and her devotion to them was not altered, but that did not prevent her from attending to a growing list of pa-

tients at a time when influenza was raging in her district. She went about in a car which she drove herself, with the courage and cheerfulness of a gallant soldier. In her little battle-field there were many tragedies, because death took away the youngest-born or the eldest-born from many American homes, and her heart was often heavy; but she resisted all gloomy meditations and kept her nerve and her spirit by—singing. As she drove her car from the house of one patient to another she sang loudly to herself over the wheel, any little old song that came into her head—"Hey-diddle-diddle, the cat and the fiddle," or "Old King Cole was a merry old soul, and a merry old soul was he,"—to the profound astonishment of passers-by, who shook their heads and said, "It's a good thing there's going to be prohibition." But she saved the lives of many women and children in time of plague—for the influenza reached the height of plague—and did not lose her sense of humor or her fine, hearty laugh, or her graciousness of womanhood. When "the army," as she called her husband, came back, she could say, "I kept your flag flying, old man, and you'll not find any difference at home." I saw the husband and wife in their home together. While friends were singing round the piano, these two held hands like young lovers, away back in a shady corner of the room.

I met another husband and wife who interested me as types of American life, though not in their home. It was at a banquet attended by about two hundred people. The husband was the chairman of the party, and he had a wonderful way of making little speeches in which he called upon distinguished people to talk to the company, revealing in each case the special reason why that man or woman should have a hearing. He did this with wit and knowledge, and in each case, indeed, it was a privilege to hear the speaker who followed, because all the men and women here were engaged in some social work of importance in the

life of great American cities, and were idealists who had put their theories into practice by personal service and self-sacrifice. The little man who was the chairman paid a compliment to his own wife, and I found she was sitting by my side. She had gray hair, but very young, bright, humorous eyes, and an almost terrible truthfulness of speech. I was startled by some things she said about the war, and the psychology of men and women under the spell of war. They were true, but dangerous to speak aloud as this woman spoke them. Later, she talked of the heritage of hatred that had been bequeathed by war to the people of the world. "Let us kill hatred," she said. "It is the survival of the cave instinct in man which comes out of its hiding-places under the name of patriotism and justice." I do not know what link there was between this and some other thought which prompted her to show me photographs of two big, sturdy boys who, she told me, were her adopted children. It was a queer, touching story, about these children. "I adopted them not for their sake, but for mine," she said. She was a lonely woman, well married, with leisure and money and the temptation of selfishness. It was to prevent selfishness creeping into her heart that she sent round to an orphanage for two boy-babies. They were provided, and she brought them up as her own, and found—so she assured me—that they grew up with a marked likeness in feature to herself and her sisters. She had a theory about that—the idea that by some kind of predestination souls reach through space to one another, and find the home where love is waiting for them. I was skeptical of that, having known the London slums, but I was interested in the practical experience of the bright little American woman, who "selfishly," as she said, to cure selfishness, had given two abandoned babies of the world the gift of love, and a great chance in the adventure of life. She was a tremendous protagonist of environment against the influence of heredity.

"Environment puts it over heredity all the time," she said.

This special charity on her part is not typical of American women, who do not, any more than women of other countries, go about adopting other people's babies, but I think that her frankness of speech to a stranger like myself, and her curious mixture of idealism and practicality, combined with a certain shrewdness of humor, are qualities that come to people in America. She herself, indeed, is a case of "environment," because she is foreign in blood, and American only by marriage.

In New York I had the advantage of meeting one lady who seemed to me typical of the old-fashioned "leaders" of American society such as Henry James described in his novels. She lives in one of the great mansions along Fifth Avenue, and the very appearance of her butler is a guarantee of riches and respectability. She made no disguise of her wealth, and was proud of it in a simple way, as an English aristocrat is proud of his ancestry and family treasures. But she acknowledges its responsibilities and takes them seriously with a sense of duty. She had received lessons in public speaking, in order to hold her own at committee meetings, and she doles out large sums in charity to public institutions and deserving cases, with a grim determination to unmask the professional beggar and the fraudulent society. She seemed to have a broadhearted tolerance for the younger generation and a special affection for boys of all ages, whom she likes to feed up, and to keep amused by treating them to the circus or the "movies"; but I fancy that she is a stern disciplinarian with her family as well as her servants, and that her own relatives stand in awe of this masterful old lady who has a high sense of honor and demands obedience, honesty, and service from those who look for her favors and her money. I detected a shrewd humor in her and an abiding common sense, and at her own dinner-table she had a way of cross-

examining her guests, who were men of political importance and women of social influence, like a judge who desires to get at the evidence without listening to unnecessary verbiage. She is the widow of a successful business man, but I perceived in her the sense of personal power and family traditions which belonged to the old type of dowager-duchess in England. Among butterfly women of European cities she would appear an austere and terrible figure in her virtue and her diamonds, but to small American boys, eating candies at her side in the circus, she is the kind and thoughtful aunt.

It was in Boston that I met some other types of American women, not long enough to know them well, but enough to see superficial differences of character between them and their friends of New York. Needless to say, I had read a good deal about Boston before going there. In England the Bostonian tradition is familiar to us by the glory of such masters as Oliver Wendell Holmes, Emerson, Thoreau, and Nathaniel Hawthorne, so that I had a friendly feeling when I went about the city and saw its streets and prim houses, reminiscent of Cheltenham and other English towns of ancient respectability and modern culture. After a lecture there many Bostonians came onto the platform, and I heard at once a difference in accent from the intonation of New York. It was a little more precise, with a careful avoidance of slang phrases. The people who spoke to me were earnest souls, with an idealism which seemed to lift them above the personal prejudices of party politics. I should imagine that some of them are Republican rather than Democratic in instinct, but those at least who were in my audience supported the idea of the League of Nations, and for that reason did not wish to see President Wilson boiled in oil or roasted at a slow fire. From my brief glimpses of Boston society I should imagine that the Puritan spirit still lingers there among the "best families" and that in little matters of etiquette and social custom they adhere

to the rules of the Early Victorian era of English life.

I was convinced of this by one trivial incident I observed in a hotel at Boston. A lady, obviously in transit from New York, by the public way in which she used her powder-puff, and by a certain cosmopolitan easiness of manner, produced a gold cigarette-case from her muff and began to smoke without thinking twice about it. She had taken just three whiffs when a colored waiter approached in the most deferential manner and begged her to put out her cigarette, because smoking was not allowed in the public rooms. The lady from New York looked amazed for a moment. Then she laughed, dropped her cigarette into her coffee-cup, and said: "Oh yes—I guess I forgot I was in Boston!" In that word Boston she expressed a world of propriety, conventional morality, and social austerity, a long, long way from the liberty of New York. I had been told that a Boston audience would be very cold and unenthusiastic, not because they would be out of sympathy with the lecturer, but because they were "very English" in their dislike of emotional expression. My experience was not like that, as I was relieved to find, and, on the contrary, those Bostonians at the Symphony Hall applauded with most generous warmth and even rose and cheered when I had finished my story of the heroic deeds of English soldiers. It was a Boston girl who made the *apologia* of her people. "I am sure," she said, "that all those men and women who rose to applaud went down on their knees that night and asked God to forgive them for having broken their rule of life."

No doubt Boston society, as far as it includes the old families rooted in it for generations, is conservative in its point of view, and looks askance at noisy innovations like modern American dances, jazz bands, and the jolly vulgarities of youth. But, judging from my passing glimpse of college girls in the town, I should say that youth puts up a healthy

opposition to the "old foggy" philosophy, and breaks the conventions now and then with a crash. One girl I met suggested to me that Boston produces character by intensive culture, and is apt to be startled by the result. Her father was a well-known lawyer, and she inherited his gift of learning and logic, so that when he died she had the idea of carrying on his work. The war was on, and somewhere over on the western front was a young English soldier whom she had met on board ship and might, according to the chances of war, never meet again. Anyhow, she was restless and desired work. She decided to study for the law examinations and to be called to the bar; and to keep her company, her mother, who was her best comrade, went into college with her and shared her rooms. I like that idea of the mother and daughter reading and working together. It seems to me a good picture. In due time she was called to the bar, and entered the chambers where her father had worked, and did so well that a great lawyer who gave her his cases to prepare spoke rare words of praise about her. Then the war ended, and one day, quite suddenly, the young English soldier arrived in Boston, and, after a few preliminary inquiries as to his chance of luck, said, "When shall we get married?" He was in a hurry to settle down, and the mother of the girl was scared by his grim determination to carry her comrade away. Yet he was considerate. "I should hate to cause your mother any worry by hurrying things on so fast as Monday," he said. "Let us make it Tuesday." But the wedding took place on the Saturday before the Tuesday, and the young lady barrister of Boston was whisked away four days after the English officer came to America with a dream in his heart of which he desired the fulfilment. Boston was startled. This romance was altogether too rapid for its peace of mind. Why, there was no time to buy the girl a wedding-present! . . . The street boys of Boston were most startled by the English officer's

best man—his brother—whose tall hat, tail-coat, and white spats were more wonderful than anything they had seen before.

I was not long enough in many towns of America to detect their various characteristics. Philadelphia, I was told in New York, was so slow that it was safe for people to fall out of windows—they just wafted down like gossamer—but I found it a pleasant, bustling place, with a delightful Old World atmosphere, like a bit of Queen Anne England, 'round Independence Hall. . . . Pittsburg by night, looking down on its blast-furnaces from a hill outside, appeared to me like a town behind the battle-lines under heavy gun-fire, and I am convinced that the workers in those factories are in the front-line trenches of life and deserve gold medals for their heroism. I had not been in the town ten minutes before a young lady with the poetical name of Penelope rang me up on the telephone and implored me to take a walk out by night to see this strange and wonderful picture, and I was glad of her advice, though she did not offer to go as my guide. Another girl made herself acquainted, and I found she has a hero-worship for a fellow war correspondent, once of Pittsburg, whose career she had followed through many battle-fields.

I saw Washington in glamorous sunlight under a blue sky, and found my spirit lifted up by the white beauty of its buildings and the spaciousness of its public gardens. I had luncheon with the British ambassador, curious to find myself in an English household, with people discussing America from the English point of view in the political heart of the United States; and I visited the War College and met American generals and officers in the very brain-center of that great army which I had seen on the roads of France and on the battle-fields. This was the University of War as far as the American people are concerned, and there were diagrams on the blackboards in the lecture-hall describing the strategy of the western front, while in the library

officers and clerks were tabulating the history of the great massacre in Europe for future guidance, which by the grace of God and the League of Nations will be unnecessary for generations to come. I talked with these officers and found them just such earnest, serious scientific men as I had met in American headquarters in France, where they were conducting war, not in our casual, breezy way, but as schoolmasters arranging a college demonstration, and overweighted by responsibility.

It was in a room in the Capitol that I met one little lady with a complete geographical knowledge of the great halls and corridors of that splendid building, and an Irish way with her in her dealings with American Congressmen and Senators. Before the war I used to meet her in a little drawing-room not far away from Kensington Palace, London, and I imagined in my innocence that she was exclusively interested in literature and drama. But in one of the luncheon-rooms of the Capitol—where I lined up at the counter for a deep-dish pie from a colored waitress—I found that she was dealing with more inflammable articles than those appearing in newspaper columns, being an organizing secretary of the Sinn Fein movement in the United States. She was happy in her work, and spoke of Irish rebellion in that bright and placid way which belongs, as I have often noticed, to revolutionary spirits who help to set nations on fire and drench the world in blood. Anybody looking at her eating that deep-dish pie in the luncheon-room of the American Houses of Parliament would have put her down as a harmless little lady, engaged, perhaps, in statistical work on behalf of prohibition. But I knew the flame in her soul, kindled by Irish history, was of the same fire which I saw burning in the eyes of great mobs whom I saw passing one day in procession up Fifth Avenue, with anti-English banners above their heads. . . .

I should have liked to see more of Chicago. There seemed to me in that

great city an intense intellectual activity, of conscious and deliberate energy. Removed by a thousand miles from New York with its more cosmopolitan crowds and constant influx of European visitors, it is self-centered and independent, and out of its immense population there are many minds emerging to make it a center of musical, artistic, and educational life, apart altogether from its business dynamics. I became swallowed up in the crowds along Michigan Avenue, and was caught in the breeze that blew stiffly down the highway of this "windy city," and studied the shops and theaters and picture-palaces with a growing consciousness that here was a world almost as great as New York and, I imagine, more essentially American in character and views. That first morning of my visit I was the guest of a club called the Cliff-dwellers, where the chairman rapped for order on the table with a club that might have protected the home of prehistoric man, and addressed a gathering of good fellows who, as journalists, authors, painters, and musicians, are farthest removed from that simple child of nature who went out hunting for his dinner, and bashed his wife when she gnawed the meatiest bone. It was in the time of armistice, and these men were deeply anxious about the new problems which faced America and about the reshaping of the world's philosophy. They were generous and honest in their praise of England's mighty effort in the war, and they were enthusiastic to a man in the belief that an Anglo-American alliance was the best guarantee of the League of Nations, and the best hope for the safety of civilization. I came away with the belief that out of Chicago would come help for the idealists of our future civilization, out of Chicago, whatever men may say of its Pit, and its slaughter-yards, and its jungle of industry and life. For on the walls of the Cliff-dwellers were paintings of men who have beauty in their hearts, and in the eyes of the men I met was a look of gravity and

thoughtfulness in face of the world's agonies and conflict. But I was aware, also, that among the seething crowds of that city were mobs of foreign-born people who have the spirit of revolution in their hearts, and others who demand more of the joy of life and less of its struggle, and men of baseness and brutality, coarsened by the struggle through which they have to push and thrust in order to get a living. I listened to Germans and foreign Jews in some of the streets of Chicago, and saw in imagination the flames and smoke of passion that stir above the Melting-pot. . . .

I have memories in Chicago of a little theatrical manager who took my arm and pressed it tight with new-born affection, and said: "My dearie, I'm doing colossal business—over two thousand dollars a night! It's broken all the records. I go about singing with happiness." Success had made a poet of him. In a private suite of rooms in the most luxurious hotel of Chicago I met one of the theatrical stars of America, and studied her type as one might gaze at a rare bird. She was a queer little bird, I found, with a childish and simple way of speech which disguised a little her immense and penetrating knowledge of human nature as it is found in "one-night stands," in the jungle of life behind the scenes, and in her own grim and gallant fight for fame. Fame had come to her suddenly and overwhelmingly, in Chicago, and New York was waiting for her. The pride of her achievement thrilled her to the finger-tips, and she was as happy as a little girl who has received her first doll as a birthday-present. She talked to me about her technique, about the way in which she had lived in her part before acting it, so that she felt herself to be the heroine in body and soul. But what I liked best—and tried to believe—was her whispered revelation of her ultimate ambition and that was a quiet marriage with a boy who was "over there," if he did not keep her waiting too long. Marriage, and not fame, was what she wanted most (so she

said), but she was going to be very, very careful to make the right one. She had none of the luxurious splendor of those American stars who appear in fiction and photographs. She was a bright little canary, with pluck, and a touch of genius, and a shrewd common sense.

From her type I passed to others, a world away in mode of life—Congressmen, leaders of the women's suffrage societies, ex-governors, business magnates, American officers back from the front, foreign officers begging for American money, British propagandists—a most unlikely crowd—dramatic critics, ship-builders, and the society of New York suburbs between Mamaroneck and Greenwich, Connecticut. At dinner-parties and evening receptions I met these different actors in the great drama of American life, and found them, in that time of armistice, desperately earnest about the problems of peace, intrigued to the point of passion about the policy of President Wilson, divided hopelessly in ideals and convictions, so that husbands and wives had to declare a No Man's Land between their conflicting views, and looking forward to the future with profound uneasiness because of the threat to the "splendid isolation" of the Monroe Doctrine—they saw it crumbling away from them—and because (more alarming still) they heard from afar the first rumblings of a terrific storm between capital and labor. They spoke of these things frankly, with an evident sincerity and with a fine gravity—women as well as men, young girls as fearlessly and intelligently as bald-headed business men. Many of them deplored the late entry of the United States into the war, because they believed their people would have gained by longer sacrifice. With all their pride in the valor of their men, not one of them in my hearing used a braggart word, or claimed too great a share in the honor of victory. There was fear among them that their President was abandoning principles of vital import to their country, but no single man or woman I met

spoke selfishly of America's commercial or political interest, and among all the people with whom I came in touch there was a deep sense of responsibility and a desire to help the world forward by wise action on the part of the United States. Their trouble was that they lacked clear guidance, and were groping blindly about for the right thing to do, in a practical, common-sense way.

I had serious conversations in those assemblies, until my head ached, but they were not without a lighter side, and I was often startled by the eager way in

which American middle-class society abandons the set etiquette of an evening party for charades, a fox-trot (with the carpets thrown back), a game of "twenty questions," or a riot of laughter between a cocktail and a highball. At those hours the youth of America was revealed. Its society is not so old as our tired, saddened people of Europe, who look back with melancholy upon the four years in which their young men perished, and forward without great hope. The vitality of America has hardly been touched by her sacrifice, and the heart of America is high.

THE LITTLE RILLS

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

THE little rills
 That from the hills
 Come trickling down to feed the river,
 That sing unheard
 Save by poet and bird—
 Each little giver
 To the great river.

The Seine and the Thames
 Have lordly fames,
 And the Rhine and the Po
 'Neath laurels flow;
 But the little streams,
 With their whispered dreams,
 May sing forever,
 And no one know.

Would I could make
 A song for their sake!
 But I myself go singing unheard,
 Save once in a while by poet and bird.

BLACK PEARLS

BY ALICE BROWN

WHEN Dana West shipped to China and the Straits he knew, he told Judge Pemberton in their last talk together, no more than the dead what he should find to do there. But he wanted, he said, to earn as much as a man could earn in three years, and then come back again. For some reason the East beckoned him. He saw in it "pearls and gold." The judge gave him a letter to a commercial friend of his and wrote him from time to time through his three years' stay, giving him a painstaking chronicle of the neighborhood news, and when Dana did come back he made his way straight to the judge, only a middle-aged man at that time, and found him slaughtering dandelions in the yard. The judge saw him coming, straightened from his task, and put out a ready hand.

"Young Dana," said he. "I should know that crop of yellow hair if I saw it in China."

Dana laughed and said a good many folks had seen it in China. He was immensely pleased to be back and to hear the judge's voice. They shook hands and stood looking at each other. Dana was as tall as the judge, and sinewy, with a tanned face, gray-blue eyes, and thick hair, light gold, standing up straight from his forehead. He had the Norse coloring. But he was not of the race of vikings. He was pure New England and took back to Devon, and now, when he found himself within the rock-bound coast of home, he dropped without thought into Tenterden's common speech.

"I've come to you first, sir," said he, "because—well, of course I should, anyway, but, besides, I wanted to see if you had a job for me."

The judge pursed his lips, a way he had, in a soundless whistle. Sometimes when he was at work about the place he did find himself making that hissing note considered appropriate to currying a horse.

"Any kind you've got," said Dana. "Anything under the sun to keep me 'round here a spell."

"Got home for good?"

"Depends," said Dana. He took out his jack-knife and also began slaughtering dandelions with a stab and a pull. "I'd be glad if you wouldn't mention it, sir, but I'm goin' to look 'round and maybe get me a little place. But that's all in the air. I can't make up my mind to anything till I talk it over with Althea Buell."

"Oh!" said the judge. They were now digging side by side. "Seen her yet?"

"No," said Dana. "I thought I'd drop down on you first and find out whether there's anything for me to do, and that would give me an excuse for hangin' 'round. I don't want to plump it at her. We'll have to get a little acquainted first."

"Well," said the judge. He rose and stretched himself and looked thoughtfully at the lawn as if he had lost heart. Then he broke out, irritably, "Why the dickens didn't you ask her before you went away?"

"Why," said Dana, also rising from his task, so that they fronted each other, handsome man to handsome man, "when I went away Althea wa'n't quite sixteen. And that wa'n't the whole of it. She was younger 'n her years. I thought I never 'd tell anybody this, judge, but I guess I can tell you. I come on her down the back o' the house, one after-

noon—that was just before I made up my mind I'd sail—and what do you s'pose she was doin'? I'll be darned if she wa'n't spreadin' out clo'es and waterin' 'em with a little waterin'-pot. And what do you s'pose them clo'es were, judge? Why, they were dolls' clo'es—dolls'!"

The judge nodded slightly and a beautiful look crept 'round his fine mouth.

"Maybe," said he, "she was just washing 'em up to put 'em away for good."

"Maybe she was. I ain't sayin' she wa'n't. But if you'd seen her look at em! I turned 'round and made off, and the next week you were givin' me a letter to Shanghai. I know a chap, judge, an English chap, mighty good fellow, too, and he said once, speakin' about a girl that wa'n't old enough to be plagued with marryin' and that sort o' thing, 'She ain't husband-high.' Ain't that pretty? Well, I didn't know what to call it then, when I put off talkin' to Althea, but that's what it was. She wa'n't husband-high."

"Did you write to her?" asked the judge, heavily.

He was growing grave over the situation, though Dana did not at once see this.

"Yes, off 'n' on. But I ain't much of a hand with a pen."

"She answer you?"

"Once, just once, a funny kind of a letter. Didn't tell anything, except her mother and grandsir had died and grandma had come to live with her on the old place. And she was in hopes of gettin' the school."

"Well," said the judge, frowning, "she did get it. And a very good little teacher she's made. But I wish you'd come home sooner, Dana, or I wish you hadn't gone. It never 'll do to leave a flower in bud and think you'll go back and pick it next day. Sure as you're born somebody else 'll get ahead of you."

The bright color died out under Dana's tan. He moved forward a pace or two uncertainly, as if he had been

dealt a blow, and thrust his hands savagely into his pockets because he felt them trembling.

"Then," he said, "there's somebody else." All the life had gone out of his voice as it had gone from his face.

The judge began as if he foresaw a weary capitulation.

"There's a kind of a traveling salesman going 'round the country; has tea, and very good tea it is, too. And after his first trip he always stayed overnight with Althea and her grandmother. I wrote you that two weeks ago."

"That all?" said Dana, rather wanly, plucking up spirit. "What's a tea-drummer? I've been where tea grows."

"Well," said the judge, still with his air of being an unwilling witness, "I don't know how far I ought to bring my wife into this, but one evening she went over when Grandma Buell was ailing some way or other, and Althea and the tea-man were walking up the garden path, and Althea had on a white dress and the tea-man's arm was 'round her waist."

The blood came into Dana's face with a rush and blinded him.

"Damn him!" said he. "Oh, damn him, sir, damn him!"

"Yes," said the judge, sympathetically, "by all means. Only it won't do any good, you know. It never does."

Dana stood in silence for a moment, looking at the broad slope where the tree shadows lay delightfully and as still as he. It was a windless day, the world at that top note of riot and fulfilment which is June. A robin said something eloquently from the old elm by the gate, and another answered him. Dana might have been listening to the birds and not to the surge of his own whelming heart. Suddenly he turned to the judge.

"Look here, sir," said he, "I ain't supposed to know this. I guess I'll go right ahead same 's if I didn't. So far as I can see, that's all there is for me to do."

"All right," said the judge. His face cleared up because it made it so much simpler to find a man who was taking

it like a man. "Now Dennis is in the stable chamber. Yes, same old Dennis. But the shed chamber's empty, and if you want it I guess we can find you jobs enough about the place."

"All right, sir," said Dana. "Thank you, sir."

"Got any baggage?"

"Yes, sir. Left it at the station."

"Well, I'm going 'round there along about six for an express bundle, and I'll fetch it, if it ain't too big."

"All right, sir. Now," said Dana, "I guess the first thing for me to do is to hyper along and see Althea. Judge," he called back when he had made three long strides toward the gate, "I've got some awful pretty things in that bag, silk that looks like white poppy leaves, and little slippers and strings o' beads. Yes," he continued, in a crescendo of grim laughter, "and what else d'you s'pose I've brought? That's for Grandma Buell. Tea, judge, all of ten pounds o' tea, and some for Madam Pemberton, too, if she'll take it. I didn't realize I was cuttin' in on a tea-merchant."

He went his way with that hoot of derision at himself and the tea-merchant, and Judge Pemberton walked slowly back to the house where Madam sat on the veranda, frowning over her task of darning fine napery. He came up the steps rather heavily, sat down in the big chair that was his, took his hat off and sighed. Madam looked up in concern.

"What is it, dear?" she asked, her needle poised. "You haven't got that old stitch again?"

"No," said the judge. "But sometimes it seems as if this was a miserable kind of a world."

"Why, I don't know," said Madam. "What makes you say that?"

"Dandelions," said the judge, briefly, and she was reassured.

"Yes," said she, "of course they do spoil the grass; but I suppose everything has to fight for a living, don't you?"

Dana went flying over the road as if,

the little Bemis boy who met him reported to his mother, he was sent for. And Dana's thoughts were far other on this walk than he had dreamed they would be. Over and over he had pictured it as he recalled himself from scenes of Oriental color and life where he never felt really at home, to the day when he would be here and taking this hurrying stride from the judge's to Althea. It was always hurrying. He could never, he used to tell himself, in those foreseeing visions, get over the ground quickly enough, and always there would be Althea at the end, in a sweet tranquillity of welcome, mysteriously knowing why he had come and hardly needing to be told. And now he was hurrying to her, his heart not high with anticipation, but sick in fear, and the Althea he was to find seemed to be walking away from him up between the hollyhocks, a tea-merchant's arm about her waist. There was a thin screen of woods on each side of the road just at the turn before the Buells' old house, and he stopped a minute in their shadow to get hold of himself and bid himself remember if he showed any of the sick tremor at his heart his cause would be lost. He dreaded unmistakably to round the curve and come upon the house and the hollyhock walk. And then he said a few forcible things to himself and went on, and there was the gray house standing low in its spacious dooryard, and the lilac hedge at the west, and the old ash-tree and a robin on the very topmost tip, singing the June song. And at the eastern end of the house, near of access to the barn, was a covered cart painted a merry green and gilded in scrolls, and Dana knew at once that this was the tea-man's cart and the tea-man was here. But he gave himself no time to fume over that. He walked on at a good pace in at the little gate, and, as if she had news of his coming and were in haste to meet him, Althea, in a white dress, came pelting out into the garden, and before her ran the cat whom also Dana knew, the old Maltee.

"Oh, stop her, stop her!" Althea called, seeing only a figure coming and not raising her eyes from cat-level to find out who it was. "She's got a bird."

Dana pounced on the Maltee, who was unprepared for a flanking movement, caught her and choked her dexterously, so that she gasped and the bird flew away. He then, in the same instant of vision, saw what he must do, received Althea in his arms as she was running, held her to him and kissed her. For the instant she seemed not to resist him. She was taken too blankly by surprise. But she did recover and pushed at him with both hands and gave a little sound of dismay, very guardedly, though, and Dana, in a sudden rage of jealous insight, knew why she was so circumspect. There was another male intelligence somewhere in the house and Althea was not going to alarm it lest there should be fists and curses. She was going to fight her own battle. She pushed him away because he let her, and he stood looking at her, sick with love of her and the terribleness of his assault upon her. Althea was very beautiful, and at her highest point of loveliness in the rage of her victory over him. Her red-brown eyes were burning, her cheeks were crimson roses, and the sun lay gloriously on the living splendor of her bronze hair. What she might have said, what curt word of dismissal and scorn, she never could have told, for her anger was overborne by pure surprise.

"Well, if ever!" said she. "It's Dana West."

Dana instantly plucked up heart. He was not to be dragged that instant to the block of her displeasure, and he broke out, in his despair, with the words he had expected he should stammer after months of courtship.

"Yes, Althea. I've come. You know why I've come, don't you, Althea? I'm stayin' at the judge's. I'm goin' to work out a spell while I look 'round, and then we're goin' to be married. You and I, you know, married, Althea!"

She was standing straight and looking at him, and he noted, with a tremor at her beauty and sufficingness, that she was as tall as he. She asked him a question, in a clear, concise, and cutting voice, firmer than her tone of wonder a minute ago:

"Who's going to be married?"

Dana felt as if they were in for it, not for courtship, but a fight.

"You and me," he said, loudly. "I love you like the very devil and I always did. And you'll marry me or I'll know the reason why."

What she would have said neither of them could ever know, for at that instant came a man's voice, pleasant enough and lazy, as if he had all he needed to minister to his content:

"D'you get the bird?"

Althea smiled a little. She turned toward the house, saying, quietly:

"That's the reason."

Dana stood still an instant and then started after her. At the steps he overtook her.

"Ain't you goin' to ask me in?" he inquired, breathless.

"Yes," said Althea, this a little revengefully. "Grandma'll be pleased to see you. She's in the sitting-room. I shall be in the kitchen folding clo'es."

She went in at the door and walked through the hall to the back. Dana heard the lazy voice greet her there, and concluded it had come from the kitchen, where the tea-man also knew she was to be folding clothes. He turned into the sitting-room at the right and found grandma knitting. Grandma was a thin wisp of a woman with red-brown eyes like Althea's and a face like crumpled ivory silk. She laid down her knitting and put out a blue-veined hand. She was an old lady, but she had never had to wear glasses and she looked at him piercingly.

"What's all this hurrah boys out the front door?" she asked him. "I 'most got up to look, but I never stir myself nowadays when I can help it. I'm as well off as anybody when I'm settin',

but my knees have took to snappin' like hemlock chips."

"I was only tellin' Althea I'd come home to marry her," said Dana, soberly.

He held her hand a minute and looked down on her, thinking how kindly welcoming she seemed and that he shouldn't be at all sorry to have her live with him and his wife.

"Althea?" said she, beginning to knit again. "Althea won't have ye. She's all took up with that young spark out there. Not so terrible young, neither," she added, grudgingly.

"How do you feel about that?" asked Dana, sitting down in the rocking-chair at the other front window. "You took up with him, too?"

Grandmother shook her head.

"I s'pose he's all right enough," she said. "I wrote to sister Ca'line's husband, over to the Lake, to find out. He's got a place there."

"Sister Ca'line's husband?"

"No, this tea-man, as they call him. He's got a good many acres o' wood-lot an' a house with a tower, an' he talks about 'em the whole endurin' time."

"Well, Althea ain't sellin' herself for a wood-lot and a house with a tower," said Dana, "not if she's growed up the kind of a girl I thought she'd be."

"No, but he can talk the legs off a brass pot, an' I guess he's made her b'lieve it's streets o' gold over there to the Lake, an' Lord knows how he's set it out to her, that house with a tower."

"Is he"—Dana meant this to be so inclusive a question that he found he could not manage it at all in its entirety, and put it baldly—"is he good-lookin'?—oh, I mean, same as—"

"Not as you be," said grandma, dryly, eying him with a friendly smile.

Dana flushed red.

"Oh, I don't mean that," he boggled. "Same as a girl like Althea 'd expect and ought to have."

"He's got black eyes," said grandma, with an exasperating air of making a precise inventory which might not,

Dana knew, tell him anything in the end, "an' you may like it or lump it, but he can talk the legs off a brass pot."

"I mean," said Dana, floundering, "do you like him yourself? Would you be pleased?"

"Well," said grandma, with a final flourish, as if she threw the remark into the air and he might do what he liked with it, "so fur 's his face goes, I think he looks kinder ratty. An' he's as close as the bark to a tree."

"That's enough," said Dana. "You've said it all. Now how's it strike Althea? I don't know much about Althea. I've just begun to find that out. Does she like him, or is she the kind o' girl to be carried away by a house with a tower?"

"No, she ain't," said grandma. "I can answer for her there. But you know this place has got two mortgages on it, an' Althea's layin' by every cent from her school money to get 'em paid off, an' whether he's made her think he'd help her out I know no more 'n the dead. Or whether she thinks we can sell out here an' help him out, for he's got a kind of a wild-goose plan for buyin' up the water-power down below here in case electricity comes in. But when it comes to that I guess you know as much as I do."

"Now," said Dana, bracing himself, "are they engaged?"

"I s'pose they be. They come in one night, and Madam Pemberton behind 'em, and Madam said his arm was 'round Althea's waist. Much obleeged to her I was for tellin' me. 'Twas a cross to her, too. Madam Pemberton ain't one to fetch an' carry. An' I called Althea into my bedroom after Madam had gone an' asked how fur they'd got, an' she said he'd asked her an' she hadn't said no. An' I told her I wouldn't have no carryin'-s-on. An' I'm as sure as I'm alive there 'ain't been. Althea's as true as a die."

"That's all, then," said Dana, and got up to go.

Grandma looked at him now piteously.

"Why, you ain't a-goin'," said she. "You goin' for good?"

"No, grandma," said Dana. He jerked his thumb toward the window where the tea-man's van sat shining in the sun. "When I know that outfit's off the premises I'm comin' back."

He walked out of the house, looking neither to the right nor left at the walls that had been so much to him in the imagery of his dreams, and, as if his step in the hall had started it, he heard a man's voice from the kitchen break into a tune, a cheap doggerel of the day. Dana also struck up singing. It was an old song, the first he snatched at; he had learned it from his sailor chum, and it carried a fine rollicking ring. He sang it with all the abandon of a happy man and all the fierce emphasis of a despairing one, and kept it up until he had rounded the curve in the road. Then he stopped short, his steps and his song, took off his hat, and wiped his face. He felt rather sick.

"Anyhow," said he, weakly, to himself when he went along, "I guess that drowned him out."

For three days he worked about the judge's place, and every night at dusk he walked along the road and passed Grandma Buell's, and the gilded van sat tight. But on the fourth day, at his task of clipping a hedge, he saw it drive by, and at dusk he walked up the path between the hollyhocks with a heavy box in one hand and a big white parcel under the other arm. Grandma and Althea had just finished their early tea and gone into the west room where the sunset flush lay red. Dana walked in without knocking and set the box down at grandma's feet and laid the parcel on the table. In the space of Althea's turning he had time to see that she was as lovely as he had found her the other day and imagined her every instant since.

"There's your presents," said he. "Althea, you open yours."

"Presents?" said she. "The idea?"

But she did look at the package as if the word had power to fascinate her,

and Dana wondered whether she could be "having" and so the more beguiled by knowledge of the tea-man's treasury. Grandma looked, too, in frank anticipation.

"You open it," said she. "Didn't you hear what Dany said?"

"I sha'n't do any such thing," demurred Althea. She was not, Dana saw, going to countenance in any degree his presumption in bringing them. "You can, if you want to."

"Althea," said grandma, in a tone of authority it was plain she never used without a certainty that something would come of it, "you open that bundle."

So Althea, with a pretty sulkiness, did. She untied the string and laid back the white paper and then the soft figured paper under it and disclosed a long flat parcel, and this, at a nod from Dana, she slowly opened. When the fine shining surface of it came out she did give a little "Oh!" of rapture, but she said no more. Grandma passed her horny thumb over the silk lovingly.

"I guess," said she, "anybody could tell that come from foreign parts. There, you lay it one side an' see what's underneath. Come, come, Dany can't wait all day."

Slowly, unwilling and yet fascinated, Althea uncovered the slippers, the lacquered box, the beads. Then because Dana could not bear to look at her, it hurt him so to see her fighting down her pleasure because he had brought it to her, he pointed to the box on the floor and said to grandma in a rough voice the one word:

"Tea!"

"Tea!" echoed grandma. She lifted the box from the floor, and when he would have taken it from her ordered him off with a little peremptory nod.

"No, no," she said. "I guess I can carry it, if it's tea." She turned with it and made her wavering way to the door. "I'm goin' to brew me a cup, an' 'fore I'm a minute older, too."

"Grandma!" called Althea after her,

"think what you had for your supper. You had three cups."

"I don't care," said grandma. "I may brew me three more."

Althea turned back and looked soberly at the disarray of beautiful things on the table. She had, Dana thought, grown paler. She lifted her eyes to him with a pretty seriousness.

"You were real good, Dana," she said, "to think of grandma and me. I'm glad for her to have her present, but I couldn't accept any of these."

"Not the silk?" asked Dana.

"No, not anything."

"You can use the silk for a weddin'-dress," said Dana, steadily, "just the same, whoever you stand up with. And the slippers, too. Won't you try 'em on, Althea? Only try 'em on and see if they don't fit."

"No," said Althea. Her voice trembled a little and he suddenly believed it was out of soft appreciation of his love for her and not alone because she hated to forgo the pretty things.

"Nor the beads? Won't you take just one string o' beads?"

Althea hesitated. It was plain she loved the beads. Then a sudden thought must have come to her, for she flushed and her face cleared of indecision. She put up her hand and touched the string of dark beads about her neck. She might have been reminding herself of a forgotten loyalty.

"I've got beads of my own," said she. "These were given to me last night."

"They ain't so pretty as mine," said Dana, quickly.

"No, maybe they're not, but I guess they're worth more, some ways."

"Yes," said Dana, "maybe there's a fortune in 'em. They look to me like some kind of a dried seed, but maybe they ain't." He laughed bitterly. "Maybe they're black pearls."

He sat down by the window and watched her where she stood looking wistfully at the rejected gifts of love. He seemed to be studying her, the Althea she seemed outwardly, the Althea she

was in her inner house of life. He was thinking something out, and suddenly his face cleared as hers had done.

"Althea," said he, "I read an awful funny thing in the papers to-day. 'Twas about black pearls."

"Did you?" said she, without interest.

She drew forward a chair and seated herself with her back to the table of gifts.

"Yes. 'Twas about a lady that had a string o' beads she'd got in some foreign place, and she happened to have 'em on when she went into a jeweler's shop, and the clerk he says, 'Madam,' says he, 'that's a mighty handsome string o' black pearls you've got on.' 'Oh no,' says she, 'them ain't pearls. They're just beads. I picked 'em up in a foreign port,' says she, 'the year I was in mournin'.' 'Beggin' your pardon,' says he, 'they're black pearls, and a string like that is worth ten thousand dollars, if not more.'"

"And was it?"

Althea fingered her beads absently. She longed to look behind her where the sheen of the silk lay, whispering to her.

"She sold 'em," said Dana, with emphasis, "just as they stood, for thirty-five hundred dollars cash."

"Oh!" said Althea, still without interest.

"Now," said Dana, "I've a kind of an idea them beads o' yours are black pearls. I've been in foreign parts and I know some things you don't. And I've got a friend that's got a brother in a jeweler's shop in New York; and if you'll let me have your beads I'll take 'em on to him and find out."

"What?" said Althea. She was staring at him now, the blood hot in her cheeks. "Oh, I don't believe any such thing. Why, Dana, it's ridiculous! It's only a newspaper story—"

"Can't help it," said Dana, calmly. "If that ain't a string o' black pearls, I'm a Dutchman, that's all."

"Well," said Althea—she unclasped the beads and sat looking at them in a disbelieving wonder—"if such a thing could be—why, the only way for me to

do would be to give 'em back to the one that gave 'em to me and let him value 'em and get the money."

"Yes," said Dana, contemptuously, "and fall into the hands o' sharks and be told they're nothin' but black beads, thirty cents a string in a department store. Or have 'em coaxed out of his hands and another string palmed off on him. I know 'em. But I've got an inside track. You give 'em here, Althea—that is, if you ain't afraid I'll make off with 'em."

She was staring at him, fascinated, that was plain. Slowly she put out her hand with the dangling beads, and he took them. But she came to her feet then and spoke with passion.

"I s'pose you know what this means, Dana West. It means if I got some money, same as you say, I'd pay off what we owe here and I'd give the rest to somebody else and he'll buy up the water-power he's talking about, and the next thing would be he'd want to be married."

"That's all right," said Dana, quietly. He dropped the beads into his pocket, rose, and turned to go.

"Oh, wait," said Althea. "Let me do up these things."

"No," said Dana, "you store 'em for me a spell. I ain't got any kind of a place to keep things. I'm just campin', as you might say, in the judge's shed chamber." He walked out of the room, not looking behind, but as he went down the path he heard a drawer shut with a sharp run, and knew she had thrust the presents away from the sight of her tempted eyes.

The next day it was known that Dana West, whose return had made a breathless item in the village annals, had gone off to the city on business. Discussion was unable to determine whether it was New York or Boston, and it was thought he must have brought back a pretty penny if he could afford a jaunt to New York. But in three days he was back again, and so also was the tea-man, who was shortening his radius more and more

about Tenterden. And Dana, choosing his leisure hour just before sunset, walked into Grandma Buell's kitchen, where he heard voices and a man's laugh, and found the three just sitting back from the table while the guest finished his story of a clever trade. He was facing the door by which Dana entered, and Dana took a straight look at him and decided he was personable and well dressed, but more or less ratty. His forehead was slightly too low, with an unpromising slope, his eyes too near together and gleaming with a bright avidity, and his long white teeth flashed out in a calculated smile. But it was a smile that made you disinclined to see him bite. Dana walked up to the table and nodded to grandma, who looked at him pleasantly, and he said to Althea:

"Well, I've sold your beads."

She flushed all over her face and her eyes brightened. She got up and brought him a chair, saying:

"Make you acquainted with Mr. Becker, Mr. West."

The two men nodded, but Dana did not sit down. So Althea remained by him, standing, and grandma looked from one to the other.

"What beads?" Becker asked, and Dana felt the hair rising along his spine. The man spoke like a master.

Althea began, tumultuously:

"It's the strangest thing. My beads, you know—well, they weren't beads. They were black pearls. And black pearls bring an awful lot. And Dana told me so, and he's sold 'em for me. Dana, how much d'you get?"

"I am prepared," said Dana, "to offer you a thousand dollars."

Althea gave a little cry. She looked across the table at Becker.

"It's for you," she said, "you and me. Don't you understand?"

Becker's face had been changing. His eyes were gleaming still, but his mouth had tightened over the long teeth.

"Althea," said he, "them beads were mine."

"Why, yes," said Althea, smiling at him. "You gave them to me."

"So I did, in a manner o' speakin'. But if I'd give you a diamond engagement-ring, you wouldn't have gone and sold it, would you?"

"Why, no!" said Althea.

Her brows drew together in a puzzled frown. He looked very unpleasant to her, but certainly he did have something on his side.

"That's it. I give you a string o' beads, and you let this feller coax 'em away from you and go off with 'em, nobody knows where, and he tells you he's prepared to give you a thousand dollars for 'em. Does he tell you how much he got himself? What's he made out of it?"

Althea turned to Dana, in a rage of protest, he could see, but whether against him he did not know.

"Say something," she commanded him. "Say something."

"I ain't got anything to say," returned Dana, simply, looking, not at her, but at Becker. "I can offer you a thousand dollars for 'em, and that's every cent I could lay my hands on, if I was to be hung for it. And as to what goes into my pocket, that's all folderol. You know it, Althea, as well as I do."

"Of course I know it," said Althea, impetuously. "I guess I know Dana West."

Dana started at that. It was the first hint of intimate kindness he had had from her since his dreams in those Chinese nights.

"I read a paragraph in the paper," said Becker, "where a woman had some beads that turned out to be black pearls—"

"Yes," said Dana. "You needn't thresh that out. I see the paragraph. That's what made me think of Althea's."

"I tell ye they wa'n't Althea's," said Becker. His eyes were gleaming. They were not large, but they seemed to eat up his face. "Them beads were mine. I was just lettin' her wear 'em. And if

there's a thousand dollars comin' to anybody for 'em, it's comin' to me."

"You needn't speak so loud," said grandma, placidly; "we ain't none of us deaf."

"And more 'n that," said Becker, "the woman in the paper didn't get any thousand dollars. She got— I've forgot jest the figgers. I never paid any attention to it at the time. The amount of it is he's stole my pearls and gone off and pretended to bring me back a poor miserable thousand dollars. Be I goin' to put it in my pocket—no trouble unless you make it!—and say nothin' to nobody? No, by God! I ain't. I want back my pearls, and I'll see to the sellin' of 'em myself."

He got up and stood facing Althea and Dana. But nobody seemed to think of Althea. The battle was between the two men.

"You want your pearls, do you?" asked Dana.

"Yes, I do," said Becker. "And my thousand dollars."

"Oh, no," said Dana; "that's no way to do business. You can't have both. Althea, whose beads be they?"

"His," cried Althea, in a clear, high voice. "I thought they were mine. But if he says they're his, they are, and so's the money you got for 'em."

"I kinder mistrusted something o' this sort would happen," said Dana, "so I brought 'em back. The man I sold 'em to thought I'd better. He had his thousand dollars ready to pay down, but he concluded the owner 'd better have one last look at the things, to think it over and be sure he couldn't do any better."

Here Althea turned suddenly and went out into the back kitchen, and Dana was sorry. He had meant her to hear the rest.

"Where be they?" said Becker. "You give 'em here."

Dana took the string from his pocket and held it out and Becker snatched at it. He examined it greedily.

"Yes," he said, "that's it, sure

enough. I had a kind of a feelin' them beads wa'n't what they seemed. I had Althea's initials put on the clasp. I don't know how many pearls there were. I never counted 'em. But looks as if they were all here."

Althea had come back, and she carried a lighted lantern. She held it out to him.

"Here," she said, "you can harness right off now."

He looked at her a moment in doubt. Then his face cleared.

"That's the ticket," said he. "It's jest as well not to lose no time. I'll leave my team at the tavern and go off on the early train. Who's the man?" he asked Dana.

"What man?" inquired Dana.

"The man that said he'd give a thousand."

"That," said Dana, "you can find out by your learnin'."

Becker stared at him a moment in hot hate.

"And I will find it out," said he. "Don't that show you there's somethin' fishy in it?" he asked Althea. "Ain't he condemned out of his own mouth? Find out by my learnin'! I will find out by my learnin'. I've got a business connection, and if they can't put me in touch with a good jeweler I'll miss my guess. You come out," he said to Althea, "while I harness."

"Go out while you harness?" said Althea. "I wouldn't stand under the same barn roof with you—not if I could help it. I wouldn't breathe the same air. You've made an awful exhibition of yourself, and everything grandma said to me was true." But nobody ever knew what grandma had said.

Becker stood for a moment staring at her. Then Dana, who felt the moment must be broken somehow, made a step toward him, and he went. They heard his steps go hesitatingly through the shed and the run of the big barn door and the sound of the horse's hoofs coming out of his stall. Dana, in the moment of victory, felt sheepish. Althea

began to clear the table. He ventured a look at her and saw her cheeks were scarlet, but her movements were swift and silent. She was not going to break down.

"Oh," she said, suddenly, "why didn't you give him the man's name? Give him every single thing and let him see sometime how big you've been and how small he was!"

"I couldn't," said Dana, "give him the man's name."

"No," said grandma, rising and going to peer from the window, "course you couldn't. Althea, I should think you'd see."

"See what?" said Althea.

"Why, 'ain't you got eyes in your head? There wa'n't no man but Dany."

Althea stopped in her clearing away.

"What in the world," said she, "did you want of black pearls?"

"Althea," said Dana, "if you call them black pearls once more I shall bust."

"Yes," said grandma, "so shall I. They're no more pearls than I be. An' so T. William Becker is goin' to find out."

Althea could not follow.

"So you weren't going to give a thousand dollars?" she said.

"Yes, I was, too," said Dana. "I've got it right here in my pocket. And I'd have give more if I had it, but that's all I've got in the world. It was a kind of a gamble, Althea. I laid it on the table to see what everybody 'd do. If he acted like a white man I stood to lose it; but if I had 'twould have meant I'd got to lose you, too, and money 'd ha' meant mighty little to me then. Besides, if he was goin' to have you 'twould have give you a good start— What is it, grandma?"

Grandma had thrown up the screen. She was leaning out and calling, piercingly:

"When you come this road, Mr. Becker, you needn't stop here. You needn't ever stop. I've got tea enough to last me quite a spell."

A PORTRAIT

BY GILBERT STUART

ALMOST every one knows that Stuart was an American by birth, but very few know that he passed seventeen years of his life painting in England and Ireland before he began to paint at home, and that his portraits done there are more important than his portraits painted here, and are in quite a different manner. Soon after his return he painted his famous portraits of Washington and had prominent sitters in New York, Philadelphia, and Washington, where his best American portraits were executed, until 1806, when he removed to Boston. He died there in 1828, in his seventy-third year.

The portrait of Mrs. Elizabeth Tuckerman Salisbury (1768-1851) of Worcester, Massachusetts, is ascribed to the year 1810, and it is an interesting rendering of a New England matron of the period, whose forbidding expression of the mouth we can well understand belongs peculiarly to an environment of a "prunes and persimmons" atmosphere. The figure is seated in a gilt chair covered with crimson damask, against a neutral gray background, wearing a gown of cold blue-white, an unusual color for Stuart to paint, which is also the color of the lace shawl festooned in her hair and brought around over her left shoulder and arm. The brooch is mounted with a red stone which is a good bit of color relief. This portrait is on panel, twenty-four by twenty-nine inches, and it is to be noted how much harder and less transparent Stuart's paintings on wood are than his portraits on canvas.

CHARLES HENRY HART.



PORTRAIT OF ELIZABETH TUCKERMAN SALISBURY, BY GILBERT STUART

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting

In the Worcester Art Museum, Worcester, Mass.

THROUGH GERMANY ON FOOT

PART III.—ON THE ROAD IN BAVARIA

BY LIEUTENANT HARRY A. FRANCK

Author of *A Vagabond Journey Around the World, Vagabonding Down the Andes, Etc.*

AN excellent express raced all day southward across a Germany lush-green with May. Cattle were scarcer in the fields, horses so rare a sight as to be almost conspicuous, but the fields themselves seemed as intensively, as thoroughly, cultivated as my memory pictured them fifteen and ten years before. Within the train there was no crowding; the wide aisles and corridors were free from soldiers and their packs, for, though there were a hundred or more in uniform scattered between the engine and the last car, a furlong behind, seats were still to be had. But at Nuremberg there came with sunset such hordes of passengers of all grades that every available foot of the train was as densely packed as a fourth-class coach on market-day. The throng which it disgorged at Munich was sufficient to have peopled a town of very respectable size.

I had made the sudden leap to the southern end of the Empire as a starting-point of a tramp across it instead of reversing the process, in the hope that here at last I should find "something doing," some remnants of excitement. Munich had just been snatched from the hands of the Spartacists—or the Bolsheviks; the distinction between the two dreaded groups is not very clear in the German mind. Lenine, the half-mad Russian Jew who was reputed the organizing spirit of the revolt, was still dodging from one hiding-place to another somewhere in the vicinity. To read the breathless cables to the foreign press was to fancy Munich under a constant hail

of shrapnel and machine-gun bullets. Ours was the second passenger-train that had ventured into the city in weeks. All Bavaria was blazing with huge posters, often blood-red in color, headed by the dread word *Standrecht* in letters to be seen a hundred yards away, proclaiming martial law and threatening sudden and dire fate to any one who strayed from the strait and narrow path of absolute submission to the "government-faithful" troops that were still pouring in from the north. Surely here, if anywhere, was a chance for a wandering American to get into trouble.

Like so many dreadful things, however, martial law and beleaguered cities prove more terrible at a distance than on the spot. True, a group of soldiers in full fighting equipment held the station exit; but their only act of belligerency toward the invading throng was to hand each of us a red slip granting permission to walk the streets until two in the morning. A bedraggled hotel directly across the way spared me that necessity. The information its registry-pad required of guests was more exacting than its interior aspect; but neither here nor at the station exit was there any demand for proof of identity.

Berlin had been sinister of aspect; Munich was bland, a softer, gentler, less *verboten* land. Its citizens were not merely courteous, they were aggressively good-natured; their cheerfulness bubbled over on all who came in contact with them. It was almost as easy to distinguish a native from the stiff Prus-

sians who had descended upon them as if the two groups had worn distinctive uniforms. Yet Munich had by no means escaped war-time privations. Long lines of hollow-eyed women flowed sluggishly in and out of under-stocked food-shops; still longer ones, chiefly, though not entirely, male, crept forward to the door of the rare tobacconists prepared to receive them, and emerged clutching two half-length cigarettes each, their faces beaming as if they had suddenly come into an unexpected inheritance. They were good-natured in spite of what must have been the saddest cut of all from the Bavarian point of view, the weakness and high cost of their beloved beer. In those vast underground *Bierhallen* for which Munich has been far famed for centuries, where customers of both sexes and any age that can toddle pick out a stone mug and serve themselves, the price per liter had risen to the breathless heights of thirty-four pfennige. As if this calamity were not of itself enough to have disrupted the serenity of the Bavarian temperament, the foaming beverage had sunk to a mere shadow of its former robust strength.

In the "cellar" of the beautiful

Rathaus a buxom barmaid reminded me that Tuesday and Friday are meatless days in Germany. The fish she served instead brought me the added information that Munich is far from the sea. My fellow-sufferers constituted a truly democratic gathering. The still almost portly mayor chuckled with his cronies at a table barely visible through the smoke-screened forest of massive pillars. Collarless laborers clinked their mugs quite unawed by the presence of city councilors or "big merchants." A leather-skinned old peasant sat down opposite me and opened conversation at once, with no suggestion of that aloofness of the north. From the *Rucksack* that had slipped from his shoulders he took a half-loaf of dull-brown peasant bread and a square of boiled smoked pork, ordering nothing but a half-bottle of wine. Beer, he explained, had fallen too low in its estate to be worthy of his patronage, at least city beer. In his village, three hours away, he could still endure it. *Ach!* how the famous beer of Munich had deteriorated! How far away those happy days seemed! And think of paying three marks for a half-bottle of wine! Why, in the good old



MUNICH WAS BLAND, A SOFTER, LESS *VERBOTEN* LAND

days . . . And this dinner of mine—a plate of fish bones, some stewed grass, city bread, and city beer—worthless stuff—potatoes, to be sure, but not enough to keep a man's legs under him for half the afternoon—and a bill of more than *eight marks*!

He had not always been a peasant. Twenty years ago he had started a factory for roof-tiles and bricks. But in 1915 he had gone back to the farm. At least a *Bauer* got something to eat. The peace terms? What else could Germany do than sign? If the shoe had been on the other foot the war lords in Berlin would have demanded as much or more. If they hadn't wanted war in the first place! Wilhelm and all his crowd should have quit two or three years ago while the quitting was good. What did it all matter, anyway, so long as order returned and the peasants could work without being pestered with all this military service, and the taxes, not to mention the Hamsterers, the pests! American, was I? He had noticed I was not a Bavarian. (So had I, straining my ears to catch the meaning of his atrocious dialect.) He had taken me for a man from the north, a Hamburger, perhaps.

American? They say that is a rich country. He had read somewhere that even the peasants sometimes had automobiles! How about the beer? Deteriorating there, too, eh? *Achi* this war! Going to abolish beer! What an insane idea! What will people live on? They can't afford wine, and *Schnapps* is not good for a man in the long run, and too strong for the women and children. Well, he must be getting back to his beet-field. Glad to have met an American. He had often heard of them. Good day and a happy journey.

The Spartacist uprising in Munich, now crushed, evidently made less trouble on the spot, as usual, than in foreign newspapers. All classes of the population—except perhaps that which the turn of events had brought the wisdom of silence—admitted that it had been a nuisance, but it had left none of them ashen with fear or gaunt with suffering. Indeed, business seemed to have gone on as usual during all but the two or three days of retaking the city. Banks and the larger merchants had been more or less heavily levied upon; lawyers and a few other classes whom the new doctrine ranked as “parasitic” had found it wise



SOLDIERS ENTERING MUNICH AFTER THE DRIVING OUT OF THE SPARTICISTS

to leave their offices closed; but in the main all agreed that the population at large was never troubled in their homes and seldom on the street.

The moving spirit had come from Russia, as already mentioned, with a few local theorists or self-seekers of higher social standing as its chief auxiliaries. The rank and file of the movement were Russian escaped prisoners and Munich's own out-of-works, together with such disorderly elements as always hover about any upheaval promising loot or unearned gain. But the city's chief scare seemed to have been its recapture by government troops under orders from Berlin. Then for some fifty hours the center of town was no place for those to dally who had neglected their insurance premiums. A hundred more or less of fashionable shopfronts bore witness to the ease with which a machine-gunner can make a plate glass look like a transparent sieve without once cracking it; rival sharp-shooters had all but rounded off the corners of a few of the principal buildings. The meek, plaster-faced Protestant church had been the worst sufferer, as so often happens to the innocent bystander. The most fire-eating *Münchener* admitted that barter and business had lagged in the heart of town during that brief period.

But Munich's red days had already faded to a memory. Even the assassination of hostages, among them some of the city's most pompous citizens, by the

fleeing Spartacists was now mentioned in much the same impersonal tone with which the Swiss might refer to the death of William Tell or an Englishman regret the loss of Kitchener. The blue-and-white flag of Bavaria fluttered again from the staffs that had been briefly usurped by the red banner of revolt; the

dark-blue uniform of the once half-autonomous kingdom again asserted its sway over local matters in the new *Volksreich Bayern*. At the Deutsches Theater a large audience, placidly sipping its beer set on little shelves before each seat, alternately roared and sniffed at the bare-kneed mountaineers in feathered hats and the buxom *Mädels* who bounced through a home-made but well-done "custom picture" in the local dialect. It was evident that life in Munich was not likely to afford any



A COACHMAN READING THE PEACE TERMS

more excitement than had the apathetic north. The atmosphere of the place only helped to confirm the ever-hardening conviction that the German, north or south, east or west, had little real sympathy for revolutions compared with the privilege of pursuing his calling steadily and undisturbed.

I breakfasted next morning with the German staff. At least I was the only civilian in the palm-decked dining-room where a score of high-ranking wearers of the iron cross munched their black bread and purple *Ersatz* marmalade with punctilious formality. Away from their men, they seemed to cling as tenaciously to the rules of their caste as if disaster had

never descended upon it. Each officer who entered the room paused to click his heels twice resoundingly and bow low to his seated fellows, none of whom gave him the slightest attention. It was as truly German a gesture as the salute with which every wearer of the horizon-blue enters a public eating-place in French.

Nine o'clock had already sounded when I swung over my back the *Rucksack* containing my German possessions and struck out toward the north. Now if ever was the time for the iron hand of the enemy to fall upon me. Perhaps my mere attempt to leave the city on foot would bring me an adventure. Vain hope! Neither civilians nor the endless procession of soldiers gave me any more attention than they did the peasants returning to their rich acres. Two sadly uneventful hours out of town and a new promise appeared in the offing. A soldier under a trench helmet, armed with a glistening fixed bayonet, was patrolling a crossroad. He stepped forward as he caught sight of me, grasped his piece in an alert attitude, stared a moment in my direction, and—turning his back, leaned against a tree and lighted a cigarette. Evidently I should have to fly the Stars and Stripes at my masthead if I hoped to attract attention.

Not far beyond stood weather-blackened barracks sufficient to have housed a regiment. I paused to photograph a company that was falling in. I marched out in front of the jostling throng and took a "close-up" of the lieutenant who was dressing it. He smiled faintly and stepped to the end of the line to run his eye along it. I refrained from carrying out an impulse to slap him on the back and shout: "Heh! old top; I am an American, just out of the army! What are you going to do about it?" and plodded on down the broad highway. How could a city be called beleaguered and a country under martial law if strangers could wander in and out of them at will, photographing as they went?

Fifteen kilometers from the capital I stopped at a crossroads *Gasthaus*, quite prepared to hear my suggestion of food answered with a sneer. Two or three youthful ex-soldiers still in uniform sat at one of the bare wooden tables, sipping the inevitable half-liter mugs of beer. I ordered one myself, not merely because I was thirsty, but because that is the invariable introduction to any request in a Bavarian inn. As the ponderous but neat matron set the foaming glass before me with the never-lacking "May it taste well," I opened preliminaries on the food question, speaking gently, lest so presumptive a request from a total stranger awaken the wrath of the discharged soldiers. Mine hostess had no such misgivings. In a voice as loud and penetrating as my own had been inarticulate she bade me explain my desires in detail. I huskily whispered eggs, poached eggs, a plebeian dish, perhaps, in the land of my birth, but certainly a greater height of luxury in Germany than I had yet attained. I quail still at the audacity of that request, which I proffered with an elbow on the alert to protect my skull from the reply by physical force I more than half expected. Instead she made not a sound, after the manner of Bavarian innkeepers when taking orders, and faded heavily but noiselessly away in the direction of the kitchen.

A few minutes later I beheld two *Spiegeleier* descending upon me, not merely real eggs, but of that year's vintage. One of them alone might merely have been an astonishment, a whole pair of them trotting side by side as if the Kaiser had never dreamed how fetching the letters *Rex Mundis* would look after his name was all but too much for me. I caught myself clinging to the bench under me as one might to the seat of an aeroplane about to buck, or whatever it is ships of the air do when they feel skittish. A whole plateful of boiled potatoes bore the regal couple attendance, and a generous slab of almost edible bread, quite unlike a city-helping both in size and quality, brought up the rear. When



A TOBACCO LINE AT MUNICH. THE WOMEN COME TO GET CIGARETTES
FOR THEIR HUSBANDS AT WORK

I took out a fifty-mark note and asked for the reckoning the hostess went through a laborious process in mental arithmetic and announced that, including the two half-liters of beer, I was indebted to the extent of 1 mark 27 pfennige. In the slang of our school-days, "You could have knocked me over with a feather," particularly as four hours before, back in a modest Munich hotel, I had been mulcted twelve marks for an *Ersatz* breakfast of "coffee, bread, marmalade," and four very thin slices of ham.

Twenty kilometers out of the city the flat landscape began to roll slightly. Immense fields of mustard planted in narrow rows splashed it here and there with brilliant saffron patches. Now and then an *Ersatz* bicycle rattled by, its rider, like the constant thin procession of pedestrians, decorated with the inevitable *Rucksack*, more or less full. The women always seemed the more heavily laden, but no one had the appearance of being burdened, so natural a part of the costume of rural Germany is the knapsack of Swiss origin. Each passer-by looked at me a bit sourly, as if his inner

thoughts were not wholly agreeable, and gave no sign or sound of greeting, proof in itself that I was still in the vicinity of a large city. But their very expressions were evidence that I was not being taken for a tramp, as would have been the case in many another land. Germany is perhaps the easiest country in the world in which to make a walking trip, for the habit of wandering the highways and footpaths, *Rucksack* on back, is all but universal. Yet this very fact makes it also in a way the least satisfactory, so little attention does the wanderer attract, and there are consequently few openings for conversation.

Many fine work-horses were still to be seen in spite of the drain of war, but there were more oxen. At least half the laborers in the fields still wore the red-banded army cap, often with the Bavarian cockade still upon it. One could not but wonder just what were the inner reflections of the one-armed or one-legged men to be seen here and there struggling along behind their plows, back in their native hills again, maimed for life in a quarrel in which they really had neither part nor interest. Whatever they might

think, the cripples were outwardly as cheerful as their more fortunate fellows.

I had intended to let my fellow-pedestrians break the ice first, out of curiosity to know how far from the city they would begin to do so. But the continued silence grew a bit oppressive and in mid-afternoon I fell into step with a curiously mated couple who had quenched their thirst in the same *Gasthaus* with me a few minutes before. The woman was a more than buxom *Frau* of some forty summers, intelligent, educated, and of decided personality. She was bareheaded, her full-moon face sunburnt to a rich brown, her massive, muscular form visibly in perspiration, an empty *Rucksack* on her back. Her husband, at least sixty, scrawny, sallow-faced under the cap of a forest ranger, hobbled in her wake, leading two rather work-broken horses. He was what one might call a faint individual, one of those insignificant characters that fade quickly from the memory, a creature of scanty mentality, and a veritable well of ignorance, prejudice, and superstition thrown into relief by the virility of his forceful spouse.

The man had set out that morning

from Munich to deliver the horses to a purchaser a hundred miles away in the Bavarian hills. Poor as they were, the animals had been sold for seven thousand marks. A first-class horse was worth six to ten thousand nowadays, he asserted. Times had indeed changed. A few years ago only an insane man would have paid as many hundred. It was a hot day for the middle of May, a quick change from the long, unusual cold spell. The crops would suffer. He didn't mind walking if only beer were not so expensive when one got thirsty. Having exhausted his scant mental reservoir with these and a few as commonplace remarks, he fell into the rear conversationally as well as physically and abandoned the field to his sharp-witted spouse.

She, having more than her share of all too solid flesh to carry, had left the afternoon before and passed the night at a wayside inn. It was not that she was fond of such excursions nor that she could not trust her husband away from home. While he was delivering the horses she would go *hamstering*, buying up a rucksackful of food among the peasants of that region, if any could be



GERMAN SOLDIERS RISING TO SALUTE AT THE APPROACH OF AN OFFICER

coaxed out of them, and they would return by train. Fortunately, fourth-class was still cheap. Before the war she had never dreamed of going anything but second. I broke my usual rule of the road and mentioned my scribbling proclivities. A moment later we were deeply engrossed in a discussion of German novelists and dramatists. The placid, bourgeois-looking *Frau* had read everything of importance her literary fellow-countrymen had produced; she was by no means ignorant of the best things in that line in the outside world. Thrown into the crucible of her forceful mentality, the characters of fiction had emerged as far more living beings than the men and women who passed us now and then on the road, immensely more so, it was evident, though she did not say so, than the husband who plodded behind us, frankly admitting by his very attitude that we had entered waters hopelessly beyond his depth. Of all the restrictions the war had brought none had struck her quite so directly as the decrease in quality and number of the plays at Munich's municipal theater. Luckily, they were now improving. But she always had to go alone. *He*—with a toss of her head to the rear—didn't care for anything but the movies. He laughed himself sick over those. As to opera, her greatest pleasure in life, he hadn't the faintest conception of what it was all about.

Obviously it was a waste of breath to ask whether she was pleased with the change of events that had given Germany universal suffrage for both sexes. She had voted, of course, at the first opportunity, dragging *him* along with her; he had so little interest in those matters. Her political opinions were no less decided than her artistic. Ludwig? She had often seen him. He was rather a harmless individual, but his position had not been harmless. It was a relief to be rid of him and all his clan. He would have made a much better stable-boy than king. He had wanted war just as much as had the Kaiser, whose robber-

knight blood had shown up in him. But the Kaiser had not personally been so guilty as some others, Ludendorff, for instance—and so on. The Crown Prince! A clown, a disgrace to Germany. Nobody had ever loved the Crown Prince—except the women of a certain class.

Bavaria would be much better off separated from the Empire. She was of the opinion that the majority of Bavarians preferred it. At least they did in her circle, though the strict Catholics—she glanced half-way over her shoulder—perhaps did not. Republican, Spartacist, or Bolshevik—it didn't matter which, so long as they could get good, efficient rulers. So far they had been deplorably weak—no real leaders. The recent uprising in Munich had been something of a nuisance, to be sure. They were rather glad the government troops had come. But they were mostly Prussians, and once a Prussian gets in you can never pry him out again.

We had reached the village of Hohenkammer, thirty-five kilometers out, which I had chosen as my first stopping-place. My companion of an hour shook hands with what I flattered myself was a good deal of regret that our conversation had been so brief, fell back into line with her movie-and-rag-time-minded husband, and the pair disappeared around the inn that bulged into a sharp turn of the highway.

I entered the invitingly cool and homelike *Gasthaus* prepared to be coldly turned away. Innkeepers had often been exacting in their demands for credentials during my earlier journeys in Germany. With the first mug of beer, however, the portly landlady gave me permission—one can scarcely use a stronger expression than that for the casual way in which guests are accepted in Bavarian public-houses—to spend the night, and that without so much as referring to registration or proofs of identity. Then, after expressing her placid astonishment that I wanted to see it before bedtime, she sent a muscular, barefoot, but well-scrubbed kitchen-

maid to show me above into room number one. It was plainly furnished with two small wooden bedsteads and the prime necessities, looked out on the broad highway and a patch of rolling fields beyond, and was as specklessly clean as are most Bavarian inns.

Rumor had it that any stranger stopping overnight in a German village courted trouble if he neglected to report his presence to the *Bürgermeister*, as he is expected to do to the police in the cities. I had been omitting the latter formality on the strength of the Wilhelmstrasse pass. These literal countrymen, however, might not see the matter in the same light. Moreover, being probably the only stranger spending the night in Hohenkammer, my presence was certain to be common knowledge an hour after my arrival. I decided to forestall pertinent inquiries by taking the lead in making them.

The building a few yards down the highway bearing the placard *Wohnung des Bürgermeisters* was a simple, one-story, whitewashed cottage, possibly the least imposing dwelling in town. These village rulers, being chosen by popular vote within the community, are apt to be its least pompous citizens, both because the latter do not care to accept an unpaid office and because the "plain people" hold the voting majority. The woman who tried in vain to silence a howling child and a barking dog before she came to the door in answer to my knock was just a shade above the servant class. The husband she summoned at my request was a peasant slightly above the general level.

He took his time in coming and greeted me coldly, a trifle sharply. One felt the German official in his attitude, with its scorn for the mere petitioner, the law's underling, the subject class. Had I reported my arrival in town in the regulation manner he would have kept that attitude. I should have been treated as something between a mild criminal and an unimportant citizen whom the law had required to submit

himself to the *Bürgermeister's* good pleasure. Instead, I assumed the upper caste myself. I drew forth a visiting-card and handed it to him with a regal gesture, at the same time addressing him in my most haughty, university-circles German. He glanced at my unapologetic countenance, stared at the card, then back into my stern face, his official manner oozing slowly but steadily away, like the rotundity of a lightly punctured automobile tire. By the time I began to speak again he had shrunk to his natural place in society—that of a simple, hard-working peasant whom chance had given an official standing.

The assertion that I was a traveling correspondent meant little more to him than did the card, which he was still turning over and over in his stubby fingers like some child's puzzle. The Germans are not accustomed to the go-and-hunt method of gathering information to satisfy popular curiosity concerning the ways of foreign lands. I must find a better excuse for coming to Hohenkammer or I should leave him as puzzled as the card had. A brilliant idea struck me. On the strength of the "Hoover crowd" letter in my pocket, I informed him that I was walking through Germany to study food conditions, wording the statement in a way that caused him to assume that I had been officially sent on such a mission. He fell into the trap at once. From the rather neutral, unofficial, yet unresponsive attitude to which my unexpected introduction had reduced him he changed quickly to a bland, eager manner that showed genuine interest. Here was an American studying food conditions; Germany was anxiously awaiting food from America; it was up to him, as the ruler of Hohenkammer, to put his best foot forward and give me all the information I desired.

Here in the country, he began, people had never actually suffered for want of food. They had lived better than he had during his four years at the front. Fats were the only substance of which there

was any serious want. Milk was also needed, but they could get along. They did not suffer much for lack of meat; there were meat tickets here in the country also, but they were issued only after the meat each family got by slaughtering its own animals had been reckoned out. Some families got no food tickets whatever, unless it was for bread. They were what Germans call *Selbstbesorger*—"self-providers"—that is, the great majority of the peasants and all the village residents except the shopkeepers who cultivated no land, the priest, the schoolmaster, and so on. No, they had not received any American bacon or any other *Lebensmittel*; every one took that to be a joke, something the Allies were dangling before their eyes to keep them good-natured; but he had never actually believed before

I turned up on this official mission for studying the food situation that America actually meant to send food. Yes, he had been on the western front the entire war, fifty-two months in the trenches, and never once wounded. His first Americans he had seen at St.-Mihiel; as soldiers they seemed to be pretty good, but of course I must not forget that the German army was far different in 1918 than in 1914. He very much doubted whether Americans could have driven them back in those days.

As I turned to go he took his leave with a mixture of deference and friendliness. He had not asked to see the papers bearing out all these statements I

had been making, but there was a hint in the depth of his eyes that he felt it his duty to do so, if only he could venture to make such a demand of so highly placed a personage. I went far enough away to make sure he would not have the courage to demand them—which would have been his first act had I

approached him as a mere traveler—then turned back, drawing the documents from a pocket as if I had just thought of them. He glanced at them in a most apologetic manner, protesting the while that of course he had never for an instant doubted my word, and handed them back with a deferential bow.

All in all, this plan of posing as an official scout of the *Amerikanische Lebensmittel Commission* had been a brilliant idea, marked with a success that moved me to use the same in-



THE AUTHOR IN TRAMPING COSTUME

nocent ruse a score of times when any other means of gathering information might have been frustrated. One must have a reasonable excuse for traveling on foot in Germany. To pretend to be doing so for lack of funds would be absurd, since fourth-class fare costs an infinitesimal sum, much less than the least amount of food one could live on for the same distance. The only weakness in my simple little trick was the frequent question as to why the American who had sent me out on my important mission had not furnished me a bicycle. The German roads were so good; one could cover so much more ground on a *Fahrrad* . . . Driven into that corner, there was

no other defense but to mumble something about how much more closely the foot-traveler can get in touch with the plain people, or to take advantage of some fork in the conversation to change the subject.

When I returned to the inn, the "guest-room" was crowded. Stocky, sun-browned countrymen of all ages, rather slow of wit, chatting of the simple topics of the farm in their misshapen Bavarian dialect, were crowded around the half-dozen plain wooden tables that held their immense beer-mugs, while the air was opaque with the smoke from their long-stemmed porcelain pipes. The entrance of a total stranger was evidently an event to the circle. The rare guests who spent the night in Hohenkammer were nearly always teamsters or peddlers who traveled the same route so constantly that their faces were as familiar as those of the village residents. As each table in turn caught sight of me, the conversation died down like a motor that had slowly been shut off, until the most absolute silence reigned. How long it might have lasted would be hard to guess. It had already grown decidedly oppressive when I turned to my nearest neighbor and broke the ice with some commonplace remark. He answered with extreme brevity and an evidence of something between bashfulness and a deference tinged with suspicion. A half-dozen times I broke the silence which followed each reply before these reached the dignity of full sentences. It was like starting an automobile engine on a cold morning. Bit by bit, however, we got under way; others joined in, and in something less than a half-hour we were buzzing along full speed ahead, the entire roomful adding their voices to the steady hum of conversation which my appearance had interrupted.

Thus far I had not mentioned my nationality at the inn, being in doubt whether the result would be to increase our conversational speed or bring it to a grating and sudden halt. When I did, it was ludicrously like the shifting of

gears. The talk slowed down for a minute or more, while the information I had vouchsafed passed from table to table in half-audible whispers, then sped ahead more noisily, if less swiftly, than before. On the whole, curiosity was chiefly in evidence. There was perhaps a bit of wonder and certainly some incredulity in the simple, gaping faces, but quite as surely no signs of enmity or resentment. Before long the table at which I sat was doubly crowded and questions as to America and her ways were pouring down upon me in a flood which it was quite beyond the power of a single voice to stem. Friendly questions they certainly were, without even a suggestion of the sarcasm one sometimes caught a hint of in more haughty German circles. Yet in the gathering were at least a score of men who had been more or less injured for life in a struggle which they themselves admitted the nation I represented had turned against them. I have been so long absent from my native land that I cannot quite picture to myself what would happen to the man who thus walked in upon a gathering of American farmers, boldly announcing himself a German just out of the army, but something tells me he would not have passed as perfectly agreeable an evening as I did in the village inn of Hohenkammer.

With my third mug of beer the landlord himself sat down beside me. Not, of course—prohibition forbid!—that I had ordered a third pint of beer, in addition to the two that the plump matron had served me with a very satisfying supper. In fact, I had not once mentioned the subject of beverages. Merely to take one's seat at any inn table in Bavaria is equivalent to shouting "*Glas Bier!*" No questions are asked, but mine host—or, far more often, mine hostess—is as certain to set a foaming mug before the new arrival as he—or she—is to abhor the habit of drinking water; and woe betide the man who drains what he hopes is his last mug without rising instantly to his feet, for some sharp-eyed member of the



BAVARIAN WOMEN WORKING IN THE FIELD

innkeeper's family circle is sure to thrust another dripping beaker under his chin before he can catch his breath to protest. On the other hand, no one is forced to gage his thirst by that of his neighbors, as in many a less placid land. The treating habit is slightly developed in rural Bavaria. On very special occasions some one may "set 'em up" for the friend beside him, or even for three or four of his cronies, but it is the almost invariable rule that each client call for his own reckoning at the end of the evening.

The innkeeper had returned at late dusk from tilling his fields several miles away. Like his fellows throughout Bavaria, he was a peasant except by night and on holidays. During the working-day the burden, if it could be called one, of his urban establishment fell upon his wife and children. It was natural, therefore, that the topic with which he wedged his way into the conversation should have been that of husbandry. Seeds, he asserted, were still fairly good, fortunately, though in a few species the war had left them sadly inferior. But the harvest would be poor this year. The coldest spring as far back as he could remember had lasted much later

than ever before. Then, instead of the rain they should have had, scarcely a drop had fallen and things were already beginning to shrivel. As if they had not troubles enough as it was! With beer gone up to sixteen pfennige a pint instead of the ten of the good old days before the war! And such beer! Hardly three per cent. alcohol in it now, instead of eleven! The old peasants had stopped drinking it entirely; the very men who had been his best customers. They distilled a home-made *Schnapps* now, and stayed at home to drink it. Naturally such weak stuff as this—he held up his half-empty mug with an expression of disgust on his face—could not satisfy the old-fashioned Bavarian taste. Before the war he had served an average of a thousand beers a day. Now he barely drew two hundred. And as fast as business fell off taxes increased. He would give a good deal to know where they were going to end. Especially now with these ridiculous terms the Allies were asking Germany to sign. How could they sign? It would scarcely leave them their shirt and trousers. And they, the peasants and country people, would have to pay for it, they and the factory

hands; not the big-wigs in Berlin and Essen who were so ready to accept England's challenge. No, it would not pay Bavaria to assert her independence. They did not love the northern German, but when all was said and done it would be better to stick with him.

A brilliant, almost tropical sun, staring in upon me through flimsy white cotton curtains, awoke me soon after five. Country people the world over have small patience with late risers, and make no provision for guests who may have contracted that bad habit. My companions of the night before had long since scattered to their fields when I descended to the *Gastzimmer*, veritably gleaming with the sand-and-water polish it had just received. The calmly busy landlady solicitously inquired how I had slept, and while I forced down my "breakfast" of *Ersatz* coffee and dull-brown peasant bread she laid before me the inn register, a small, flat ledger plainly bearing the marks of its profession in the form of beer and grease stains on its covers and first pages. I had been mistaken in supposing that Bavaria's change to a republic had dispensed with that once important formality. In fact,

I recall but one public lodging on my German journey where my personal history was not called for before my departure. But there was nothing to have hindered me from assuming a fictitious identity. When I had scrawled across the page under the hieroglyphics of previous guests the half-dozen items required by the police, the hostess laid the book away without so much as looking at the new entry. My bill for supper, lodging, "breakfast," and four pints of beer was five marks and seventy-two pfennige; and the order-loving *Frau* insisted on scooping out of her satchel the last tiny copper to make the exact change before she wished me good day and a pleasant journey.

The single village street, which was also the main highway, was thronged with small boys slowly hurrying to school when I stepped out into the flooding sunshine soon after seven. One of the most striking sights in Germany is the flocks of children everywhere, in spite of the wastage of more than four years of war and food scarcity. Certainly none of these plump little "square-heads" showed any evidence of having suffered from hunger; compared



A GROUP OF SCHOOL BOYS GATHERED ABOUT ME IN A BAVARIAN VILLAGE

with the pale, anemic urchins of large cities they were indeed pictures of health. They resembled the latter as ripe tomatoès resemble gnarled and half-grown green apples. At least half of them wore some portion of army uniform, cut down from the war-time garb of their elders, no doubt; the round, red-banded cap covered nearly every head, and many carried their books and coarse lunches in the hairy cowhide knapsacks of the trenches, usually with a cracked slate and the dingy rag with which they wiped their exercises off it swinging from a strap at the rear. They showed as much curiosity at the sight of a stranger in town as their fathers had the night before, but when I stealthily opened my kodak and strolled slowly toward them they stampeded in a body and disappeared pell-mell within the school-house door.

The sun was already high in the cloudless sky. It would have been hard to imagine more perfect weather. The landscape, too, was entrancing; gently rolling fields lush-green with spring alternating with almost black patches of evergreen forests, through which the broad, light-gray highroad wound and undulated as soothingly as an immense ocean-liner on a slowly pulsating sea. Every few miles a small town rose above the horizon, now astride the highway, now gazing down upon it from a sloping hillside. Wonderfully clean towns they were, speckless from their scrubbed floors to their whitewashed church-steeples, all framed in velvety green meadows or the fertile fields in which their inhabitants of both sexes plodded diligently but never hurriedly through the labors of the day. It was difficult to imagine how these simple, gentle-spoken folk could have won a world-wide reputation as the most savage and brutal warriors in modern history.

Toward noon appeared the first of Bavaria's great hop-fields, the plants that would climb house-high by August barely visible now. In many of them the hop-frames were still set up—vast net-

works of poles taller than the telegraph lines along the way, crisscrossed with more slender cross-pieces from which hung thousands of thin strings ready for the climbing vines. The war had affected even this bucolic industry. Twine, complained a peasant with whom I paused to chat, had more than quadrupled in price, and one was lucky at that not to find the stuff made of paper when the time came to use it. In many a field the erection of the frames had not yet begun, and the poles still stood in clusters, strikingly resembling Indian wigwams, where they had been stacked after the harvest of the September before.

At Pfaffenhofen, still posing as a "food controller," I dropped in on a general merchant. The ruse served as an opening to extended conversation here even better than it had in the smaller town behind. The *Kaufmann* was almost too eager to impress me, and through me America, with the necessity of replenishing his shrunken stock. He reasserted that fats, soap, rice, soup materials, milk, cocoa, and sugar were most lacking and in the order named. Then there was tobacco, more scarce than any of these, except perhaps fats. If only America would send them tobacco! In other lines? Well, all sorts of clothing materials were lacking, of course; they had been hoping ever since the armistice that America would send them cotton. People were wearing all manner of *Ersatz* cloth. He took from his show-window what looked like a very coarse cotton shirt, but which had a brittle feel, and spread it out before me. It was made of nettles. Sometimes the lengthwise threads were cotton and the cross threads nettle, which made a bit more durable stuff, but he could not say much even for that. As to the nettle shirt before me, he sold it for fourteen marks because he refused to accept profit on such stuff. But what good was such a shirt to the peasants? They wear it a few days, wash it once and—*kaput*, finished, it crumples together like burned paper.

Many children can no longer go to school; their clothes have been patched out of existence. During the war there were few marriages in the rural districts, because, the boys being away to war, a fair division of the inheritances could not be made even when the girls found matches. Now many want to marry, but most of them find it impossible because they cannot get any bed-linen or many of the other things that are necessary to establish a household. No, he did not think there had been any great increase in irregularities between the sexes because of war conditions, at least not in such well-to-do farming communities as the one about Pfaffenhofen. He had heard, however, that in the large cities . . .

I set my pace in a way to bring me into the larger towns at noon and to some quaint and quiet village at night-fall. In the latter one was surer of finding homelike accommodations and simpler, more naïve people with whom to chat through the evening. The cities, even of only a few thousand inhabitants,

too nearly resembled Berlin or Munich to prove of continued interest. The constant traveler, too, comes to abhor the world-wide sameness of city hotels. Moreover, the larger the town the scantier was the food in the Germany of 1919. The guest who sat down to an excellently cooked dinner of a thick peasant soup, a man's-size portion of beef, veal, or pork, potatoes in unlimited quantity, bread that was almost white and made of real wheat, and a few other vegetables thrown in, all for a cost of two marks, might easily have imagined that all this talk of food shortage was mere pretense. Surely this last month before the beginning of harvest, in the last year of the war, with the question of signing or not signing the peace terms throbbing through all Germany, was the time of all times to find a certain answer to the query of the outside world as to the truth of the German's cry of starvation. But the answer one found in the smaller villages of Bavaria would have been far from the true one of the nation at large.

(To be continued.)

WINDS

BY ARTHUR GUTTERMAN

SOME winds, like robins, nest in trees,
And some, like meadow larks, in grasses;
While others cling to flowers, like bees.
The gales that sweep the salt morasses,
Like petrels, brood on stormy seas;
And eagle-winds, as wild as these,
Their eyries make on beetling masses
Of crag in rugged mountain passes.
But wiser is the nestling breeze—
The laughing, elfin breeze, that furls
Its fragrant wings among your curls!

THE GULF

BY BETH BRADFORD GILCHRIST

THERE are no two opinions in Maywood; Julia Ingraham made a mistake. It is always easy to be positive on scanty information, but those who know most condemn Julia's action emphatically. Hasn't Julia been "queer" ever since she came home? As Amorette pointed out, you cannot be queer in this world with impunity. "Something's coming to you," was Amorette's phrase. Julia's sister spoke with indisputable authority. If Retta acknowledged that Julia was queer, the evidence must be conclusive.

It is significant that no one blames Julia. You do not hold a man burning with fever responsible for setting his house on fire; you hold responsible those who left him unrestrained. If Julia's parents had insisted that she put herself in the doctor's hands at once on her return; if she had refused earlier to talk of her experiences; if she had had patience, had given herself more time; if—The ingenuity with which people propound remedies proves how decisively they rate Julia's case as a malady. Maywood has never been able to make anything of her action other than a symptom of nervous debility and overstrain. But that, as Julia's brother remarked, was the dickens of this war; it unsettled everybody and everything. On a big scale, wasn't that precisely the trouble with Europe at this minute, Bolshevism and all the rest of it?

And Julia had been so incomparably Maywood's pride. Other girls had gone from the little city to do war-work, from typewriting to nursing, girls of all social strata, but none of them had won so near the front as Julia Ingraham. Hadn't she helped evacuate French vil-

lagers under the very guns of the Boches? Hadn't she been literally shelled out of the Picardy town where for six months she had lived and worked, escaping in company with an armful of roses and a gray kitten with a white tip to its tail? The picture entranced Maywood's imagination, the old familiar gestures of femininity posed against the lurid background of modern war. Hadn't a shell actually missed her, by a mere matter of seconds, in cranking her machine? Maywood drew a fascinated breath of horror. For Julia was blood of its blood through five generations and Maywood, though it had received plenty of new blood of late, had not diminished its respect for the old. People who had not had bowing acquaintance with Miss Ingraham before she left to do canteen-work in France thought of her "over there" with a thrill of proprietary pride and read her letters printed in *The Maywood Post* with the same personal concern they bestowed on Tom's or Dick's or Harry's accounts of trench life and Salvation Army doughnuts, disseminated through the same channel. Though a "city," Maywood was not too big for that, which makes it clear, does it not, that in reality it was rather small?

In this enthusiasm there was a good deal of generous sentimentality and hero-worship and the obscuration of a few plain facts which had, after all, governed Miss Ingraham's setting forth. It was the thing to do to go to France. If it hadn't been the thing, it wouldn't have occurred to her to go nor would her departure have been permitted. She was that kind of girl. Which does not mean that she was not generous and high-spirited and brave. It only means that

when she went to France Julia Ingraham was not a pioneer, setting out to blaze a trail through untrodden wilds. What France did to her is another matter.

It is certain, though *The Post* never mentioned the subject, that Julia encountered a good deal in France that was neither picturesque nor thrilling—that, in truth, was plain drudgery. The seamy side of heroism does not make good head-lines, but it is a touchstone of staying power. Julia Ingraham had never been obliged to “stay put” in her life; if anything, the habits of her kind, seasonal flittings and week-ends and the like encourage a certain touch-and-go method that leaves much to be desired in an emergency of duration. That Julia stayed till the war's end and after proves the stuff that was in her, not entirely misshapen in the making.

Of course, she could not come back as she went over. That ought to have been unthinkable from any rational point of view. The fact that it was not, either to Julia or her family, or to Paul Pettingill proves the existence in all of them of a short-sightedness that invited the very catastrophe they now lament. If you insist on driving a high-powered car with your eyes shut, is it the road's fault that you pile up in the ditch?

Julia was utterly happy to get home. She had expected to be happy, and at first she was not in the least disappointed. Her father met her at the dock and looked as good to her as she had been dreaming ever since she got her sailing-papers that he would look. Amorette was there, too, and Bob and Paul Pettingill, and Julia told them all that the thought of them waiting at the pier had made the Statue of Liberty look to her like the guardian of the pearly gates. If her glance had a special fillip for Paul Pettingill, she was perfectly sincere. Paul had always considered himself and been recognized by the Ingrahams as Julia's future. She was not dodging her future when she went to France; merely postponing it. Now it was back again, well to the forefront of her conscious-

ness, and she liked the look of it. What wonder that Paul felt secure? When a girl tells you that you look like heaven to her in a voice as soft and as rich as velvet and with great, glorious eyes that thrill you from neck to heel, there ought not to be much doubt of her meaning.

“Oh,” said Amorette, hugging her, “you don't look worn out a bit!”

“I'm not,” said Julia. “Who said I was?”

“Nobody, but you've been working so frightfully hard.”

“Oh yes,” said Julia. “But that's over now.”

“Feeling as fit as you look, sis?” Bob kissed her.

Paul kissed her, too, and Julia let him. That, Amorette thought at the time, was not like Julia, who, before she went away, though not above proving her skill at the angling art, had inclined to be over-punctilious in spots. But they were all so excited and happy nothing could be really surprising.

In twenty-four hours, behind the tea-table in the Ingraham sun-parlor overlooking the garden, Julia's mother was thinking that the last two years of anxiety and absence had already taken on the impalpable texture of a dream.

Julia looked around her with blissful eyes. “It seems as though I hadn't been away at all. The last time we had tea here there were sweet-peas on the table in place of those freesias. That's the only difference.”

“Is it?” laughed Amorette.

“Oh, the green teapot! Did you break it?”

“Defunct. Peace to its pieces. More sugar? There's no limit now, you know. Pass father the toast, Paul. There is a difference. You never saw father and Bob teating off before, did you?”

Mrs. Ingraham's jeweled fingers fluttered efficiently over the cups. “It is entirely in your honor, dear. Make the most of it.”

“Yes,” rattled Amorette, “it never will happen again. But I can't see that you've changed a bit, Jule. You're just

as pretty as ever. And prettier when you blush. Isn't that so, Paul? Now tell us, what does this make you think of?"

"Don't tease, Retta. Your sister deserves a breathing-space."

"She won't get it, not with the Daughters and the Dames and the Woman's Club and the Saturday Mornings and the Wednesday Afternoons, and most of the churches camping on her trail. Did you know mother has started an engagement-book for you? I'm just offering a little practice. *Please*, Jule darling, what does this make you think of? Make it nice and spicy—a good contrast. Handing out things in the canteen to adorable dirty poilus or tea in the garden with French and English officers, or—"

"Neither," said Julia, promptly. "It makes me think of half a dozen of us sitting on our bags the night before we were leaving and talking about what, out of everything in the world, would stand to us most for home and our old selves. One said a table of auction with tea and cakes to follow the game, and another said a good play and supper at a cabaret, and another said breakfast in bed and a novel to read till noon, and another said a picnic supper in the woods. I wish you could have seen their eyes shine. But there was one girl who looked wistful. 'Do you suppose all that will taste as good as it used to?' 'Better,' said the auction girl. 'We shall know how to appreciate it now.' 'It will be heaven,' said little Mary Wayne. But the first girl didn't act convinced. 'I hope so. But I'd like to be sure.'" Julia's glance swept the devoted group. "Wasn't she amusing? As though any one could help loving it!"

The family were as convinced as Julia. If one of them had had the faintest doubt, even Paul—but none of them had. Like Julia, they looked back unsuspecting. Much water might flow under bridges, but what of it, if the bridges remained intact?

The point is, of course, that Julia Ingraham came home quite ready to pick

up the threads of her old life just where she had left them when she went to France, with the same enjoyment she had always found in the gay, pleasant, rather unimportant round. And the threads were there unchanged. Nobody but Julia seemed to find anything strange in the mere fact that they were so unchanged. And Julia at first was too happy to question. Home-coming was too warm and joyous and human a thing not to absorb her sensations to the uttermost.

She tingled to her finger-tips with pleasure in mere creature comfort.

"You don't know the luxury of a tub, Retta, till you've gone without for two years," she exulted, splashing.

"No, I suppose not. But aren't you ever going to stop and get dressed? There are more days coming."

"That's something," said Julia, "I can't get used to."

"What, tubs?" questioned Retta through the door.

"That they're going to last," said Julia. "I'll have to take your word for it. What do you offer me, as an inducement to get dressed?"

"Kittens," said Retta. "Snowdrop has two new ones. And the garden is adorable in this light. Betty Dame is downstairs. And Paul has sent you a box of daffodils as big as a house. He is at the telephone now, clamoring to know whether you would rather go to the movies to-night or to a real show. There is a fairly good one. He'll take a box if you say so. Mrs. Lathrop wants to give a dinner for you any night you select—and the Victory Loan Committee asks please will you ride in their parade to-morrow, and—"

"Mercy! I think I'll stay here and splash."

But she didn't. It was too good to see people, like a dream come true. The gladness of every one to see her went to her head a little. She knew it and exulted in it. She had counted on just this ecstatic commingling of happy, homely familiarity with whetted zest. She had

counted on Paul and she went to meet him with blithe certitude. She had even counted on the creature comforts. Only the fact that it surprised her to find them still so comfortable, still so completely a matter of course, she had not counted on. How amazingly every one, except herself, took the whole thing for granted! The miracle of it was for them no miracle, only golden dust on the common, the inevitable way of life. They could not imagine any other road. They had heard, of course. Who hadn't? They listened to her stories with the curious, irresponsible attention accorded travelers' tales; questioned, cried out, deplored; yet what their eyes had not seen did not, in any real sense, exist for them.

If Julia felt a little dazed after the first day or two of sheer unthinking beatitude, what wonder? Was she in truth Julia Ingraham or some wandering world-trotter from another sphere? It was unimaginable that the same globe should hold, severed by a mere three thousand miles of sea, such antipodes. Conceivably a Martian visiting earth would feel lonely; in the midst of her unclouded happiness Julia Ingraham began to feel a little lonely, too.

She thought, when she noticed the trouble, that it came because she was tired. There had been an excitement about home-coming that had kept her from perceiving how tired. And hadn't every one wanted to hear about her "work"? Julia's family had encouraged her to talk. After all, though Ingrahams were Ingrahams, Julia's exploit rather saved the situation for them. Bob's lame knee, which had chained him to a desk in Washington, required a deal of explanation. Even Paul Pettingill had stuck at an instruction-post in a training-camp this side. The Ingrahams had to explain that, too, though Paul was not as yet in the family. "A man may do things too well," Mrs. Ingraham used to affirm, grandly. "His colonel refused to hear of Paul's being sent across." Julia's shining history spoke for itself.

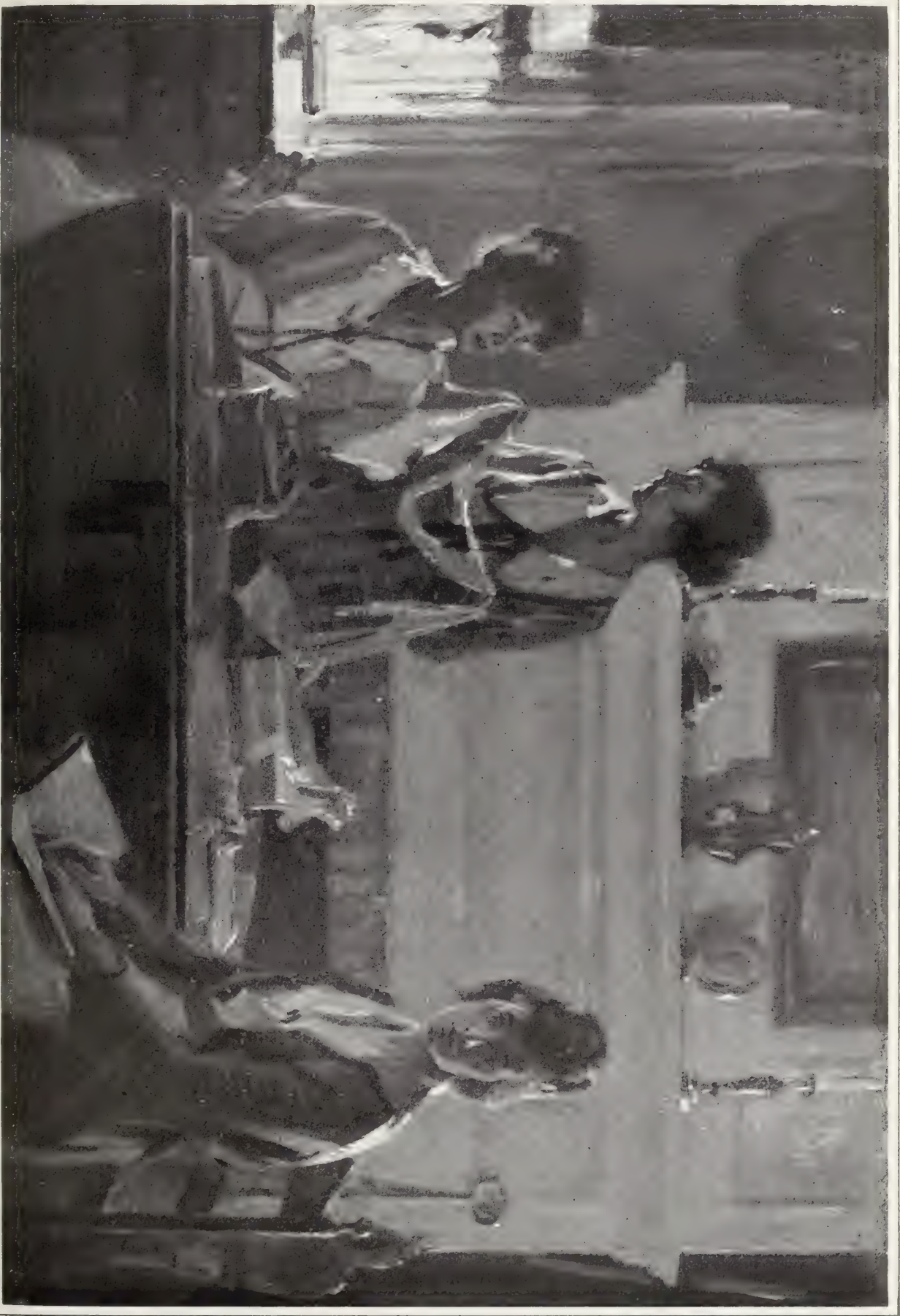
Julia thought the matter over and decided she was trying to ride two horses at once, with the probable result of falling between both. While her memory lived in harried France, her body habited itself to comfortable America. Clearly, that span was impossible; the result could not fail of being fatal. But the solution was equally plain. She was to live in America, not France. And hadn't she already told everybody everything twice over? The things you could tell. There were things, of course, that you couldn't tell.

Julia made her announcement simply and unexpectedly. She had not prepared even her family for that *dénouement*.

"And now," the piquant chin lifted a little, she took a step nearer the edge of the platform—"now I have told you all about my little part in this big tragedy. I have told you *en bloc* as to-night, and I have told you separately, whenever you have asked me questions, at dinner, at parties, in the street, in shops. Now I am going to ask you not to ask me any more to talk about my experiences. I am tired and I want to put out of my thoughts all that I have seen and heard and felt over there. I want to forget it for a while—to settle myself at home again as though I had never been away." The clear eyes swept the lifted faces pleadingly, the hands parted in sudden, almost tragic appeal. Afterward people remembered that poignant gesture. "I know I can count on you to help me."

It was very odd; all Maywood saw that. Sensible, certainly, if she were tired. A girl with courage enough to be queer was—well, queer, that was all. But wasn't it possibly very clever? Hearing of France too much and too constantly might grow tiresome. Miss Ingraham had said just enough; she was stopping, so to speak, on the crest of the wave. Undeniably it was adroit of her. But what were people to talk to her about now?

"Frivols, of course," said Amorette. "What you talk to me about. Clothes, gardens, books, engagements, flirtations,



Drawn by P. A. Carter

"MERCY! WAS THAT WHAT YOU ORDERED?"

picnics—anything, everything, a little bit of nothing.”

“Those topics don’t sound very exciting.”

“Nothing is exciting after France. Don’t you see that’s the point? She doesn’t want excitement.”

Julia walked home in a glow of elation, dedicated to the pursuit of the commonplace. She thought now that she had shrunk all along from talking of her life in France. What a chore it had been to force her weary will to relive those vigorous experiences! At last she had closed that chapter of her life. It was done.

“I’m glad you said what you did,” Paul told her. “Cut out the reminiscence stuff, that’s the right line. If you’ll do it at home, too—”

“At home?”

“Don’t talk the thing over with anybody—your mother, or Retta, or me. It’s the only way to get down to brass tacks, Jule.”

Julia agreed. She was ready to agree to anything Paul said. The affair was, after all, perfectly easy, if you set your will to it, a simple matter of getting rested, of putting France out of mind, of regulating your life’s housekeeping once more by the comfortable American standards of plumbing and electricity. At that moment she told herself she wanted nothing more exciting for the rest of her life than bridge and tea and now and then a new style of hair-dressing, new books, and, when Paul should get ready to give it to her, a new house in which to inaugurate the pre-war round.

She set about the clothes at once.

“You haven’t a thing fit to be seen,” said Amorette. “Why on earth didn’t you get something in Paris?”

“I don’t know. Preoccupation, I suppose. It was very stupid.”

“It was.”

“Céleste can give you next week,” remarked her mother. “As a particular accommodation.”

Amorette dimpled. “She has put off

old Mrs. Wilks and Sue Sparks. They’re both furious. Say they will never go to her again.”

“Don’t let me inconvenience them,” cried Julia. “I had forgotten that such dates were so important. A week later will suit me quite as well.”

“Oh, let ’em fight. What do you care? They have to scrap about something.” Amorette fell on the mail with avidity. “Mother doesn’t love Mrs. Wilks any too well—she stole the cook out of our kitchen last month—and I’ve got it in for Sue because she snitched an idea I was going to use for eats for ‘The Tweedledees.’ This must be your lace from Fairbanks’s, mother. Shall I open it? Mercy! was *that* what you ordered?”

It was odd how depressed Julia felt by the little scene. The outcry was no more than what she had witnessed dozens of times in the past, had taken part in, indeed, unthinkingly enough, before she went to France. She, too, had not been able in those days to contemplate life in a gown with the wrong trimmings. Her universe had also been bounded at intervals by cooks and “snitching” friends. Now such things looked trivial to her; attention could not magnify them to importance. Bob’s grouch over the burned gravy at dinner, her father’s complaints of the brand of cigar he fumingly smoked, moved Julia to a curious despair. It was stupid to feel so, she told herself; as grotesquely out of proportion as the cause. They were all dears and she loved them; it was only “their way” to fuss about trifles, the civilian way. Would she never succeed in demobilizing her mind? That was the trouble; she was still keyed to war pitch, still adjusted to living in a world organized on such different lines from the normal as a war world must be. The fact that such outbursts demoralized her proved, didn’t it, how imperative it was for her to get back at once to a peace basis?

The transfer, easy enough to plan, proved bafflingly difficult of accomplishment. On the theory that a thorough

understanding would help her check its ravages, Julia took her experience to pieces as well as an untried analyst could, probing for the causes of her sick depression. Why were comfort and ease and amusing trivialities and inconsequential chatter all so savorless? Why didn't the new clothes Céleste was making interest her? Where had the thrill of print vanished? Books which Betty Dame and Amorette babbled over tasted stale on Julia's tongue. What was it she missed? A steady purpose? Excitement? The fine fillip of insecurity? The driving whip of necessity? The consciousness of an infolding bigness supreme above individual littleness, endowing effort with inspiring value?

Julia was ashamed of herself by this time. She thought of women she had known in France. Those women had not lived on the heady stimulus of excitement. What hadn't she seen of uncomplaining courage, of indomitable endurance? But not, she cried out, desperately, the courage to face comfort. What point could there be to blind endurance of ease? Merely to phrase the thing was to reveal its absurdity.

"Paul," said Julia, "sometimes I think I'm nervous."

"Nervous! Yes, you're nervous, all right. A little white-faced feather-weight like you! Why, you never looked better in your life!"

"Just the same," he told Amorette, later, "she *is* a bit nervous. Don't let anybody tell her so. She'll be all right if she doesn't watch herself too hard, stops thinking about France, and gets to having a sensible American good time. Seen my new car? I tried it out on Jule yesterday."

The new car was only part of Paul's treatment, thought out with the scrupulous care he bestowed on business. You mustn't hurry girls too much, but for all that Julia's mind needed a jolt.

He took her to see the Hunt house.

"What do you think of it?"

"A beautiful place." Julia's velvet tones were warmly responsive. She was

playing Paul's game with all the strength of her will.

"Thought you'd like it. I'll have the deed made out to-morrow."

Her throat contracted. "Just what had you in mind, Paul?"

"Marriage," said Paul, promptly. Love-making, he reflected, wouldn't do here; better be offhand than conventional. "What do you say, Jule? We'll fix this place up, put in a garage, do over the house as much as you like—or as little. Make a topping place of it. Yes?"

"Didn't you write something about Montana last year?"

"No place to take a woman—too far out of the world for your sort."

"I wouldn't stand in your way. I've a notion I'd rather like it."

"You're saying that to please me."

"No, really, Paul."

"Hard work and the world well lost?" How delicious she was, thinking of his career, bless her! The man mastered an impulse to snatch her in his arms. Montana and her rounded young elegance! "What d'you think your mother'd say to my taking you 'way out there?"

"Isn't that a point for us to settle?"

"Jule, you're a little bit of all right! But I don't want to go, as things have turned out. My future's here. I'd shelve myself in Montana. If Maywood's too small for you, why, there'll be New York perhaps in a few years. It's down on the cards as more than likely. How does that strike you?"

"It strikes me that you have been getting on, Mr. Pettingill."

He laughed complacently. "All for you."

"Oh no. I can't flatter myself."

"Jule," taking her hands, "what do you think success would be worth to me without you? Why, you—you"—the firm voice shook with feeling—"you *are* success for me, the crown of it."

"You don't know me very well, Paul."

"Don't I? There's a remedy."

"I sometimes think I am not the same girl I was before I went to France."

"The trouble with you," he told her, "is that you take a natural reaction too seriously."

"I'd like to think that is all there is to it. Don't have the transfer made till next week, will you?"

"Why not? The sooner the better."

"Just a notion of mine. Women take notions, you know."

"Anything you don't like about the house? Perhaps the Farnum place would suit you better. I thought you wouldn't fancy that dining-room!"

How well he had known her before France! "It isn't the dining-room. Perhaps it isn't anything. I will let you know Monday, Paul."

Monday! All her future settled in three scant days! Paul was her future, wasn't he? But where was the lure of the road? To want something—anything—would be heaven. The possibility remained to her, or she thought it did. Touch her right and she would respond; illusion, perhaps, but a saving hope. If Paul had been willing to take her away to a life that would have taxed body and brain to the quick— But Paul had made it clear, hadn't he, where his future lay?

"Mother," she asked, "is it decent to marry without thrills?"

"Don't be school-girlish, Julia. Of course we all know France was a trying experience for you, but it seems as though by this time you ought to be getting over it."

"Sometimes I think I shall never get over it."

"Then I wish that you had stayed at home."

"There are times when I think I wish that, too."

"You don't half appreciate Paul, Julia. Not many men would be so patient."

"I know. Poor Paul! He's angelic. Mother, what would you say if I went out to Cousin Laura's ranch? She wants a side-partner, doesn't she? I think I could learn the business."

"I should say no," with decision.

"One freak in the family is quite enough. Go for a visit, if you like. You and Paul might take in the ranch on your honeymoon. Any other proposition is absurd. I can't think what puts such ideas into your head."

"Stupid, isn't it? Never mind, mother. Anything I can do for you down-town?"

"There was something"—fretfully—"but you have driven everything out of my head, Julia."

"I'll try not to be so unsettling."

"You would be much happier yourself, dear."

"Should I? Perhaps."

She walked down-town under no misapprehension. Hadn't she known mother would feel like that? There was no question what the family thought. Even Retta could conceive of no flaw in the Ingraham round. It might be heightened in degree, not kind. Perhaps for her it would grow endurable in time. She could not see herself breaking away against opposition, alone. That would be too isolating. She hadn't the courage. And what would be gained? The whole affair was moonshine, wasn't it, a state of nerves? She would go up to Paul's office and tell him he might close the deal for the Hunt house. She could picture Paul's pleasure. Was there anything about Paul that she couldn't picture?

The private office opened to Miss Ingraham at once and the curious, simpering stenographer was shut from sight. An odd revulsion of purpose was going on in Julia. She found herself speaking with clear assurance.

"I stopped to tell you not to take the Hunt house, Paul. Let's call it off."

"The house deal? What about the Farnum—"

"The whole deal."

"I don't seem to grasp your meaning, Julia."

"Let us not be—we never announced it, you know—engaged at all."

"You'd better sit down," he said, "and talk it over. Do you call this quite fair to me?"

"It wouldn't be fair if I married you."

"There's another man, I suppose. Some fellow in France. That would explain—"

She stopped him. "There is no one at all. There never has been."

"Do you expect me to believe that? Men used to be thick as flies. I had to break through a wall of 'em to get anywhere near you."

She acknowledged the charge without interest. "Oh yes, I used to be in love with a new man every week or so."

"It isn't likely they fell off altogether over there."

Her quick glance of astonishment conveyed better than words her perception of his total misapprehension. "We had other things to do than that."

"Then why do you want to throw me over?"

Let him put it that way if he chose. A fact is a fact, however you phrase it. "I can't take into your life a woman who has gone stale," she said, gently.

"Stale! Nonsense! You'll get over it."

"I've tried, Paul, and I don't get over it."

"Perhaps you've tried too hard. Let yourself go. Take it easy."

She shook her head. "I don't seem to know how to take things easy any more."

"You're getting this thing on the brain, Jule. You're daffy."

"Then you certainly don't want a crazy wife."

He pulled up. "Oh, I say, this is ghastly. Need we, you know—"

"I am afraid so."

"But what have I done? If you'd tell a fellow—"

"It is nothing you've done. Haven't I made that clear? I—I can't live soft, Paul—I've lost the taste. I couldn't explain if I lived to be a hundred—nobody could. If you have been through it, you know, that's all."

"Rubbish!" he said under his breath, but his face cleared. "That's all right. Suit yourself. But just remember this—I'm not going to repeat it—*we'll be married yet.*"

"I'd like to think so—don't misunderstand me—but I can't see it. I can't see anything else, either, if that is any comfort to you. I can't quite see how I am going to live at all." She caught herself back from the abyss. "It is understood we are both free?"

"Free!" he scoffed, stuffing his hands into his pockets to keep them from crushing out her fancies against his heart. "Free! You don't know much about love."

"I don't, Paul," she said, humbly.

"We've got to be patient," Paul told Julia's mother. "The doctor says it's her nerves. We must humor her. Patience be damned!"

"Thank you, Paul."

"Beg pardon, I'm sure. But this gets me, you know. We never ought to have let her go to France."

"That is the truest word I have heard yet."

Julia knew their patience. It ogled her from the simplest event. How they bore with her! They humored her like a sick man who does not know what he ought to want. How surreptitiously they studied her! Always she knew herself under observation, such a kindly, anxious, loving, puzzled surveillance. Oh, that she might escape from their solicitude, their eternal toting up of her chances of recovery!

She thought she would give anything to get away, but where could she go beyond the reach of this anxious interest? To visit friends would mean only an exchange of watchers. Strangers, though blessed, were unthinkable. There were things daughters could not do. And Julia Ingraham had not been brought up to "do" anything, except to go to France. If another great need had claimed her, if opportunity had sought her out and had bugled before her door its heartening call to service, she would have known how to follow it. She did not know how to seek out an opportunity that did not come her way, to go into the world and find it for herself. She was not, again be it said, an adventurer.

It was at this moment, at the ebb of courage and energy and hope, that Mrs. Dame gave her dinner.

"Jim Herring's here visiting at Betty's." Amorette's breathlessness betrayed the intensity of her interest. "Mrs. Dame wants us to come to dinner. She thinks he was in your sector. So she can't promise there won't be any war talk. I said I'd have to ask you. She's waiting in the car. Say yes, *please*, Jule. I'm crazy to go."

"Oh, very well." What did it matter, thought Julia, what she said? And who was Jim Herring? There was a familiarity about the name— Trust Retta to know. How keen Retta was! The older sister envied her that eager buoyancy.

Amorette returned again from below-stairs to demolish her sister's toilet with a hasty hug. "You're an angel, Jule! I expect you hated to say you'd go. But of course I couldn't without you. He's a wonder; *Croix de Guerre* and decorations no end, Betty says. Just stopping off at his aunt's on his way to the end of the world. Imagine Jim Herring, of all men— Mercy! you're not going to wear that old rag!"

"Why not? It is a very good gown and quite new."

"Not half so becoming as your pink. For once, Jule, do get yourself up as you used. The man was a perfect lady-killer before the war—strings of scalps at his belt. You can look so ripping, Jule, when you try."

"And if I don't care to try?"

Amorette stamped her foot. "Then *pretend!*" she stormed. "I don't care, mother, I'm going to speak out for once. *Pretend!* And see if you don't like it."

Julia laughed and let her unread book slide to the floor. "Funny Retta! Getting so hot under the collar. I wonder"—her eyes narrowed—"whether it would really be amusing."

"It would amuse *me*," said Retta, stoutly, "to see you flirt again."

"Retta! You forget Paul."

"You know, mother, you don't object to the thing; you only dislike the word.

And if Paul had the spunk of a one-legged flea—"

"Amorette!"

"Well, he would. So there!"

Julia laughed at her sister's vehemence, but something within her lifted a feeble wing. She could remember the fine fire of the game. It might be possible to burn in the heat of that flame to-day. Had her glance lost its cunning? More pertinent to ask had her heart quite lost its susceptibility. But in cold blood! There was something repulsive in deliberate assault. She smiled at the irony of quibbling over the weave of the saving rope and turned back with lifted hand to her closet.

To Julia's heightened imagination the encounter borrowed significance from her state of mind. Fancy made it a touchstone. She even hung Paul on it. If the experiment succeeded— A little tremor of excitement fluttered her pulse. If— She did not perceive in this first faint stirring of hope that her perturbation was not for the game itself, but only for the ability to find savor in it.

Deliberately she made ready. No aviator purposing transatlantic flight could have looked more carefully to his preparation. She omitted no detail that might bar failure. When at last she turned from her mirror, for the first time in her life Julia Ingraham knew herself nervous at the prospect of meeting a man.

"I wonder whether that is a good sign," she murmured, and smiled mirthlessly at the superstition.

"Now you're shouting!" said Amorette as her sister descended the stairs.

And then, after all, the flaw proved in herself. Strange that she had not provisioned it exactly. But to foresee would have been only to hasten the inevitable end, the sick distaste that could not flog her will into carrying on through even the pulsing vicissitudes of such a contest.

It was a pity, too, to spoil so good a game. How well he had played to her lead, with what intriguing fire! Her admiration applauded his adroitness

but even the knowledge that she played against a master could not whip her to emulation. Dully the buoyancy ebbed out of her, the ground slipped from beneath her feet; her voice lost its inviting lilt, the sparkle of combat died out of her eyes. All at once she felt immeasurably removed from the gay scene, as one forever shut out from participation, yet forced smilingly to watch the defilement of the appointed feast. An utter discouragement overwhelmed Julia Ingraham, a weariness of spirit that appalled her by the sheer desolation of its misery. What was there in all her world left to her? She couldn't even flirt with a man and find pleasure in it!

Captain Herring's voice came to her from far distances. "Shall we go on with it?"

"What is the use?" she countered.

"Has it got you, too?"

She stared. "I don't understand."

"Don't you? I thought you did."

Now under the smiling mask of his face she perceived—or was it fancy?—an aloofness as alien to the inconsequential chatter around them as her own. Could it be? At whatever cost of unconventionality she must know.

A flare of real interest blazed in her eyes. "Were you, too, trying to get back?"

"There is no way back," he told her. "The only way is to go on."

"To what?"

He shook his head. "Anything that will serve. In my case it is the West and reclamation. The family think I'm touched in the head. No doubt they're right."

"I remember about you now," she said. "You went in for the new dances and first editions. Weren't you tremendously the vogue the winter before the war?"

"A waster," he acknowledged. "Not always harmless, I'm afraid."

"There were the first editions," she reminded him. "You were to give them away when you had done collecting."

"There were. It's all in the verb."

His keen, bronzed face gave her back look for look.

"Have we got to feel so always?"

He nodded. "We're done for, as I see it, queered for good for the things we used to like. It takes men in various ways. You and I happen to be touched alike, it would seem. The war has put a mark on us all as plain as Cain's—we're different."

"But it is too awful!" she broke out. "It is— Oh, I can't express it! You are lucky you can get away. I can't."

"Jim," said his aunt, leaning forward, "do tell us that delicious story about the camouflaged ducks!"

So far as Julia Ingraham was concerned, that was all there was to the dinner, all there could ever be, she supposed, to the episode of Captain Herring. She knew now where she stood. There was a tonic quality in the mere knowing—in facing the worst, head up. Her spirit braced itself to the attitude. You couldn't take things lying down. But oh, the unutterable loneliness! She could not err in estimating the magnitude of that.

She was not looking for the maid's announcement of Captain Herring the next morning.

"To see me?"

In the midst of her surprise she was aware of an invigorating gladness.

He was standing, a tall, lean figure, in the reception-room, and he came to his point without bush-beating. Therein, she perceived at once, lay the salvation of the situation. His very lack of approach saved it from unthinkable tawdriness. Deliberately he had cast aside charm, rejected allurements. In all its inherent baldness he put his proposition.

"Did you mean what you allowed me to understand last evening, or did I dream it?"

"I wish you had dreamed it!" How his sharing of the predicament rested her! With him she had neither to conceal nor to explain.

"In point of fact," he said, "I couldn't sleep last night for thinking about you." For a scarcely perceptible instant his

words halted. Then, soldier-like, they marched to the charge. "Forgive me if I am abrupt. There is no time to be anything else, under the circumstances. Things are never so bad taken in partnership. I was planning to leave this afternoon for Arizona, but I could delay my departure for a day or two, if you saw your way to going with me. As my wife, of course."

She was conscious with amazement that there was no effrontery in what he said; conscious, too, of an intense gratitude. It was astounding, unbelievable, but how kind he was! Kinder even than last night had revealed him. And how surprisingly last night's intimacies had crossed the grain of what she had preconceived as his type! Actually she found herself considering his proposition; she, Julia Ingraham, took into contemplation the incredible absurdity.

Could words convey to him the humbling gratitude of her real attitude, the warm, healing sense of mutual understanding he had given her? "It is very kind of you," she heard herself saying, gently, "but have you thought of yourself at all? I don't love you."

"Nor I you. Though that is a defect, I fancy, time would have no trouble in my case in remedying. There are things you can't face alone comfortably. The rest of my life is one of them, though till I saw you I hadn't quite realized—Understand, it is not love I am offering you. But, Lord, we have learned to do without comfort, haven't we? Does what I have said alter the look of the thing for you?"

She shook her head. "Only to make me more deeply appreciative."

"If you should happen to change your mind—till the sleeper to-night, I can be reached at Aunt Annah's."

He was out of the room, out of the house. His quick step clicked on the flagged walk. Through the girl's imagination those footfalls sounded with the reverberation of doom. She slipped into the hall and watched him in shameless fascination. Succor had come to her and she was deliberately letting it pass out of her sight. Could anything so amazing have happened without meaning? Though Julia Ingraham had never been a church-going person, she had returned from France deeply, inarticulately religious. Dared she disdain the rescue of God? For what was the point of the thing at all, unless it was all point? His hand was on the gate now, that long, fine, firmly sinewed hand. How competent he looked! How martial a figure in his civilian clothes! How utterly trustworthy! Small and weak and desolate, she watched in him an imminent strength withdraw.

It was a gamble, a stupendous gamble, and she had always played safe, before France. She stood to lose, if she lost, irretrievably. But hadn't she lost already, as things were? And what didn't she stand to gain? The only hope in the world seemed to Julia Ingraham's tortured gaze to focus in that stalwart departing form. She swung open the door and ran after him.

"Wait, oh wait!" she called, breathlessly.

THE WAR OF MORALE

HOW AMERICA "SHELLED" THE GERMAN LINES WITH PAPER

BY HEBER BLANKENHORN

Formerly Captain, M. I. D., of the Propaganda Section, G. H. Q.

IN the end of August, 1918, there was set up at General Headquarters, American Expeditionary Force, France, an organization within the General Staff for the use of propaganda as a military weapon against the enemy in the field. It was a new thing in American army history.

No *communiqués* were issued about its operations. In the popular mind, vaguely aware that in this war all armies occasionally dropped printed leaflets over enemy positions, something of mystery attaches to field propaganda, as it does to trench codes or to artillery sound-and-flash ranging. Hitherto, information has been lacking for a picture of how the A. E. F. "shelled" the enemy with paper.

The center of such a picture would be Room 65, on the floor above General Pershing's offices, in Damremont Caserne, the barracks-like seat of G. H. Q. at Chaumont, Haute-Marne. The windows of the propaganda headquarters looked down in one direction on the Marne and in the other on "The Hill," as the town was dubbed throughout the army. In the morning the room echoed with the field music of the very military guard-mount in the great court below. Its stone walls were covered with maps of Allied and enemy positions and specimens of brown, red, or yellow enemy propaganda balloons. One wall was quartered into a sort of graphic record of propaganda: the British, French, and German fourths overflowed with a year's leaflets, maps, and pamphlets, while, in August, the American quarter

was blank. The telephone in the corner connected with editors and printers in Paris and Langres, with propaganda field units at Bar-le-Duc and Toul, with army and corps headquarters from the Argonne to the Vosges, and especially with aviation-fields toward Verdun.

As each new supply of leaflets, ordered from Paris or Langres, was trucked northward along the long roads, side by side with supply-camions, tractored guns, tanks, and troops, little flags on the big map in Room 65 moved forward, showing at a glance the quantity on each aviation-field. From those fields the leaflets flew off into the airs over Boche-land and sailed gently down through the Archie bursts to places where, as the air reports had it, "visibility was poor," but where, we knew, some would be picked up by men in field-gray to be dutifully turned in to scornful Prussian officers; some would be passed around and debated in the muddy trenches; some would be heavily pondered in dugouts; some would be secretly mailed home, to be digested with war beer in a Bavarian *Gasthaus*.

Many came back to us in prisoners' pockets, bleary specimens which Room 65 studied, together with reports on how and why Germans surrendered, enemy and Allied press clippings, announcements of "war aims" (wartime euphemism for peace terms), rumors of Foreign Offices, the Russian situation, the White House—all data necessary in the planning of new leaflets.

This, it seems, is rather contrary to the popular picture. To the American in

the street, "propaganda" did not mean the living word, but the lying word, generally pro-German. To the victimized Italian soldiers at Caporetto in 1917 field propaganda was a foul but dazzlingly successful Boche trick. To the Czecho-Slovaks fighting alongside the Allies in Italy it was the weapon to rescue for the Allied side their brothers in the Austrian army. To the American propaganda officers in France it was the vehicle of a passionate faith in the righteousness of America's war; it was the chanting of crusaders, the word winged against delusions beneath enemies' helmets, a strife to shorten our soldiers' work. It was truly democratic peacemaking, most "openly arrived at."

Field propaganda was as much a creation of this war as the tank. As a military weapon, especially after 1916, its use was so developed that entire eastern sectors were officially reported as "held by propaganda alone." In poetic justice for Caporetto, it was the combined British - Italian - Czecho-Slovak propaganda attack on the Piave in 1918 which brought over such numbers of Slav deserters that the Austrian offensive plans were known in detail from two to ten days before their vain drive began; General Diaz openly credited 20 per cent. of his victory to propaganda. Very recently, in north Russia, when American soldiers mutinied, as General March said for the first time in his knowledge of the army, the trouble was laid directly to propaganda. Two months before the effect of those Bolshevik leaflets was apparent I examined some of them with a professional and patronizing eye and ventured, amid jeers, to judge them very ably compiled.

The German Staff, forced early in the war to take its own civilians in hand, waged against the whole nation that elaborate campaign of mendacity which so long preserved morale, and in its army established in each unit staff-schooled defensive propaganda, or "enlightenment," officers. As to German offensive propaganda, its character may

be inferred from the following extracts of a captured German order (Russian front, 1917):

Confidential: Not to be communicated to front-line troops!

1. . . . It is necessary to increase the efficiency of the propaganda in the army of the enemy.

2. . . . Company commanders must be acquainted with the points from which papers, proclamations, etc., can most easily be thrown. At these points one should seek to establish contacts by means of our interpreters, and, if the enemy agrees, to fix a time for future parleys. . . . It is strictly forbidden our soldiers to enter into relations with the enemy excepting as authorized, for fear that the enemy might try to take advantage of their frankness. . . . The best results are obtained by calling in a friendly tone, indicating feelings of comradeship or by repeated promises not to shoot, or offers of tobacco. The tobacco for this purpose is furnished by the Company Commander. . .

Only a German General Staff could be so forethoughtful about the tobacco. Perhaps the High Command's tobacco was as dangerous as its propaganda, which was kept so carefully from the mass of its own soldiers.

When America waged propaganda, as when it waged war, it avoided the German way. Our leaflets were as bitterly honest as our bayonets. With every consignment of leaflets in German went printed English versions, so that our troops might know what they were handling. The notorious German methods had not a little to do with our belatedness in organizing a propaganda program. There were other reasons. Soldiers instinctively favored traditional methods and looked on propaganda as the resort of the failing. Officers considered it tinged red, tainted with radicalism and revolution, and old soldiers are not skilled in dealing with radicalism. The President, after America's experience with von Bernstorff and his methods, would not tolerate the words "American propaganda" in his presence. Militarily there was a tendency to relegate leaflets to quiet sectors. Secretary

Baker, in July, 1918, when writing hearty approval of "education over the lines" and prescribing its policy of "absolute honesty," laid chief stress on "the opportunity during the winter lull" expected for 1918-19. The real delay, however, was due simply to the difficulties in organizing so delicate and complex a task.

It is manifestly absurd to say that any one man invented American propaganda or that any one organization directed it. The war was always getting too big for its warriors. Before Pershing sailed the War Department's files were filling with blue-print propaganda plans sent by enthusiasts of America's special moral position. Later the A. E. F. began accumulating plans from officers and privates. Moreover, the biggest thing in army propaganda was President Wilson himself, and I warrant he never heard of Room 65. Certainly its telephone did not connect with the White House.

Like Topsy, propaganda "just grewed." In February, 1918, Major (now Lieutenant-Colonel) Charles H. Mason, of the General Staff at Washington, strongly recommended "the utilization of the psychologic factor of the strategic situation," and directed me to organize a Psychologic subsection of the Military Intelligence Division, of which Col. R. H. Van Deman was then chief. It established liaisons with the State Department, the Committee on Public Information,¹ and The Inquiry, the body of experts under Colonel House preparing America's data for the peace table. At last its plans were put directly before the Secretary of War, and after a conference with Mr. Baker, General March, and General Churchill, I sailed for France with Lieutenants Ludlow Griscom and George Ifft, of the M. I. D., and the following officers commissioned at my request especially for this work,

Capt. Walter Lippmann and Lieutenants Charles Merz, William F. Miltenberger, and E. M. Woolley. In July, 1918, we reported to Gen. Dennis E. Nolan, G2, (Chief of Intelligence), G. H. Q., who, following the Secretary's suggestions, ordered us to investigate Allied methods.

The French Commission on Propaganda Against the Enemy was in that same building overlooking the Place de la Concorde which in 1919 housed the American Peace Mission. Its campaign, judged by our findings, will probably make the most interesting chapter in the whole history of propaganda, though there is little likelihood that it will ever be written. It was the largest (27,000,000 leaflets over the lines by August, 1918), the most ingeniously varied, based on the acutest intelligence of the enemy, in its principles sensational, and in its methods fixed. It utilized the labors of exiled or captured German radicals and relied heavily on appeals like the following:

German Soldiers!

The great offensive in the West is on.

A couple of hundred thousand more German men lie buried in French soil, and thousands of others are trapped in the 80-kilometer-wide slaughter-house. But peace is farther removed than ever. For the nations of the West will never agree to a peace of force which will make their peoples the slaves of your Hohenzollerns, your Junkers, and your capitalists.

The war, therefore, may continue for years.

But whoever has had enough of this nameless infamy—for this war is nothing else—whoever is tired of wasting the best years of his life in blood and mud—whoever yearns with the very marrow of his bones for the return to his home in order to work for a better and freer Germany, whoever is anxious for an immediate, real peace, based upon the right of self-determination, so that our children and children's children may be spared a repetition of our misery, let him refuse to follow farther!

You are the majority! Free yourselves, come into the ranks of the free nations and victory is yours: the victory of the free,

¹ After I reached France the Committee took a position which caused heated discussion at Washington, but never interfered with the conduct of the army's leaflet campaign.



BALLOONS BEARING PAMPHLETS TO BE DROPPED OVER THE BOCHE LINES

peace-loving German people over its war-proud exploiters and war magnates!

YOUR DEMOCRATIC COMRADES,
Prisoners of War in the hands of the French.

The whole French army believed in its campaign of ideas; company commanders recognized it as part of the day's work. American units brigaded with the French had been called upon to use propaganda in a fashion indicating that the French thought Americans were accustomed to it. Every sort of aeroplane and several sizes of paper balloons were employed by the French as well as rifle grenades for front lines. The grenade was a tin case, containing some hundreds of leaflets, fired on a stick from the army rifle, which scattered the papers with considerable accuracy. Just before the armistice the French perfected propaganda shells for use in the 'seventy-fives and Stokes mortars; the bursts could be regulated and enemy positions could be snowed under with

the same accuracy as with shrapnel. Certainly the artillery method of distribution is the cheapest and most accurate for all areas up to ten miles beyond the lines, and has only the small disadvantage of drawing reprisal fire.

After Paris came London and some acquaintance with the more monumental aspects of warring Britain, such as Whitehall, Downing Street, Milner, and Northcliffe. The Crewe House sessions of the Interallied Board for Propaganda Against the Enemy, where British, French, Italian, and Belgian diplomats and soldiers met under the presidency of Lord Northcliffe, were the greatest help to us, sitting as military observers.

The work of the British representatives in the previous ten months was a magnificent demonstration of what might be called "propaganda by diplomatic strategy." A group of political students, more or less closely associated with the Foreign Office, had early de-

cided that Austria was the point of greatest vulnerability and that the overthrow of the Hapsburg monarchy was both just and necessary. Working through the London and Rome Congresses of Oppressed Nationalities, they strove to force Allied recognition of mid-European nationalist rights in order to use the news of these events as propaganda. As the Allies one after another, and finally the United States, in the Lansing announcements of May 29 and June 28, 1918, declared for freeing Austria's Slavs, the British propagandists used the news to accelerate enemy civilian disintegration and then extended the demoralization to enemy military forces by spreading the accounts of civilian disturbances.

Finally the British, as well as the other Allies, were playing for their trump card the American intervention, its size in July, its sure future, its thoroughness, speed, and determination. In seven months the British had put over eight million leaflets, almost all by paper balloons. The British Air Service had banned the dropping of leaflets from aeroplanes, in deference to German threats to hang propaganda aviators. It was alleged that the British aviator, after the Germans had condemned two pilots to ten years of hard labor, disliked the job so much that he was prone to burn the leaflets in the hangars. Something of an air battle was fought at Crewe House over this point, but the War Office would not lift the ban.

The high secrets of Crewe House, of course, must wait. Conference agenda ran from secret pacts to cinematographs. In the morning one watched the skilful maneuvering designed to force the hand of some distant Premier or Secretary for Foreign Affairs; after lunch one manipulated box kites or fuse-releases to be used for scattering tracts—especially to be used if the Premier or Foreign Secretary should say the right thing.

A day later the investigation led to British G. H. Q. at Montreuil; speculations over Balfour, Sonnino, and Trum-

bich fell away as the motor, coursing the Hesdin-St. Pol-Arras road, ran straight into the war. The wordy atmosphere of diplomacy changed for a Flanders sky punctuated by Boche observation balloons and Boche shrapnel. Back of the lines near Neuville - St. Vitas we learned the workings of the propaganda balloon, a nine-foot paper onion charged with hydrogen gas and carrying four pounds of leaflets on a fuse set to burn them loose at intervals. In the prevailing westerly winds they effected a methodic and exact scattering during flights ranging from one to four hours beyond the enemy lines. From where we stood the procession of balloons, fourteen in the air at once, reached to Boche-land in an arc; irritated Boche gunners had been known to make use of that pretty arc for getting the range of propagandists with disgusting accuracy.

Investigation was cut short by a summons to Chaumont. We were ready with a report on what we thought were the main factors in the situation and on a comprehensive organization. But G. H. Q. was aware of a new and decisive factor—the military situation. Chaumont explained nothing, but ordered us to begin propaganda at once. What had happened—and it took some time to divine it—was that the Allies, hitherto counting against another year of war, were commencing their drive to get the Germans out of France in 1918. The A. E. F., assigned to a herculean share in the Augean plan, abruptly mobilized the latest of its offensive weapons.

We were set the hardest task in the propaganda world: to bring about specific military results in designated enemy units; if possible, to destroy their morale. Work began before organization, on August 28th, when a major, the G2 of a corps north of Toul, strode into G. H. Q. and demanded, "You the propaganda outfit?" The enemy opposite, he explained, held a belief then current in the German army that Americans killed all prisoners. He wanted

that belief dispelled. He wanted deserters quick. Quickly he obtained Leaflet No. 1.

That leaflet, revised, became a standby. It was simply a translation of General Orders, A. E. F., No. 106, dated July 1, 1918, prescribing the treatment accorded to prisoners taken by the American army; because it ordered for prisoners the American soldiers' rations, we added the American menu. Many a German thereafter asked for "those rations" as he surrendered. Sometimes his tired captor answered: "That thing says you get the same as me. I've had nothing for twenty-four hours. March!"

Organization was improvised. Propaganda was made a subsection of G2D, through whose chief, Major A. L. James, Jr., approval of policies and action had to be obtained from General Nolan. French government printers were called upon in Paris. At G. H. Q. the days were filled with struggles for authorizations, personnel, supplies, transport, and, notably, gas.

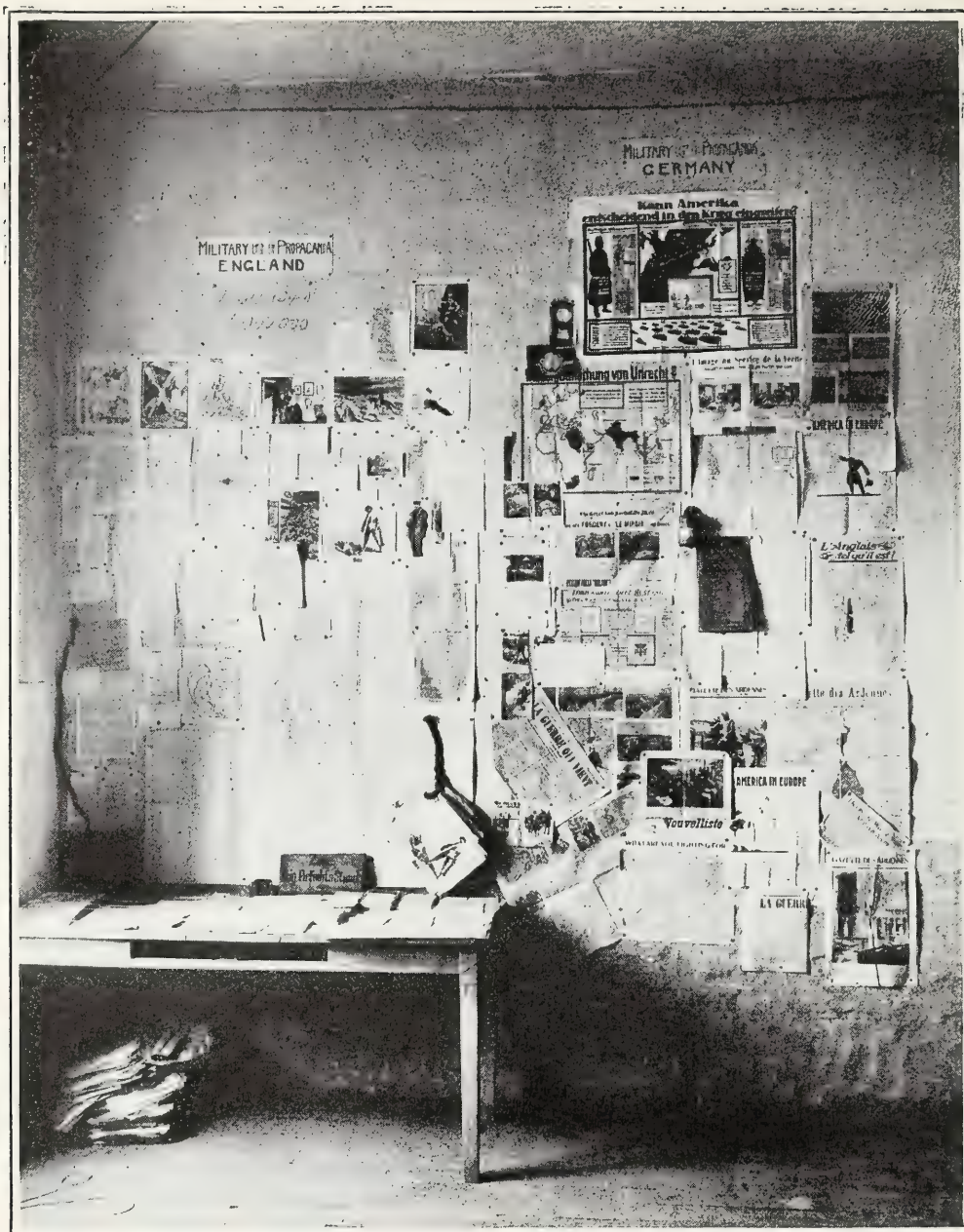
Hydrogen gas for propaganda balloons was hard to make, hard to transport, and was required first and foremost for the army's big observation balloons. The latter were frequently being burned by enemy planes and with every conflagration there vanished two hundred tubes of gas which might have been used for propaganda. With what ceaseless anxiety have I inquired after the health of those sausages, with what pleasure have I motored along the balloon line and counted them all safe aloft, only to call Air Headquarters a few hours later and be told, "Boche just got three." Three! Six hundred tubes! No gas for propaganda that week.

Small wonder that the propaganda project had to fight its way! Those were tense days at Chaumont. Generals stepped about, quick and preoccupied; the big court of the *caserne* was visited every minute by dusty M. D. S. riders on motorcycles, and the General's car with the four stars and the little flag swept in and off again. All talk was so

guarded that when one invaded the Battle Order Room for data on German divisions one had to prove at great length the necessity for such information. New officers were not welcome in G3's rooms, where the American troop maps were always boarded over with tall sliding doors.

On September 12th there was a lull. Then word raced round the corridors, each informant as portentously casual as he had been secretive before: "Attack got off on time this morning. Progress, I hear. No surprises yet." That night even generals relaxed, talked out loud in the corridors, smiled over despatches handed up by feverish juniors, and, stalking up to the fifteen-foot relief map of the old St.-Mihiel "hernia," took black crayon and slashed our new battle-lines across the tinted hills and dales, slashed the lines right up to Thiaucourt and across to Montsec and deep in at Dommartin. The next day the old familiar landmark of the western front, printed on so many million maps for so many months, had been blotted out, and by that same American army which Germany still declared could never exist because of U-boats. Our work instantly became pressing.

What follows must not be taken as a criticism of G. H. Q., but as a comical sidelight on the difficulties of undertaking a new thing in the midst of a battle. General Nolan, as well as Major James, was up at the front. The busy acting command at Chaumont quite naturally failed to appreciate a hurried exposition of the whole theory and practice of propaganda; requests for a car and orders to pursue the general were denied; requests for knowledge of his whereabouts, so that the telephone might be used, were met with the flat order to await his return at Chaumont. Therefore it was necessary to steal a car and, gloomily contemplating the certainty of court martial, to speed north, where after a day of pursuit General Nolan was buttonholed with his boot up ready to get into his car.



A GRAPHIC RECORD OF BRITISH AND GERMAN PROPAGANDA AT AMERICAN HEADQUARTERS

"General, the German papers are saying that St. Mihiel amounts to little, that they meant to get out of the salient anyway, that they lost nothing. The best thing we can do for the doughboys is to get the truth to every German soldier on our fronts. Just a newspaper cut of the map and these words, 'The salient held by the Germans for 4 years was taken by the Americans in 27 hours; 15,000 prisoners, 200 guns, 390 square kilometers captured.'" The general replied, "Telegraph that text to Paris; print half a million," and he was off.

Next at Air Service Advance Headquarters this judgment was encountered:

"Propaganda is all right, but it has no place during operations. Come back in the winter." The order was flat against visiting any squadrons, nevertheless it was necessary to motor to every aviation-field. It would be useful to find out what the American flier thought about it.

On the wide fields where the air thrilled with drumming throbs and rattling backfire shots as planes took off, circled for height, and streaked north in flights of fives, heavy with bombs, were boys like young Greek gods, with doublewings silvered on their breasts. Their matter-of-fact conversation was of casu-



AMERICAN AND FRENCH PROPAGANDA

At the time the photograph was taken, August, 1918, the American exhibit was as yet a blank

alties—how this comrade had crashed and the other had burned; chill talk to interrupt with proposals of new peril. Nevertheless, we talked it over—the Boche threats, the problematical usefulness, the technical difficulties—and on every field the verdict was the same, generally in words like these: “Damn good idea. I’d like to see Fritz reading the stuff. It will be a nuisance to carry them; they’ll get in the controls. Let’s see the major.”

As unsystematically as that the thing was inaugurated. Quick to see, pleased with a novelty, scornful of risk, the

American aviator saved the day. All credit goes to the squadron commanders and to those nameless fliers who week in, week out, cluttered up their machines with propaganda, on bombing flights, reconnaissance missions and artillery regulation, and in the evenings sometimes went up for joy-rides with only leaflets aboard, to hunt out the Boche in his lair and sell the papers for bullets.

On my return G. H. Q. seized on the *fait accompli* and gradually wrote it into system and orders. Major James unceasingly supplied what we most needed, the trained soldier’s knowledge of soldier

psychology. To this we had to add information on how the enemy regarded our leaflets. The direct answer to the first batch of mimeographed leaflets scattered near Richécourt was a riddle. Our patrols, stealthily visiting points near wire which they knew would be traversed by enemy patrols, had put down little piles of leaflets weighted with stones to prevent their blowing away. Revisiting the spots the next night, our patrols found the papers gone and in their place hand-grenades, left not as traps, but like a sort of receipt. To take the pulse of German morale there opened a new chapter of weeks spent in war cages, questioning every kind of prisoner, feeling for the fighting heart of him, and through him for the heart of a nation, to find out why it warred and what would slow it. On officer and private the arguments of propaganda were tested and retested. We learned what they called our leaflets, *Flugblaetter*, and what the officers thought of them, *verdamnte Flugblaetter*. We came to grips with the foe in a fashion impossible where bayonets and "potato-mashers" interfere; wrestled with him in argument, often bored, when he was an officer, to be met by the stale parrotings his government taught; when he was a private, often gratified to find him sick of the war, doubtful of his leaders, and passionately curious about America's war and peace.

Austro-Hungarian regiments were being thrown in before us, full of unwilling Czechs, Poles, and Croats, open to argument. German regiments near by contained Alsace-Lorrainers in tempting proportions. The whole scene, too, was shifting. The guns of St. Mihiel were still echoing when almost the whole American army stole out of the captured salient and swung west and north. The long roads from Flirey and Beaumont and Thiaucourt, white and silent in the daylight, awoke at night and were jammed like the Subway. A great feat of the war was taking place. Each day the "Yanks" camped in new woods, each night trod new roads; soon they

were in the Argonne and were allowed scarce a day's rest to peer around at Verdun and neighbor Le Mort Homme.

A little before the hour for our attack the German began his grand propaganda raid. He had been ballooning over to us for some months past the issues of *The Continental Times* and his illustrated *America in Europe*, which informed us that we were Albion's cat's-paws and France's secret hatred. He sent leaflets also. One began:

To the American Soldiers of German Descent:

Do you think it honorable to fight the country which has given birth to your fathers or forefathers? Do you think it honorable to fall upon any country after it has heroically defended itself for four years against a coalition of peoples tenfold its superior in numbers?

It ended:

Go and repent ere it is too late; we shall welcome every lost sheep that finds its way back to the herd.

Another began:

To the Colored Soldiers of the U. S. Army: Hallo, boys. What are you doing over here?

and went on to ask about the war for democracy in "the land of Jim Crow cars and lynchings," adding an invitation to come to Germany, "where they do like colored citizens," and where "they enjoy exactly the same social privileges as every white man, and quite a number of colored people have mighty [*sic*] fine positions in business in Berlin."

The Germans intended these for a sector full of negro troops, but dropped them the day after those troops were withdrawn, and *poilus* got the full benefit of English leaflets.

But on September 23d, and for weeks thereafter, every sector of our lines was raided by aeroplanes dropping matter of real import:

PEACE IN SIGHT

*Austria-Hungary has proposed to enter into
Negotiations of Peace*

Peace is close at hand.
Peace before Winter.
Peace, the yearning of all nations.

The German army's "strongly fortified positions were also in that leaflet and "peace by understanding."

Too late.

On September 26th our great barrage was laid down on Vauquois, Montfaucon, Forges; the A. E. F. hand began closing on the lying throat of Germany. We sent back America's answer; unemotional diagrams of the ever-mounting American troop shipments; the unsentimental war map; a few plain questions: "Will you ever again be as strong as you were in July, 1918? Will your opponents grow stronger or weaker?" Ahead of the doughboys, straining through the gassed Argonne, in picture and type, went our snow-storm of icy-meaning.

On many days the storm was pretty thin. Flying weather was bad; planes were overtaxed; the battle, as Germany in panic threw in divisions by the score,

became as savage and shocking as any ever fought. It was an earthquake of arms.

Calm thinking was difficult. We haunted headquarters maps at Rarecourt and Rampont, anxiously asking for "our line," and found commanding officers doing the same and falling on the necks of bundled-up aviators just landed with new glimpses of khaki outposts. High explosives fell as far back as Souilly. In the wake of the offensive Lieutenants Ifft and Griscom, with the balloon-sending trucks, made their way over shell-torn roads, sleeping in dugouts just vacated by the Boche, though not by his cooties, and, as like as not, cooking their mess some rainy night with strips of smokeless powder from a dump in an old artillery position, whether "Yank" or Boche they knew not. At Fromeréville the two came under heavy shell-fire and, being unused to it, stuck manfully to their job until a house near by collapsed in a whirlwind of noise and shards. They decided it was about time to order their men into dugouts, an unnecessary decision, for the men were already there. Fifty feet from this dugout a "big one" demolished another

THE FOLLOWING GENERAL ORDER
WILL BE COMMUNICATED TO THE WHOLE
AMERICAN ARMY.
(TRANSLATION).

G. H. Q.

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES.

General Order
No. 106.

Headquarters in France, 1. July 1918.

Subject :

TREATMENT OF PRISONERS
OF WAR.

1. The law of nature and of nations will be sacredly heeded in the treatment of prisoners of war. They will be accorded every consideration dictated by the principles of humanity. The behavior of a generous and chivalrous people toward enemy prisoners of war will be punctiliously observed. There will be no departure from this fixed rule of conduct unless the enemy by the mistreatment of American prisoners in his hands makes it necessary.

2. In strict compliance with The Hague Convention, prisoners of war will be restrained within fixed limits, but they will not be confined

Der ganzen amerikanischen Armee
wurde folgender Generalbefehl mitgeteilt.
(Übersetzung).

A. O. H.

Amerikanisches Operationsheer.

Generalbefehl
Nr. 106.

Stabsquartier in Frankreich, 1. Juli 1918.

Betrifft : Behandlung der
Kriegsgefangenen.

1° Natur- und Völkerrecht soll, was die Behandlung der Kriegsgefangenen betrifft, heilig gehalten werden. Jede von den Grundsätzen der Menschlichkeit erforderte Erleichterung soll ihnen gewährt werden. Dem Feinde gegenüber soll sich jeder, wie es sich gebührt, in ritterlicher und großmütiger Weise verhalten. Diese unabänderliche Verhaltensmaßregel duldet keine Ausnahme. Es sei denn, daß der Feind durch Mißhandlung der in seinen Händen befindlichen amerikanischen Kriegsgefangenen dieselbe notwendig macht.

2° In genauer Ausführung des Haager Abkommens, wird den Kriegsgefangenen ein bestimmter Internie-

house; from its debris they rescued a badly wounded soldier. On conveying him to the hospital at the edge of the town, they found it being evacuated and suffering from casualties of the hospital personnel. Their balloons traversed the air north of Verdun without mishap,

the German army did blindly fight. But its body, we were more and more convinced, was falling a prey to despair. How long would the desperate automations fight on? Through the winter? All spring? America caused the despair. Suppose America meant also hope.

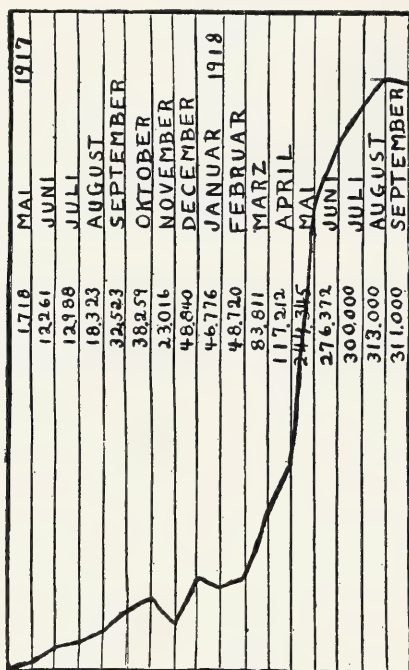
Would the automations rise against their masters?

It was in the press that I found the League of Nations speech of President Wilson; also the great speech for woman suffrage. It seemed as if the President had been standing with us in the cages, studying the Boche mind. No words could have been better timed, better put, than the speech of September 27th to vitalize German despair. It meant action, even the stony preamble that there could be no peace agreement with the German government. It meant peace: "The League of Nations must be . . . the most essential part of the peace settlement . . . no discrimination between those to whom we wish to be just and those to whom we do not wish to be just." Strong-

er than a call from Lenine, this speech would really stir the hardened soldier of the western front; for him the essential part went into a leaflet entitled, "The Way to Peace and Justice."

The rift, the first sure sign of a deep crack in German morale, appeared in this pregnant line in the Kaiser's rescript to Hertling, "I wish the German people to co-operate more effectively than hitherto in deciding the destinies of the Fatherland." Quickly atop of this, on October 4th, came the open cry to Wilson for an armistice.

The President answered and the whole propaganda war was lifted from the nibbling process, the patient pressure



Eine Statistik der Ankunft amerikanischer Truppen in Europa während des Krieges.

Im Mai 1917 befanden sich nur 1 718 amerikanische Soldaten in Frankreich. Es sind jetzt mehr als 1.900.000 in Frankreich, mehr als zehn Mal soviel Militärdiensttaugliche sind bereit, zu kommen, wenn es erforderlich ist.

(18)

A CHART SHOWING BY MONTHS THE ARRIVAL OF AMERICAN TROOPS IN EUROPE, FOR DISTRIBUTION OVER GERMAN LINES

excepting one, shot down by an inquisitive American gunner.

Patiently, as the cages of prisoners filled and emptied, the propaganda questioners probed and probed the German mentality. The best at this was a sergeant, grandson of that Friedrich Hecker who led the Baden revolution in '48, and fleeing to America became a northern colonel in the Civil War. From every kind of report it seemed, and we were skeptical of reports, that the German morale was going down faster than our troop commanders believed. "The devils fight as hard as ever," the colonels insisted. And to the last the strong skeleton of

with limited objectives, to the drive of national mind on mind. Diplomatic pundits in Paris warned against it, but the army seized on the President's revolution-making question which demanded if the Imperial Chancellor was "speaking merely for the constituted authorities of the Empire who have so far conducted the war." We put Germany's request and America's answer, bare of comment, on one sheet and winged it over.

The President's second reply, of October 14th, went flying after, with its thrilling words addressed to the German *people*, especially the last paragraph reminding Berlin of the Mount Vernon speech of July 4, 1918, which gave as a peace condition

the destruction of every arbitrary power everywhere that can separately, secretly, and of its single choice disturb the peace of the world. . . . The power which has hitherto controlled the German nation. . . . It is within the choice of the German nation to alter it.

The note added,

The President's words just quoted naturally constitute a condition precedent to peace, if peace is to come by the action of the German people themselves.

With that as a leaflet, we reached the "German people themselves" in the German army.

Those were days of suspense. We found in the mass of Intelligence Summaries paragraphs like these:

October 17th.

Enclosed leaflets taken from prisoners captured October 15th, one-half kilometer north of Romagne. They said that the leaflets were eagerly read by every one who could get hold of them and that the President's answer to Germany's note of October 4th was news to them.

Another, a field interrogation of officers of a division whose men had our leaflets hid in their cuffs, read:

Officers said, The propaganda which your aviators have dropped has given us no end of trouble. . . . When home on leave the men circulate these pamphlets. Civilians write

to men at the front begging them on the score of your propaganda to seize the first opportunity to desert.

We found more and more evidences of outbreak, more avowed Social Democrats among the prisoners, and among the Socialists men who cursed Scheidemann more bitterly than the Kaiser. We found mutineers.

Over on the Metz front we found a German division peculiarly ripe for the most direct propaganda; against it the astute and venturesome Capt. H. E. Osann attempted the only raid of its kind for which the American army had opportunity before the armistice. Osann was an old army man, of Belgian descent, speaking German like a Guards officer and knowing the German army, from word of command to unit insignia, as few American officers knew it. He was restless; only raids were going on on his front: No Man's Land there was a wide belt of woods and swamps, prowled by patrols of both armies, stealthy groups nosing for information, silently overpowering outposts when possible, or, if necessary, shooting for the sake of documents or shoulder-straps off corpses. Osann wanted to make a noise in No Man's Land, and with the approval of Col. Joseph Stilwell, always a propaganda enthusiast, he laid his scheme before us as follows:

"This is my funeral. All I want is forty thousand leaflets from you. That division is full of Alsace-Lorrainers. I know the names of scores of men in it. We'll drop special leaflets on them for a few days and after these have soaked in I'll take a patrol some night and get up to their wire and call to them: 'Don't shoot; I'm not going to shoot. Is Fritz Schneider there? I want to talk to him. Where is Willy Liebmann?'"

"You'll get a prompt answer—from machine-guns," I observed.

"Oh yes, but only a burst or two," Osann said. "They'll miss and there'll be a pause and I'll call more names. If I get somebody out there to argue with I'll send him back to bring his whole

battalion over. That outfit is rotten. We've raided them three times in one bit of woods recently; one raid got twenty-eight prisoners in forty minutes. The raiders were headed by five men speaking good German who set up a yell: 'Get out of here! What the hell are you sticking round for? You don't want to fight.' One of the privates who surrendered pointed out a dugout a hundred yards farther on and asked us to go down there and capture his officer. We did the whole thing without a casualty."

We sowed them with Osann's leaflets in French and German, addressed to Alsace-Lorrainers—simple statements of their case and what the victory of one side or the other would mean to them. Then on a quiet night Osann and a patrol of twelve stole along the railroad which ran into the enemy's lines before Dampvitoux. Alone, our John the Baptist made his way to within thirty yards of an observation post on the edge of a wired woods; boldly he set up his call. Not even a shot answered. After ten minutes he began again, "Men of the Sixty-first Regiment, listen." Then the patrol behind him commenced to hear voices; in the Boche trench a discussion was going on, guttural, but earnest. Again Osann shouted names he knew; in the silence the whole patrol could hear the footsteps of a man walking along the railroad track toward Osann.

"But he got cold feet and ran back, and we had to come away," Osann reported, disgustedly. "A few days later prisoners were taken on this front, every man with copies of the Alsace-Lorraine leaflet in his pockets. They were asked if they had noticed anything recently, in No Man's Land, at night. They answered, 'You mean the ghost?' A ghost had been heard, calling to soldiers by name. Their officers had made a report of the ghost to the *Kommando*. The prisoners' replies were solemnly insistent. For all I know the Command may have issued orders about it: 'In future ghosts will be met with five rounds of M. G. fire; angels with ten.'"

But up on the Argonne front American ambulances were coming back laden more heavily than ever. Our planes were dropping on the Germans what was known as the Commander-in-Chief's leaflet, and on our own troops General Pershing's call for every ounce of fighting energy. When the President took up the armistice with Foch we sent that over, too.

Perhaps this text will illustrate our task at the end, trying to unnerve the German machine-gunner with news of his latest disasters. This, written as the army began the great break-through to Sedan and the Montmédy-Mézières railroad, was dropped on the foe an hour before the event it described had time to go into effect in Italy.

Austria is out of the war.

The armistice, signed on the Allies' terms, went into effect at three o'clock, November 4th.

Turkey has capitulated, admitting the Allied fleets to the Dardenelles.

Germany is alone.

Do you know that your home newspapers openly admit it? That *Vorwaerts* said on October 28th, page 1:

"*The Capitulation of Austria* means our immediate exclusion from important sources of raw materials, WITHOUT WHICH A CONTINUATION OF THE WAR IS IMPOSSIBLE. It means not only that our last ally is leaving us, but much more; that its country will become an instrument of war in the hands of our enemies. IT MEANS THE ABSOLUTE END OF OUR ABILITY TO RESIST. There will be a moment of passionate excitement, and the cry for a last fight of despair will arouse some latent chords of our sensibilities. THEN WE MUST TELL OURSELVES THAT, ALTHOUGH WE HAVE THE RIGHT TO DIE OURSELVES, WE HAVE NOT THE RIGHT TO MAKE OTHERS DIE."

ALL THE WORLD KNOWS that the war has gone *kaput*.

GERMAN SOLDIERS, WHY DO THEY KEEP THESE THINGS FROM YOU?

Because old soldiers know how to save themselves when they know the war is lost.

By night, come over the lines by twos and threes.

By day, stay in your dugouts, and give yourselves up when you see —

THE AMERICANS.

How difficult was the task of such leaflets can be appreciated only by doughboys, who know how savagely certain German first-line troops fought even during the last weeks of war. On November 11th at eleven o'clock came the real zero hour.

When the great silence fell we had put three million leaflets over the German lines. What were the results? The question is as easy to answer, as sensible, as the query, "Who won the war?"

A serious estimate will be impossible for years. Who will venture, at this date, to calculate the part played in winning the war by a specified battery? Who will give the percentages of victory due to any arm of the service, the air service, for example, or the tanks, or even apportion credits between the different Allied armies, or between armies and navies? How much more difficult it is, then, to weigh imponderables, states of army morale, and the ideas which influenced them. As between the effects of leaflets and shells it must be noted that shell-fire worked in plainer view. It will be hard indeed to put a yardstick to results produced by leaflets picked up unobserved, pondered unobserved, and, even if acted on, probably denied by the German who surrendered. No soldier likes to admit that bits of paper caused his surrender. He prefers to cite shell-fire and the approaching bayonet, though it may have been a week before his capture, during secret perusal of a creased leaflet in billets, that he resolved, "When I go up this time it will be to face the Americans and this is where I quit."

Estimates of the effects of all Allied propaganda had best wait until the German High Command write their memoirs and German army orders are published. It will be interesting to compare reports from the German Military Intelligence, from their propaganda officers, and from their censorship of German soldiers' letters with the files of Allied leaflets. Allied Intelligence reports were filled with letters written by German soldiers before capture or by their

home-folks, whose expressions often paralleled the statements in our leaflets; often the letters referred directly to the *Flugblaetter* as the authoritative source of information. The credence given by German soldiers to our leaflets always surprised us. They took our figures and diagrams at face value; we had the German self-discredited press to thank for that.

To the long Allied propaganda campaign our shorter effort bore about the same proportion as did our combat forces to the whole Allied army; there was in it the same element of the decisive factor. After August the enemy General Staff issued and reissued stringent orders against reading *Flugblaetter* and advertised the pay offered for every Allied leaflet turned in. Hindenburg in September issued a long proclamation warning the nation against "the poisoned arrows" of Allied leaflets. German newspapers redoubled their warnings against passing around the leaflets at home.

In *The Kölnische Zeitung*, in the end of October, a "High Officer on the Western Front," analyzing the German military reverses, wrote:

What caused most damage was the paper war waged by our enemies, who daily flooded us with some hundred thousand leaflets, extraordinarily well arranged and well edited.

Such testimony is anything but decisive; for the German High Command, unlike the captured soldier, hunted very busily for explanations of disaster rather than an old-time military defeat. They liked to blame the "drum-fire of Northcliffe propaganda."

No such reservation, however, attaches to German secret orders captured by the Allies, such as Ludendorff's order in August that the kits of German soldiers going home on leave be first searched for concealed bombs and other revolutionary matter, and such as this, dated the day after Vienna published the peace offer which America scorned:

DIVISION HEADQUARTERS,
September 16, 1918.

Divisional Order

The latest peace manifesto carries with it

the great danger of weakening the fighting determination of our troops. . . .

Among the men the idea is not infrequently met with that any resistance will now only have the effect of prolonging the war, and that the quicker we yield ground the sooner we will have peace. This despicable and highly treasonable point of view must be countered with severity, and, at the same time, with sound reasoning. . . .

The men must be influenced, in a serious but kindly manner, to use their weapons in order to withstand the enemy's attacks; in case of necessity, however, they must be compelled by iron discipline and force to resist the enemy. It must never be allowed to happen that strong detachments should be captured by the enemy close in front of our own lines without any noise of fighting being heard, or that a hostile attack, made almost without artillery support, should meet with success and cost us numerous prisoners. . . .

This work of instructing officers and men and of winning them over is now the most important duty of all officers.

[Signed] HAGENBURG.

After the armistice, Chaumont made no effort to collect evidence of the effects of our propaganda. The following are notes from reports which came casually to my attention. One was from a translation of a letter from a revolutionary leader in Berlin, detailing the rising there, dated November 29th:

Successes in the field always gave rise to the most acute apprehension, since we were all certain that nothing but defeat could bring about upheavals. . . .

The Independents relied solely upon private soldiers and sailors. Innumerable letters recently received from the front testified to the revolutionary spirit which prevailed there.

In an American divisional summary of January 28, 1919, will be found this, from the interrogation of S——, a demobilized German infantryman:

One of the things that made a great impression on the German soldiers and which, S—— believes, helped to shorten the war, was the propaganda dropped by American planes. . . . Despite orders, the soldiers continued to obtain the papers. Many sent them home to their families.

This is from a conversation in the occupied region, held with L——, artillery lieutenant, who had served six years in the German army: he is described as "an admirer of Ludendorff:

I can only talk as a soldier at the front, but there its [propaganda's] effects were disastrous, and especially so in the last six months. Even the little *Flugblaetter*, after you read them you imagined you read the truth, that our government was lying to us. I remember one, after I read it, I felt like blowing my brains out. I never let one of our men read them—but it was difficult—they were everywhere.

Finally Ludendorff was quoted by a spokesman in February of this year as laying the heaviest blame on "Secretary Baker's letter to President Wilson about American troop shipments," dropped as a leaflet by our Allies in July, saying, "This caused the widest discouragement in our armies." Ludendorff's judgment is discredited, but I think he is right as long as he lays most blame on "American troops!"

When future historians reckon the causes which forced an armistice in November, and weigh the French, British, and American blows, the Eastern collapse, Bolshevik infection, and the President's notes, they may deem it not amiss to include evidence on the following minor question. Ludendorff, we know, vibrated in September and October between decisions to fight and to quit; in November the General Staff wavered between orders to sign and not to sign. In deciding not to attempt repression at home and a withdrawal to a new front on the Rhine, were the Germans at all swayed by the consideration that, on that vital Meuse hinge where they had piled up forty divisions in vain against Pershing's attack, there was also a machinery which could and would inevitably tell every German soldier why there was no armistice, why there were bloody riots at home, exactly why and for whom Germans were still asked to die?

THE TRAIL THAT IS ALWAYS NEW

BY FANNIE HEASLIP LEA

THIS is the story of Sally Gaines, of whom it used to be said, in a certain part of Virginia, that she was the best little girl in town and that she could make a perfect angel-cake, by her grandmother's recipe, at the tender age of seven—also that if she ever did anything she shouldn't, she was never found out in it, and that her mother would never raise her because she looked so like a creature of another world, a better one.

She had long gold curls, of course, and eyes of a heavenly darkness, set about with almost incredible eyelashes. When she smiled, you thought with regret of the beggar to whom you had refused a nickel the day before, because you were in a hurry; it was that kind of a smile—filled with ineffable wistfulness.

Her mother did raise her, however, to the eventual exquisite distress of about every second young man in the county, and when Sally was just eighteen that same mother married her off, gently but with a perceptible firmness, to Major Mark Kerrigan, down from Fort Hamilton on leave, who was all too obviously clean out of his head, poor man!—as a result of Sally's eyelashes and her angel-cake and her air of trusting innocence.

It was a beautiful wedding—six bridesmaids, and all the groomsmen in uniform. Sally's mother gave her two-thirds of the family silver, delicate stuff worn thin with time and many years of polishing. The veil, which Major Kerrigan put back from the bride's small uplifted face after the ceremony, was rose-point and had been brought over by Sally's great-great-grandmother from England. There was an organist down from Washington, who played "Oh, Perfect Love" during the signing of the

register; and the groom's gift to the bride was a string of pearls, with a little diamond clasp in the shape of a heart.

That Major Kerrigan, a fine, upstanding figure of a man, was thirty-six to Sally's eighteen lingered comfortably in Mrs. Gaines's mind merely as an earnest of her daughter's well-being in the future. She herself had been married at fifteen, which was the romantic antebellum way of the South, to Judge Gaines, already at thirty-seven a great man in his community; and she had never known an unhappy day with him—therefore . . .

The night before the wedding there was a party at which most of the groomsmen and ushers, not omitting the groom, became pleasantly exhilarated. This also was according to custom and offended no one. But about the latter part of the evening Sally, who was growing a little sleepy and who wearied of dancing, slipped away from the house and down to the sunken rose-garden which lay at the foot of the terrace. There was no moon, but the sky was alive with stars. Many a night she had seen it so, and now, for a time at least, she was to see it no more. Who knows? She may only have wanted to say good-by to her sisters, the Duchesse roses. In any case—

Through the dark she went, and past the cypress-vine beside the low stone steps. She felt her way very softly, but when she came to the clump of white roses (that stood beside the first sharp turn in the path, once you had entered the garden) she bent her face to the masses of wet, pale bloom and caught her breath in a little shaken sound that might have been a laugh or a sigh—or a sob.

It was not, however, a signal, though it had all the appearance of one, to a darker more definite shadow a bit off the path beside her.

Sally did not see him till he had his arms about her—did not hear him till his voice was drawling pleasantly in her ear—barely touched him with two startled and fluttering white hands, before he had kissed her. It was not, at that, an impersonal sort of kiss.

His arms were close and strong about her shoulders, but strangely gentle; his cheek was warm against her own; his lips brushed her eyelids before, with a low half-laugh of triumph, they found her mouth—

"Trix, you darling . . .!" he said in the most masterful drawl in the world. There was something about his voice—

Trix was the second bridesmaid, an arrant flirt, and the prettiest girl in Roanoke, from which delectable spot she had come to help Sally get married.

Sally struggled, of course, notwithstanding which he managed to kiss her a second time before she wrenched her small self free.

And the second kiss was, if anything, less impersonal than the first. Also, freedom was to a certain extent delayed by the tangling of a strand of Sally's soft hair about the crossed guns on his collar.

Obviously, Trix had been making eyes at one of the groomsmen. It was a game at which she bore no negligible reputation.

"It isn't Trix," said Sally, in a small, half-stifled voice. "It's me—Sally Gaines. Will you please let me go—at once!"

There was, of course, a silence, fraught with a number of things. Presently the masterful drawl began again, a little less masterful, naturally, full of sincere surprise, touched with apology, and touched also, if the truth were told, with a certain audacious humor.

"I do beg your pardon. I'm sorry—"

"That only makes it worse, doesn't it?" asked Sally, plaintively.

She moved her head.

"Here—! Please! You'll hurt yourself. . . ." he begged, instantly.

"It hurts right now," murmured Sally.

He made a nervous business of disentangling the fragrant web.

"Your hair smells like lilacs," he observed, tentatively.

"How nice!" said Sally.

She was not being worldly nor callous nor wise—she was only playing the only game she knew, in the only way she knew, as generations of pretty women, her pampered forebears, had handed it down to her.

The fragrance of dew-wet roses—than which there is no whiter magic in the world—hung in the air. The night was still as a dream and the stars were legion. Little soft winds went whispering over the rose-bushes. Up in the big, white-pillared house at the top of the terrace where Sally had been born, and where she had lived for all of her seventeen lovely uncaring years, there were lights, and people were dancing. The sound of violins and 'cellos came down to the rose-garden softly; like something heard, uncertain, and half forgotten.

"I'm afraid you've got yourself caught rather badly," commented the voice above Sally's head. "I'm awfully sorry!"

"Cut it," said Sally, gently.

"Oh no! That would be a shame—"

"Haven't you got a knife?"

"Of course I've got a knife."

"Well," Sally reminded him, "I've got to go back to the house. I can't stand here all night like this. . . . Besides, I've lots of hair—it doesn't matter." She made a shadowy gesture of decision. "You were expecting—some one—weren't you, anyhow?" she finished, sweetly.

"I was—but I'm rather hoping now nobody'll come."

Sally broke into a little-girl laugh of exquisite mischief.

"Cut me loose, then!"

He produced a small pocket-knife, opened it, fingered it reluctantly—

"You've got such wonderful hair—it seems a shame—"

"We can't very well go back to the house and ask somebody to untangle us, can we?"

He admitted that it didn't seem feasible.

"And I'm getting awfully tired, standing sideways like this—"

"You poor little thing! I'm a brute—not to have thought—"

"And, besides," said Sally, pathetically, "I don't even know which one you are . . . the long one, from Georgia—or the thin one, from New York—or the very shy one—"

"I'm Mark's third or fourth cousin, Jim Kerrigan—"

"Oh—well, even if you are—"

He lifted the sacrificial knife in reverent fingers. "Give me the piece I cut?"

"Yes, Cousin Jim," said Sally, innocently.

"Put your head down, then, and keep very still—"

She thought he was making a lengthier business of it than he need have done. She stood with her pretty head resting ever so lightly against his shoulder, and once, just at the end of that extraordinary moment, she thought she felt his lips on her hair. Her heart was beating rather heavily. She could feel that his was, too.

"Hurry, please!" said Sally, in a sudden inexplicable panic. Her soft voice shook a little.

"It's all right," said Mark's third or fourth cousin, Jim Kerrigan, and released her very gently. Then he stood looking down at her through the darkness and smoothing something around his forefinger.

"It's a sort of reddish gold, isn't it?" he asked, softly. "Next time I see you—after to-morrow, of course—it'll probably be a discreet and married brown. Seems rather a shame, doesn't it?"

"Suppose you take me back to the house," Sally suggested, airily. "Then you can look for Trix—and I can slip

away to bed. I'm awfully sleepy, and—I'm going to be married to-morrow."

"Seems rather a shame—" he said again.

"Are you coming?" asked Sally. And so they went.

The rose-garden lay lovely and silent behind them. Sally, like a little Lot's wife, in white tulle and silvery laces, turned once, at the edge of the terrace, and flung it a dreaming glance.

"I wanted to say good-by to my roses," she sighed. "You know—I was born here. . . ."

"Let me make a wish for you!" said the man beside her in that oddly pleasant drawl of his. He laid his hand on her slim white arm and held her, smiling wistfully, just a moment, back in the shadows, away from the lamp-light and laughter of the beckoning house.

"May you have roses wherever you go," he said, very low—"and if you go too far for that—may you find your way back to them!" Then he began to laugh a little, and took away his hand. "That's a good wish," he said—"if you only knew! All right—we go home now. Aren't you going to give me even one dance—before you run away?"

"I'm too sleepy," said Sally. "I'll see you to-morrow—at my wedding."

She left him, at the foot of the staircase, widening her eyes at him when she said good night, in the exact manner of an adorably drowsy child.

"Don't tell any one where I've gone," she begged.

"I sha'n't," said Jim Kerrigan, gravely.

He stood very straight and tall in his white uniform, with a first lieutenant's single bar upon his shoulders. His brown hair was smooth and shining; he had a clean and, at the moment, unsmiling young mouth. There was something about his eyes, as there was something about his voice—something that appealed while it compelled. . . .

"Good night," said Sally, softly.

He answered her more softly still:

"You mean good-by. . . ."

And the next time he saw her she was coming down those same broad, stately stairs, with her arms full of white roses and her great-great-grandmother's rose-point veil before her shining eyes.

At which point the story of Sally Gaines skips seven years or so. They do that sort of thing very neatly in the moving-pictures: "ten years later" announces a passionless cut-in; the heroine flickers into sight in a different gown—and there you are! Life, unhappily, is not so simple. We give or we get with each pitiless year that breaks over our heads—give what we wanted most of all to keep, and get, nine times out of ten, the thing we thought to have no use for. Which isn't saying the game isn't worth the candle. However . . .

Upon a lazily beautiful morning in October, about seven years later, Jim Kerrigan (Major now, by the grace of God and the exigencies of the War Department) stood on the dock in Honolulu and watched the transport *Sherman* come into port. He had watched a good many transports come into port in his time, and the thing had no especial charm for him. Moreover, he was waiting for a man whom he had no insatiable desire to see—a man who bored him, but to whom he owed certain perfunctory courtesies, and of whom he was thinking, at the moment, with something less than pleasure. The sky was extraordinarily blue, with powder-puff clouds drifting over the mountains back of the town. The harbor waters were green as jade—but the soul of any harbor is the ship that comes into it, and Kerrigan regarded the *Sherman* with disinterested eyes.

"It's the most hopeless nuisance," he was thinking to himself.

He scowled at the sunlight, which was brighter than he liked, and thoughts of a cool, gray, overcast morning flashed across his mind with a certain desirability—they sometimes do in the semitropics.

By the time the gang-plank of the *Sherman* touched the dock he had ad-

mitted to himself an absolute dread of the long and undoubtedly reminiscent hours that loomed before him, which dread was unfounded, after all. The man he had come down to meet wasn't on board. Kerrigan found it out inside of five minutes' efficient research. He lingered on deck, after that, feeling like a man reprieved from hanging. And on deck, with the despised sunlight about her like a cloak, he came upon Sally Gaines.

Some one beside him said:

"Well, good-by, Mrs. Kerrigan—" and Kerrigan turned, very naturally, having no wife, and knowing his name when he heard it.

She stood, with one hand on the back of a steamer-chair, the other in the clasp of the officer who had said, "Well, good-by, Mrs. Kerrigan—" and she was no more like the little Sally Gaines whom Kerrigan had kissed that night in the sunken rose-garden than a violet in a flower-shop is like the wild ones you find on the edges of streams in a southern February.

She was delicately pretty, of course; she was well turned out in the matter of clothes and grooming; beneath the edge of her small and adroitly simple hat her hair was still a lovely reddish gold; she had the charming, even coloring of a Dresden shepherdess—but her smile was only skin-deep, and her eyes were hard.

"As hard as nails," thought Kerrigan, astoundedly. "Good Lord! . . . what has she done to herself?"

But he put out both hands with a smile of his own—

"Sally Gaines!" he said, quickly.

Mrs. Kerrigan turned, the color flaming across her face. . . .

"That's real, at least," thought Kerrigan.

And they shook hands, while the man who had spoken her name at first drifted away to another group.

"It isn't really you?" said Kerrigan.

"Why not? And are you sure it's you?" she countered, coolly.

"I'm Jim Kerrigan—"

"I'm Sally Gaines—Kerrigan—"

"How long has it been?"

She smiled in a prettily perfunctory way. "Seven years, more or less."

"It seems absurd," said Kerrigan. "You can't be—"

"But I am—seven years older, if that's what you wish to convey. Don't bother to put it nicely. Time is all hand-of-steel and very little velvet-glove, in the Philippines."

"Is that where you've been?"

"The last four years—I'd no idea you were stationed here."

"Been here since June. Four years?" Kerrigan looked a certain bewilderment. "How did that happen? Three is the regular length of time—"

"My husband died—at the end of his third year out there. I'm just going back to the States, now. . . ."

"I see," Kerrigan muttered. "Poor old Mark! I'm sorry—"

"Thank you," said Sally, evenly. She looked off over the jade-green water, across the masts of ships, thin-etched against the sky, across the low-hung dusty roofs of other wharves. Her eyes were clear and cold.

"Whom are you with?" asked Kerrigan, abruptly.

"No one."

"What did you mean to do to-day? You don't sail, you know, till five o'clock this evening."

"Nothing."

"Oh, good Lord!"

"Nothing," she repeated, smiling.

"Come ashore with me, then!"

She looked him over languidly. There was a very thorough knowledge of men, women, and affairs in the eyes of this new Sally.

"Do you promise to keep me amused?"

"I promise to try," averred Kerrigan, who was accustomed to a rather more facile acceptance of invitations when he condescended to make them.

"It isn't necessarily the same thing," said Sally. "Still—"

"I've got my car over yonder. We

might go up to the Country Club for lunch. I'd run you out to Haleiwa, but I'm afraid there isn't time. Then we might get in a swim, this afternoon."

"I'm not awfully keen about swimming," mused Sally.

"Surfing?" Kerrigan exclaimed. "You'd be crazy about it. . . ."

Curiously, his interest mounted as he felt her slipping away from him. There was such an unbelievable aloofness in the curving of her lips, so much of weariness in her lovely eyes. Even the movements of her small, sunburnt hands were listless and without spontaneity.

"Oh, very well," she said at last. "Suppose we do. You'll have me back in time this afternoon?"

Kerrigan promised.

She fetched a gray-leather bag and a gray steamer-coat.

"It's really rather nice to see you again."

"Which is," said Kerrigan, thoughtfully, "the first personal remark you have addressed to me—after seven years."

"Almost a second Jacob, aren't you?" said Sally, unkindly.

It was after twelve when they came to the Country Club and to the intimate little table, set in a corner of the wide lanai, facing the mountains, for which Kerrigan's hurried and explicit telephoning had provided.

There were a few other people lunching there, golfers mostly; a woman or so—no one of any visible importance.

"Let's see what we want to eat," Kerrigan suggested, lightly, "then we can go back and begin again where we left off, seven years ago—beside a big white rosebush, wasn't it?"

It was a lead not many women would have disdained. Sally met it with lifted eyebrows and the flicker of a smile.

"Did you ever find Trix?" she wondered. "And what was it all about? I meant to find out next day . . . but what with the wedding and all that. . . . Trix was a cunning thing, wasn't she? She married a man from Georgia. How did that happen?"

Kerrigan grinned unexpectedly above the luncheon-card. "How should I know?"

"Weren't you in love with her?"

"Not that I remember."

"But you kissed—"

"It wasn't Trix I kissed," he reminded her, pleasantly.

"Still, after all," said Sally, no less pleasantly, "it's the intention that counts, isn't it? You meant it for Trix—or so one gathered." She turned a delicate profile while the waiter came and went.

"I fancy Trix slew her thousands," Kerrigan observed, a little later.

"I dare say she did. I've always been sorry she didn't include you that night."

"What d'you mean?" inquired Kerrigan, busy with his grape-fruit.

"Why, it was too bad she shouldn't have known, wasn't it? That you surrendered. There's always a certain satisfaction in seeing the man—"

"Oh, good Lord!" said Kerrigan, in his accustomed phrase. "I wonder if you realize—"

"How hard I've gotten? Yes," said Sally Gaines, "I realize it perfectly. May I have the salt? I haven't eaten fresh celery in months."

They looked at each other across the little table, with its flaming hibiscus flowers, its green-and-white china, and its stiffly clean cloth, until one pair of eyes darkened and turned away.

That pair was not Sally's.

"May I have the salt?" she repeated, in a plaintive monotone.

Outside the shadow of the club-house roof, green turf stretched far and smooth in the sunlight. Back of the turf rose hills, stark and bronze, beneath a mist of young trees. The sky hung brazenly clear, and away from the hills the valley ran gently to the sea.

"It's really a lovely place, isn't it?" suggested Sally, hands linked on the table before her, eyes tiredly amused, mouth wary. . . .

"Listen!" said Kerrigan, abruptly. "Let's stop all this fencing and come

down to cases. We've only got two or three hours, at best, before your boat sails. What's the good of frittering it away as if I were going to see you again at a dance to-night, or go swimming with you to-morrow. I haven't seen you in seven years—I might not see you again for seven more—"

"And much you'd care if you didn't, so why the melodramatics?" inquired Sally, sweetly. She brushed the back of his hand with one sophisticated fingertip, and smiled into his annoyed eyes.

"You're changed—you're absolutely different—" Kerrigan broke out sharply.

"You know nothing at all about it," said Sally, "having known me just one night—seven years ago, at that."

"You were the sweetest, most unworldly child—"

"What am I now?"

She was not looking at him, but at the tracery she was weaving on the tablecloth with one faintly pink finger-nail.

"You're a mighty pretty woman," said Kerrigan, slowly, "but hard as—ice."

"Or nails," said Sally, stifling a curious little smile. "Why don't you say nails? It's what you're thinking—and it's what I am."

"I'm not so sure of that. Ice melts. Nails don't."

"You think I might melt, under auspicious circumstances?" The curl of her lip was not encouraging.

"I keep remembering—"

"Please don't!" said Sally, brusksly. "I wish you wouldn't."

They finished the meal in comparative silence. When they were once more in Kerrigan's low-slung roadster, he faced her resolutely.

"Sally—I want to talk to you. I'm going to take you over on the other side of the island, to a little beach I know, where you won't see a soul but the sand-crabs—and where—well, where we can talk. I've got to know about you—or wish I'd never seen you—one of the two—"

"You cherish your peace of mind, don't you?" she asked him, without a vestige of interest. "You'll get me back in time for my boat, of course?"

Kerrigan said that he would. He drove her at a rather reckless speed over the Pali and down the winding shadow-flecked road on the other side.

"It's extraordinary scenery," he observed in passing, "but I dare say you're fed up with that sort of thing."

Sally said that she was.

They came at last to Kerrigan's beach, a strip of ivory sand melting into a lazy and murmurous sea of a fairy-tale blue. Back of the beach, fringing it, in fact, were wild almond-trees, thick set with wide, dark, shining, crimson-edged leaves. And back of the almond-trees, back of the empty road, back of the empty world, were mountains—naked and dark and grim.

"We're only about an hour out of town, but we might as well be east of the sun and west of the moon," said Kerrigan, quietly.

He took Sally down upon the beach and spread a rug for her to sit on; flung himself down beside her. The sunlight struck odd gleams of bronze from his bared dark head. His mouth was older but no less clean than the mouth of that young Jim Kerrigan who had said good-by to Sally the night before her wedding, seven years ago. When he spoke, it was the same compelling drawl, only Sally did not look at him now. She was twisting a bit of dry seaweed—twisting it between small, shaking fingers—and her eyes were busy with the far horizon.

"Sally," said Kerrigan, very gently, "go on—tell me about it!"

"What do you want to know?" asked Sally.

"Who did it?"

"He did."

Kerrigan swore softly beneath his breath. "Not Mark—not your husband!"

She looked at him straight, with eyes from which the last of the old, sweet, childish Sally seemed gone forever.

"You knew him. You must have known what he was like—"

"Why he drank a bit, of course," said Kerrigan, reluctantly. "He was decent enough when he was sober—"

"Exactly," said Sally. "Well, he was almost never sober—that was all—the last four years. For that matter"—her voice steadied itself with difficulty—"he was—drunk—the night of my wedding-day. I—I didn't begin—very happily. And the tropics—finished it. They do . . . of course . . . for that sort—of man." She tore the piece of seaweed across and threw it away. "I've always remembered *you*," she added, folding her hands tightly together in her lap, "because you were the last clean, decent, *young* thing in my life—before I belonged to him."

"What a shame—what a rotten shame!" said Kerrigan, presently.

"Yes—wasn't it?" said Sally. She added, in a voice from which youth had somehow curiously departed: "It was such a waste, you see—apart from any other consideration, because I think I should have made him a good wife—with half a chance. All the women of my family have been good wives. There's never been a divorced woman in the lot . . . which made it a little bit worse for me . . . because I couldn't tell them anything—at home. I had to stick it out, by myself. . . ."

"You mean they don't know—"

"Didn't know," she corrected him, quietly. "My mother died two years ago. She used to write him the most beautiful letters in her pretty, old-fashioned handwriting, beginning 'My dearest son—'" A quiver passed over the soft chin, the dark eyes closed for an instant. "She'd have wanted to kill him with her two hands," said Sally, unsteadily—"if she'd known what he did for *me*. You see—I was the youngest—She used to call me her—baby—"

"Sally—!" The name broke from Kerrigan almost like a groan. He caught her clenched fingers in his—

"Please don't!" said Sally, tiredly.

"I don't want to cry. It doesn't get you anywhere. I've done enough of it."

She freed her hand with a hard little laugh.

"I've done all the crying I'm ever going to do," said Sally Gaines, "for any man. After he died I stayed out there a year—one whole, long, endless year, pulling myself together—to go back into my old world. There was a woman—You know Mrs. Shaffer?"

"I know the colonel," said Kerrigan.

"Well—I lived with them, this last ten months. I wasn't very well—just at first. She wouldn't let me go back. She's the sweetest woman in the world. She made me sleep and eat, and that's all that—"

"God bless her!" said Kerrigan, very low.

Sally drew a long breath, setting her teeth together hard.

"Maybe an older woman might have been able to make it come out right—I couldn't," she said. "I—I was too desperately frightened—and unhappy—at first. Afterward—he took a sort of dislike to me—when he was drinking. And when we got out to the Philippines—the place seemed to—to draw out that side of him."

"Drinking?" said Kerrigan, grimly.

"And women," said Sally. The word left her lips with an unutterable distaste.

"I don't see how he got away with it," the man beside her offered, slowly—"considering his rank—"

"Oh, he was careful enough!" said Sally. "People knew, of course—but it wasn't a conspicuous fact—unless you happened to be living with him—as I was. . . ."

"Don't!" said Kerrigan, sharply.

"Why not?" asked Sally. She smiled faintly. Then she unbuttoned the sleeve of her thin white blouse and pushed it up above the elbow. There was a ragged, triangular scar, where the soft arm rounded to the shoulder.

"He threw a spur at me one night—"

Kerrigan got to his feet and walked away from her. He stood when he came

to the nearest wild almond, looking out to sea, his arms tightly folded.

"Come back!" said Sally, presently. "I've finished. I'm not going to harrow your feelings any further. I shouldn't have told you, of course—it wasn't very sporting of me—but you asked, didn't you?"

Kerrigan came back and knelt down upon the sand before her, taking her two chilly little hands in his.

"Curse him!" he said, huskily. . . .

"And that, like crying," said Sally, wearily, "gets one nowhere. He's dead, you see—he died quite respectably of pneumonia—a queer thing to have in the tropics—wasn't it? His heart wouldn't stand it—"

She smiled when Kerrigan put his lips to her fingers.

"Now you," she said, pleasantly. "What have you been doing—since you wished me roses wherever I went—I've often thought of that. . . . My father's living with my eldest sister, in Richmond, you know. The old place is rented—to some very rich man from up North. The rose-garden is probably beautifully taken care of—which it never was in my time—and I'm sure the house is steam-heated. Do you remember the big open fireplaces—"

"Sally," said Kerrigan, "are you afraid to look at me?"

Sally lifted dark eyes, burning. "I hate sympathy. You're sorry for me—but you are not to say so. I forbid it. I don't know why I told you—anything—except that you're—kinfolks . . . sort of . . . and seeing you, like this . . ."

Her voice broke over the homely phrase, broke and steadied again.

"Please help me up! I'm sure it's time for us to be starting back—"

Kerrigan got up, helped her to her feet, and put both arms about her.

"Sally—you told me because I made you—" He caught her two small hands that were fending him off, and held them close against his heart. "You told me because you've never forgotten—"

Sally laughed. It was the merest ner-

vous ripple. He dropped her hands and stood away from her instantly.

The sunlight fell through the branches of the wild almond-trees and made a broken pattern on the sand. The sea was smooth as silk. It purred, in the silence, like all the cats of a sleeping world.

"What time is it, if you please?" asked Sally, smoothing her hair.

Kerrigan looked at his watch. His eyes were inscrutable.

"Just half past three—anything you want to do in town?"

"Nothing, thank you."

"Then we've plenty of time. Got all your belongings?"

"I think so."

"Suppose we move on, then."

They went back to the car, and spoke very little on the way in to town.

Once Kerrigan apologized for the road.

"It doesn't matter," said Sally, "and I've had a wonderful day—really." Later she asked him, thoughtfully, "Shall you be out here, for long?"

"Probably two or three years," said Kerrigan, evenly, "unless we go into the war, in which case, with any sort of luck, I might get to France."

"Do you think we shall go in?"

"God knows—I hope so!" said Kerrigan, curtly.

They crossed the Pali and drove through the town, drowsing in afternoon warmth; the dock was crowded, overhung with a lucent haze of dust.

"It looks rather hot and dusty and uninteresting after your beautiful beach—doesn't it?" Sally suggested, languidly.

Kerrigan said, carefully, his hand steady on the wheel, his eyes on the street ahead:

"Let's get away from here, then! I'll drive you up the Diamond Head road. You can watch the transport off from there—"

"And then what?" inquired Sally, mockingly.

"Then," Kerrigan told her, without the flicker of an eyelash, "we could come back into town and be married."

"Are you proposing to me, Jim?"

"To the best of my ability," said Kerrigan.

"Why?" asked Sally, curiously.

"Do you want me to tell you, here and now?"

She nodded, the glimmer of a smile in her sideways look.

"All right," said Kerrigan, "the spot's a bit public, but it's up to you. I love you—I want you to—"

A flame of color swept the face at his shoulder; Sally's smile vanished, from eyes suddenly blinded.

"Please—please!" she begged. . . . Then, with an exquisite break in her voice, "Oh, Jim—*do* you?"

Kerrigan said nothing more. He sat with one hand clenched tight upon the rim of the wheel, his own eyes steady upon his long, brown fingers.

"All my clothes are on the boat," said Sally, at last, in a small, shaken voice.

"I'll buy you some clothes," drawled Kerrigan, without looking up.

"And my money—"

"*His* money—you'd never need that any more—thank God!"

People and machines slid past them. Sally's hand stole up, tight clenched, to lie above her heart—where the ice was breaking.

"Jim," she whispered—"you don't know what you're doing. Suppose I cared—suppose I—"

"Look at me!" said Kerrigan, very low.

When she lifted her heavy lashes he closed his hand about the hand upon her breast—the ice was going fast!

"Little Sally Gaines," he said, passionately quiet, "you were mine all along—only we didn't know it—"

Sally stifled a sob.

"I dreamed about you that night—oh, the nights I've dreamed about you!" All at once she turned her hand within his hold, opening it, palm to palm with an ineffable gesture of surrender.

"Which way," she inquired, youngly, "is the Diamond Head road?"

And her eyes were the eyes of the girl in the rose-garden.

JITNEYING IN THE BERKSHIRES

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

I AM aware that the title of this article is an outrage. Its collocation of opposites amounts to profanity. The association of the cheapest form of speed with one of the most distinguished of American solitudes is at least an incongruity. One might indeed plead the example of the immortal author of *Innocents Abroad*, who visited various European shrines in a similar cursory manner, "doing" St. Peters and Jerusalem alike with a time-schedule in his hand, and ticking off show-places and celebrities with the like irreverent rapidity. But then to Mark Twain all things are very properly forgiven. And perhaps, too, to have loved and lost the Berkshires in a jitney is better than never to have seen the Berkshires at all. Doubtless the Artist and I, who are neither of us dead to all esthetic feelings, would have preferred to have traveled through the Berkshires by stage-coach, or, better still, to have loitered through them, knapsack on shoulder and hickory stick in hand. Of course, to walk through them thus at one's leisure is the proper way. The silence that is among the lonely hills is hardly to be appreciated, it may naturally be thought, on the fly. To any such slow, solemn growths of Time—or, one should rather say, Eternity—as Greylock one should bring a like deliberate contemplativeness of observation, a Wordsworthian slowness and depth of emotional acknowledgment; for anything that has taken so long to make, whether it be the hills and lakes of Westmoreland, or the hills and lakes and rivers of the Berkshires, or be it merely some quiet masterpiece of man's own patient, prayerful art, is not rightly to be enjoyed and honored in one

swift tasting moment. All the same, it is not possible to devote the lifetime each deserves to the many masterpieces of God and man with which the world is enriched, and even a rapid glance at some of them may bring a harvest to the eye and the spirit neither so negligible nor so disrespectful as, at first sound, may seem. A glimpse of sublimities sometimes caught from a rapidly moving train has often a value that lasts a lifetime, something of the phantasmagoric intensity of swift-changing dreams. It is equally possible to look too long at lovely and noble things, and here perhaps also the half is sometimes better than the whole.

Such an *apologia* I would make, such a tentative justification, for "doing" the sacred Berkshires in a jitney. And I would add that the trip was made more for the fun of a *tour de force* than from any lack of understanding that the way Bryant and Longfellow and Holmes and Hawthorne and Thoreau knew the Berkshires—not by jitney—is, of course, the only real way. Some day I promise myself to know Monument Mountain and Icy Glen, the Stockbridge Bowl, Green River, October Mountain, and the rest, the way they knew them, to climb the hills I only gazed at from my seat on our thundering sight-seeing monster, and to know the Hoosac and Housatonic Rivers for more than moving gleams and glories of picturesque waters.

Meanwhile, I will take courage to confess the unregenerate "modern" pleasure I found in snatching a fearful joy where I know full well I should have made a long and lingering pilgrimage. There is, after all, a certain piquancy of contrast in surprising Quiet at full

speed, though a certain vulgarity in the invasion must, I fear, be also acknowledged. It is a form of reaping where one has not sown, and I am not sure that the robberies of slow-growing peace we thus make in our violent passage should be forgiven. I am sure that the anglers one thus disturbs by lonely stream-sides are the last to forgive us—those professional lovers of Quiet. A greater contrast than that between an angler and a jitney is probably not to be found in nature. As we speed furiously by him he seems a symbolic figure of nature's own deliberate way of doing things—"too great for haste, too high for rivalry." He casts us a glance of contempt as he looks up a moment from the baiting of his hook. By the time he leisurely swings it out into the stream we shall be out of sight again, and the tranquillity thus momentarily ruffled will settle back once more about him, as the surface of a pool smoothes itself out healingly after the irruption of a stone. But, though he regards us as his natural enemies, for us, unknowing, he has proved a friend, a salutary symbol of poise and quiet pleasures, in a fevered, speed-distraught, world. Had the jitney but given us time, we might have called out to him Arnold's admonition to his "Scholar Gipsy":

But fly our paths, our feverish contact fly!

For strong the infection of our mental strife,

Which, though it gives no bliss, yet spoils for rest;

And we should win thee from thy own fair life,

Like us distracted, and like us unblest.

But all this is to moralize in advance, and it is time to begin our trip through the Berkshires at the beginning. The first step was to catch the night boat from New York to Albany, in itself a pleasant adventure, one of those easily accessible adventures into the wilderness which I wonder New-Yorkers do not oftener take. No great city has such a door of escape into such noble refreshments of solitude as the Hudson affords

the too regardless citizens of New York. At the price of so small an exertion a man may close his office desk, and in little more than an hour afterward be with "the huge and thoughtful night" under the looming majesties of the Highlands. Probably the trip is not frequently taken in this lofty, philosophic spirit. Albany as a place of pilgrimage has little in common with Chaucer's Canterbury, and the pilgrims drawn to its lofty dome are seldom poetic or idealistic in their leanings. As a matter of fact, indeed, that grandiose thoroughfare of the Hudson is, as we know, all too prosaically employed by the political and layman elements of humanity, though the name of one of its steamship lines suggests a certain connection with romance. Yet human beings do not need consciously to seek edification to obtain it. Though one is being carried up that solemn waterway merely in the interests of some bill which is to be put through at the Capitol on the morrow; or though we have merely embarked for the sake of having a good time in the restaurant, with lobster *à la* Newburg and popping corks, yet the great presences that hold the big floating caravansary in the hollow of their hands do not fail to pervade its garish saloons with an elemental breath, and the spirits of the waste press near the lighted windows, and, for him who paces the deck with the night and a lonely cigar, are to be heard calling and whispering very near at hand. Even that business, pleasure-seeking boat is invaded by them, and the most prosaic or frivolous nature cannot quite escape the touch of their strangeness upon the heart.

One recently added "modern" feature of the trip, of which, I presume, the shade of N. P. Willis scarcely approves—the searchlight revelations of the sleeping banks—gave me, I own, a profane satisfaction. Searchlights are in themselves beautiful things, and their intrusiveness in illuminating with vivid finger scenes that night has covered up with her mantle of country rest, while an undoubted

violation of riparian rights, with something in it, too, of sacrilege, maybe, has an undeniable appeal to the imagination. Suddenly out of a patch of darkness is created as by magic a whole toy village, with its church spire nestling among trees, gables, and the little empty village street, flung into radiance, with hard, bright details as in some brilliant poster. Ruthlessly it searches each sleeping window—one can all but see the sleepers between the blankets inside—flits here and there, with the startling effect of a magic-lantern slide, as though throwing a picture on to the banks, rather than revealing one; then suddenly leaves the little discovered village to its peace again, to light up next a lonely upland field where the mown hay lies in mounds as the harvesters left them at sundown—with the idle reaping-machine standing there clearer far than in the daylight. And over all a curious expression of the whole countryside lying under a spell, the spell of an enchanted sleep.

But presently the showman closed his magic apparatus for the night, and I, too, turned in to sleep, and with the morning came Albany, and my friend, the Artist, waiting for me at the gangway. The jitney for Pittsfield, he said, would be starting in a few minutes. Already the passengers were climbing into their places, and, as it proved, we were only just in time to secure the last two seats, by the side of—the driver, I was about to say, but, of course, and alas! I mean the chauffeur. We had the box-seat. But how different from the box-seat of other days—as De Quincey and Dickens and Washington Irving, or Mark Twain knew it. There is no use denying that the human scene has suffered a distressing loss in the passing away of the old coachman, cabby, and stage-driver, and the coming of that very cheap substitute, the chauffeur. The horse, so to speak, is a human animal, and all men that deal with horses, now, alas! a dwindling minimum, are, whatever the reason, attractively human as no other set of men are. The care of and

constant companionship with automobiles have no such influence. It is a case, I suppose, of the dyer's hand. The man who handles a machine becomes machine-like himself, hard and clever and cold, with little of that milk—or you may say rum—of human kindness which has always run in the veins of the men who deal with horses. I have even noticed in men, once coachmen and stage-drivers, whom the necessity of changed times has transformed into chauffeurs, a marked deterioration in the old kindly human qualities. They have caught the contagion of their new calling, and that milk of human kindness seems to have turned into gasolene.

So it is vain to pretend that the chauffeur of our Pittsfield "coach," as we tried to think of it, was anything of a "character," anything but a smart young mechanic with a chauffeur's license. Of the country he drove us through he seemed to know little and care less, and we soon gave up asking him questions which he either couldn't or didn't care to answer; questions which, had we been behind four spanking bays, with a much overcoated stage-driver at our side, would have evoked a stream of quaint comment and racy stories. As it was, we sat, as on a swiftly propelled platform, and looked out on the country hurtling past us, limited to such satisfaction as it gave our eyes, and knowing little more about it than that it was made up of rather usual-looking fields and trees. As a matter of fact, the country between Albany and Pittsfield is not very striking in its character—just prosperous, rather prosaic, rolling farm land, and the broad, straight business-like road which for the greater part of the way sweeps through it does little to help it out in picturesqueness. Far off, indeed, in the distance, our eyes were gladdened by rounded and soaring outlines which told us that we were approaching our promised land, and, as Albany fell farther behind us and Pittsfield drew nearer, the smoothed and rolled aspect of the landscape began to



Drawn by G. H. Shorey

GREYLOCK MOUNTAIN SHOWING THE SCAR CAUSED BY THE GREAT LANDSLIDE

give way to more rugged and friendly pastures, and the roadside to be fringed with very old and beautiful willows—trees that, more than any other, give a sense of quaint age to a countryside. The road itself, too, began to grow less uncompromisingly straight, and generally we began to feel that we were getting into “the country” at last, as distinct from miles of prim, scientifically

and “baited” our car with more gasoline. Our new chauffeur was a big, rough country fellow, who drove unceremoniously without hat, coat, or waistcoat—just shirt, pants, and one suspender for his costume. Once more recall that old pomp of beaver hat and innumerable capes on the box-seat! He, as I said, proved a little more human. Something of the kindness of the stable still clung to him, and he was able to gossip a little with us about the country we were passing through, pointed—with his whip, I had almost said!—to where the Shaker community of Lebanon lay, three or four miles north of us, and so on, but his interest in our interests soon died out, and, another passenger beginning to talk automobiles to him, we were disappointed to find that his heart was with carbureters and spark-plugs, after all.

With our arrival at Pittsfield, a decorous city lying in the lap of many memories and many mountains, we had come to the real beginning of our trip, which was not designed to include the whole of the Berkshires, but which, leaving such haunts of fashion as Lenox to the south, was to take us north among the more rugged and less visited regions where unfashionable men and women in times past had contributed rather more than their share to the making of their country. I



WHITE BIRCHES OF THE GREEN MOUNTAINS

tilled farms. Also something more human in the shape of a chauffeur joined us at what would in old times have been called a baiting-place, but now was merely a sort of junction for jitneys, and where, instead of making a change of horses, we made a change of chauffeurs,

should have liked to linger awhile in Pittsfield to salute memories and memorial thresholds, which, while their laurels are, of course, immortally secure, are too infrequently decked by the violet of contemporary remembrance. Holmes and Longfellow and Bryant



ACROSS THESE FIELDS WAS FOUGHT THE BATTLE OF BENNINGTON

are names, it is to be feared, found more often in guide-books and dry-as-dust histories of American literature than on the lips of the present generation. Yet to an English memory that cherishes still the story of Iris in the "Professor at the Breakfast-Table," that finds the "Tales of a Wayside Inn" still the most companionable of narrative poetry, and regards Bryant as a poet of nature whom Wordsworth would have gratefully recognized as an involuntary disciple, there was no little of a thrill in the thought that these friendly mentors of one's boyhood had once moved about this pleasant little city as humanly as the folk just at the moment crossing the street, still alive, and unimmortal. Why, Pittsfield is actually the scene of *Elsie Venner*, which I suppose no one reads, but which I happen vividly to remember; and the kindly little doctor lived for a while within two miles of the city. One of the most respectable hotels in a city where, of course, all hotels are respectable, is

named "The Wendell," after his sturdy grandfather, Jacob Wendell. Then in East Street there still stands the old house where Longfellow wrote "The Old Clock on the Stairs," with the old clock still in it. Herman Melville, too, lived near by at Arrowhead; and Hawthorne — "him even" — once took the road between Pittsfield and North Adams by stage-coach, as we were now about to take it by trolley.

Yes! I learned at Pittsfield that the rest of our journey was to be by trolley. Erroneously, I had thought that it was to be by jitney all the way, and to this extent the title of this article is misleading. Yet I have hopes that the reader will sympathize with the Artist and me in the satisfaction we found in the change of vehicle; and I hope I may be able to convey to him, too, the surprising sense of quaintness the trolley gave us after our three hours in the jitney. Time, even, travels faster nowadays than heretofore, and, therefore, antiquity is a thing of quicker growth.

Even a trolley at express speed has already something of a venerable air; something human and comforting about it. We have been used to it so long that it has come to have something of the charm of the stage-coach, or, at least, the "omnibus." So, with a welcome sense of safety from recent scientific inventions, we stepped into the, so to say, ivy-clad trolley of the Berkshire Street Railway Company, at East Street, and proceeded to jog along at forty miles or so an hour right into the heart of the hills, hills doming swiftly into real mountains, hills and streams and lakes, and all thick with memories, in which, with an original combination of the historic and business senses, for which one can scarcely be too grateful, the Berkshire Street Railway Company has manifested an antiquarian solicitude which would delight the shade of Walter Scott. When you step aboard the car you are presented with a blue folder with a two-inch-diameter red seal, suggesting that

Great Seal of England which James II dropped into the Thames on his flight to France. "Watch for the Red Seal" is the "legend" on the folder; and as you wind about the tracks that once were Indian trails you suddenly catch sight of tall, white-painted posts, bearing a sort of St. Andrew's Cross on which appears a red disk, something like a circular saw, or those large adhesive wafers which English lawyers affix to their parchments. Each of these marks some spot where some great man or woman has lived, or some great deed has been done. "Pause, Stranger," it says, "for here . . ." though I am bound to say that the trolley does not pause. You catch a whiff of immortality as you pass—after all, as I said, it is but *Innocents Abroad* a little "speeded up"—and that is all the company can afford to give you at a fare so reasonable as thirty cents for almost as many miles.

Yet, there were one or two places marked with "the Red Seal"—of im-



CHESHIRE'S LANDSCAPE AND HOUSES ARE REMINISCENT OF ITS ENGLISH PROTOTYPE



WOODEN BRIDGES STILL ECHO TO THE HOOFS OF LEISURELY HORSES

mortality—where I should have liked to have the opportunity of stopping; and, if I may make a suggestion to the Berkshire Street Railway Company, which, so far as it goes, has so wisely conceived of its “territory” as a historical museum, I would say that even its shareholders would profit by its issuing “stop-off” transfers at one or two points of its rapid pilgrimage. I could bear to speed by Coltsville, for instance,

whence the road leads to Dalton, where paper has been made for over a century, and where the paper of our dollar and five-dollar bills is manufactured for the United States Government. Among those lonely hills and to the song of those mountain streams is the paper money of the United States so innocently created. The spot, too, which marks the dividing line between the water-sheds of the Housatonic and the Hoosac Rivers,

I could pass with comparative calm. But the lane that leads to Lanesboro Village, where Josh Billings was born, gave me a real pang to pass so swiftly by. Had I only been able to read the "Red Seal" sign quickly enough, I should certainly have pulled the cord and been set down

ready, if so minded, to rummage the files of Sunday supplements and disappearing magazines. You have still for audience and immortality the morning laughter of the Berkshire Hills.

As a Cheshire man, I should have liked, too, to stop off for a while at the cozy little village of Cheshire, for, like all the little towns and villages of the Berkshires, as the general landscape of the Berkshire hills themselves, it had so English a look that it was difficult to believe that one was not back home again in that pretty and comfortable English county. Only an Englishman, and particularly a Cheshire man, can appreciate to the full the significance of the incident for which this little town of Cheshire is famous in American history; for only an Englishman knows what "Cheshire cheese" means to an Englishman. American visitors to London will recall the historic tavern of that name—the tavern where "the great lexicographer" lorded it in his great arm-chair, and when, in a day, as he would have considered, of smaller men and degenerate talents, the fragile Ernest Dowson read for the first time, to his fellows of the Rhymers' Club, his poem, "Cynara," a poem different indeed from the



THE OLD INDIAN FORD AT NORTH ADAMS

by the roadside, among the silences of the hills, to walk leisurely, and with that grave reflectiveness of mood which only the memory of Yorick evokes in any land. Alas! poor Yorick, your imitators are paid a dollar a word where you were paid scarcely a cent. You planted the seed for all to grow the flower. Yet, who cares?—you least of all. The Berkshire Hills are your monument and remembrancer. For your imitators one has al-

great doctor's poem on "The Vanity of Human Wishes," and "London," but a poem perhaps more secure of immortality among the great lyric poems of England. I mention the old tavern merely to emphasize that the cheese of Cheshire had, as it still has, a national importance, rivaled only by the cheese of Devonshire. There is an element of pathos, therefore, in the tribute which the colonists of Cheshire, Massachusetts,

offered to Thomas Jefferson in 1801. Like Anatole France's juggler, they could think of only one way to honor him. They did for him the one thing they knew supremely how to do. They knew how to make cheese. So they molded in a cider-press a cheese weighing 1,235 pounds, made from milk collected in one day from the Cheshire dairies, had it hauled by oxen to Hudson ferry, and carried thence to Washington. In those days Cheshire made as much as 200,000 pounds of cheese annually, but now for cheese she has substituted iron ore, and sand for glass-making, one of the busiest industries in the Hoosac Valley.

At Cheshire we feel for the first time what one might call the "smell" of mountains, and about one is the sound of mountain streams running lonely factories by their power, as one hears them in cotton-spinning Lancashire, in England, close by the spurs of the Yorkshire wolds—for all this part of the Berkshires

brings back memories of that early manufacturing England from which American industrialism learned its first fatal lessons. Greylock, the Mont Blanc of the Berkshires, is best approached from Cheshire by a trail of some four miles; though one does not get a really good view of it till one has passed Adams, a little town which, in its name, deliberately changed in 1778 from East Hoosack, still honors the wise and courageous Samuel Adams, whose insistent common sense and sturdy resolution were among the most masculine of the driving forces behind the Declaration of Independence.

A little beyond Adams there is a lane the entrance to which is marked conspicuously by the Red Seal, and perhaps of all places of pilgrimage in the Berkshires this lane is that at which most of us nowadays would wish to stop, for up this lane the old house still stands in which was born the chief fighter in an-



GRIFFIN HALL—ONE OF THE OLDEST BUILDINGS OF WILLIAMS COLLEGE



Drawn by G. H. Shorey

THE VIEW FROM GREYLOCK, THE MONT BLANC OF THE BERKSHIRES

other war of independence—Susan B. Anthony, one of those half a dozen fighting-women who demanded and prophesied woman suffrage when even to raise the question meant a real fight—a fight, not a parade. Just beyond this illustrious lane-end one at last sees Greylock, “unmixed with baser matter.” It is, they say, but 3,505 feet high, but for me that trigonometrical knowledge in no wise added to, or detracted from, the impression made upon me of a sacred hill that might well dominate the lives of generations born and dying beneath its shadow. I recalled Thoreau: “It were as well to be educated in the shadow of a mountain as in more classical shades. Some will remember, no doubt, not only that they went to the college, but that they went to the mountain.”

Thoreau was thinking of Williams College, which later we were to visit. Meanwhile the trolley was resolutely climbing foot-hills, and rounding rocky corners, and making rapid pictures of long-skirted hills and a broad, flat valley, which narrowed, as three states prepared to meet together at one point—Vermont, Massachusetts, and New York.

Before we reached that point, however, we had left the trolley at North Adams and started to walk to Williamstown and Williams College. North Adams has the real savor of a mountain town, a mill town, the hills at its back, and the working river at its feet. As we walked through it, and on toward Williamstown, a thunder-storm threw purple mantles across the hills and jagged with lightning and wild summer rain the August day. We took shelter on a bridge, overshadowed with maples, the Hoosac River running beneath it, and it was not till the storm had subsided and we were once more on our way that we realized that we had just crossed the Old Mohawk Trail, the ford in the Hoosac River used by the Indians of the Five Nations on their trips from the Hudson to the Connecticut.

Memories which are familiar to every

American school-boy that loves the heroes of his country crowded about us as we took our way toward Williamstown, where our chief destination was, naturally, Williams College, towered over by Mount Williams, the college and the mountain alike keeping green the memory of Col. Ephraim Williams, who also built that brave little Fort Massachusetts which, one hundred and seventy Augusts ago, almost to the very day on which we walked by the meadows where it once stood, now a place of peace and waving corn, was captured and destroyed by General Vaudreuil, with eight hundred French regulars and Indians—its brave defenders, including women and children, being marched away to Canada. Williams College itself was very quiet with its green lawns and old buildings, as all universities are in vacation-time, as the Artist and I sauntered about it that afternoon, our thoughts of Bryant, who had once called it “Gulielmopolis,” and of its great president, Mark Hopkins, being quite uninterrupted by the presence of living undergraduates. Mark Hopkins seems to have been one of those great school-masters whom one thinks of in the same class as Arnold of Rugby; and not Arnold himself has better stated the true principle of the difficult art of educating the young than he in his famous address to the alumni in 1843. “They have come from the yeomanry of the country,” he said, “from the plow and the workshops, with clean heads, and firm nerves, and industrious habits, and unperverted tastes—in need, it may be, of polish, but susceptible of the highest. . . . The progress of knowledge and improvement is like the gradual accumulation of a pile to which every scholar may be expected to add something, as every Indian is said to have laid a stone upon the pile at the foot of Monument Mountain, but in other respects it is more like the progress of a fire which is set at certain points and spreads on every side. Luther, and Bacon, and Newton, and Carey, and Samuel T.

Mills set fires, and he who does this to any extent does something for the race, even though that which kindled the blaze was but a spark and was lost in the brightness and the glow of the succeeding conflagration. . . . The teacher is to make Nature the principle, and, as far as possible, is to let Nature do her own teaching. . . . Here are the means and apparatus to do this fully, and your course loses the character of mere book-learning.

"The student is led to direct communion with Nature and with Nature's God, and though you do not advance science immediately, yet you kindle fires. You incorporate your course into the very being. You awake thoughts and feeling 'that shall perish never.'"

From Williamstown we took the trolley once more, making for Bennington, where we arrived about dusk. Lexington is hardly more significant in the story of the American Revolution than Bennington. The old bridge at the northern end of which Col. Ethan Allen posted his Bennington Sentinels, "the Green Mountain Boys" of Vermont, to defy the King's writ of Sheriff Ten Eyck, is still there to be mused over by the pilgrim, and it is hard to realize, as in other such quiet places of green pastures and still waters, how serious and violent a spot it was on July 29, 1771.

Colonel Allen's proclamation, in answer to that of Governor Tryon of New York of a reward of £150 for his capture, and of £50 for the capture of each of his captains, is still a delight.

Printed sentences of death [said he] are not very alarming. . . . If the governor sends his executioners, they have only to try the titles to see who shall prove the criminals and die first; and if the authorities of New York insist upon killing us to take possession of our vineyards, come on, we are ready with a game of scalping with them.

On the way to Bennington the trolley had allowed us a glimpse of the White Oaks Road up which, the historian of "the Red Seal" reminded us, the Bennington men had marched in August, 1777, to fight the British at Barrington. Two months after, Burgoyne's men had walked along the same road as prisoners of war. One feels that Nature, roads and hills, and bridges and rivers and pastures, should herself show some marks of the passage of events like this. But, as the passage of Hannibal across the Alps has left those august watchers without a wrinkle across their brows, so is it with Bennington and the roads once so loud with "the drums and tramlings" of a tyranny that in vain marched against free men.

At Bennington the weather had turned so decidedly against us, with great mantles of rain across the hills, and sweeping mists, and falling twilight, that we decided we had seen all there was to see of the Berkshires in that day. So we boarded a quaint little steam-car, and coasted, rather by the force of gravity than steam, to Petersburg Junction, where we caught a train, dropping the Artist at Hoosac and taking me on to Troy, whence I managed to complete the circle of catching the night boat from Albany to New York. As I arrived there at breakfast-time, and saw subways and trolleys and overhead railways pouring forth their swarms of hurrying men and women, I looked into the tired and anxious faces and realized that even so swift and unceremonious a pilgrimage as I had just made into the quiet heart of nature was better than nothing; for not even all the clamor of crowds and the clangor of steam-drills could drown for me the sound of mountain rivers, or rob me of the huge friendship of Greylock laying a hand of reassurance on my shoulder, as I once more stepped out into a smaller world.

“LA GUIABLESSE”

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

ONCE upon a time he had been white; you knew that. Gazing down idly from the eminence of the Royal Mail in some azure roadstead of the islands, you may have seen him gazing back at you as idly from the blistering deck of his schooner.

As long as you cared to stare at him, he stared at you. He had nothing else to do. He would be waiting for lighters and lighter-boys, his business interrupted by the coming of your huge, smoke-grimed, iron-skinned *bom*-ship from the north; waiting silently and without pain till God chose to move you on again over the purple rim of the world—as one learns to wait in the Caribbees.

Or again, you may have seen him as I saw him once, passing across the trade-wind in the swift splendor of a tropic dusk, his sails amazingly pink against a sea colored like a peacock's breast, his deck-load of fruit—limes and mangoes and shaddock from the Guiana river-bottoms—giving back the level rays in a thousand tones of vert and chrome, a negro, his blue-black torso naked to the waist, standing at the wheel behind him, and another as red as raw gold paring yams on the house. Like another argosy of gold and gossamer she passed swiftly away and vanished in the deepening shadows where the mountain of Grenada burned, faint and fainter, above the on-rushing night.

And to the last, I am sure, Johnson leaned there unstirring, his forearms crossed on his sleeping-box and his large, brown, heavy-lidded eyes fixed upon us with an expression of somnolent disdain.

He had been a white man once upon

a time, and in his own country he had loved and been beloved of a woman. Frailty was her name. It had taken him an absurdly long time to find this out. He might have done something violent. In place of that he vanished. First there was the briefest sort of an interview, in which he pointed out to her with a passionate and prophetic clarity the inevitable course of all her future career, and then, as I say, he vanished, quietly, completely, and came away to be a white man all alone. Had you told him now that he was no better than a Quashie black man, that already he had fallen under another, the darker and yet more blighting dominion of a ship, I am sure he would have laughed at you.

As to the schooner, she, too, was an exile. I cannot say where she had come from, precisely, but from the curve of her cutwater and the set of her masts, dividing the room fairly, like the eyes in a man's face, I can make a guess that in her early days she had gone home to Provincetown or Gloucester with her black hull full of groundfish and the rime of the Georgias frosting her bows.

But now she was white, as white as a northern snowbank from water to tops, as befits an exile trading in the islands of pitiless light. He kept her well, that must be admitted. He used to say of her that many men had had her; that now, when the charm of her youth was gone and she had come to him in a far land where no one knew her, a bit the worse for wear, just a bit *passé*, you understand, he would be good to her. And as he said this he allowed a faintly ironical smile to play about the corners of his lips and shrugged his shoulders ever so

slightly, as if he were thinking perhaps not quite of her, but of some one else.

A ship, at best, is a queer kind of woman. I am inclined to believe there was never a queerer one than this schooner of Johnson's. Lovely, yes; illogical, crochety, stubborn, and (as it turned out) infinitely jealous. One has heard of man-killing ships, of ships with a taste for a certain wind and a distinct aversion to all others, of ships willing and unwilling, faithful, treacherous, and of ships prone to nostalgia. But I, at least, have never heard of another craft that, taking an unaccountable dislike to a certain place, refused consistently thereafter to be lured or dragged or driven into the neighborhood of that place.

Call it coincidence, if you will. Johnson did, at first. But the fact remains that for a space ranging upward of fifteen months the British island of Dominica was dropped from the schooner's more or less regular route of call; the cocoa-palms parading the beach looked out no longer in the dawn to find her slim, snowy presence at rest upon the mirror of the roadstead, nor was the voice of "Bigboy" Johnson heard again over the tinkling glasses in the green, sepulchral cavern of Sutro's warehouse on the quay at Roseau.

Neither was it any fault of Johnson's, nor of his factor's. Indeed, Sutro's last words as he stood on the beach were, "I say, old man, you won't fail me?" And to him, from the dinghy that drew away swiftly under the strong oar-strokes of black Siza and gold-red 'Ti Josef, Johnson's words came rolling back: "My word on it, Sutro! Look for me the first week in July!"

When it came as far as the *third* week in July, the factor took himself to the corrugated-iron cable-office. But send where he might—Bridgetown, French Islands—Port of Spain—no one could give him news of Johnson and the schooner. None of them was aware that at that moment, in the blind, white loneliness of the Grenadines, Johnson and his boys were "sweating blood" to get the vessel off

the sandy beach where, most unaccountably, on the brightest of moonlit nights, she had somehow managed to run herself aground.

Late that year, toward the end of the rains, Sutro sent a cablegram which found Johnson lying behind the mole at Bridgetown, Barbados. It read:

Important you should call here earliest opportunity.

The same evening he had an answer:

Am sailing immediately.—JOHNSON.

It is not a long run from Barbados—sixty hours at the worst. Little more than that had elapsed when he received the wire:

Disabled; have put in Fort-de-France.

The factor began to lose patience. Three days later the cable gave him to know, briefly, that Johnson, with a broken steering-gear, had taken a tow back to Barbados.

Once after that, when winter was gone and the rains set in again, Sutro went up the pig-littered alley to the cable-office.

Most important you should call here immediately.

he sent into the unknown.

Immediately.

This time Johnson answered from the water-front at Demerara in British Guiana, on the mainland:

Just now loading jute for Dominica. Will sail in three days.

And this time it was the whip-end of the spring hurricane that caught him off the coast of St. Vincent and sent the schooner limping home, ragged and splintered, and her cargo fit only for the ministrations of the underwriters, into the basin at Bridgetown.

This time, at least, you will say it was not her fault. A matter of coincidence, pure and simple, a catastrophe which would have occurred to the schooner had she been steering to any one of a dozen other islands in the archipelago. . . . I

am sure Johnson called it nothing but that as yet. No, as yet his proud, disdainful spirit would "have no truck with niggers." He probably laughed to himself in that indolent, sardonic way of his as, lying full length on the deck-house through the watches of a white night, he listened to "Ti Josef, the red boy from Catholic Guadeloupe, and John Bull, the brown boy from Episcopalian Grenada, comparing murmurous theories and suspicions in the waist below him.

The good Protestant expressed it as his opinion that the island had been "dressed"; that some old black witch-doctor had set a sorcery against the schooner's coming—a long, low, heathen-hearted rigamarole of "Obeah-bags" and "spell-water" and the bodies of drowned cockroaches. . . .

At all of this the good Catholic would shake his head, and lift his eyes to the topsails swimming small and pale against the moonstruck sky. And then, moved, perchance, by a sense of her soaring and majestic mien, he would begin to recite the dogma of the "devil-woman"—*La Guiablesse*.

As he spoke, making the sign of the cross from time to time over his naked breast, his voice seemed to emerge by degrees from his throat and hang before his palate, advancing and receding in the bony roof of his mouth with a monotonous beat of syllables, like the rhythm of a wide and shallow drum pounding in the heart of a jungle night. . . .

And one saw the tall, sleek, satiny woman, the goblin-woman, moving soundlessly in the white hush of noon. . . .

"*La Guiablesse! Ah oui!*"

Squatting on the moonlit deck, his gold-red body swaying slowly, his head thrown back, and his eyes fixed upon the gossamer flesh of that towering and lonely creature, the ship, the grandchild of the Congo repeated it again and again: "*La Guiablesse! La Guiablesse!*"

Johnson, sprawled on the house, laughed silently to himself and shook his large, unkempt head, as much as to

say, "Can you beat that, now? A white man will never be able to get at the bottom of these children of darkness—never!"

But once, when on a night like this the schooner was standing north for Marie Galante, and a little to the west of them Dominica itself lay outspread in full, pale view. Johnson forgot to laugh.

He had been watching it for an hour, perhaps, his eyes half closed and his chin propped in the heels of his hands. Buried in fancy, he had been thinking how like an animal it looked, sleeping there on the sea; one protruding, velvet hip, a gaunt barrel, a high bulwark of shoulder, a short, thick paw shielding the slumbering head. Beyond the veil of his reverie the voice of "Ti Josef carried on and on, advancing and receding, touching with its colorless and insidious pulsations the nervous fibers of the man who had been white. . . .

Johnson roused himself with a half-strangled oath and thrust his head over the edge of the house

"Quit it!" he yelled. "I tell you, quit it!"

In the bland light he saw their faces lifted, their thick, brown lips half parted, their disconcerted eyes scrutinizing him palely.

"Good God Almighty! All this infernal clap-trap! This jungle-nigger babble that never ends!"

His discomfort increased;

"Look here! I've had enough of it. I'll show you. When we're cleared in Marie Galante I'll bring her back here and go in to that island. Understand? I'll run her into the roads there, fair and square, and we'll hear the end of this. Now that's enough!"

Turning away, he rolled over on his back again and stared at the sky. His face reddened slowly under its tan.

"Say!" he muttered. "I'll be getting as bad as a nigger."

He was ashamed of himself without quite knowing why, and altogether uncomfortable.

"What the devil? What's ailing me?"

I have the story of what happened in Demerara six months later from a man named Malverde. Malverde, a mulatto, half-owner and manager of a large chandlery establishment in River Street, is a person of education and of considerable native acumen. Of his shrewdness in the way of judging character it is enough to say, perhaps, that he has prospered in a credit business on a tropical river. When he says that there had been a great change in Johnson since his last appearance in the river (some eight or nine months before) one may be sure he knows what he is talking about.

He says he was shocked. After the custom, he had Johnson up to the cool Captains' Room on the second floor of his emporium. There, ministered to by the soft-footed China boy, it was their habit to talk, lazily and at large, surrounded by the wide, uneasy hush of the city noon, toying half-heartedly with the mist-rimed glasses of lime-and-rum till the breeze sprang up again and business affairs became tolerable.

Malverde had always liked Johnson; that is to say, he had always trusted him, admired him, and perhaps envied him a little that quality of aloof disdain, of cool and painless separation from the ambitions and complexities of life, and especially from that particular group of human aspirations conveniently symbolized in "wine, women, and song."

"But he was not the same chap, sir. Jolly quick I saw that. . . . By two o'clock in the afternoon, I give you my word, he was drinking like a lord, like a lord, sir."

He had not begun his lordly drinking right away, it seems. For a while, in the languorous twilight of the room, he had sat in his long chair listening to Malverde's small-talk, curiously mute, gray, inattentive, relaxed. So he had continued, according to the evidence, until Malverde began to "talk business." Of course, the ship-chandler had something

in train for him (had been awaiting his arrival for a month, in fact).

"I understand," he said to Johnson, "that your factor, Sutro, is on the lookout for a deal in jute just now. I happen to have the goods in hand. You could take it on in the stream and be at Dominica in six days' time, and a jolly pretty thing for all concerned. What?"

Johnson, still stretched out in his attitude of somber separation, gazed at the ceiling and answered, slowly.

"No," he said. "You're one jump too late, Malverde. Sutro's had that fixed up in Barbados—almost a month ago. Thom & Knight handled it."

The ship-chandler was surprised and disconcerted. He was more deeply shocked than before. Having Sutro's week-old letter in his pocket, he was in a position to know that Johnson had told a lie. Being a business man and at the same time a gentleman, he could do no more than mention the fact of the letter as casually as possible, with the still more casual comment that there must have been some mistake—somewhere or other—on Johnson's part. And now, the misapprehension having been cleared up, what did he say to the proposition?

But Johnson had got up and gone to the balcony. There he stood staring out over the house-tops to where his schooner lay at anchor in the stream, staring at her (as Malverde expresses it) "in the rummest way imaginable." The ship-chandler began, as he says, to be "a bit fed up with it."

"Well," he persisted, coughing slightly behind a hand, "and what do you say?"

Johnson heard him. Coming back from the balcony, he resumed his chair and lifted the glass of lime-and-rum which the China boy had just refilled. His face was the color of ivory, and his teeth seemed to be knocking gently together.

"What do I say?" he echoed. "I say that this is damn good stuff, Malverde, old man!"

With that he drained it and clapped



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

"A WOMAN? NO, THERE'S NOTHING IN THAT, MALVERDE"

his hands for the boy again. His course from then on may best be left to the ship-chandler's words and the gesture with which he accompanies them:

"You may imagine, sir. I was quite helpless. I am not prepared, here, in my own house, as you might say, to—well—to put a lock on the sideboard. . . . And by two o'clock, as I say, sir, he was quite thoroughly befuddled."

In the end Malverde had to ask him to go. Some of his more respectable clients were coming into the place, and Johnson had begun to mumble into his glass—an interminable, half-coherent rigamarole about a woman named Minna, a woman who had deceived him, "double-crossed" him, and somehow, incomprehensibly, driven him out to this God-forsaken hole of the world. When he had been sober he had stared at his ship; when he was drunk he talked about a woman. He continued to talk about her when the ship-chandler, having received no reply to his request that he get out, and being withheld by some remnant of friendly shame from having the China boy do it, led him in person down the dark back stairs of the establishment.

In the close, sticky gloom of the descent his voice echoed, loud and full of self-pity. It was evident that his mind had relapsed into the past. He told this imagined woman that she might go the way she had chosen, that it might be nice now with this one, but that there would be a next one not quite so nice, and a next one, and so on, down and down and down, till she came to the end of her rope.

Malverde had him out of the back door by that, and into the blank sunlight of the dock. But he was not yet done with him. Johnson, holding the door open with one hand and imprecating him wildly with the other, addressed him with glazed and evidently unseeing eyes.

"And when you come to the end of your rope, I know how it'll be, Minna, my girl! You'll come crawling back to

me, and I'll have to be good to you. Yes, damn my soul—"

Malverde tells me he got the door closed then.

"Shameful? Rather! We had always been friends. I give you my word I should jolly well rather have lost a hundred pounds—a thousand!"

But as it turned out, the rupture in that five-year-old friendship, distressing as it had been, was not complete. On the evening of the day following, Malverde met Johnson on the sea-wall, where he had gone to hear the band.

I say they met. In reality it was not a question of meeting. Johnson, overtaking him from the rear, gave him a friendly greeting and fell in step. It became evident to Malverde that one of two things had happened: either Johnson had been so far gone yesterday that the whole episode had failed to leave a trace in his memory, or else he had come so low that it made no difference. Perhaps the truth lay between them.

If he recollected anything, Johnson's only reference to it was hidden in the casual bit of information which he offered as they walked along.

"I've had the fever. Don't know whether you knew, Malverde. Yes, seven weeks of it. Bad time. I don't amount to much these days."

The other, always a gentleman, and not entirely certain as to what was expected of him, murmured that he was sorry to hear it.

"But then," he went on, "it was long overdue you. You're apt to be a jolly sight better for it in the long run. Cleans the blood out."

"Yes." Johnson nodded his head thoughtfully. They walked on in silence, their white-garbed figures floating ghost-like through the gloom. "Yes," he repeated, "it's cleaned my blood out, I guess; washed out all the old red things that trouble a man, that keep him restless and uncomfortable, and—well—white. Yes, I suppose I'm all right now. I suppose I'm branded now—as good as a Creole now, I guess."

He said this, not with his old laugh and shrug of irony, but as a matter of fact, wistful, and at the same time acquiescent. Put rather more at his ease by the tone, the ship-chandler suggested that they take a seat. They found one not far from the band-stand, where an artificial twilight flowed over them from the clustered arcs.

"I say"—Malverde returned to the subject which, as a man of business, he could not very well afford to abandon—"and what about the little matter for our friend Sutro? You'll remember we were speaking of it yesterday when—ah—we were interrupted, you know."

"No, I didn't know." Johnson looked at him calmly. "I didn't know we were interrupted. And I had it in my head, somehow, that I told you I couldn't do it—couldn't go to that island."

"Ah?" Malverde was taken by surprise. "By Jove! I did not know. There has been some trouble with Sutro? I had not heard."

"No, no trouble with Sutro. It's a simple matter of geography. Being an island, a man's got to go there in a ship, and if a man's ship won't go to that particular island, why—" He lifted his palms, as much as to say, "Why, there you are."

Malverde was at a loss. As he puts it: "Fancy my position. We had been friends. . . . Well, sir, to make a long story short, I told him quite frankly that he had been drinking too much."

Even at this charge, bald as it was, Johnson betrayed no anger. His calm grew, if anything, deeper, more solicitous, more indecent. Leaning over and tapping Malverde's knee with a forefinger, he went on:

"Do you know what happened the last time I tried to go there in the schooner? No? Well, I'll tell you. She tried to kill me, in broad daylight, in cold blood. No doubt of it. There were witnesses. Ask Siza. Ask John Bull."

He paused, not so much for effect, but as if to pin the other down the more firmly with his long, solicitous forefinger.

"It was like this," he went on. "I was coming out of Marie Galante in ballast. I said to myself, 'Now I'll see what there is in all this claptrap about that island and this ship and me.' I don't know whether you knew, Malverde, but there had been a lot of talk. Among the niggers. I had a little boy from the French islands called 'Ti Josef. He was the worst. He called her *La Guiablesse*. Well, it's hard to make you understand; I haven't the words. But you got the feeling, anyhow, to hear him, that that schooner was really a woman, or more like the spirit of a woman, a tall, white, beautiful, and bedeviling woman—and that *I* was the one bedeviled. That she wanted me to herself; that she kept her woman's eye on me; that she had me, well, let's say, pretty well under her thumb. And that, woman-like, there was something in Dominica she mistrusted—in connection with *me*, you understand. Sounds silly! But hang it!"

Johnson edged an inch or so nearer on the bench.

"Listen, Malverde. I came out of Marie Galante and laid south by east, thinking to fetch around the south'ard end of Dominica. 'Once for all!' I said. 'Ti Josef came to me. 'Don't do it!' he said. He was scared—you could see that, Malverde, scared to death. You could see it in his eyes. If a red boy could grow white, he was white. He fell to work crossing himself; got down on his knees and begged me not to do it."

"I wouldn't listen. I'll never forget I wouldn't listen to him. I thought I knew everything. Coming clear of the south'ard end of Dominica, I hailed all hands to stand by to luff. I put the helm hard a-weather. 'Once for all!' I said.

"Well, she came around—slow—too slow. I remember the French boy begging, 'Don't do it, sir!' but just then my eye fell on a free end of the main-boom lacing afoul the galley pipe. I didn't want the galley pipe carried away when she jibed over, you know, and I yelled at Josef to clear it; he was nearest. He looked at the house, but he never moved.

I was mad. But there was no time. She was still coming around—slow. Seeing him still standing there, scared stiff, I suppose, I ran and jumped on the house myself. I guess that jarred him, for he was right after me, squealing something about his *Guiablesse*, his interminable *Guiablesse*.

"Well, she must have come faster all of a sudden. I didn't see, but I heard Siza yell. I knew. I fell flat, right flat down on the house. And as I went I felt the boom going over me; I felt the wind of it, I tell you, on the back of my neck—*whish!* Wicked! Yes, I was too quick for her. But if you knew how wicked it was—and how deliberate!

"When she fetched up I thought she'd tear the mast out of her. I got on my feet and looked around. 'Where's Josef?' I asked. Siza and John Bull were looking alee with their mouths open. And when I looked there I knew where 'Ti Josef had gone. *He* hadn't been quick enough, you see.

"We never got him. That boom must have broken his back like a wheat-straw. We came about and looked for him, but we never got him. He had begged me not to do it, begged me on his two knees. And I wouldn't listen. And he got what was meant for me! . . . I laid a course for Bridgetown. That was where I had the fever. . . ."

In the following silence, filled with diffused and inconsequential sound—the vagrant, brassy pulse of music, the slow slapping of surf, the shuffling of feet, and low confusion of promenaders' voices, Johnson sat staring down at his own knees.

"Why?" he asked, at length. "What is it in that island?"

"Perhaps it's a woman." For the first time in their acquaintance a hint of irony crept into the mulatto's voice.

Johnson lifted his eyes and looked at the ship-chandler, calmly. "A woman? No, there's nothing in that, Malverde. I— It sounds like the cheapest sort of melodrama, I know—but I guess I'm done with women, Malverde."

He went on without passion or especial emphasis:

"Have you ever heard of what they call the 'double standard of morality'—the one for men and the other for women? Well, anyway, I used to be down on it. I used to argue for hours; it seemed to me unfair and abominable and indecent. Until I ran up against it—well—much nearer home. No, Malverde, I guess I'm done with women. And so—"

His voice died out. He got to his feet abruptly, awkwardly, his face flushing in the faint light

"By jingo!" he stammered. "Well, I—I'll be damned!"

Looking up, Malverde beheld a stranger turning out of the crowd. He saw a typical British Colonial padding forward in his slightly bulging linen suit, a large white Panama pushed back on his thinning hair, a cigarette dependent between his drooping mustaches, and the never-failing black-cotton umbrella tucked under his arm. And he, too, was exclaiming: "By Jove!" and, "I say, Bigboy! I'll be damned!"

"See here," he went on, as he shook Johnson's hand. "I've a bone to pick with you. You had my letter?"

"Letter?" Johnson echoed.

"At Grenada. I heard you were looked for there in June."

"No, I was down with the fever in Barbados. No, I didn't get your letter." Johnson shook his head. "By the way," he shifted, "you know Malverde, don't you? Malverde, you're acquainted with Sutro?"

At the name of the Roseau factor Malverde was on his feet.

"Oh, by George! Surely!" He smiled, showing his extremely white teeth. "By correspondence, though—in a business way. Charmed!"

And then, breaking in smoothly on the other's return of the compliment:

"I say, Mr. Sutro, you'll be glad to know I have that little matter of jute in hand now. As I was saying to Bigboy—"

"Yes, yes, indeed!" It was Sutro's turn to interrupt. "Quite right, surely; but to-morrow—to-morrow! Thanks, awfully. And now, Bigboy, I'm amazed. I— That puts another light on the matter, altogether. So you hadn't my letter—at all! Mmmm! So! By Jove!"

Naturally the ship-chandler's feelings were not of the pleasantest, but, being a gentleman and feeling himself "quite obviously a bit in the way," he made his excuses and departed. As he moved off, however, down the turf-covered embankment in the shade of the double row of mahogany-trees, he could not help catching the sound of Johnson's voice.

"W-h-a-t?"

It was not loud. Against the background of all the small, chaotic murmurings of the night it sounded scarcely more than a whisper. And yet it had in it a quality, somehow, of stentorian and commanding appeal:

"W-h-a-t? S-u-t-r-o!"

Malverde took a tram home to his lodgings in Queen Street and went to bed and to sleep. It could not have been more than five in the morning, tree-frogs piping and the night mist still overhanging the canals, when he was aroused by a voice and a thumping on his blinds. At such an hour the complaisance of even the most complaisant man is apt to be at its lowest ebb.

Nor was Johnson's proposal, called in through the blinds, calculated to restore it, being no less than this—that he, Malverde, should turn out, dress himself, and come down to his warehouse in River Street. At five in the morning! What Johnson wanted was salt fish (a small quantity), two hams, a dozen of tinned milk, and fifty kilos of yams. And all this immediately! In an hour's time, he said, he must be out of the river.

"But my—my *dear chap!*" The ship-chandler, pale-pajamad and irate, let out his exasperation. "But my *dear chap!*" he called through the blind. "You can't be serious. You can't be off like this. My jute! What of my jute? For of course it's *Dominica?*"

"Who said so? Who said it was—that island? Hush up! My men are here, waiting; so for Heaven's sake don't go off half-cocked like that any more. And get a move on. Come!"

"But my jute!" the other continued to insist. "And Sutro! Take my word for it, when Sutro hears of this—"

"Sutro is here with me."

Malverde, peeping through the blind, was disconcerted, puzzled, and more than ever "fed up with it all." He began to dress hastily, however, calling out from time to time: "Yes. Well, well! Presently! Presently!"

About the departure of any ship, any fragile, man-made shell whatever of skin or wood or iron, wheeling outward, withdrawing, diminishing, merging by imperceptible degrees with the mystery and the brooding and implacable immensity of the ocean, there can never fail a sense of romance, a moment instinct with the illusion of wild and adventurous heroism touched with pathos. . . . About the departure of Johnson's ship in the heart of the dead-hot tropic dawn there was all this, and there was something more, a kind of an especial pomp and circumstance of mystery, of blind presumption and confidential haste.

Even to Malverde there came a momentary sense of poetic and uneasy wonder as he stood with Sutro on the mud-caked dock, watching Johnson away. It crowded out even his disgruntlement, dulled even the edge of his resentment at what he called "being kept so infernally in the dark about the whole bally undertaking." For a moment, as the schooner, swingingly slowly across the stream, came in strong silhouette against the flaming mountain of dawn, he was moved by a sense of admiration, foreboding and pity. For she rode high on the water, as light and unreliable as a feather. Johnson had come into the river laden down. Now, in his haste, he had not so much as a bag of sand in her.

Malverde mentioned it to Sutro in a tone half-petulant, half-awed.

"It's quite mad! He'll be jolly lucky, you know, not to lose her before he's half there—and himself in the bargain."

"Yes," said Sutro, not removing his somber gaze from the schooner. "But, after all, I can't say that it matters much— Blast it!"

And Malverde, glancing around, was dumfounded to see a large, bright, perfectly spherical tear-drop trembling in the corner of the man's eye. The ship-chandler was embarrassed. The thing was so unexpected, so (as it were) uncalled for, in a paunchy, leathery, bald-pated island factor like Sutro. Sutro struck the moisture away with a pudgy hand.

"Confound it! Malverde, but I liked that chap! No end! I shouldn't have told him, Malverde!"

"I beg pardon? Shouldn't have told him—*what?*"

"Why, bless my heart!" Sutro blinked his eyes with an apologetic recollection. "You *don't* know, do you? I say, the sun begins to tell a bit. If we could get under cover somewhere—where we might talk. . . . What? . . . Oh, thanks. Quite right!" And, giving a last look at the schooner, already no more than a vague loom on the farther reaches of the muddy, red-flecked river, he turned and followed the other into the shadow of the great, cool warehouse. "Yes, a blasted awkward, deplorable business—for all concerned!"

For an hour his voice could be heard, occasional and fragmentary, floating down from the latticed balcony of the Captains' Room. . . .

" . . . But you may fancy my position. My responsibility. . . . An island of that sort. And for upwards of a year. . . . Yes, that was all quite natural. I was her only point of departure. She had been to the Royal Mail in New York. Quite natural. It was known there that I was her husband's factor in the islands. What more logical? . . . But you must see, Malverde, I was always looking for the beggar to turn up

any moment. And so I would tell her; 'This week,' I would tell her, or 'Sometime within a fortnight, surely'. . . . Yes, a blasted awkward bit of business for the lot of us, I say. . . . Thanks! Make the better part soda if you will. . . ."

It grew toward night of the third day. The sun had set, or, rather, swinging low to the western water, it had seemed of a sudden to let go and plunge, a sullen, red, lopsided plummet, beneath the surface of the sea. For a moment a dome of pinkish light stood up half-way to the zenith in the eastern heaven; for a moment its effulgence warmed the windward slopes of the waves and touched with rose the spiring canvas of the schooner; then abruptly it was gone, too, and an immeasurable shadow overlaid the ocean.

John Bull, the brown boy, came aft along the weather-side of the house.

"Yes, sah," he began, addressing himself to the master at the wheel, his head bowed in the extremity of diffidence—"yes, sah. Beg pahdan, sah; but thaih was a land, sah—some land, sah. I can't rightly say, sah, but just when the sun he da go set I think I see a land thaih to leewud? Yes, sah?"

From his seat on the wheel-box Johnson gave him the grudging and watchful assent of a nod. He had seen the land himself, a tiny pyramid of rose glimpsed for a moment on the western sky-line, their first landfall among the islands. And since then he had been waiting to hear of it, preparing himself for the inevitable, recurrent question.

The brown boy returned to the shy attack:

"I can't rightly say, sah, but that land thaih he da go look very much like Morne Agarou, sah. Very much like St. Vincent, sah. Yes, sah?"

And again, evading his eyes by staring hard at the deck, Johnson gave him the constrained assent of a nod. When he looked up he saw that Siza, the Barbadian, had come noiselessly to stand behind his mate. The black had more

dignity and self-assurance by half than the mixed-blood; he had gone to the board-schools in Bridgetown and his English was excellent, with a strong flavor of Piccadilly.

"We would be obliged, sir," he said, speaking quietly over John Bull's shoulder, "to know where we are bound, sir."

"Bound, eh?" Johnson regarded them angrily. "Bound, eh?" He got to his feet. "By heavens!" he muttered, "if you *will* have it out of me, why—" And then, for perhaps the tenth time in the course of the voyage, the determination went out of him, and, lifting an arm, he waved it savagely toward the bows. "To the north'ard! We're bound to the north'ard, I tell you! Now look here, the two of you. I don't want you loafing around. Do something! Take a lick at the pump. The pump. D'you hear?"

He turned his back on them.

"They're like children," he told himself. The thought gave him no comfort.

Letting himself down on the wheel-box once more, he fell into a prolonged, sardonic reverie.

"What a damned fool I am!" he muttered from time to time.

At rest so, he looked worn and emaciated. His face was bloodless under its tan, lending the skin a yellow cast. A three days' growth of beard deepened the hollows under his cheek-bones. The fever, not wholly gone out, had returned a little during the voyage, giving to his mind at times a queer slant of flightiness, and this reverie into which he had fallen on each succeeding night, followed on each succeeding night the same unvarying course to the same invariable end.

The darkness deepened. The schooner's wake became visible, stretching away, glimmering, corruscating, a dozen cable-lengths to the south. From the waist came in monotonous pulsations the clank and sough of the bilge-pump, and the muffled, melancholy chanty that went with the work.

"What a damned fool I am!" Johnson

repeated from time to time, nodding his head in the same self-pitying, sardonic abstraction.

He got up and, leaving the wheel, went forward. At the break he paused to tell Siza to take the helm, and then he continued on his way, past the foremast and the capstan, picking his path over lines and gear till he came where he could lean with one arm on the rail and the other over the smooth barrel of the bowsprit. There, with his eyes brooding into the empty darkness ahead and his ears filled with the soft thunder of the cut-water beneath, he fell into the second phase of his reverie.

"What a damned fool I am!"

They were the same words as before, but between the sense of them now and the sense before there lay a distance not to be measured by the mere ship's-length his body had traversed. Whereas, before, he had spoken in ironical self-mockery, as much as to say, "What a fool I am *to come!*" now in his tone there was nothing but the bitterest of self-abasement, self-reproach: "What a fool I am *not to have come before!* To have let myself be hoaxed and bullied and turned back by—well, by nothing at all!"

It was as if he said all that. . . .

And into his mind there came a small, bright picture. He saw a room bathed in a frank, incandescent glare. He saw it vividly, in detail—the maroon-and-silver wall-paper, the gilded steam-radiator, the let-in sideboard, the photograph of his senior crew framed above the gas-grate. He saw the table laid for dinner, the white cloth, the broken bread, the spot where last Sunday's gravy had spilled, the untidy pile of shameful letters. He saw her facing him across the table. She was standing, just as he was standing, leaning forward with her hands on the table as he was leaning, her cheeks flushed, her eyes defiant, as were his. And in that heavy brightness, as in an intolerable vacuum, he heard his own voice crying, faintly: "And then, when you've come to the end of your rope, I know how it will be; well

enough I know. You'll come crawling back to me, Minna, and I'll be good to you—yes—damn my soul to hell for a poor, soft fool!—I'll have to be good to you!"

He stirred and passed his bare forearm over his eyes. And then he seemed to hear another voice, her voice this time: "That's very fine, very fine. And yet who knows if it won't be *I* that will have to be good to *you*. There may be an end to *your* rope, too. Stranger things have happened."

Yes, far stranger things indeed had happened.

Again he stirred, and again he passed his forearm over his eyes. And immediately, without apparent transition, he was in the third phase of his reverie. Leaving the bow, he began to pace the deck, all the way aft and forward again, his hands locked behind him, his head thrown back, his eyes fixed in the towering, dim cloud of the schooner's rigging.

"To-morrow!" he said to himself, aloud. "By this time to-morrow we shall see!"

In the sunlight each day he had been able to keep it out of sight in the background of his mind. But as night drew on, as the brightness and all the visible amplitude of sky and sea went out, casting him back inexorably upon the companionship of the vessel, under the thrall, as it were, of this mistress and sharer of his exile; then, pacing back and forth, back and forth in the starlight, he began to feel the weight of the oncoming event, the inevitable, oncoming moment of struggle, of anger, perhaps, and violence, when one of their two wills, his or the ship's, must be definitely and forever broken.

As the day of the voyage might be, he had said to himself: "Three days! By this time, three days!" or, "The day after to-morrow!"

Now it was "to-morrow"!

Leaning in the bows, he had had a vision of a woman. Now he had another vision, of another woman. He saw the ship as another woman, a woman with

pale, long-curving, diaphanous flesh, a woman too wise to be any longer young or any longer profligate, a woman in the last full flower of desire, spending her loveliness now with a fierce singleness of eye, a late, twilight chastity, an extortionate faithfulness to the one love, the love that must not be let go, since it could not be other than the last.

"*La Guiablesse!*" It was almost as if he heard the whisper of the golden boy wandering the star-filled spaces of the rigging. "*La Guiablesse! Ah oui, La Guiablesse!*"

For the moment he felt the utter hopelessness of struggling against that. . . .

He had slept poorly each night. To-night he did not sleep at all. A dozen times he was out of his sleeping-box for a restless circuit of the decks. At three o'clock, driven by some obscure gnawing of apprehension, he relieved the brown boy at the helm.

In reality there was no need of any one at all at that helm. The voyage had been remarkable, almost too remarkable. Not once since leaving the Guiana coast had the trade-wind veered or fallen; a steady topsail breeze against which, on the one long reach, the vessel stayed herself impeccably from one day's end to another, helm one point aweather and headsails hauled. It had been remarkable. The day's runs had been big—almost too big.

Johnson took the wheel "for a couple of hours." He had held it for fifteen of them before he was through. Sitting there on the box, his weight eased against the metal rim, he saw the dawn, like a vast, silent explosion, half-hidden by the blue wall of Martinique and the shoulders of Pelée.

The French island went away slowly, withdrawing its velvet headlands little by little and folding up its purple valleys, till it became a cloud, and then no more than the shadow of a cloud hanging for a moment on the sky-line far astern.

On the horizon beyond the bows there lay the shadow of another cloud. John Bull, going into the forward works,

studied it for a long while from beneath his shading palm. Then he came aft. He said nothing. But in the flat white tide of the sunlight Johnson felt him standing there at the corner of the house, waiting. He aroused himself.

"Get Siza out," he said.

When the Barbadian had come above-decks, blinking with sleep, Johnson had the two of them stand before him. With their eyes on the blazing deck they heard what he had to say. He spoke in a low tone, without especial emphasis.

"And now we'll have no monkey business," he concluded. "No more of this heathen rubbish, you understand. You at least, Siza, ought to know better. All that has happened has just happened to happen. You'll see. It will be perfectly simple, perfectly easy. All I want you to remember is that I'm master of this vessel—and that I won't stand any monkey business; not for a minute. Now go. Both of you can turn in if you want to."

It was evident that they did not want to. They went off forward, out of sight beyond the house. If they conversed, it must have been in whispers, for Johnson heard nothing more of them.

Noon came. The slow, hot, early hours of afternoon began to tick away on the ship's clock under the companion-way hatch. And then, as slowly, the later hours. . . .

At half past five, feeling a slight lurch of the deck beneath him, Johnson lifted his head. Although he had been under its lee for an hour, to the casual glance it might have seemed that he was now, for the first time, conscious of the island's proximity—as if, had it not been for that sudden, soft flaw in the wind under the shelter of towering Diablotin, he might have passed it by and gone on sailing to the northward unawares.

He had not been there for upward of fifteen months. Unconsciously he brushed a hand over his eyes. As it were but a long stone's-throw across the gently stirring water, he saw the curve of the white beach, the even feathering of

palms, the yellow stucco of the custom-house; beyond them the town itself half-buried in the immense inundation of its greenery; behind and above all, the majestic presence of the mountain, hiding its head in a cloud that sent gray tentacles of mist and sudden wind feeling down its deep, jungled ravines.

"Well," he said to himself. It was only a whisper. He found that his lips were dry, and wet them with his tongue. "Well, here we are," he said. "That's simple enough."

He felt tired. An extraordinary sensation of inertia came over him, and of a sudden it seemed that the simple act of bringing the schooner about on the other tack to come up into the roadstead was too much to think of. It became better just to sit there, saying to himself, "Well, here we are, here we are."

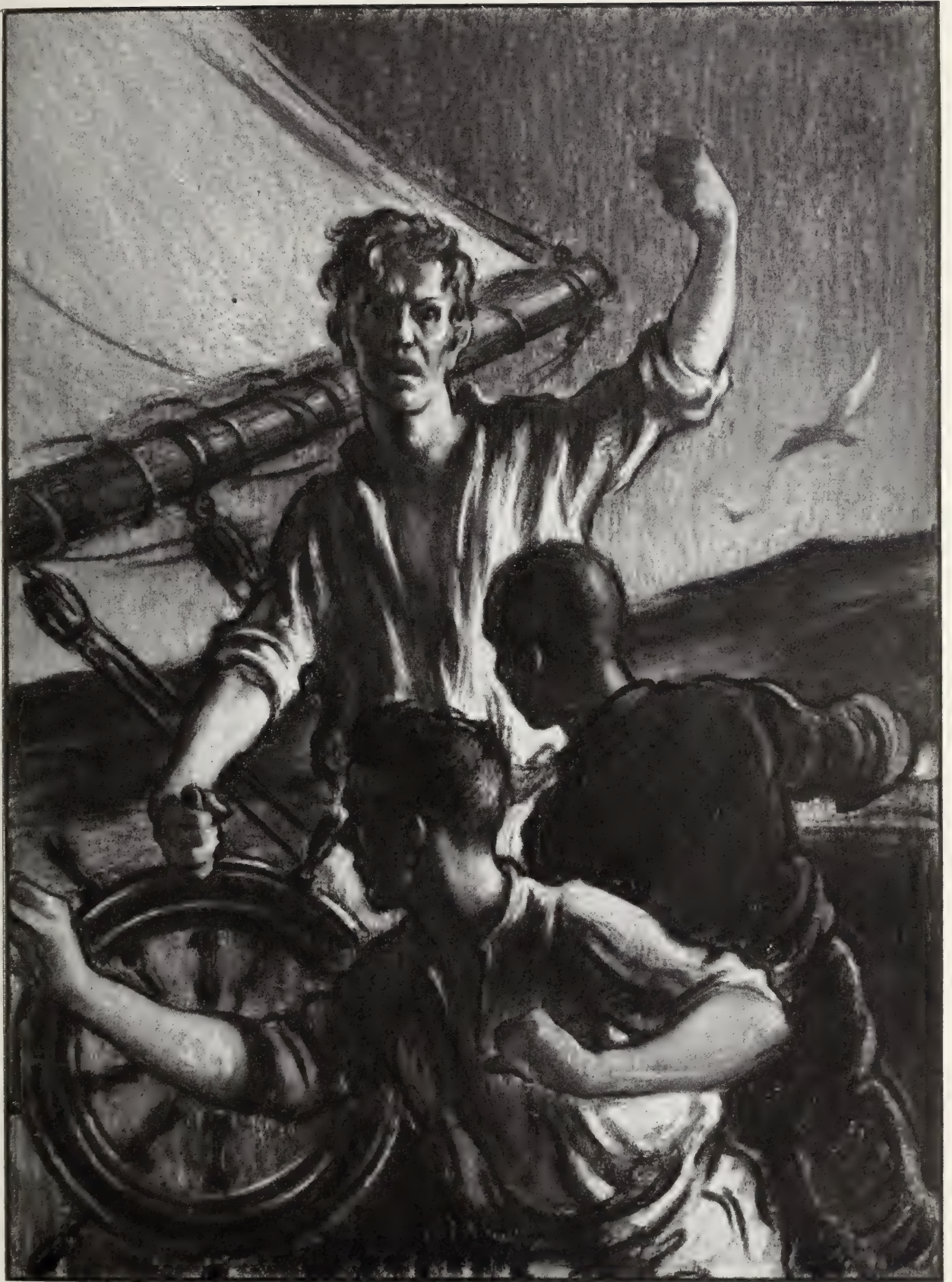
He had to take hold of himself, for already they were beginning to draw past. He got to his feet with an effort, and calling, "John! Siza!" whirled the spokes.

"Hard-a-lee!" he shouted. "Stand by! Stand by!" His voice sounded high and tenuous in his own ears. Perhaps it was the fault of his ears. "Too much quinine," he muttered. He was conscious of Siza and the brown boy staring at him across the roof of the house, just their heads showing, sullen, inert.

"To the devil with them!" he muttered.

She came up to the wind, swinging slowly and more slowly to starboard; or, rather, it seemed that while she remained stationary, the visible world—the island, the mountain, and the cloud—swept slowly and more slowly to port. He heard the first flutter as the throat of the mainsail lost the wind, and then the foresail slatting and banging, slatting and banging. It kept on slatting and banging too long. And then he saw that the visible world had ceased revolving.

He understood, and a groan came out of his throat. He was caught there "in irons." She hung there in the eye of the wind, stock-still, looking at the shore.



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

"WERE BOUND TO THE NORTH'ARD, I TELL YOU"

And now that she had lost her momentum nothing he could do, nothing in the world, indeed, but some chance flaw of cross-wind, would bring her over on the other tack.

"She's too light," he groaned. "Too high, I tell you! Too high in the water! Give me a flaw!" he cried.

A flaw came, but it was on the wrong hand. The vessel fell away, slowly, less slowly, on the old tack; slowly and then less slowly the island, the mountain, and the cloud swept back again. Another flaw, stronger yet and chill with a breath of mountain rain, bellied the canvas. White crept into the wake. And as if she had given enough of her precious time in that passing gesture, that brief and scornful obeisance to the land, the schooner stood on swiftly again toward the loom of Guadeloupe and the islands to the north.

"Too light!" he kept repeating to himself in a thick whisper, as it were in absence of mind. "Too high in the water! Too much freeboard!"

His hands lay idle on the wheel. Somewhere in the back of his brain the thought kept drumming: "Look here, if you're to try again you've got to be quick about it! Look here, if you're to try again . . ."

But all he could seem to think of was that monotonous reiteration:

"Too light! Too high! I might have known."

His heavy eyes left the shore and went up to the soaring fabric of the ship. The moment of evening had come again; the sun, distorted and sultry, hung a hand's-breadth over the sea, and in its level rays the canvas burned with a lambent flame, like the flush of a woman transfigured by a swift and painless triumph.

Johnson's face grew red, too, redder than the sun. His eyes narrowed, and into them came a new kind of a light. His teeth chattered and he began to shiver.

"You will? You will, eh?"

Behind him the mountain had been swallowed quite suddenly by the cloud.

Broad, dark-blue arrows ran here and there over the water. Squalls make quickly in the lee sides of these high islands, quickly and without warning. The broad arrows collided; lost themselves in a broader, darker sheet. But Johnson did not see.

The shivering fit passed.

"You will, eh?" His lips drew back against his teeth. "We'll see. If you won't go one way, then you'll go the other. If you won't tack, by God! you'll wear!"

His voice rose of a sudden, powerful, strident:

"Hard aweather! Stand by to luff! *Main-sheet!*"

What happened in the moment while the vessel's head was swinging away from the wind will always remain fragmentary and confused in the telling. For one thing, you know, Johnson was not quite himself. And for another, his eyes were half blinded by the reclining disk of the sun.

At least this time the negroes were on the move. He seemed to see John Bull making terrified gestures astern, and to hear his voice, thin and high: "Don't do it, sah! Fo' dearie God, sah!" And then there was Siza. Siza had to be dealt with. The large, glossy creature was laying hands on the wheel; actually striving, with the silent arrogance of panic, to tear his, Johnson's, away.

Johnson struck him, driving his knuckles with all his strength into the black meat of the negro's face. He saw him falling away in a slow, sick arc. And after that he saw no more. A sudden shadow engulfed the ship. For an instant she stood perfectly upright, breathless; then, as if under the blow of another hand, she jibed over on the striking squall.

Johnson felt the main-boom cutting the air over his bent head, and, as if in the same instant with it, the splintering crash of the thing fetching up on the sheet. He felt the deck turning over. He felt himself carried clumsily through the opaque air. And that was the last he felt.

Johnson was insensible for eight minutes and some seconds. The ship's clock had been striking four bells—that is to say, six o'clock—at the moment when he had put the helm aweather. And when he opened his eyes again it was precisely nine minutes after the hour. It is strange that he should remember it so definitely. Perhaps not so strange, though; for, lying on his shoulder in the break of the companionway, against the side of which his flying head had struck, his first conscious sight was of the chronometer's face staring down at him, its broad brass hands pointing to nine minutes after the hour of six.

There was a welter of rain in the wind. It made a thunder along the decks. Johnson sat up. So he found himself face to face with Siza, who was also sitting up. For a moment they stared at each other.

"Where are we?" Johnson asked.

The Barbadian shook his mauled head.

"What beats me," Johnson resumed, in a dull, querulous fashion—"what beats me is why we didn't go right on over, bottom up."

Siza nodded aloft. "Mainsail went instead, sir."

Craning up, Johnson saw the boom stripped naked, sagging at the end of the topping-lift. That seemed to bring him around. He jumped up, brushed the water from his eyes, and, turning forward, took stock of the schooner's condition. She had been pretty well swept clean. The mainsail, the tops, and all the headsails were gone, blown tidily out of their ring-bolts. Only the foresail remained. And after he had looked at the foresail for a moment or so he wiped his eyes again.

"Good Lord alive!" he said to himself. He turned to glance over the stern. As far as he could see under the blanket of the squall, the schooner's wake made off, boiling and white. Yes, they were making way. There could be no doubt of it, they were making way, considerable way, and on the right tack, what was

more. In the streaming wind, with only the one sail left and the helm holding her up, she stayed herself with a kind of drunken rectitude and swept forward swiftly and blindly on the landward course—*his* course.

The pain in his head became nothing. He felt himself of a sudden heroic, puissant, indomitable. He sprang here and there; shouted strong commands.

"Siza! On your feet! Get forward with the lead, my boy. The lead! Look alive, or we'll run the island down. . . . Where's John Bull? John Bull! Ai! There! Look up, boy; it's all over! Get out of this! Confound your hide! Get out of this and tumble forward there. Stand by to lower away on the foresail when Siza sings! . . . Siza, look here! When you have four fathom, sing out, and sing out loud! . . ."

So his voice continued to ring along the decks above the tumult of the wind and rain, questioning, commanding.

"Five fathom, Siza? Keep an eye! Four fathom? All right, my boy! Lay aft at the double now and give John a hand with the fore. Let her run! Let her run! . . . Now clear that starboard anchor, quick! Plenty of chain, plenty of chain. . . ."

So it rang over the decks while the cloud tumbled to pieces and the wind went out. These lee-side squalls are gone as abruptly as they come. One moment there was a black veil, a voice half drowned by falling water, the long-drawn rumble of chain paid through an iron hawse-hole. . . . And, as if it were the moment following, a crystal clarity poured through the sky, and in the lofty afterglow of day the cocoa-palms on the beach looked out to find a shape at rest upon the waters of the roadstead three cables off the beach, the loom of an island trading-schooner, half naked and half wrecked and somehow vaguely familiar.

Johnson, looking back at her from the custom-house landing over the bare shoulders of his oarsmen, felt for a moment a pang of pity. He had a vision of

the warm yellow years that were done and of the strange, deep bond in exile that was broken. Just for a moment as he gazed back at her across the darkening mirror of the water, her will subdued, her passionate spirit conquered, her body stripped of its old, extortionate loveliness, he felt the tragedy and the pathos of the thing.

He shook himself uneasily. "But, all the same," he muttered, "it had to be."

And, turning his back on her, he walked through the shadowed arch that cut the custom-house in half.

"Minna!" He lifted his arms impulsively in the gloom. "Minna! Oh, my Minna, my Minna!"

Yes, stranger things indeed had happened. It did not sound, somehow, as if he had come "to be good to her."

In the squalid darkness of the street beyond he caught a black boy by the shirt.

"Where is the lady? You know, the American lady from New York who has been here for a year perhaps? The lady called Mrs. Johnson? . . . What? At the Callend's place under the Morne Bruce? You're sure of that? Well, son, here's a black penny for you. I know the way."

The boy stared after him as with long, swift strides he vanished among the little houses of mud and thatch. Others, too, as he passed their dimly lighted doorways, stared after him. He had meant to shave, but he had forgotten it. He had meant to shift to his shore things, but he had forgotten that, too. He had no hat on, his feet were bare, and his thin, drenched shirt lay open at the breast. And the blood from his scalp-wound, mixed with water and dried, spread a pinkish blur over one side of his fever-wasted face.

Nothing of this occurred to him until, done with the crowded darkness of the town, he found himself on a hillside, climbing a gravel roadway between thick, heavy-scented banks of foliage. An oppressive silence lay here, ruffled only by the infinitesimal whine of

mosquitoes and the rare flicker of bats.

"I wonder," he said, and his pace grew a hint less headlong. His hands, groping blindly, touched his damp garments here and there, his stubbled, sunken cheeks, his unkempt hair.

"I wonder, Minna—" And then it came out, what he had studied so long to keep hidden away in the darkness of his heart. "I wonder—if you—what you will think—of *me*."

He had come to a wider place overtopping a thick-grown cliff. In the warm night he felt cold. He saw the house across the graveled dooryard. On the second floor there was a long, dark gallery with blinds, on the ground floor nothing but a wall of stucco, all blank save for a door in the center buried under a deep arch of twining Bougainvillea. The door was open. In the doorway, shadowed against a dim interior glow of candles, he saw a figure waiting.

Johnson walked forward slowly, as if his feet had become lead. All the while he said to himself: "It can't be you! It can't be you!"

His hands were held out the least way in front of him, their palms upward. And he said, "No, no, it can't be Minna!"

The figure left the shadow under the vine and came to meet him, moving slowly, too. And then in the faint sheen of the moonlight he saw that it was the figure of an island priest.

He stopped, with a sudden sense of suffocation.

"But—but I have *come*!"

The priest, startled and mystified by this extraordinary outburst, regarded him in silence.

"But she is here!" Johnson protested, huskily. "I—I am *he*! I am the man! I am Johnson—Albert M. Johnson! Don't you understand? I was—I am—her husband!"

The priest, moved perhaps by habit, or perhaps altogether by compassion, bowed his head.

"My son," he murmured, "she waited a long while."

Turning on his heel, he moved back slowly into the house. Johnson followed him. He saw her lying on the bed under the light of two tall candles. By the look on her dead face he saw that the priest had spoken the truth, perhaps more of the truth than he knew. For she had waited a very long while indeed.

The man lifted his face from the coverlet of the bed where for a time it had lain hidden and motionless. There had been no sound in the room save the ticking of a nickel clock on an ant-bitten shelf in the farther corner; Johnson had thought that the priest was gone. When he saw the dark-robed figure standing at the bed's foot the muscles of his gaunt face moved with a scarcely perceptible spasm.

"What time was it, Father?"

"What time?"

"When she—went. When she died."

"I have said, my son, but just now. Had you been but a little sooner—"

"Yes, yes, Father; but what hour? What minute of the hour?"

"Ah, but my son!" The priest lifted his hands in a gesture of deprecation.

"As to the hour and minute—"

"Never mind," said Johnson.

He got to his feet and, without looking again at the priest or at the figure of the woman lying on the bed, he passed out of the door. Crossing the level bit, he came to the edge of the jungled declivity. With his hands locked behind him he stood there gazing out across the dark huddle of the town to where, shadowed forth with the faintest silver penciling of the sickle moon, the schooner lay at rest upon the water. And as he remembered the moment of pity he had felt for her his face grew paler yet and his teeth nipped tighter into the flesh of his lip. For now across the dim-lit space between them he seemed to catch the gesture of her quiescence, the sense of her mute and tranquil mockery.

"I might have known," he said, in a whisper, "when she didn't fight. And I can see now that she didn't fight; she came."

"Yes," he repeated, after another mo-

ment, "she came of her own will. She had me down. And then something happened, and she came."

He turned at sound of a gentle cough behind him.

"Were you still curious as to the time, my son?" The priest studied him thoughtfully. "For if you are, the maid who was with her has just now come in."

"Thank you, Father, but you needn't trouble." Johnson turned back to the cliff again. "For I know now," he said. "Minna died just after six—sometime between six and nine minutes after six o'clock this evening."

"Ah!" murmured the priest. "Yes, so I was told. . . ."

I am aware that it would make a better story if I could tell how Johnson took vengeance on his ship that night; how he rowed out to her alone, opened a seam with his own hands, and sent her reeling and bubbling down under the black waters of the roadstead. Or how, with a finer irony of imagination, he slipped her cable and let the wind take her out and away into the immeasurably empty spaces of ocean, to wait, as the other had waited, till a lonely derelict went down.

But the truth of the thing is that I have seen them both within a year. As I was coming into the bay at Barbados she was making out, full before the wind. And as she passed under our counter I saw him leaning on the wheel, gazing up at us (apparently) as he always had, with at least a ghost of that same old somnolent expression of disdain.

I don't know how it really was, but outwardly there seemed little change in either of them. Neither of them seemed much older. In the sanguine air of dawn I had the bizarre thought that they had somehow found their way to the far land and drunk of the waters of eternal youth. I don't know. Only one real change was apparent. As she passed close by I saw that the name under her taffrail had been changed. It caught the sun and glittered when she careened to our bow-wave:

La Guiablesse.

EASTERN NIGHTS—AND FLIGHTS

II.—TURKISH TRAINS AND BRITISH TOMMIES

BY CAPTAIN ALAN BOTT, N. C., R. A. F.

MADE desperate by our failure to escape from Damascus, we were ready to try without forethought any impossible plan that might be suggested between a halt and a halt, as we journeyed toward Aleppo. H. and I decided that if the train slowed down we would jump from it and make for the mountains. Then, at evening, we would find the German aerodrome and try to steal a machine, if this could be done against such possible odds as alert sentries, well-guarded hangars, and empty gasoline tanks. Once aboard the aeroplane, we would fly southeastward to the Palestine front. Luckily, perhaps, the train continued at a speed which precluded any leap from it; so that we abandoned the wild scheme.

Two rather better opportunities were made possible by the officer in charge of our guards—a young Turk who was fanatical and unbelievably stupid. The party occupied two compartments, one containing three prisoners, the officer, and a Turkish private, and the other the remaining four prisoners, a corporal, and a second soldier. The officer paid us not the least attention, whether to prevent a possible escape, to provide us with food, or even to count his prisoners from time to time. At sunset he turned to the east and murmured his prayers, and at odd moments throughout the day, with head on breast, he muttered passages from the Koran. Nobody but Allah, Mohammed, and his fanatical little self seemed to interest him. He had a basket of bread and dried meat for himself—but only for himself.

After ten hours of hunger we stopped for a while at Homs, and in broken Arabic demanded food. He pointed to a man who was selling bread and hard-boiled eggs on the platform, explained that we were at liberty to buy from this hawk, and resumed his meditation. We left the train without hindrance, and mingled with the people on the station. It would have been easy for at least two of us to slip away, with the crowd as screen. But the nearest point on the coast was far away; and, as we had neither compass nor a supply of food, to make the attempt in our uniforms would have been madness.

At this station I got into conversation with a Syrian woman from Lebanon, and from her learned of the dreadful conditions in that province. The crops had been commandeered, the cedars and the fruit-trees cut down by the Turks for fuel, the population was being systematically starved. Already thirty per cent. had died of destitution, she declared, including her father and her two children. She herself had come to Homs because there food and money were rather more plentiful.

“The people of Lebanon perish, and neither God nor any one else helps us.” This in a tone of dull hopelessness, as if she was beyond even despair. And even as she said it, many a train-load of grain was en route for Germany, *via* Syria and Anatolia.

The second chance came at Hamah, where we halted at dusk for half an hour. A little restaurant faced our compartment, and, still being hungry,

we made for it. The young officer ordered us to stop, and a guard, running from the train, clutched at H.'s arm. H. shook him off, like a horse shaking off a fly, said, "*Mungaree*" (his version of the Arabic word for food), and continued toward the restaurant. The Turkish officer continued to protest, but when we took not the slightest notice he joined us at the buffet, where for the price of two dollars one could buy a plate of goat's meat, with bread and coffee.

Afterward, while the Turk went outside with four of our number, H., M., and I remained to buy bread. When we returned to the platform not a guard was in sight. Moreover, our train had shunted backward. To reach it we should have to walk over fifty yards. We could see the little fanatic, stupidly unconscious as ever of what was happening, walking ahead of us between the rails, with the remainder of the party.

"You're the linguist," said H. to me. "Hop back quickly and buy all the grub you can find. Get enough to last us to the coast."

"Six loaves of bread, twelve hard-boiled eggs, and some raisins," I said to the waiter in the buffet.

He disappeared into the back room, while I waited, uncomfortable under the curious looks of the diners at my uniform.

"A German officer," I heard one man tell his woman companion; and I tried to look disdainful enough for the part.

The waiter found that he could supply only three small loaves and a dozen eggs. With these tied in a bundle, I returned to H. and M. The military guard of the station was at the farther end of the platform, and to avoid him we had to walk along the line, in the direction of our own train. We intended to dodge behind some waiting trucks, about twenty yards ahead, slip over the siding on which they stood, and so to open country.

Then, as we were moving up the line,

the mad adventure was made impossible. Two guards came running toward us from the train. We walked on calmly in their direction, so that they showed no suspicions, and evidently thought we were alone as a result of misunderstanding.

"*Saa-eeda*," said H., blandly, as he offered them cigarettes; and this greeting disposed of whatever doubts they may have had. Yet the state of funk into which our short absence plunged the Turkish officer had the effect of a shower-bath upon him. He roused himself from his former unintelligent disregard, and for the rest of the journey we were never allowed outside the carriage. Thus, once again, an absurd plan fell through at the outset; for, with no guide, no compass, no water, and the necessity of buying more food, the odds would have been a hundred to one against our reaching the coast. And even if we had reached the coast it was improbable that we should have found a sailing-boat, ready to be stolen.

At Aleppo we came upon some Indian prisoners. Carrying our packs, we were trudging along the hot, uneven road from the railway station when three white-turbaned figures in khaki saluted from the balcony of a hospital. One of them put a crutch under his left armpit, I noticed, as he stood to attention. This simple salute warmed the heart, with its reminder that we were not altogether outcasts. We returned it with gusto—as did a passing German officer, who thought it was meant for him.

We were taken to a hotel where transient Turkish officers stayed on their way to Palestine and Mesopotamia. Recalling our attempted escape at Damascus, we were not surprised at never being allowed to leave the building. Indeed, I was astonished at not being sent to some prison, and surmised—rightly, as it turned out—that punishment must be in store for us farther down the line. For the rest, we spent several by no means uncomfortable days at Aleppo,

with many an interesting hour of sight-seeing from the balcony.

The market-place fronting the street corner below was used as a food bazaar. Each evening Arab and Syrian hucksters arrived with flat barrows, or erected rickety stalls. Then, from baskets and panniers, they produced their wares, which they laid out for inspection—loaves of bread, bowls of soured milk, basins of stew, cooked potatoes, roasted meats, boiled vegetables, cakes, nuts, or lengths of flexible candy. Some cooked meat or vegetables over metal bars, placed across a charcoal fire. As the crowd began to gather, the policeman circulated among the vendors, looking for such as had not paid the police *baksheesh* for their stand. Having found a victim, the gendarme would lead him gently around the corner to settle accounts; after which the stallkeeper was at liberty to trade for the rest of the evening. Any who could not or would not pay were hustled from the market-place.

Then, until about midnight, was acted a succession of minor comedies. In this bazaar trial by taste is evidently the custom; and since Allah has provided us with hands and mouths, why use forks and spoons? An intending buyer digs finger and thumb into some steaming dish, pulls out a chunk of meat or vegetable, and chews reflectively. Then he either purchases or passes on to the next stall, while somebody else follows and stuffs a hand into the same dish. I traced a few men and women who, by tasting meat at one stall, potato at another, and bread at a third, must have eaten quite a meal for nothing. This feat was difficult, however, for the stallkeeper had an uncanny instinct for bona-fide buyers, and ready kicks for such as were not.

Over there is a potato-man who has dodged his dues to the gendarme, apparently because his ready cash is insufficient. As the gendarme approaches he picks up his basket, with the wooden box on which it rests, and fades into

the crowd. When the policeman has left he reappears and resumes business. Twice more he must shut up shop, for a quarter of an hour at a time, until finally his takings allow him to pay the bribe. His wife guards the stall while he meets the policeman 'round the corner. He reappears, and, no longer obliged to shun overmuch attention, cries his wares loudly and does a roaring trade.

The candy-barrows are mostly kept by small boys, comically dignified in apron and fez. Useless to think that youth makes them easy game, for they are sharp as pawnbrokers and can tell in the fraction of a second a bad note or coin. Most of them seem to have a working arrangement with some gendarme, whereby if an adult tries to take advantage of their physical weakness they shriek invectives. The policeman then strolls leisurely toward the stall, and the would-be cheat wishes he hadn't.

One or two seedy ruffians hang around the fringe of the crowd, waiting for a chance at some petty villainy. Presently, out of the crush comes a little Syrian girl, carrying a bowl of milk. A much-mustached, dirty-robed Arab follows her into the entrance of a narrow street, where he suddenly grabs the bowl, drinks the milk, pushes the vessel back into her hands, and strides away. The little girl attracts a certain amount of attention by shrilling her protests, but the wolfish milk-drinker has vanished. A gendarme spectator makes no effort to interfere, not having been bribed to protect stray children.

Soon afterward a similar theft is perpetrated by a similar ruffian, who grabs a chunk of meat from an old woman's bowl of stew. In this case retribution comes swiftly and suitably. The Man Who Grabs Meat has failed to notice that the weak old woman is attended by a strong young man, who has lagged behind to talk to a friend. The strong young man leaps at the thief, kicks him in the stomach—hard—knocks him down when he doubles up

helplessly, and proceeds to beat him, while the old woman shrieks her venom. The gendarme is much amused.

Through the changing crowd pass the vendors of drinks, clanging a brass cup against a brass can to attract attention, but neither washing nor rinsing the cup after somebody has drunk from it. From time to time a huckster slips away for a glass of *arak* in the nearby café, while his wife guards the barrow.

Between eleven o'clock and midnight the traders begin to run out of stock. They pack up their kit and, before leaving, bargain volubly with one another over the exchange of eatables for their own domestic use—two loaves for a dish of vegetables, a can of milk for three slices of meat. The streets empty, the cries cease, the gendarmes disappear with their *baksheesh*, and we retire to join the little things that hop and crawl in our beds.

With such sights and sounds we whiled away our confinement at Aleppo. Always there was something to distract us. A Mohammedan official of the Indian Postal Service, for example, helped to prevent us from brooding overmuch. With only a fez differentiating his uniform from that of most native officers of the Indian army, we accepted him at first as a fellow-prisoner. But when, at table, he asked leading questions about the Palestine operations, H. winked at me and fingered his lips as a signal. We took the hint and answered very vaguely.

"Don't like the look of the little blighter," said H., after dinner. "Let's watch him."

He was worth watching. Every day, we found, he walked in the streets without a guard. Moreover, he was living by himself in a comfortable room. While this exceptional treatment of a prisoner did not prove treachery, the circumstantial evidence was fairly damning, and we became as unopened clams when he talked to us. This was the right attitude; for later, when at a concentration-camp, we learned that

this Mohammedan Indian was an out-and-out-traitor. Sometimes he was seen enjoying himself at Constantinople, sometimes he talked in railway trains to newly captured prisoners, sometimes he talked with them in hospitals. Once, in a hospital at Mosul, he was placed next to a wounded officer taken in a recent battle. His assumed complaint was influenza; yet he received full diet, and his temperature remained normal while he lay in bed and asked questions about the Mesopotamian campaign.

A prisoner of war in the East senses his surroundings far more intimately than the traveler. Temporarily he is of the East. Of necessity his captors regard him as something more intimate than the transient Westerner who, while moving freely among them, lives according to Western customs and tradition; and of necessity the man who is forced to live among Easterns and according to Eastern customs is more likely to understand the mental attitude whereby the crooked road is chosen in preference to the straight, whereby anything unexpected and fantastic may happen at any time, whereby—to repeat an illustration of my friend, Jean Willi, the dragoman—a man may get married in the morning and be a solitary fugitive for his life in the evening.

So it was with us. The continuity of strange impressions and experiences reacted on me till I forgot to realize that I was an ordinary Englishman held prisoner in what to me was an extraordinary country at an extraordinary period, and became as fatalistic and unsurprised as the Arabs and Turks themselves. Somewhere or other, I knew, we should be punished for having wanted to escape. Of what the punishment might consist we guessed nothing, except that it was likely to be something novel for which we should be quite unprepared. Meanwhile, it was of absorbing interest to sit on the balcony at Aleppo and study the motley crowd in the bazaar.

On leaving Aleppo we knew neither the next stage of the journey nor our ultimate destination; and we were content that it should be so, for a future that is certain to be unpleasant is better indefinite than definite.

For this journey our escort consisted of two gendarmes and two soldiers. First we were herded into a third-class compartment, windowless and altogether filthy. Already, before we arrived, it was crowded with unwashed and unkempt peasants, so that our party of eleven was allowed to occupy seven seats only. One of the gendarmes, who could murder French, advised us never to let our few belongings out of our hands, "or," said he, "we meet darkness and—pouf!—everything vanishes."

We liked the looks of neither the carriage nor the fellow-passengers, and thought how much more pleasant a goods-truck would be. The German soldiers in the East shared our views, for they always traveled in trucks. R. and I persuaded a gendarme to take us to the office of the station commandant, in the hope of being allotted better quarters. The commandant was polite, but pretended that he could offer nothing better. Then, as we passed along the platform, I saw a clean, covered-in truck, with a few Germans inside it. One man leaned idly against the entrance, and him I asked politely if, since there was much room to spare, they could lend us a corner.

"*Ausgeschlossen!*" he growled. "*Wir wollen keine Engländer.*"

We were about to move on when "*Was gibt's?*" called a Feldwebel as he stepped from the truck.

I explained that seven British officers, two of them wounded, longed for floor space, so that they would not be herded with odorous Turks.

"Perhaps we can manage it," said the Feldwebel.

"What's Paris like now?" he asked, suddenly, and went on to explain that before the war he was a bank-clerk there. With one eye on the coveted

space in the truck, I admitted to having lived for a time on the *rive gauche*, discussed peace-time and war-time Paris, and even—for one will put up with a lot to avoid traveling in a Turkish third-class carriage—listened patiently to the German's reminiscences of a love-affair with a French cabaret singer. This display of patience was rewarded. He took a referendum of his five companions, and all, except the surly brute to whom I had first spoken, agreed to cede us half the truck. The Feldwebel asked permission of a German major to invite us inside, and the major agreed.

"But only because you happen to be fellow-Europeans," he explained, "while the Turks are not."

A small bribe to the gendarme, and we moved thankfully from the Turkish compartment. There was room enough for all, prisoners and guards, to lie on the floor of the truck, so that by comparison we traveled *de luxe*. The Germans were friendly; and the Feldwebel, after I had pretended to be interested in more tales of his *affaires de cœur*, gave us a supply of tea with the loan of a spirit-stove for boiling it.

So, with poker and talk, we traveled for four days across Asia Minor. On three of the four evenings a certain amount of excitement was caused by Turkish soldiers attempting to desert when the train halted. They ran toward the hill, sometimes fired upon and sometimes chased. Several were captured, several got away and went to swell the huge total of brigands.

In that part of 1918 the number of deserters and brigands all over Turkey was enormous. Hundreds of thousands deserted from the army, and of these scores of thousands took to the mountains and wild places of Asia Minor, there to become robbers. Traveling on foot, on horseback, or on donkey-back across Anatolia was unsafe in the highest degree. In every fastness one would be certain to meet a band of armed ruffians, destitute and utterly

merciless, who would cheerfully kill for the sake of a pair of boots or a shirt.

More than a few German soldiers who had walked a mile or two from the beaten track were killed by brigands. Many of the gendarmes sent to deal with the robber bands were found dead, with their heads battered in. Many others were hand-in-glove with them, and gave information of possible plunder. Sometimes a gang would descend on a village, kill a few inhabitants as a warning to the others, and proceed to steal everything worth the stealing before they retired.

On the eastern side of the Taurus we detrained, and were transferred to the narrow-gage line that traversed the great Taurus tunnel before the broad-gage railway was completed. For eight hours, on a swaying little train with miniature engine, we moved through the tunnel's half-light, with an occasional interval of sunlight at gaps between the mountains.

The great Taurus tunnel was the solution of the worst obstacle to the Berlin-Bagdad Railway. With Serbia overrun and Bulgaria and Turkey as Germany's allies, the line from Berlin to Constantinople was straightforward. Already in 1915 the Anatolian Railway linked Constantinople to Konia. At the eastern end, the line from Bagdad (once Turkey should have regained it) could be extended across the desert to Mosul,¹ while the stretch of country from Mosul to Aleppo would offer no difficulties. Between Konia and the line from Aleppo, however, was the great natural barrier of the Taurus Mountains.

The rock stratum in the Taurus is among the hardest in the world. For many months it resisted all ordinary drills. The Berlin-Bagdad Railway Company caused various special drills to be made, and then, after infinite labor and experiment, began boring slowly through the rock. The natural diffi-

culties—precipices, steep slopes, chasms, and gorges—were tremendous. Nobody who has passed through the hollowed rock can deny that the Taurus line is a magnificent feat of engineering, especially the suspension bridge across a giant gorge on the western slopes.

Trains began running through the Taurus Mountains, along the broad-gage line, just two months before the armistice; and the Berlin to Bagdad Railway, including this wonderful tunnel, is now to be the London and Paris to Bagdad Railway. Already the line goes as far eastward as Mosul, while the westward rails from Bagdad are fast moving from Samarra to Mosul. These, when completed, will be the last links in the great railway chain from Boulogne to Bagdad. When the tunnel under the English Channel has been constructed the railway will stretch without a break from London to Bagdad.

Throughout the war this work on the Anatolian Railway was done mainly by British Tommies and Indian soldiers, picked from among the survivors of the captured garrison of Kut-el-Amara. With them were a few German technical officers and soldiers, some Turkish guards, and many Turkish laborers.

As workmen, the Turks were hopeless, except when set to tasks that required no intelligence; and even then they shirked. The Tommies, who were far better paid and fed by the Germans than were the prisoners who worked for the Turks, soon established a curious ascendancy. If it suited them they did four times the work of the Turks. They were intelligent, and could be trusted with funds. It was not long before some of them were in charge of Turkish gangs. Several filled positions of importance, with good salaries and plenty of freedom.

When, having emerged from the tunnel, we halted for a few hours at Belamedik, we were greeted by groups of these prisoner-officials, eager for news of the war. They were in civilian

¹ The British have already extended it beyond Samarra.

clothes furnished by the Dutch Legation at Constantinople. Such as wore hats and clean collars were always greeted respectfully with the title of *effendi* by the Turkish laborers. One Tommy—a Glasgow warehouseman—had charge of all the office staff, with Greek clerks under him. Another—an Australian—was actually paymaster of the construction department. Many thousands of dollars passed through his hands each month, and the German officials trusted him implicitly. It was a fantastic position—prisoners of war, in the wildest part of Anatolia, as responsible employees of a great engineering company controlled by the enemy.

From Belamedik we proceeded to Bosanti, where, in those days, the broad-gage line ended and the narrow-gage line began. There we stayed for a night and a morning. At Bosanti, also, was a gang of British prisoners. Six of them took us to their hut and demanded the latest news of the war. At that time we had little that was good to tell. The German drive toward Amiens and Paris was in full swing; the Italians had been badly beaten on the Piave; the tonnage sunk by submarines was enormous. Our one bright item of news was that thousands of Americans were pouring into France daily; which fact greatly surprised these isolated prisoners, who, from what they had been told by the Germans or had read in the Turkish papers, thought that no American troops could have arrived on the western front.

Having distracted the guards' attention by giving them coffee in a far corner of the hut, the Tommies changed the subject to escape talk. A party of five—two Australians, two Englishmen, and a French petty officer from a captured submarine—had built a collapsible boat. In three weeks' time they would all apply for twenty-four hours' rest from work, a privilege allowed by the German supervisor every three months. Carrying the boat in

sections and enough food for a fortnight, they would then slip away and begin tramping toward the coast near Mersina. They expected to be walking for about ten days, after which they would assemble the boat at night and put to sea, in the hope of either being picked up by an Allied vessel or of rowing to Cyprus. Five months had been spent in building the boat, the work being done in the hut at odd moments, sometimes by day and sometimes by night, but always with a man on the lookout for intruders. Tools, strips of metal, and a huge sheet of canvas had been smuggled out of the German workshops.

After making sure that the guards were unsuspecting, an Australian lifted the tip of a plank beneath his bed and extracted one of the steel ribs. It was beautifully made, with folding joint in the center and clasp and socket at either extremity. He likewise produced a compass and a revolver, bought secretly from a friendly German private. Both these articles would be necessary, the compass because the escapers would be unable to follow the road, and the revolver because they would be certain to meet brigands.

One can imagine the determination and perseverance that made possible the long hours of secret work on the collapsible boat, extending over months of careful designing, of filching the required material, of odd-moment construction under great difficulty, always with the urgent fear of discovery.

I wish it were possible to tell of their success. About a month after we left Bosanti they slipped away, according to plan. Carrying the boat in sections, besides food and the oars, they walked in night marches across the mountains and down the wild slopes fronting the coast. Three times they met brigands; but the revolver enabled them to bluff their way through. And then, when already within sight of the sea, a gendarme saw them. Four of the plucky five were captured, while the fifth managed to hide in a cleft between

two rocks, with the complete framework of the boat. That night he dragged it down to the deserted part of the beach. On the following night he pieced it together. He put to sea, and for eight hours made a desperate effort to leave the coast; but the shoreward currents were too strong for him and the weak little craft drifted back. He was recaptured and sent to join the four other adventurers in prison.

Next morning, while waiting for our train, we watched the Tommies at work. Some aeroplanes were on their way to Palestine, and the prisoners were told to transfer them to the small-gage railway. The men seemed listless and uninclined to hasten as they carried the machines to the secluded siding where they were to be reloaded. I was puzzled to find, however, that, once they began packing the aeroplane sections on the small trucks, they appeared to be keen and painstaking. In the distance we could see them grouped around each truck in turn, as they worked steadily throughout the morning.

"You always as keen as this in handling Hun war material?" asked H. of a burly Londoner of the Old Regulars, who strolled across from the siding.

"Sometimes we are, sir, sometimes we ain't."

"You couldn't have done a better morning's work in a munitions-factory at home."

"That's right. We've done a good mornin's work."

"But these are *Hun* aeroplanes, man. What the—"

"As *you* remark, sir, they're Hun aeroplanes. But I doubt if they'll ever fly."

Then we guessed. The Tommy amplified our guesses with details.

"Yus, we do a bit o' wreckin'—sabherbage, as you might say. We carry packages across to that 'ere siding, and yer can't say as we don't behave beautiful till we're there. Then we 'ave the lids off a few boxes, see what's inside, and proceed according to regula-

tions. Criminul, I calls it. . . . That 'ere siding's a useful place. Out o' the way, yer know. The Boches don't go there. 'Corse, if any Boches are near we resoom legitimate operations till they've 'opped it. Turks? We don't let 'em see, neither, if we can 'elp it. Once or twice Turkish *askas* 've seen us at play, but they only laughs. They 'ates the Huns a blurry sight more 'n we do. Why, I remember when a coupler Turks 'elped us in the good work one mornin'."

"Guns an' aererplanes is 'andiest," he continued, reflectively. "Yer see, when we finds the breech-block uv a gun it don't take long to take aht some gadget er other, accordin' as the gunners with us sez. Aererplanes we attacks mostly on the longeerongs—those ribs o' wood that runs dahn the length of the body, ain't they? English pilot 'oo passed dahn the line some months ergo give us the tip. 'Corse, we gives the other parts a bit uv attention—wires an' spars, an' such like. . . . No, it don't seem likely that those things over there'll fly fer a long time."

We agreed when we heard the full details of the sabotage. Besides ripping the fuselage fabric and cutting right through some of the longerons, the Tommies had hacked at struts, and clipped the bracing wires. They had pried open wooden cases, and before replacing the covers had snapped spars, bent elevators and rudders, and been generally unpleasant to the planes. This kind of wrecking was also being done, in greater or less degree, at Belamedik and other points on the railway where prisoners were forced to work.

The ill treatment of these six aeroplanes at Bosanti had a peculiar sequel. When the British entered Nazareth (the Turco-German headquarters in Palestine) during General Allenby's final advance, they captured many staff documents. Among the papers was a letter from the O. C. German Flying Corps on that front to Air

Headquarters in Germany, complaining bitterly about the bad packing and handling in transit of aeroplanes sent to Palestine. As an instance, it mentioned these very six machines (my comparison of dates and details established the point)—single-seater scouts of the Fals type—and declared that not one of them was fit to be assembled for flying. Enclosed was a photograph of some queer-looking debris that had once been a wing. The protest ended with the request that the men who packed these six craft should be severely punished.

Boches are Boches, but justice is justice; and, with memories of what I saw at Bosanti, I hope that the German packers were not punished.

Having said good-by to these Kut-el-Amara survivors who, though prisoners, were helping the British armies so effectively, we passed on toward Konia. And even as we steamed westward from Bosanti The Aeroplanes That Never Would Fly steamed eastward, through the great tunnel that never would be a link in a Berlin-Bagdad chain of railways.

(To be continued.)

YOUTH

BY CAROLINE DUER

WHO passes by this way? I see the grasses
 Still quiver and the laurel branches sway.
 Swift and sure-footed, whosoever passes,
 For where the wild-rose spreads her tangled masses,
 Not one pink petal falls! Who passed this way?

Our secret path, that leads down to the river—
 Down through the fields, down from the sun-swept hills—
 Sacred and sealed to our two hearts forever!
 At whose fleet footsteps do its grasses quiver?
 Whose light touch in its laurel branches thrills?

Trespass who dares amongst our blossoming closes,
 Winding our ways, shade-hidden to the shore?
 What cruel chance to alien eyes exposes
 Our dear, adventurous road beneath the roses?
 Oh, child, all ages passed this way before.

THE CASE OF FICTION

SOMETHING is wrong with fiction. We are all, I think, agreed upon that. But if you who read have lost interest, we who write are in a much sadder plight. For we can no longer beguile you, because we ourselves are no longer beguiled.

This is, I am perfectly well aware, an incautious and dangerous admission to make. Our reputations, which we have been at so much pains to achieve, and our bank-accounts, suffer alike. Even now the anxious spirit of my landlord appears before me, begging me not to write in this vein, or, if I must write, to consider him, and be a little discreet. It is for his sake that I remain anonymous.

As a matter of fact, I can scarcely tell you myself why I, to whose advantage it would certainly seem to ally myself on the side of the defense, should come thus wilfully into court as the accuser. Perhaps I am led by the subconscious hope that by making a clean breast of the whole thing I may gain a new starting-point—by confession to reach the light, or by an attempt at diagnosis to discover a cure.

To be sure, I shall be accused of heresy, since I hold the view despite the publishers' reiteration that fiction has never had so successful a season as this. I repeat the statement in the interest of truth—and persist in my belief that it has nothing to do with the case. It is, paradoxically, a situation outside the facts.

And I have talked with too many writers on this point to feel that I am alone. It has come, indeed, to be the almost invariable topic of conversation wherever writers are gathered together, the fact that they can neither write fiction, nor read it, any more. Or if one does read, for the sake of the craft, or

from a kind of loyalty, what is being written by those few who can successfully command their pens, it is with an increasing sense of something wanting, of some craving, some expectation unsatisfied. What this expectation is, no one is able exactly to say. If it could be captured or defined or decided upon, there would be no need of argument.

For myself, I have tried in vain during the past few months to write a single word of fiction. That same curious sense of frustration, of lack, of something wanting, continually stays my hand. Yet never have there been so many marvels in the world; never has there been so much good material for the fictionist; never so many things to write about. Never has the market been so good. Never have editors offered such alluring sums. It is neither temperament nor perversity which causes, under these most propitious conditions, our failure to respond. We are, if you like, an improvident lot, but never quite so without our heads as that. No, it is something which we ourselves do not clearly understand which keeps so many of us sitting before our desks unable to put down a word.

I turn the leaves of my note-book. How old-fashioned it all does seem! I would gladly make a clean sweep of every idea in those pages, sell them off, as a job lot, very cheap, rid myself of them without a regret. Jottings I once thought had value, or I shouldn't have put them down. Themes for short stories; a fairly fertile vein here, tapped, clearly enough, by phases of the war. One involves the use of a sleeping-gas, by which the enemy armies were put painlessly to sleep for a week. Details worked out, the action sketched in. . . . On the next page, this note: "Uprising of the animal kingdom. Drawn out of

their forests by the smell of blood on the battle-field. Catastrophe." . . . A few pages farther on, this idea, scrawled in pencil, lengthwise of the page. (A suggestion of excitement in the writing. I remember the day I thought of it!) "Industry in a certain great center is drained of its men, who have all been called to war. Inhabitants awake presently to the astonishing fact that there has been no cessation of the commodities produced. Industry, the machine of civilization, greater than man, greater than the sum of all the brains that created it, has gone on miraculously creating—of itself. It had set up too vast a momentum to be stopped by the withdrawal of its puny servants, men."

Well—and so on. Why were they never written? I do not know myself. And there were others of a different kind; strange spiritual reactions, cross currents, tragedies; many so vague or so fragmentary that I can scarcely follow them now myself. Hopelessly old-fashioned, out-lived, set in a past era, all of them. And more hopeless than any, pathetic even because they are so dead, are all those unused notes made before the war. Was there ever really a time when we were engrossed by such things, when we thought them worth writing about? They are as strange as the books written in that time, that we can no longer read.

Indeed, after the day's news, there are few books of any kind that I do not find irksome to read. And to have thus, at one stroke, one's occupation and one's greatest pleasure gone, is a very real calamity. Yet there *are* books—a few—which no cataclysm could dim for me, no tragedy put out. They are delightful, outlandish books, divorced from time and realism, beyond opinion and criticism, and they have the never-failing power to spirit me away and bring me back safely with my two feet firmly upon the earth. I should be worse than ungrateful if I neglected their praise. *Werwolves*, and *How to Become One* is the authoritative title of one of these.

A serious and scholarly work, which sets forth the complete history of werwolves; corrects, with many fascinating examples, the tendency which has grown up in the popular mind to confuse werwolves with such inferior creatures as vampires, tree spirits, elementals, ghouls; and so thoroughly clears up the differences that we could never make the regrettable mistake again, nor fail to recognize any one of them on sight. Last, but not least—indeed, more valuable than all the rest, it seems to me—is that part of the book which tells, with great minutiae of detail, "how to become a werwolf." There are potions, with recipes attached, incantations, directions in full as to the hour, the spot, the devious route to take. With a fine sense of fairness, the opinions of diverse authorities are set forth. It is admitted that some authorities hold that it is better to go to the top of a mountain at two in the morning and there drink rain-water from the hoofprint of a deer with one white foot, but the author has never found it so effective as the method of potion and incantation. There is something about the very dignified make-up of the volume, its calm spacing, its simple explanatory chapter headings, which inspires confidence. And its value lies in its ever-ready offer of escape. For if the worst comes to the worst, if to-day and ourselves prove no longer bearable, we have only to choose our method and go out and become werwolves.

Then there is *Miss Leslie's Behavior Book*, a thin little volume published in Philadelphia sometime in the early 'fifties. It is a less dangerous work than the one on werwolves; in fact, it is a work expressly designed to teach us how to avoid danger—the danger of being "ungenteel." We are warned by Miss Leslie against "ladies who travel on railway trains in white kid gloves. They are very ungentleel." Also we are told that it is ungentleel when there are guests for tea, for members of the family to slip out of the parlor and be heard in the next room eating bits of the cake or other refreshments before the guests are

served. Or, if one is stopping at a hotel, one is not to go into the public sitting-room where strangers are present and open the piano and play and sing, looking about as if expecting applause. Miss Leslie certifies that she herself has on more than one occasion seen females, and even members of the opposite sex, do this thing, and they are invariably persons of no talent, and ungenteel. She adds that if, however, there should *be* applause, it would be the height of ungentility not to bow graciously in acknowledgment. Miss Leslie, as you may see, leaves to the dull and unimaginative writers all such commonplace rules as those pertaining to the proper use of oyster-forks and when to make a call, but on the subject of "Introductions and Presentations of Persons Hitherto Unknown to One Another" she offers exhaustive advice and many sprightly and highly imaginative examples, which, if followed, would enliven any gathering. I have always suspected Miss Leslie of inventing those formulas for exactly the same use to which cocktails were later put—to insure a successful party from the start. And one may imagine that in the drear days about to descend upon us despairing hostesses may welcome the revival of such intoxicating formulas, at once inexpensive and within the law. For to evade or actually circumvent a constitutional amendment by the secretion of spirituous refreshments in the attic or any unknown and clandestine place—that would be *most* ungenteel.

There is another book on my shelves which, opened at any random page, is a magic carpet for my feet. It is Pierre Loti's *Morocco*, a book which I would put into the hands of all bedridden persons and prisoners; for in a sentence it would transport them to those rain-refreshed plains where, at dawn, on superb steeds, they ride for miles knee-deep in flowers which cover the earth like a carpet, blue and emerald green. I do not know the secret of this book's power, nor have I ever attempted an

analysis. For as one lives one learns more and more to accept with gratitude, and without explanation, such happy mysteries as these.

I have still another volume . . . but no, I shall not tell you its name; for some books, like people, have a faculty, when publicly praised, of becoming all of a sudden stupid and commonplace. . . .

Now I am perfectly well aware that I shall not escape without being asked if I cannot, surely, read *Alice in Wonderland*. And to that question I may best respond in the words of a young man in Greenwich Village whom I overheard say one night, in answer to some question (not, however, about *Alice*, but something equally universal, a question, to be exact, as to what *he*, the young man, could "possibly know about love?") "Ah, I *am* disappointed! So many mediocre people have asked me that."

No, I cannot read *Alice in Wonderland*. I'm sorry, but I can't. And when *Alice* fails of her magic, it is time to question why.

I have wondered if it could be because *Alice* savors of fiction, and I cannot read fiction at all. And why, then, has fiction, as fiction, as a form of expression, so completely lost its charm? I read the reviews of late novels, and realize that here and there I am missing much—but not enough. Even reviews of what I have written myself fill me with a detached kind of astonishment. Do they really see that in it, I ask myself. Are they as interested as they seem? And then I remember that book-reviewers *must* read books, that they are paid to be interested—and I am deeply, fraternally sorry for them. But they are incurably hopeful souls, and prophesy daily that fiction will soon revive, that writers will soon regain their perspective and be able to make use of the great things which have been happening in the world. And they can be optimistic, since they have only to report and hail the revival when it comes; but we, who have both to seek out the cause of the

decline, and produce, from somewhere within ourselves, the new impulse which is to effect the renaissance—we are not so ready to prophesy.

For all this leads somewhere besides the easy conclusion that the war has exhausted our responses to these lesser artificial stimuli, or the oft-repeated assertion that the war has had a “devastating effect upon the imaginations of writers everywhere.”

I verily believe that the war is no more to blame for it than it is to blame for the social chaos, the political overturn. In both cases it has but hastened the inevitable revolt. For long before the war we knew that the art of writing fiction was at the ebb. We had reached the end of an era; a new era was at hand. All the other arts had begun the revolt, had foreseen and begun to express the change. If music, painting, sculpture, poetry, seemed chaotic in their strange new forms, they but proved themselves more worthy prophets of the age. Fiction alone was the laggard, the conservative, the reactionary among the arts. Fiction concerned itself with other revolts, but did not itself revolt.

It may have been because its forms were less concrete, less agreed upon, than the forms of painting and music and poetry, that they were so hard to break. That is the only excuse I have to bring. For how fiction, which purports to reflect life, could hope to escape is more than any one can see. That hope, that belief, whichever it may have been, found its result in the false strained note fiction had come to have for us even before the war. We went on making our clever “arrangements,” our neat little designs, our sapient criticisms of life, and all the time we were feeling that something was wrong with them. Already we were losing interest. Already we were bored.

And it was only a matter of time until we should have become bored enough with the old forms to invent something new. For it is the bored people who do all of the interesting things of life. It

is only when we are sufficiently bored that we allow ourselves to flout worthy persons and traditions by turning our backs upon them, thrusting them aside. It is the bored people who set out to discover new lands, make inventions, create new art.

And we were beginning to be very much bored. We were as faithful, as painstaking as we knew how to be, but we had come to the time when sincerity was no longer enough. The very impulse seemed inadequate. Distinction of style could not make it up.

To be sure, however virile our literature had been, it would have come to much the same stop during the war. For the war took precedence over everything that had gone before. It became, as Henry Mills Alden put it at the time, our great daily serial. It was both the best seller and the *succès d'estime* of the last four years. What novel could compete with the amazing romance of Leon Trotzky? What imagined tales compare with the fall of all the kings? Our old habit of making neat and coherent little designs out of life was suddenly worse than ridiculous. Yet without structure, without some kind of form, it seemed that we could not build—any more than an architect may build without plan. And before we could capture a design, and make it concrete, it had changed before our eyes; our argument was refuted, our theory proved unsound. Change was the only reality—change and contrast and violence—and spiritual upheavals too vague and too tremendous to be traced with the point of a pen. It was as if Life had lost patience with our little stereotyped criticisms, and had turned upon us its own terrible and irrefutable critique.

Painters and sculptors turned camouflagers, musicians, and poets turned soldiers; and fiction-writers turned propagandists and historians or let the ink dry on their pens. Except those few rebellious, passionate ones among them who turned their pens into witch's brooms to carry them over the hills to jail.

There was a cessation of all Art, while Life stepped to the front to show us what fearless creation really was. Newspapers achieved a great, unconscious Art. They still usurp the heights. Where, will you tell me, shall I find any art to transcend this, on a single page of my morning's newspaper, open before me on my desk? My eye falls at random on three columns across the page:

Daylight in Archangel now is of only four hours' duration, and this fact, with the fogs, facilitates the guerrilla warfare of the Bolsheviks, operating in the shelter of the forests.

In the second column, this:

The Bourbons view with increasing consternation the countries of Central and Eastern Europe turning a deeper red.

In the third, this head-line:

A TEA FOR MISS ELIZABETH SMITH

Surely there is color enough, there is significant form, there is movement, there is criticism of Life! How shall Art improve upon it? How better arrange it? How more perfectly state it? And how elaborate it without making it less complete? Painting, symphony, poem, comment, and interpretation, all in one.

And it seems to me that in the arrangement, or lack of arrangement, of those three items upon a single page, there lies, if we will but see it, an intimation, a kind of prevision and hint of the way our creative literature must take. Clarity, brevity—qualities both requiring the utmost devotion to attain, and both so easily misconstrued. The clarity which comes of leaving unessentials out, and putting essentials in. And the knowledge of what is essential and what is not will be achieved only by standing still long enough to see facts in their relativity. We must learn, as the painters have learned, to put down what we see, and be less anxious to tell what we know about what we see. Going about and examining minutely all the articles within one's vision will not make for clarity—nor approach truth.

They would be merely facts without their relationships. But to stand still and look about, a man will discern his world in its entirety—each fact in its relation to other facts—and therein lies authenticity, therein lies beauty, therein lie unity and truth. He will not be so absorbed in the "deepening red of Central Europe" that he will forget to put in the head-line, "A Tea for Miss Elizabeth Smith." And that is the authentic touch. There we recognize our own old foolish world. See how, with that stroke, unity is achieved. The picture detaches itself, as a whole, a perfected scheme. Emotions, arguments, rise out of it, but it remains the same. And it is this "unity" for which I hope we shall learn to strive. For a novel, as well as a picture, should have its perspective, so that the farther away we stand from it, the more unified it becomes, the more its details compose themselves into the whole. And when we have accomplished that, we shall have taken fiction out of the realm of propaganda and argument into which it has strayed, and restored it once again to the realm in which it belongs, and in which alone it can serve—the realm of pure art.

For this our novels will be shorter. We must learn brevity. At least if a novel is long, let it be because it has a long story to tell. We must take more time to the writing of our novels in order that they may take less time to read. That is our task, which we must not shirk if our books are to be read at all. Not, however, as we so often hear, because in this hurrying age people have so little time to read. They have, as a matter of fact, more time, since the processes of life have been so much simplified. But they are more exacting, more impatient of futile discursiveness, of maundering narrative that gets nowhere. They have learned the value of time, and do not like wasting it. They do not propose to do our segregation for us. They will no longer dig through our shirkings to uncover our climaxes and our points. We must make clear

what we mean. And to do this we must follow the lead of the other arts, and use what the modern painters have come to use—clear color, pure line, and mass. Or learn from the modern musician, who says what he has to say, and leaves it, whether you like it or not. Far better than the old way of saying what people liked, and then embroidering, repeating, going over it, until every one ended by hating it.

But this saying what one has to say is not so simple as it seems. Thunderous Wagnerian themes possess our minds; we put them down, and they come out Chaminade! Chaminade, played on the same old spinet—nice enough, here and there, with a passage or two that you may not forget—but Chaminade. These are a writer's realest agonies.

We struggle grotesquely within the old intangible forms. And so fierce is the desire, so strong and imperative the urge to break those bonds, to say, straight, what one has to say, that I am perfectly sure if I attempted a novel to-day, it would begin something like this: "Hi, Public! Here is a novel! The theme is thus and so. The effect I wish to produce upon your mind is this! The characters are so and so—just enough to work out the plot. And here, briefly, is the plot." And I should feel constrained to stop every few paragraphs to ask, "Are you still there?" For the distractions are many and great, and we are tired of being bores.

Well—and why not? Why not a novel like that? If it had none of the graces of the old form, it at least would have none of its dullness—and that would be a relief. And it might have something to say. I tell you, we writers are a prideful lot, and cannot bear being laughed at or thought less wise than we are. But we have come to the point where we must take a few risks. We have gone round in a circle, and must find a new way to go. There was the time when all novels began the same: "On a certain night in November, 18—, while the storm shook the windows of the little

house at No. — Blank Street, London, a child was born." Later on, swept by a sentimental wave, they all began, "They met on a morning in May." And then the matrimonial novel appeared: "They had been married a week." And a little later all novels began, "And so they were divorced." And after that, "And so he went to war." And still later, "He had just come home from the war." And now all our books are beginning, "He had been dead an hour." . . . The circle is complete. Shall we find a new point of departure—or begin the round again?

There is one thing, just here, which I must say in justice to ourselves. One thing which deters us from experiment, much as we know its need. It is an oppressive sense of responsibility which rests upon those who write these days. For never, I believe, has a generation so consciously felt itself a part of history. We knowingly move in the great era—in the climactic epoch of civilization upon this earth. We feel the eyes of future generations upon us; we feel their fingers thumbing our books. We have a strange and disturbing sense of living in antiquity, of seeing to-day as in a crystal one sees a mirrored past. Even I, as I sit here at this desk, which will one day be such an absurdly old-fashioned desk—and with these furnishings whose very modernity guarantees them speedy antiques; my shoes, the style of my clothes, my hair, . . . I am already a twentieth-century daguerreotype.

More than once, in city crowds, I have found the whole scene detaching itself, and I would seem to be looking at it as a thing apart, suspended, hung in its atmosphere of antiquity. Fifth Avenue, at night, from the top of a 'bus—the broken sky-line of the roofs on either side, flower-shops, with the Gothic rise of St. Nicholas's beyond, and, farther up and across, the twin spires of St. Patrick's looming heroic and high; the pedestrians passing in the street below, the motors, the traffic moving massively; and on the seat in front of me two

ladies in fashionable hats, and opposite them two officers in uniform . . . suddenly it is static, an etching in a frame—"Fifth Avenue, New York, Period of the Great War"—and I wonder if I am I.

All this increases our already strong sense of responsibility, our self-consciousness, our feeling of inadequacy. For, after all, it is not because we no longer care for fiction that we cannot write, but because we *do* care; because we believe in it as a contribution to life, and are unwilling to give it less than it deserves at our hands. And even romance history must be worthy of a time so great.

There have been times of late when I have come to believe that we should be fulfilling our mission best if we could succeed merely in touching fact with

beauty, with felicity, gaiety; if we could content ourselves just now with what a soldier poet called "the grace-notes in life's scale to play." (Poetry, thank God! can still be brief and exquisite.) For men sick with war and hate and ugliness are coming back to us hungry for grace and simplicity and all delicate and beautiful things. But we cannot content ourselves. We have fed these last few years upon too strong spiritual meat for that.

And meantime Civilization has given notice that the climax is not yet. The world involves itself in strange experiments. If fiction, then, is to grope forward with the rest, we must not be afraid to risk experiment; we must believe in one another; in ourselves; have faith enough to try new ways.

THE COWARD

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

I MUST be off and a long time gone before the Spring comes back,
Before the last snow melts and runs, before the first bird sings,
Before me heart's the like of a hare with yelpin' hounds on its track
With the old sounds and the old sights and the liftin' of new-fledged wings.

I must be off and a long way off before the Spring comes on,
Before the hedges are comin' green the ways that I used to go.
'Tis well enough on a winter's night for a lad to sit be his lone,
But I'm dreadin' the time when Phelin's pipes sing up from the glen below.

I must be off and a long way off and there's no one to bid me stay,
And she and the man of her choice may laugh at seein' a fool depart.
I must be off and a long time gone before Spring comes this way,
Before the sight of a child of hers would tear the strings of me heart.

THE BLACK CITY

BY MARIA MORAVSKY

I KNEW that she would recover even when I first saw her.

Our meeting took place under the most extraordinary circumstances. I had been sent to the Caucasian city of Baku as a correspondent by a radical Russian newspaper. Note that the newspaper was *radical*, and no self-respecting Russian radical ever believes in religious miracles or ever helps to perform them.

Well, I was compelled to lower myself to a miracle. . . .

But let us start at the very beginning. When I arrived at Baku I could not find a room in any hotel, not for love nor money as you English people say. It was in war-time; all living-places were overcrowded. The first night I slept in the station, and awakened with a headache and in a bad mood. "Never mind, you are a newspaper woman," I said to myself; "be courageous and active. A real correspondent must not mind such a trifle as a headache."

Then I washed myself, powdered my nose, drank a few glasses of very hot tea with lemon, ate a piece of stale black bread, and began my investigations.

I suppose you know that in Baku we have great oil-wells? There was always some kind of trouble with them—fire, graft, labor troubles, or what not. Now there were all these causes together—at least the owners told us so. They complained and complained, and asked large subsidies from the Czar's government. In return they produced very little kerosene and oil.

Many of the newspaper greyhounds were sent "to expose the profiteers." You see, I had a mission so important that

there was no excuse for me to engage in performing miracles.

But if you had seen the poor girl you would have forgotten all about the important missions. She was paralyzed; year after year she had to lie there on her narrow maiden bed, dreaming in vain of life and love. And she looked so sweet! She was of that pure Slavic type of which our peasants sing:

Your eyes are like the skies,
Your hair like a golden wave.
Who saw you once in life
Would love you to the grave.

She was the daughter of an oil-well guard. A terrible accident had ruined her health. Every day she carried her father his humble lunch in the dinner-pail. She had to hurry, otherwise the food would grow cold; it was a long way from her smoky house in the Black City to the dark towers of the oil-wells.

The city in which the oil-workers live is justly called the Black City. The houses are dirty from the unceasing smoke, blown around by the frequent winds from the Caspian Sea. The soil is barren; even the scantiest grass cannot grow in the clay with its covering of salt and oil. It is a sad place to live. The detestable smell of the oil penetrates everything—soil, clothes, even the walls of the buildings. It is impossible to be rid of it. Even a daily bath—if the people from the Black City were acquainted with such a luxury—would not save them from it.

They did not know luxuries. But the little golden-haired Grunia was charming just the same, although she bathed

only before the big holidays and never wore hats on her golden hair. Of course she had admirers. There was a boy who swore that he would love her to the grave, like the song. She loved him, too, and everything would have ended as happily as it was possible in such a dark place had the horrible accident not occurred.

There was a fire in the oil-wells. The largest of the wells was aflame, and when Grunia approached it she learned that her father was there, amid the flames. She cried and dropped the dinner-pail, approached the trembling tower of flame, and called:

"*Otetz, Rodnoi*" ("Father dear!")

At the same moment her oil-stained clothing caught fire. She fell unconscious from fear and grief.

When she was better people noticed that she could not move. Her limbs were completely paralyzed.

All this was told by the guard who showed me the wells. He was her stepfather. He loved the girl and her mother, but, "what can a poor muzhik do?" There were no good doctors in the Black City.

We became friends. When two Russians talk for two hours they have time enough to tell each other their business, their beliefs, and the story of their lives. He informed me that he believed in miracles, performed by the new wandering saint. I complained to him that I had no place to live. We sympathized with each other and he asked me to stay in his house. It was terrible, to live in the Black City, but I had no choice. I accepted the invitation, consoling myself:

"It is very romantic to live among the working-people, and I shall obtain first-hand information."

When we entered his home a faint, sad song was heard from the bedroom. It was Grunia, who sang:

"When she was a little girl
She was a happy child . . ."

Her stepfather opened the door to the bedroom and we entered this room with a low ceiling and very small windows. The windows were carefully closed and the air in the bedroom was heavy. The humble muslin curtains, which might have been white a few days before, were now a dirty gray. Nothing could be clean for long in this city of smoke.

When we entered she stopped her song abruptly and gazed at me with friendly curiosity. Her father said:

"This lady will stay with us for a while. She wants to talk to you."

The girl smiled gently and stretched both her hands to me.

"I am awfully glad! People talk to me so rarely. *Matushka* is always busy and the children come only after a fight—to complain about a black eye. . . . I feel very lonely here."

"Well, well, don't wail too much before *barishnia*; she will be bored," said the stepfather, and left us alone.

Grunia lay on the plain wooden bed. Her face was pale from the lack of fresh air—Russian peasants rarely open windows in their houses. They believe that if you sleep with the window open you will immediately catch a bad cold. It is a superstition which is very hard to fight.

"Be in good health!" I used the ordinary Russian greeting, which sounded ironical in this gloomy bedroom. I took her tiny hands in mine and examined them. "I am glad you can move your fingers. I was told that they were quite helpless after the accident. So we are recovering little by little?"

"Oh no; God returned me only my hands. It happened so strangely. . . . I lay here and prayed day and night for my health. Then mother brought a new set of knitting-needles and showed them to me. They were so bright and pretty! I lifted my hands and took them before I thought of it. It was a miracle."

The thought of self-hypnotism immediately flashed through my mind. I had studied medicine before I chose the restless occupation of a journalist. Professor

Ribau had described these strange cases. I remember a story about a young woman who was paralyzed—the result of a street accident. It was a nervous paralysis. She recovered after a while, but did not realize it. For years her devoted husband pushed her wheelchair until a clever doctor came and said to her, “Get up; you are all right.”

“Let me look at your feet, will you, Grunia?” I said to my new friend.

“Are you a doctor?”

“No, but I know a bit about it. Perhaps we might consult a good doctor.”

She unfolded her blanket willingly and her eyes brightened. My God! how this girl wanted to live! She looked at me as wistfully as though I were an image of hope.

“I would do everything to be healthy again! I would take the bitterest drugs.”

I examined her feet. They did not have the lifeless whiteness that accompanies paralysis.

“Do you feel my touch?”

“Why, certainly, but it does not hurt me. You may squeeze them. You may try them with a knife. Do everything you please, if it will help! Oh, I want to walk again!”

“Listen, Grunia. There is a boy to whom you were engaged.”

Tears shone suddenly in the eyes of the girl as I spoke these words.

“He is kind, *barishnia*. He comes from time to time and plays for me on his guitar. But he cannot marry a wreck. A muzhik needs a worker in his house. And now he is coming less and less often. . . . I think that dark girl newly from Baku got hold of him. He is not for me; he is not for me!”

She covered her face with her pale, thin hands and sobbed loudly.

“Don’t cry, Grunia; you are not a baby. Do you want him back?”

“Every girl would like him back! He is wonderful. He has the best guitar in the town and he is so brave. . . . It was he who saved me from the flames. . . .”

“Listen, Grunia; you will have

your boy back. You will walk and be happy.”

“How, *barishnia*, how?” cried she, and grasped my hands convulsively.

“Just brace up and leave your bed. Get up! You are not paralyzed at all. Perhaps you were, but you have recovered a long time ago. You can walk all right. Try!”

The blue eyes of Grunia darkened suddenly. She was angry, and said, bitterly:

“You think I am pretending, *barishnia*. My mother says it, too, when she feels tired from housekeeping. ‘Such a big, lazy girl,’ says she, ‘and no help from her!’ I know people think it. I do look all right. But I cannot move, I cannot. I cannot.”

She repeated it plaintively with unceasing and humble despair.

I tried to convince her, but in vain.

“How is it possible, *barishnia*, without drugs or operations or prayers or anything? Just to get up and walk? I cannot do it.”

It was clear to me now that I had spoiled everything. I should have said that I was a doctor and a very learned one. Now she would not believe me. Self-assurance is more helpful sometimes than modesty. “Modesty is not becoming in a newspaper woman, anyway,” I sneered at myself, at the same time blushing at my meek attempt to cure this stubborn girl.

In the afternoon I caught the train to Baku. I had to return and take my things from the station. The train moved like a tortoise which has just awakened from its winter sleep. I was bored by this slow ride and felt blue; I had not even a newspaper to divert me. My thoughts went back to the Black City. I could not help thinking about the poor girl whom I had left there.

My sad meditations were broken by a quarrel; two working-men were arguing very passionately about religion. They were already rolling up their sleeves in order to back their arguments with their

fists when I looked at them. I smiled as sociably as I could and asked:

"What is it all about?"

The fellows forgot the fight, immediately, for the sake of a new debate. Russians love to argue much better than to fight. They were glad to have a new "arguer," and they told me their views, interrupting each other as often as they could.

It was about a new saint. He was supposed to cure every kind of disease, from the Caucasian fever to chronic drinking. The younger fellow refused to believe in it. He was the type of the "enlightened working-man," and a red-covered radical booklet peeped from his pocket.

"All these self-made saints fool the ignorant people! Read books and you will see for yourself."

I quite agreed with him and tried to enlighten his opponent. We argued for hours, until our voices became hoarse. We parted good friends and my opponent found for me an *izvozchik* and eloquently swore at him for a long while, trying to lower the enormous war cab-fare.

The *izvozchik* took me to the station and his thin, hairy horse went almost as slowly as the train from the Black City. He tried to start a little talk with me about the future harvest, but I was not sociable now; I was thinking all the time about Grunia.

"She will not listen to a doctor when he tells her that she isn't paralyzed," thought I. "She will feel hurt. . . . 'People think I am pretending,' she will say again." "If I only could fetch that saint!" I said to myself, and blushed. I, a radical, who only a few minutes before was fighting prejudices, now put my hope in them.

"But really, she may believe in his power, and it will cure her. Oh, damn the principles! Let us try to find the saint. Human happiness is worth more than the best principles in the world."

After I had quieted my conscience and brought my valise from Baku to the

Black City we all drank tea together, the big family of my host, the boy who loved Grunia, and I. I was seated in the corner, under the ikon, as an honored guest. I touched the gilded frame of the image and asked Grunia's lover:

"Do you believe in miracles, Vasia?"

"Of course not, *barishnia*. I should be laughed at by the comrades of the party if I did."

"He is a socialist," said Grunia's father, disapprovingly.

Then I declared, to the great surprise of the family, "I do believe in miracles, Petr Petrovich, and should like to meet the blessed Ivanushka."

My conscience ached again when I shamelessly said it. "To fall so low! If only my editor could hear!"

But the dice were thrown. I did not hesitate any longer. I asked Petr Petrovich to give me the address of the saint.

He did not know. "Ivanushka never lives long in one place," said he.

"It is a pity that you don't know it. I thought we might beg him to help Grunia," said I, and looked at Vasia.

"I will upset all the village and find him, *barishnia*!" shouted the unbeliever. His big blue eyes shone with a new hope. That night he did not play the guitar at Grunia's bedside. "We are going to help you, my little swallow," he said to his pale sweetheart. "Be patient and let me go. . ."

"You all repeat, 'Be patient, be patient!'" complained Grunia, and was near to weeping. But he pinched her chin gently and made a funny face at which she smiled. Then he ran away.

I followed him with the easy step of a sinner who has just sold her soul to the devil of superstition and does not care.

As I was leaving the room I noticed that Grunia drew out from under her pillow a sheet of bright silk and started to sew.

"It will be a fine blouse for Vasia," I thought. But I was mistaken.

When we were outside I said to Vasia, "You mustn't think I really believe in all this nonsense, but—"



Painting by W. H. D. Koerner

PEOPLE ENJOYED THEMSELVES IN THIS CITY OF DESPAIR

And I tried to explain to him the theory of Professor Ribau, without any hope that he would understand it.

To my great surprise, he understood. They have very clear heads, those young Russian peasants.

"We will tell her afterward that it was not a miracle," said he, seriously. "Girls must not be kept in the darkness."

"I wonder if she would believe us . . ." I murmured. "There is a tale about a genie whom a muzhik drew out of a bottle, but could not put back again."

But the "enlightened" Vasia did not understand obscure symbols.

It was nearly evening when we left the house of Petr Petrovich. The big southern stars shone brightly above the Black City, the city of despair. The wind of early spring, which might have been laden with balsam a few miles away, smelled of oil. Big clouds of smoke tarnished the deep-blue sky.

For a few minutes we walked in silence. "Where are you going, Vasia?" I asked.

"We will ask about him in the big *traktir*, 'Forget-me-not,' opposite the church. Perhaps they know where he lives at present."

"What do you drink in the *traktir*, now that vodka is prohibited?"

"Tea with jam. Women are very glad because their husbands take them out to the 'Forget-me-not.' It never happened before."

The *traktir* was far away, on the other side of the town. We passed the narrow main street, strewn with the shells of sunflower seeds which are the favorite dessert of the working-men. Life would be as unendurable without it as the life of an American working-man would be without chewing-gum.

People sat at the entrances of their low, dark houses. They talked loudly, sang and played. The air was filled with music. Guitars, harmonicas, and *bala-laikas* were heard on every corner. The gentle, low buzz of the stringed instru-

ments and the joyful twitter of harmonicas reminded me that the spring had come even to the Black City. People enjoyed themselves in this city of despair. How could they? It seemed to me that I should die if I were compelled to live here.

And Grunia was not able even to leave her dark house for the noisy and dirty street. The street looked hopeless, but still there was a sky, a spring sky above it!

We passed the street and began crossing a large deserted plain—"Empty Space" it was called by the inhabitants. Fighting took place on it very often and people had been killed there at night. There were no trees, no grass, and no flowers on this dead field. Truly it was "Empty Space" filled with the omnipresent smell of oil. A thick pipe through which the oil ran from the wells to the benzine-factory lay like an endless snake.

"How long is this pipe and why is it placed on the surface? It may be ruined by the weather or carriages."

"The bosses find it too expensive to dig it in," answered the boy, with a laugh. "But it costs them far more to have it crawl through the 'Empty Space.' Look here."

He pressed his finger to his mouth and we stopped. Looking forward, we saw two figures bending over the oil-pipe.

"They are milking it," said Vasia, with a sneer. "From time to time these oil thieves bore so many holes in the pipe that all 'Empty Space' is covered with oil. The muzhiks keep their mouths shut, even when they happen to know who does the milking, because they hate the owners."

"You are caught!" exclaimed he, jokingly. "Come with me to jail!"

The men looked at him very quietly and smiled. All of a sudden Vasia tapped one of them on the shoulder and shouted:

"Ba! Saint Ivanushka! Did you find this business better than curing people?"

"The police were after me; they considered it a crime to cure the poor with-

out the paper from the governor. It wasn't just! So I prefer to give them a real reason for hunting."

"Did you really cure that old woman from the New Village? Tell me, Ivanushka. People say she was near death."

"Yes, God helped me to do it, although her husband isn't glad that she recovered . . . she has too sharp a tongue."

"Will you help my sweetheart, Ivanushka?"

"What? You always sneered at the Saint Spirit who helps the helpless. No, you may take me to jail, but I will not even try to do it."

"Don't be cross, Ivanushka. Try!"

"I don't want to be mean to you. I am God's man. I would like to help your girl, but, you see, if people don't believe, it is of no use. I should injure my good name if she doesn't recover."

"You don't mind injuring your good name with thieving!" said Vasia, contemptuously.

"Now be careful; don't dare to offend Saint Father!" the companion of Ivanushka shouted, angrily. "The Blessed has the right to take a little kerosene from here for his lamp and his home fire. The earth and her womb belong to everybody. God created it for the common use, but your bosses grabbed it for themselves."

Vasia tried to answer this argument of crude religious socialism.

"You are ignorant people," he said. "This is not the way to change things. We must organize and claim our rights, not steal them."

I felt that a fiery discussion might start here in the desert, near the damaged pipe, and that they might talk until the police discovered them and brought them to their senses. So I interrupted Vasia:

"Will you please explain to Ivanushka why I came here?"

"Oh yes. *Barishnia* says that she believes in you. I wonder why she does, being educated. . . . She wants you to cure Grunia."

Ivanushka looked at me with suspicion.

I said to him, as sincerely as I could:

"It is not quite so, Ivanushka; I stopped believing in miracles long ago, but I know that some people have great mental power. Perhaps you have it. I have heard much of you. I hope that you may cure this girl. There is no smoke without a fire; there must be a reason why people praise you so."

"You want to be converted, *barishnia*. I see it," said Ivanushka, wiping the oil from his hands with a rag. "Your heart is cold from disbelief. All right, I will pray God to warm your heart and lift the girl to her feet. I hope He will help me once more."

His young companion made the sign of the cross and looked at the saint with deep reverence. "No more oil, father?" he asked, obediently.

"Go home, my son. I don't need you any more," said Ivanushka.

His disciple kissed his hand and disappeared noiselessly in the darkness.

We invited Ivanushka to the "Forget-me-not" and I had a long talk with him.

The *traktir* looked as decent as a late saloon could look. Tables were covered with clean table-cloths. Was it because the sober customers became more intolerant of dirt, or was it because women began to visit the rehabilitated saloon? People who sat there were dressed well. Some of them wore silken blouses, mostly red or black.

We sat down at a small round table in the corner and talked in whispers, like conspirators. Ivanushka refused our entreaties for a long time. Only after the fifth glass of tea he began to give in:

"If you, Vasili, will pray and fast three days and three nights . . ."

But then Vasia ruined everything. He interrupted the priest:

"I will do nothing of the kind. To practise these silly tricks again! How can I if I don't believe? My comrades in the party would ridicule me if they knew. I should despise myself."

Ivanushka arose from the table, highly offended.

"You impertinent youngster! Your unripened soul is as changeable as the wind from Caspii. You don't know yourself what you believe and disbelieve. I am too old to be angry with you, but I will never speak to you again."

He crossed his breast before the ikon of Saint Nicola, hanging in the corner, and went out with heavy steps.

When Vasia and I, greatly depressed, were leaving the "Forget-me-not" a young chap with a childish face and a large scar across his forehead passed close to Vasia and said, in a low, monotonous voice:

"Don't forget, Vasili, the boys will be at the Armenian cemetery after sunset."

My easily inflamed imagination was stirred by this unusual engagement. Something was going to happen at the oil-wells! It was a revolutionary meeting, no doubt. I recalled how in 1905 we used to gather in the most deserted places, discussing the new life. My heart beat rapidly. Now, twelve years later, I still remembered that unforgettable year. The first revolution lived in my memory like a first love.

"Is it possible now, in war-time, when everything is so suppressed? Are people beginning to awaken again?" I asked myself. I had heard the effusive news from different cities of Russia, the news about the great wave of unrest which slowly was approaching the shattered throne. I hope . . .

I was dying to ask Vasia about the meeting, but such a question would be against the rules of conspiracy. I did not belong to their organization. I was a free-lance radical.

Seemingly, his thoughts were more occupied with his personal affairs than with the happenings in the party. He murmured to himself and bit his full, softly curved lips. Even the expression of anger and contempt could not greatly harden his frank and kindly face.

"Oh, how I hate these peasant superstitions!" he shouted, angrily, when we

parted with Ivanushka. "They hamper our movement, they keep people in fear, they destroy everything! A year ago one of these religious witches killed my poor brother. Pron was wounded in a street fight and a priest from our village suggested that we put a handful of the sacred soil on the wound. The dust from the grave of Saint Sergius caused blood-poisoning. . . . Oh, how I despise all these silly beliefs!"

I said nothing. I despised them also. But if, in this particular case, they might build up human happiness . . . Perhaps it was worth while to try. . . .

However, I did not share my thoughts with Vasia. I did not want to tempt this young boy who had just freed himself from the tightly clinging false beliefs of the past.

Quite of a sudden Vasia changed the topic. "What do you think of our Czar?"

"I think our opinion of the subject does not differ much," I answered, with a comprehending smile.

"I have guessed it; you are an intellectual, and the *intelligentsia* was always for the interests of the masses," he said, awkwardly combining the freshly learned literary words. "I believe you are with us."

"I am, Vasia, with all my heart!"

"Would you like to go to the meeting?"

"Certainly."

Among the plain white monuments, made of cheap Caucasian marble, there sat the dark figures of the conspirators. It was not a large crowd. But the simple white pillars which guarded the graves looked like motionless human bodies wrapped in white. I recalled suddenly the horrible massacre which was inspired and organized by the government, the bloody fight between Armenians and Persians. Many victims of it were buried here. I imagined that their spirits arose now from the fresh graves to add to our protest their immortal indignation at despotism. The immobile white

The feeling of great faith was so contagious! It thrilled even the sophisticated soul of the newspaper woman. For a moment I forgot the materialistic philosophy which long ago had replaced my childish faith in religion, and murmured with the others half-remembered words of prayers.

Ivanushka approached the bed and unfolded the thin brown blanket which covered the immobile feet of Grunia. She looked at his hands and smiled ecstatically. He made the sign of the cross on her knees, her shins, her ankles, and every one of her little fingers. Then he continued his prayers.

The atmosphere of strained waiting filled the room. People stopped murmuring their prayers. The room was so silent that I could hear the buzz of a small fly which beat its head against the closed window, trying desperately to regain its freedom.

Suddenly Ivanushka raised his head and fixed his kindly eyes on Grunia. His face was lighted with great compassion, tears of sacred pity shone in his wise eyes. She looked at him with such bright hope! My heart almost stopped. I thought what a terrible shock it would be to her, if . . .

But my doubting thoughts were interrupted by the clear voice of Ivanushka the Blessed:

"Arise, my child, and be strong."

Slowly, as in a cataleptic dream, she put her feet, one after the other, on the bared floor. We did not dare to move or breathe. Only Vasia crawled on his knees nearer to her bed.

Carefully, like a baby who tries to walk for the first time, she made a few uncertain steps and fell in the open arms of Vasia.

"It was only a case of self-hypnotism," I thought, as I shook hands with Ivanushka. But somehow I was not quite sure of it. Professor Ribau and his famous theory had faded a little.

I offered some money to Ivanushka, but he refused to accept any reward.

"You are still in doubt. . . . I cannot

accept anything from the people who are in doubt. . . . It may weaken my power."

Grunia recovered slowly. At first she could walk only a few minutes a day—her feet were so weak after months of inaction. But little by little they grew stronger and she began to dream of a nice long trip to Baku. Vasia promised to take her there to buy her a turquoise engagement-ring.

It was a fine day when Grunia left the house for the first time after her long illness. Even in the Black City one could feel that the spring had come.

Grunia walked slowly along the always dirty main street; from time to time she would stop and smile at the houses as if greeting her old chums. It was a week-day and the town seemed deserted; she could not talk and smile to the neighbors. She was still very weak and we helped her to walk.

When we passed the "Empty Space" she suddenly bent to the ground—she had noticed a pale blade of grass.

Rain had been falling for days and it awakened for a short time this deserted and lifeless spot. Frail apple-green leaves of weeds shot through the oiled and salted soil. Grunia plucked the little green blade and kissed it.

The train moved as slowly as usual. A very few people rode to Baku at that time of day. We three sat together on a soiled wooden bench, enjoying life. As the train got farther and farther away from the oil-wells the air became more and more fresh. The wind blowing from the Caspian Sea drove away the disgusting smell of the oil.

Grunia breathed deeply and her eyes were as blue and bright as the waves which glittered in the distance.

We reached Baku at noon. A large caravan of camels moved slowly along the ill-paved streets. A few automobiles hurried noisily by and the camels looked at them suspiciously. From time to time they were frightened by the horns and shied away in wild fear. Mohammedan



Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner

Engraved by H. Leinroth

IT WAS A VERY HUMBLE TURQUOISE WHICH VASIA COULD AFFORD TO BUY

women in long, multicolored wrappers mingled with well-dressed Europeans. Grunia looked at this bright Asiatic city as if she had regained Paradise.

Through the narrow stony gate we entered the ancient fortress where rested the turquoise intended for Grunia's engagement-ring. Vasia led the way to the Persian-rug shop.

The well-dressed young Persian salesman with finger-nails painted yellow met us with a courteous bow and willingly showed us all his store. He was told that we needed just one small, inexpensive turquoise, but what did it matter? Nobody hurried much in the sunny and lazy city of Baku, and we might as well examine the whole shop.

We saw old rugs of delicate coloring, which reminded me of a fading rainbow; we saw Eastern rosaries, made of sunny yellow amber, and other ones, carved of balsamic wood; we saw shawls thin and transparent as the mist above the Caspian Sea in the early morning. At last the salesman showed us turquoises.

It was a very humble turquoise which Vasia could afford to buy for his sweetheart. But she was happy to have it. I wonder if Cleopatra was as happy to have her great pearl which she dissolved in vinegar.

"Let us go to the mosque," proposed Vasia. "We can see the whole city from there."

It was very tiresome to ascend the winding staircase, but we conquered it after a while, and the view from there rewarded us for the hard climb.

But I did not look at the view, it was more interesting to watch Grunia.

The faint blue reflection of the far sea lay on her shining hair and lent an additional pallor to her pale face. She looked to me like a fair ghost from the Elysian Fields come back to her beloved earth.

"To-day she is undoubtedly the happiest human being in Baku," I thought.

But suddenly I heard her weeping. "What happened, Grunia *milayia*?" we both exclaimed.

"I hate it, I hate it! I don't want to return there!"

"You will not return there if you don't want to," said Vasia, firmly. "What is the use of wailing?"

But she did not listen, and complained plaintively, like an unjustly punished child:

"The daisies in the park here are as large as a silver ruble, and in our black hole I did not see any flower for years. I don't want to return; I will die first!"

"Be still, cry-baby, we are not going to live in the Black City any more. I hope I shall be discharged from the wells for leading the strike, and I shall surely find work in Baku."

"Do you promise? Do you swear to this?"

"I promise and I swear," said Vasia, solemnly, and made the sign of the cross.

Grunia wiped her reddened eyes with her sleeve and looked happy again. Then she said, convincingly:

"God is merciful! Let us thank Him for the miracle."

"But there was no miracle, Grunia. Don't believe such nonsense!" said Vasia, and I tried to explain everything to her. But I could not translate into plain Russian the hard psychological terms; for two minutes or so I mumbled faintly about self-hypnotism, but I had to give it up because Grunia listened so absent-mindedly. She smiled as the daughter of Jairus must have smiled when she was lifted from her death-bed. She repeated:

"God is merciful!"

"You see," I said to Vasia, "the genie does not want to return to his bottle."

"Which genie?" asked Vasia, embracing his sweetheart.

I remembered then that he did not understand Oriental symbols. And I said, simply:

"I told you when we started this adventurous cure she would never doubt priests after she recovered. She will be superstitious all the rest of her life!"

"All right; let her be superstitious and happy," answered Vasia, carelessly. And I shook hands with him.

“THE INSTANT NEED OF THINGS”

AN ACCOUNT OF THE DENVER PUBLIC OPPORTUNITY SCHOOL

BY ALMA AND PAUL ELLERBE

TO-NIGHT a varied procession will be sweeping into a dingy old building at Twelfth and Welton Streets in Denver, under a big golden sign that says, “The Opportunity School.”

The bishop’s sister comes for type-writing for relief work, and her cook for English; a well-known lawyer for the mechanism of his high-priced car, and the urchin who sells him papers to clinch again with the three r’s; an old blind man for broom-making, and a bevy of society girls for dietetics; a returned soldier, deaf from shell shock, for lip-reading; the best-paid newspaper man in town for shorthand for overseas service; a group of young girls in charge of two black-robed sisters from a Roman Catholic school for the cooking-class; an old white-headed negro to learn to read and write; Greek boys from the candy kitchens and shoe-shining stands; old Jewish junk-dealers with the beards of prophets, German-Russian girls with black shawls over their heads; Austrian miners; Italian fruit-dealers; dapper young Japanese, Filipinos, Negroes, Swedes, Chinese, Croatians, Mexicans, half-breeds, and every kind of American.

Verily, “the United States goes by.”

What brings them there? Why does this school draw all ages, colors, and conditions of humanity? An average of one letter a day is received from other American cities, asking for the plan of operation. Many of them are going to copy it, and so, probably, are London and Tokio. Representatives of half a dozen nations have studied it. It is acclaimed as a new note in education. Why?

It is because they fit you for life, in

the Denver Opportunity School, not as they think it ought to be, but as *you’ve got to live it*. They teach you the thing you *need*, and just as rapidly as you can learn it.

The idea is so old, so simple, so universally acknowledged, and so thoroughly forgotten, that it has all the force of novelty.

The school was opened by Carlos M. Cole, city superintendent of public schools, in September, 1916, with Emily Griffith as principal. It is a part of the public-school system of Denver. They thought they would have an enrollment of less than two hundred. Two thousand three hundred came that first year; there were thirty-two hundred the second, and the corps of teachers grew from five to forty-two. They expect an enrollment of five thousand in this, their third year.

The doors are open from half past eight in the morning until half past nine at night. You may drop in whenever you like and spend whatever time you can spare in clearing away the particular kind of ignorance that blocks your road. If the curriculum doesn’t include what you want and twenty students ask for it, they will put it in—if it is practical and helps along the business of living.

There is no course in embalming, and they don’t teach Latin, or sculpture, or New Thought. But last year, in a city of 268,000, which is not an industrial center, 517 students graduated from the automobile mechanics department, the wireless class sent 165 to government positions, 50 girls were trained to write letters from dictating machines, the

radio class turned out 35 experts a month, 150 had training in mechanical drawing, 906 the course in shorthand and typewriting, 275 students a week went through the millinery department, representatives of 20 nations learned to read and write in the foreign room, 300 men and women were prepared for naturalization, and there are 480 stars in the school's great service flag.

And this is only a part of it. The psychology of salesmanship is taught by the "efficiency woman" from a department store; prominent business men lecture on business methods; the cooking-class teaches housewives, cooks, business girls about to be married, and nurses from hospitals not equipped for dietetic work, what to cook and how to cook it, its caloric value, and its proper place in a well-balanced meal; there is a class for stammerers, and one for the adult blind; a French class, that was composed last year of men who were going over; a class for sheet-metal workers; one for drivers of trucks; a course for hotel employees, from chambermaid to manager; classes in switch-weaving and hair-dressing and manicuring and dress-making and housekeeping.

Every night in the soup-room one hundred and ten bowls of soup are served free to hungry students who come to school from work and have not the time or money to go home and return.

They have an alert sense of "the instant need of things." In a bit of a workshop boys are quickly taught the use of tools when there are jobs to be done—taught and sent out on the work, for the practice and the pride—for they make no charge: the mending of a neighbor's fence, repairing sign-boards, strengthening broken steps, and all manner of simple and useful things.

Some of them are there because they can't be made to fit into the mold of the public schools. Miss Griffith doesn't follow the old method of forcing them into it anyhow, by lopping off here and compressing there; she calls them "industrially inclined," or something of the

sort—labels don't count for much with her—and gives them a class of their own, where they spend an hour on books to three on carpentry, or concrete-work, or automobile mechanics, or whatever trade or craft is nearest their hearts. Some of those who have to support themselves are allowed credits on their studies at night for work properly performed during the day.

One of them works for a druggist. What does he learn? Arithmetic from making change and keeping track of prices, geography from mailing parcels-post packages to places all over the West, a little about banking by making deposits and cashing his own checks, typewriting in his odd moments in the office, and a good deal about business in general. He is graded on the reports that come direct from his employer.

Thirty-five Opportunity School boys had been branded as incorrigible by the other schools and have to report once a week to the juvenile court. There is always the hope and the chance down there that one of these stones that the builders in one place rejected will become the head of the corner in another.

The school store has been equipped by the Manufacturers' Association of Denver with a pair of scales, a cash-register and shelves of Colorado-made goods. Cash sales are paid for with school money; one class buys from another on account; three sets of books are kept. And so one learns business arithmetic, bookkeeping, etc., and English on the side.

For the store uses the best stenographer in the building—a modish young person in a smart one-piece blue serge gown, with fetching little round white collar and white cuffs, who has been well manicured and coifed by the beauty-parlor on another floor. They bring in to her an eighth-grade boy to dictate the store's letters—one who doesn't believe in English grammar; and when he says "is" for "are," and "come" for "came," she pauses and makes him say it over again. Then she puts her tongue

into her cheek and looks at him in the right way. She doesn't say anything; she only looks and smiles a little; and he begins to prickle and turns red. When the letter is finished she gives it to him. It is "are" now, and "came"; his "is" and "come" have disappeared. But not her little half-smile. Still red in the face, he takes the memory of it back to his work in another room, with the feeling that maybe grammar does hitch up somewhere in the world after all.

That is rather particularly the province of the Opportunity School, showing you how things hitch up.

"If I could do figures," said a girl from a laundry, "I could be forewoman."

"What kind of figures?"

"I don't know—exactly."

So they called the laundry and found out, and taught her, and she got the place.

Miss Griffith discovered that one of the best students in the night class in bookkeeping had spent a score of years measuring muslin in the basement of a department store and had almost lost hope of doing anything else. She went to his employer.

"Did you ever think of giving that man a chance at your books? He has the makings of a good bookkeeper. Why don't you try him?"

"I will," said the employer; and the muslin-measurer never went back to his counter. He is head bookkeeper now.

That is one life they have straightened out. A pictorial map of them all would look like one of those advertisements the telephone company used to run before the war, to assist the subscriber in visualizing what his telephone meant to him. It would show help-lines running from men and women all over the world back to the old building at Twelfth and Welton Streets and disappearing under the big golden sign at the door.

In the early part of the war, in one of our cantonments, an Armenian boy, strongly marked with race, sat on a keg and looked at a picture of a splendid

American woman in a magazine. The text beneath the picture explained that this was Emily Griffith, unmarried, and the boy's name was, we'll say, Hovsepian. Nevertheless, "That's my sister," he said, as he handed the magazine to his corporal.

The corporal did not understand. It wouldn't have puzzled any one who knows the principal of the Opportunity School. She is the sister of all who need her.

Hovsepian turned up in the school, a jagged scar across his cheek, broke, ragged, with no prospects. He had seen his sixteen-year-old sister carried off by the Turkish army, his little brother kicked to death by their boots; they had cut him down like a weed as they passed.

Some kindly soul in authority smuggled him out of Armenia; the Opportunity School taught him a trade and found him a job, and he was just beginning to stand up in the sun of America, like a plant that has been raised in a cellar and brought out of doors, when he was drafted.

He went at once to Emily Griffith.

"I'm mighty glad to go," he said in his broken English, "but it gets my goat to give that old cheap Larimer Street rooming-house as my home." He looked at her wistfully, hesitated, and then, to her complete surprise, "Would you mind," he said, "if I gave your street address? That's all I want of it—the right to put it in the army records."

"Indeed I wouldn't! And more than that, I'd like for it to *be* your home while you're in the army. Won't you send your things to my house to-night? And when you go, go from there; and write to me, and I'll write to you; and while the war's on I'll be your sister."

So, out in the Griffith house on Fillmore Street in Denver all through the war there was a battered suit-case and a torn overcoat—they were the only things he could afford to part with, and he would leave something; it made him feel more as if it were real—and in front

of the house a service flag with one star on it for the Armenian boy.

A negro woman found her way to the school one night and asked Miss Griffith to be allowed to enroll. Her life was going, over the wash-tub; she was old and no longer had strength for the work; she didn't want to become a county charge. There was one thing she had always thought she could do; would they teach her?

Of course they would! What was it?

She fingered the edge of her coat and timidly ventured, "Millinery."

Miss Griffith's heart sank. She thought of the combination of colors the old woman would evolve, the bow and pleatings and rosettes. But she has learned to let each one try out his own idea. There may be more in it than appears. She put the old woman under the direct care of the instructress of the millinery-class—the head, by day, of one of the largest millinery-stores in Denver.

There followed a disheartening struggle with flowers and ribbons and lace, the accidental discovery, on the part of the instructress, that her pupil was a *deaconess*, and finally the evolution of a pretty good bonnet to accord with her estate. The instructress did nine-tenths of the work on that first one, but the old washerwoman wore it to church next Sunday and got orders for three more like it, and these she made herself. And now she has a good trade in deaconesses' bonnets among her own people and has left the wash-tub forever.

One of the causes of the school's success is Emily Griffith's ability to deal with every human being as he is. What he has done doesn't matter.

"I wish you didn't have to see my report," said a fifteen-year-old boy who was sent there because he had failed everywhere else. "It 'll make me out a bad un. And I *was*. But I'd like to kind o' start over down here."

"Do you mean it?" said Miss Griffith.

"Yes, I do. Honest."

"All right. I need some one to help me in the office. You sit there and open

the mail for a few days. When your report comes, tear it up."

He did, and with it a long letter from his previous teacher setting forth his many villainies in detail, by example and exegesis.

And he never broke his word; he played fair, and they put him on a farm, where he belonged, and he made good.

The "King of Chinatown" drifted in somehow, with trouble in his wake. The king was an odd fish. He was twenty-four and a pugilist. He lived alone in Chinatown and settled tong wars and brought peace out of Mongolian quarrels into which no other white man dared thrust himself. But he entered the school somewhat humorously, with the easily discernible idea of messing things up a bit.

He proceeded with care in the incipient stages of his plans for a royal rough-house, for he saw a glint in Miss Griffith's clear blue eyes and a set to her rounded chin that advised caution. But the king got fooled; for he didn't see a twinkle and a smile that came when his back was turned. His rough-house wasn't pulled off. Instead, Miss Griffith dealt out to him the wise treatment accorded by the Himalayan king to Namgay Doola.

In Mr. Kipling's story the Englishman, advising the king in regard to his turbulent, red-headed, half-breed, Irish-Hindu subject, says that he must incontinently be put to death or raised to the command of the army.

The King of Chinatown was raised to the command of the army of the Opportunity School while he was still scheming to attack it. He became the official and efficient bouncer of the institution. If you wanted to know who was boss down there—start something.

Two little girls in the shorthand class had to go home over a long and lonely viaduct, and a man waited in a dark doorway and followed them every night.

"Leave it to me," said the king. And the next night, trailing inconspicuously

in the rear, he came up out of the dark just as the girls were accosted.

He was absent from school for several nights after that; judged it safer to stay under cover and search the newspapers for a while before he ventured out. He explained that he got the fellow on the point of the jaw, tapped him somewhat harder than he meant to, and wasn't sure whether or not he'd get up again.

He and the principal and the two little embryo stenographers were hugely relieved when nothing came of it.

But, "I guess I'll have to restrain myself," said the King of Chinatown.

It wasn't necessary a little later on—in the red hell of France. He could let drive there with all the force of his puissant right—for Emily Griffith, the Opportunity School, and the world.

Miss Griffith tells the best of her foreign-born pupils—those she can trust—to let her know at once if they get into trouble while their English is still stiff and they are strangers here. This is the telegram that came from one of them in the middle of the night: "Do not hesitate. I am in jail."

She didn't hesitate. She telephoned the sheriff in the place where he had gone and said, "What's the matter with that boy?"

"He's no good. He won't work."

"Now," said Miss Griffith, "I know him, and you don't. He's ragged, and down on his luck, and looking for a job, and he can't speak much English, but he *will work*. Turn him out and send him back to Denver, and I'll be personally responsible for him."

The sheriff did. The boy came in the next morning with a broad grin, and he hasn't been very far from the school since. And Miss Griffith was right. He had stumbled against the impersonal wheels of the law in a strange place, and they were about to pull him in and down, as they have pulled in and down many a better man before him.

Another of her foreign-born boys who had never had a cent completed a mechanical course in the school, and, as a

result, got a pretty good job. For the first time in his life, the pay-checks were coming in every week, and they were of a fair size. But, instead of buying decent food and clothes and lodging, of all of which he stood in need, he lived on in the same old way, like a city rat, and saved every cent, until he had money enough to realize the dream of his life—a motorcycle. He bought the best that could be had. It was the only whole article he possessed.

He climbed into the saddle and made for City Park. As usual, it was full of children. With the muffler wide open, he took them for a ride around the lake as thick as they could cluster on the motorcycle. After a little a park policeman came over to see what was going on. He watched the boy whiz past, saw that he was ragged and that the machine was new, and, having been trained that way, concluded that he had stolen it. So he arrested him and was carrying him off to City Hall, and protestations weren't doing any good, when the boy remembered something. He stopped suddenly, took off his hat, and fished a card from inside the band.

"You read that," he said, and a new confidence came into his voice.

The policeman read, "This is a good boy and worthy of your respect. If he is in trouble, telephone York 1555. Emily Griffith, Principal of the Denver Opportunity School." The policemen know her, as well as the sheriffs. This one didn't like to back down before the crowd, but he knew that it was a safe bet that, since Emily Griffith said the boy was honest, he was honest.

"Maybe it's all right, after all," he said, in a low tone, and then, much more loudly, "Cut along, kid, and don't make so much noise!"

And the boy, when he tells about it, shows you the card and says, "And you bet I keep him mit me all the time!"

The Opportunity School gets jobs for people at the rate of a hundred a month. There is a monumental simplicity about its employment department, which is a

big bulletin-board in the hall, on the first floor, just inside the door. If you know of a job, you write a description of it in the manner that seems good to you and stick your memorandum on the board. If you want a job, you study the board, take off the description of the one you think you can get, and go after it. If you fail, you are in honor bound to bring back the notice.

"Get a hike on," says one of them, "if you want this"; and another, "Be there before seven, or nothing doing."

The Opportunity School people get pretty keen to see that jobs are kept in the family.

"I've just found out the guy on the other desk here's been fired," said a boyish voice over Miss Griffith's telephone at half past eleven one night. "Can you get an Opportunity School kid here by six in the morning? And, say, send one with plenty of pep."

The Opportunity School honestly wants to help any one in any way. In what other educational institution could you find a "what-to-do class"? You drop in and learn what you really want to know most: how to enter a man's office and ask for a job; how to order from a menu card; how to buy Liberty Bonds; how to pay social calls in new and strange America; "what to say to a woman when you've had a good time in her house"; what to wear and when to wear it.

What an extremely good idea it is! How we'd all like to avail ourselves of adaptations of it, if they could only be established here and there to fit our needs!

"Reverence teacher," wrote a young Japanese, "I plead to be bereft from your inventory. Of your night school I have had enough. I flee to the mountains."

Which just meant that some one had offered him a job in the mountains that was so good he had to suspend his studies and take it, and that when he came back he would be found in the what-to-do class, learning how to write a farewell

note that said what he wanted it to say.

The citizenship class is one of the chain established throughout the United States by the public schools at the request of the Federal Bureau of Naturalization, as a part of its campaign for education for citizenship.

On their way into the body politic a thousand of Denver's aliens have passed through it before they presented themselves to the courts for naturalization; and only one whose business it has been to stand there beside the judge and question them on behalf of the government which they aspire to assist in running can testify properly to the thoroughness and the far-reaching value of the instruction they have received. All ages and kinds have enrolled—educated and ignorant, rich and poor. Those who were already well informed have caught the spirit of the class and upon the eve of acquiring citizenship have been glad to join with the ignorant in specializing on what citizenship means and the concrete things a voter should know. The courts have admitted them, but it is really Mr. A. G. Hoel, the instructor, who has *naturalized* them, for it is he who has given them the spirit of American democracy without which the mere certificate of naturalization is a scrap of paper.

"By Jove!" said a young Englishman in surprise one night, as he came out of the citizenship class, "*America has a corking story!*"

And it *has*, you know. It's such an old story to you and me, so frayed and thumbbed, so frequently manhandled by our Fourth of July orators, so often stripped of its poetry and vitality by our teachers in school, that it has come to have about as much meaning for some of us as *eenie, meenie, miney, moe*. But it's a story with such a life of the heart, such a surge of hope, and such a buoyant promise in it, that men go out to die, clear-eyed and steady, in wave after wave, that the next chapter of it may be written *right*; and it is something to

stand there guarding one of the 2,265 gates through which the other nations come into our citizenship, telling it as it is, as a corking good story; handing on to the newest Americans the flaming idealism that swings this nation along its way. There should be kindly, straightforward, intelligent Americans at all the other gates, to help as Mr. Hoel is helping, interpreters, to tell them without patronage or condescension, what we really are, in a way that they can understand.

Hundreds of obscure, lonely little lives, in touching the lives of the Opportunity School teachers, make their only contact with the real life of America. Miss Griffith invited an Italian girl to dine with her who had lived for six years in Denver's Little Italy, and it was the first time she had been inside an American home. She had the same curiosity about the interior arrangements that we should have in Siam or Tibet.

"Who lives up-stairs?" she asked.

"Why, we do," said Miss Griffith.

"Oh!" said the girl. "I didn't know any one ever had a whole house."

A young Chinese wife tripped demurely in and out every day, as shy and as daintily accurate in her movements as an antelope, and every day Miss Griffith smiled and nodded and felt, from a look in the almond eyes, that there were things to be said between them, if only there were a common language to put them into; until one day, obeying a sudden impulse, she slipped her arm about her pupil's waist.

Tears came into the little Chinese woman's eyes. She was longing to talk. She drew the American woman into an empty class-room and told her all about it, in Chinese, and Miss Griffith talked away in return in English, and neither of them understood any of the other's words, but both of them understood the friendship.

After a while they stopped and laughed at themselves. There was a pause of perplexed silence, and then the Chinese face lit up with an idea. She took her

friend by the hand and led her to a calendar on the wall. Standing on tiptoe, she turned the leaves and pointed to a date, and then, in a quick, soft, half-awed way, she unrolled a tiny dress and smoothed it tenderly; and Miss Griffith knew about the baby, and when it was expected, and all that the Chinese words had meant, and they laughed together again, and talked and cried a little, and it was just two women face to face, and what they said was neither Chinese nor American.

Women who come there have no ages. "Over twenty-one? (Answer Yes or No)." That's all they have to fill out when they enter. None is asked to give evidence against herself. Some firms won't employ a woman when she has passed the half-century mark and needs it most. But to the school they are what they are, not integers of a certain age, a certain record.

"Is she over fifty?" telephones a prospective employer.

"I don't know."

"Don't your cards show?"

"No."

"Well, what do you *think*?"

"I think," says Emily Griffith with a twinkle—"I think she's thirty-five."

The woman had lived more years than that, maybe, and yet, in efficiency, maybe *was* just about thirty-five. Ask in Denver, and you will find that it isn't the habit of the Opportunity School to fall down on the people it sends out to hold jobs.

There is something almost sacred about those dingy bare halls and worn stairs. Looking at them, one remembers the thousands of cramped and twisted lives that have been freed and straightened there. The creative impulse, divine and eternally resurgent, beat through them all. All of them felt that strongest and most enduring of human desires, the longing to *make*, and the Denver Opportunity School let it out and gave it play.

A new note in education? Isn't it, rather, the harmonizing of all the notes in life?



ADS FOR THE ACADEMIC

BY C. A. BENNETT

PASSING a church the other day, I noticed a sign-board outside which bore the legend, "Form the Church-going Habit and It Will Reform You." "How modern and snappy!" I thought. But my fastidious mood did not last long, for in a moment I was reflecting: After all, if a church is confident that it has something to give to men, why should it not proclaim its assurance? Advertising is no longer vulgar; it is merely necessary. And then it occurred to me that there was no reason why the professors should not rush in where the parsons had not feared to tread. Why should the college catalogue be known as a consummate example of the art of being uninteresting? Why should it not be as bright and blatant as the advertisement pages of the magazines? Why should the hesitant student be compelled to study the dull and respectable pages of a catalogue with its colorless announcement of courses? Let the instructors compete openly for his favors, and so put before his youthful imagination a picture of the academic life flamboyant in its splendor. The more I think of it, the richer seem the possibilities of the enterprise. And so I have tried to imagine its tentative beginnings.

Thus the Department of Economics, aware of the traditional dullness of its studies, would have to strike the aggressive note. They must rely on punch.

DO YOU EVER EXPECT TO HAVE A LITTLE FAIRY IN YOUR HOME?

If so, you will need to know some elementary economics. Economics I A is the course for you. But, more than that, we

teach you the basic facts fundamental to success. Whether you want to learn how to make money or how to spend it, whether you intend to become a banker or a manufacturer, you will need what we have to offer. We teach you how to refute Socialism and how to discuss the Tariff. BE A LIVE WIRE. SIGN UP FOR ONE OF OUR COURSES. DO IT NOW.

Anthropology, being a new-comer, might exploit its up-to-dateness, incidentally biffing all other studies in the eye.

WE ARE THE MEN WHO TOOK THE APOLOGY OUT OF ANTHROPOLOGY

Do you like your facts straight and no nonsense? If so, drop into Anthropology II. You will never regret it.

DO YOU KNOW THAT Idealism is idiotic? Was *Pithecanthropus erectus* an idealist?

Religion is mostly rubbish? If not, learn what the Hottentots have to say about it.

Monogamy is provincial? Ask the Patagonians.

The Mores have exploded most of our ancestors' beliefs?

WE GIVE YOU THE FACTS
BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES!

English, of course, with an established position, would adopt a tone of assurance.

UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY. FOR ONE-HALF YEAR ONLY

Professor A. offers a quiet course of distinctive individuality and charm in Poets of the Later Nineteenth Century. No effort whatever is demanded of the student. Professor A. surrounds him with an atmosphere of refinement and delicate beauty whose compelling magic is irresistible. If you would be known for the inspirational quality of your personality you cannot afford to miss this course.

One is not sure about the Theologians, but they might fall back on the ancient device of the testimonial.

DEPARTMENT OF THEOLOGY

The following testimonials to our teaching speak for themselves:

DEAR SIR,—After taking your course in The History of the Arian Controversy I can honestly say that I am a different man.

DEAR SIR,—I was feeling very low and depressed in my mind and I had taken ever so many courses in Theology, but somehow I seemed to be none the better. Then one day a friend advised me to take your course in Christian Optimism and after the first lecture I began to notice a change. To-day I am more full of moral pep and vim than ever before. I tell all my parishioners that the uplift which they so much admire in my sermons is entirely owing to you.

DEAR SIR,—It is only two years since I graduated from the School of Theology, yet I have just received a call to a church which pays \$3,500 a year. . . . Fine plant, equipment good, prosperous community, and only one sermon on Sundays.

For Philosophy, the serious and richly allusive manner might be as appropriate as any.

"HAST ANY PHILOSOPHY IN THEE,
SHEPHERD?"

Touchstone's question is, after all, still the crucial one. Would you be what Tennyson calls "A man that stood four-square without a flaw"? Then give Metaphysics B a trial. Are you anxious to cultivate what Plato called "the symphonic mind" and be "a spectator of all time and all existence"? Why not take the History of Philosophy? "Integer vitæ scelerisque purus"—Do you know what that means? If not, what you need is a course in Ethics. WE BEGIN WHERE THE OTHER DEPARTMENTS LEAVE OFF. We teach you to harmonize your facts, synthesize your personality, and find your place in the social continuum.

I commend the scheme to all who have the cause of education at heart. Perhaps one day we might even have illustrations.

HUNTING A HAIR SHIRT

BY ALINE KILMER

IN the first place, let it be distinctly understood that I do not want a hair shirt. I have no idea that I ever shall want one. But if I did—I say impressively—if I ever did want one I think the getting of it should be a simpler matter than it is. As the White Knight said of the mouse-trap he carried on his saddle, you never know when you may need a thing. I should not care to invest in a hair shirt simply because some day the spirit of penitence might seize me. But, on the other hand, if that day should arrive it would be embarrassing to be forced to ask every one I met where such a garment might be obtained.

For a long time I pondered the subject deeply. I would not ask any one because I supposed every one else knew and that I was in a lonely depth of ignorance. So I was very stealthy about it. I sought secretly and eagerly for signs or advertisements that might read, "Spring Novelties in Hair Shirts," or "Custom-made Hair Shirts," so that at least I might learn whether you bought them by the yard or had them tailored for you. It even occurred to me that they might be found ready-to-wear in a department store. I pictured myself approaching a haughty saleslady and asking her, timidly, if she could direct me to the section where they sell hair shirts. I am brave and I might have brought myself to do it if I had really wanted that shirt. But, you see, I didn't. And the signs failed me. I never saw a sign that even hinted at hair shirts.

I became discouraged. Life is so unnecessarily complicated and outrageously artificial. If I had wanted a piece of wood painted to represent a basket of flowers and weighted to fit it for its homely duty of holding a door open, I should have had no trouble. I could easily have found rubbers for dogs and elaborately upholstered bassinets for cats who prefer to sleep in the cellar by

the furnace. But a simple, medieval garment like a hair shirt seemed out of reach.

"Can it be," I thought, despairingly, "that the demand for them has decreased so that there is no longer any incentive to any one to make them?" But in happier moments I was more sane and put thoughts like that determinedly from me. Penitence must be as sincere as ever, though it may be less general in its severity. The rarity of its severe forms should not stop the manufacture of hair shirts. Carters, I know, to my sorrow, are surely rare, yet carters' smocks blossom on every hand.

So I decided that more direct methods must be tried. But my spirit quailed at the thought of asking people. It happens that I have had to ask for so much useful information in my life that I am ashamed to do it. I never knew where to go to pay taxes or to vote. I don't know the difference between the North River and the Hudson—and that I shall never have the courage to ask. Even simple things like getting a carpenter to mend the lattice under the porch where the children went through after the rabbit are utterly beyond me.

Keeping in mind this failing of mine and the reputation I am fast acquiring of being a dunce, I hoped I might manage it by indirect discourse, so to speak. I would be very wily—tactfully lead the conversation in the desired direction and reap the result.

I found it very difficult to steer conversation in the direction of hair shirts without using force. But I waited, hungrily watching for an opening. At last it came. It was at dinner at the house of Amaryllis. Amaryllis lives next door to me. She seemed distraite and I inquired why, as she usually keeps up dinner-table conversation with a hectic eagerness that speaks volumes for her early training.

"It's my Belgian andirons," she said. "I can't get anybody to make tails for them. That is," for she is very conscientious, "they weren't Belgian andirons. The Belgian refugee who sold them to

me said she bought them in Newark. That is, she wasn't really a Belgian refugee; her husband was—"

"But you say they are hard to get?" I demanded, switching her back to the main point—Amaryllis is discursive.

Amaryllis said they were. It appeared that she had been looking for a blacksmith to complete the almost-Belgian andirons bought from the almost-Belgian refugee. "But blacksmiths are practically extinct since motors came in," she ended, sadly. I took no heed of her sorrow. My chance had come.

"So many things are hard to get," I said, feverishly. "Now hair shirts, for instance—"

I said it with great earnestness, but everybody seemed to think I had made a good joke. They laughed in a way that would have delighted me if I really had been making a joke. But nobody volunteered any suggestions and I realized that that way wouldn't work.

So a few days later I got up my courage and asked Amaryllis. Amaryllis is the sort of person you do ask. In the first place, she knows almost everything. In the next and more important place, she never jeers at you nor even seems surprised that you don't know.

"Amaryllis," I said, somewhat timidly, "if you wanted a hair shirt where would you go to get it?"

"I'd buy an old sofa and cut it down," said Amaryllis, just like that. And she would, too. She has the art of making things over. But this seemed to me rather extreme.

"You know I can't sew," I said, crossly, "and, besides, I couldn't afford it."

But Amaryllis was now hot on the trail.

"I never really thought about it before," she admitted. "There ought to be a hair-shirt emporium or factory or something. We'll ask everybody until we find out."

I consented, as there seemed no other way for me to get one in case of need unless I sat up nights and wove my own hair, that being the only hair available.

There was an old lady in a fairy-tale who wove her hair into cloth. It always grew again by morning. Mine wouldn't, so I did not like this idea. Also, I had no loom.

As time went on the quest of the hair shirt assumed almost national proportions. I went traveling, and on my journey asked many people, and received no sensible replies. Then at home, while we sat about the room waiting for dinner, we usually drifted automatically into discussion of ways and means.

"They are woven in convents," once mused some gentle and dreamy soul, "of the hair of the nuns, which is cut four times a year."

The thought of the nuns I knew engaged in weaving shirts of their own hair made me giggle.

"Nonsense!" I said, wildly, "the best ones are made of horse hair."

"They are made of camels' hair," said the beardless cousin of Amaryllis.

"They aren't," Amaryllis said, stoutly. "I know they are made of horse hair. Don't you remember?"

'And a shirt of the roughest and coarsest hair

For a year and a day, Sir Ingoldsby, wear.'"

Amaryllis proves most things by the Ingoldsby Legends.

"But they must be woven on hand-loom," she went on, thoughtfully

"Hairlooms," said some flippant person in the background.

But light came at last. Father Charles came to dinner. I had not seen Father Charles for a long time. He *does* know everything. So we asked him. He beamed.

"You get them from the monasteries of the Penitential Orders, of course. The Franciscans, for instance. Where you get the chains, you know."

"The chains?" we asked, in chorus, aghast.

"Why, yes. The chains with the points turned in that you wear on your arms or about your waist. I'll be glad

to send you one. It's the easiest thing in the world. But it would never do for it to be opened in the post-office. It must be marked 'Private'—yes, 'Private and Penitential' might be better," he went on, happily.

"But, Father," I said, meekly but with desperate firmness, "I don't want a hair shirt."

He contemplated me rather sadly.

"No," he admitted. "No, I don't suppose you do. And I'm afraid it wouldn't do you any good. But," and he brightened up and turned around hopefully, "I shall send one to Amaryllis tomorrow."

ADVICE TO AN ELDERLY PARTY

HORACE: BOOK III, ODE, 15

"*Uxor pauperis Ibyci*—"

BY FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

CHLORIS, lay off the flapper stuff;
What's fit for Pholoë, a fluff,
Is not for Ibycus's wife—
A woman at your time of life!

Ignore, old dame, such pleasures as
The shimmy and "the Bacchus Jazz";
Your presence with the maidens jars—
You are the cloud that dims the stars.

Your daughter Pholoë may stay
Out nights upon the Appian Way;
Her love for Nothus, as you know,
Makes her as playful as a doe.

No jazz for you, no jars of wine,
No rose that blooms incarnadine.
For one thing only are you fit:
Buy some Lucerian wool—and knit!

WHEN WORDS FAIL

BY FRANCES KELLY

MARGARET is triumphant. I have not yet seen her aunt Maude, but I know that when I do she will be coldly silent. Maude has just given Margaret a copy of Dean Brigg's *Talks to College Girls*, and Margaret, who is our eighteen-year-old niece, has discovered that he says, "Going together." To be sure, he uses the apologetic quotation mark and

says that the phrase is a country one. But Margaret triumphantly points out that if Harvard had a proper word for the place, Dean Briggs would have used it. And if Harvard has none—! And Maude's discomfort arises from the fact that when she came from Ohio to visit us for the summer, she branded as vulgar the moot phrase "going together."

When Maude and I were girls, people "went together" unannoyed by carping criticism until one of mother's cousins from Michigan visited us. On the first evening after her arrival, when Lydia had gone driving with a neighbor lad, now fat, bald, and Margaret's father, Cousin Dolly said to me, "Is John waiting on Lydie?" I merely dug my bare toes into the gravel, for the whole family had observed Lydia's air of expectant readiness for a good quarter of an hour before John had arrived. "Is John paying attention to Lydie?" continued Cousin Dolly in a tone of repetition, and I stammered that I didn't know.

"Nonsense!" said Cousin Dolly. "You must know whether he is waiting on her."

"Why—why—they go together," I hazarded.

Cousin Dolly raised her voice and spoke to mother, who was just inside the screen door. "This child says, 'They go together.' What kind of talk do you call that?"

Mother assumed my place in the conversation, but, as it seemed to me, ignored the point. "John is a fine boy. Nothing's been said, you know, but you never can tell what may happen."

Cousin Dolly's, "What kind of talk do you call that?" rankled in my mind until a Swedish family moved into the neighborhood, and the gentle-voiced woman asked mother whether brother William "followed many girls." Needless to say, the phrase passed into a family saying which circulated *sub rosa*, much frowned upon by mother, who, indeed, showed no greater liking for Mrs. Johnson's other phrase, "glad in each other."

Maude insists that "going together" brands the speaker as vulgar if used east of the Mississippi. I cannot bring myself to say "waiting on," "paying attention to," nor "following." And at this point Margaret demands: "What can you say? Everybody knows what you mean!" And who doesn't? And why in the name of harrassed maiden aunts, why is there no respectable word in all the English language for that fascinatingly uncertain, indefinite, piquantly exciting period of tentative inspection and premonitory ardor which isn't betrothal, for "nothin's been said," and isn't courting, for John isn't any more sure than Lydia is, but which wakes us every morning to a realization that "you never can tell what may happen." No word for that beautiful period of ice-cream sodas, theater tickets, and flowers! And no truly respectable expression by which I can indicate to Maude in Ohio when a new star rises upon Margaret's horizon, a new figure begins to occupy my best porch rocker, and a new make of automobile draws up in front of my door.

On the coast of Maine, I am told, the young man is said to be "riding her out." In Missouri, he is "talking to her." My grandmother said that a couple "kept company." Some simple, honest folk are privileged to say "sweetheartin'" and "sparkin'," but I shall be frowned upon if I use any of these phrases. In certain whole-hearted communities, the swain is said to be "setting up" with the lady of his choice. My electric-light bills show the persistence of such a custom, but delicacy—Maude's, not mine—forbids the mention of it.

And at the same time, why is there no word by which I can casually refer to the particular young man who, at the particular moment, is privileged to send the most flowers? Men are much simpler. Lydia was John's girl, and that was all there was to it. But John was never Lydia's "boy," and much less her "man." For myself, I have solved the problem by boldly embracing the good

old-fashioned word "beau." But even Margaret regards that as one of the unhappy vagaries of my age. "Fellow" is forbidden my house. And into limbo with it goes that gentle rising inflection which makes our beautiful and sacred word "friend" into a label for telephone calls, dance programs, and bonbons. As I say, Margaret regards me indulgently, and not me only. "John Anderson, my jo John," she thinks of as a peculiar error in capitalization. And to her, "My bonny, bonny marrow," suggests the Sunday roast.

Dean Briggs has precipitated a family crisis. The English language has failed us. But quite blandly unconcerned with all this, a young man in a gray suit is ringing my door-bell. After all, this is my house, and English is my mother tongue. I shall tell Maude that he is Margaret's latest "beau," and that they have been "going together" for a week.

AN OPINION OF OPINIONS

BY BRIAN HOOKER

ONCE upon a time, and somewhere in America, a certain young gentleman was laying down the law at considerable length upon a subject not wholly unrelated to international politics. Drawing a deep breath, he began his peroration:

"Now, in my opinion—"

At this point an older man laid down his morning paper and fixed the orator with a cold gray eye.

"Cuthbert," said he, unemotionally, "dry up! That isn't your opinion. You haven't any opinions. You don't know what an opinion is. I'll tell you. An opinion is the result of making up your own mind after having informed yourself of certain facts. But you only read all that stuff somewhere. You don't remember where, nor who wrote it, nor whether it was his opinion or a lie, nor whether he knew what he was talking about. And you don't care. You think that understanding an idea which you see in print and putting the gist of it

into your own words is the same thing as thought. But it isn't. So you keep still and eat your breakfast."

It is further to be recorded that the young gentleman here known as Cuthbert, after some vain attempt to wither his tormentor with a pitying look, subsided and held his peace.

This episode is not related as an illustration of Christian charity. But it does suggest a common, though unfamiliar, truth. We are altogether too much in the habit of taking other people's opinions at their face value and miscalling them our own, opinions which, perhaps, were hardly even theirs, but which they themselves accepted at second hand with equal innocence. It is the more curious because we are most of us quite as skeptical as need be upon matters of fact. If we read that the Chinese have boiled an ambassador, or that a meteorite has lately fallen in Winsted, we do not at once accept these statements. We await further confirmation. But if we read some matter of opinion merely, as that, for instance, human beings can and ought to be bred like cattle, or that the League of Nations will bring about universal peace, or that prohibition is a good thing for the poor, we are likely to decide at once that we think so, too. Provided an opinion is easy to understand, and insults none of our existing prejudices, we generally accept it unproved. We have a healthy skepticism about alleged facts. But as for the truth interpreting those facts, we will swallow whole the first idea which is made plausible and plain. It is not even that our wish is father to the thought; it is making our minds an orphanage for thoughts which have no fathers. And we pride ourselves meanwhile upon our freedom from dogma and superstition.

The truth is that human nature has not greatly changed since what we are pleased to call the Age of Faith. Like our forebears, we accept the fashionable dogma and call it an escape from dogmatism. Only, the dogma must be fashionable. We will not take anybody's

word for it that miracles can happen. But we will take anybody's word for it that miracles do not happen. The point is not whether the evidence bears toward the one side or the other. We do not consider the evidence. We accept upon authority the current belief, and we do not even weigh or examine the authority. A few years ago we were all quite sure that there could be no more war; then we thought that we ourselves would never be drawn into the war; and now we think that we have won the war. Let us hope that this time, at least, we have guessed right. We do not believe in the divine right of kings, nor in the infallibility of priests, nor that a woman's place is in the home. We do believe in the divine right of democracy, and in the infallibility of science, and that a woman's place is in politics. There is much to be said for all of the above beliefs. But we do not trouble to inquire. All we demand is that a theory shall be plausible and up to date, as popular superstitions always are.

And the most pathetic detail of all is our quaint faith in the authority of mere print. Let a man tell us his opinion face to face and we shall not, perhaps, instinctively agree. If we know him, we make allowances; if not, we may even refer to our own information of the facts. But let us read that same opinion in a book or magazine, nay, even in the daily press or among the advertisements, and we shall have a strange, sweet feeling that it must be somehow true. We are so accustomed to learning all we know from the printed page that, in spite of all experience, we tend to reverence the sacred face of type. And especially when the author is unknown.

A PROTEST

[WE are unaware of being touched in a vital spot by anything in the letter from Mr. Jones which we print below, and we imagine our contributors will be equally insensible of pain. If magazine contributors all look alike to Mr. Jones, as he says they do, it is

less their fault than his misfortune. For our part, we are happily able to discern some differences between them. From his allusions to Mr. Owen Wister, we suspect he has been influenced by Mr. Wister's paper on "Quack Novels and Democracy" of a few years ago, which was preceded and followed by a series of attacks on American contemporary writers, apparently for no other reason than that they were American and contemporary. There is a sort of critic whom nothing seems to infuriate so much as the contemporaneity of a contemporary. That is something that he never can forgive unless perhaps the contemporary is a foreigner. It may be that if our contributors were all dead or living very far away, Mr. Jones would be able to distinguish some merit in them. We doubt if they will consider his good opinion quite worthy of the sacrifice. As to that idiosyncrasy which, according to Mr. Jones some foreign critic accuses our writers of lacking, we cannot see the use of preaching about it. Set people on the search for singularity and they are apt to end up as cubists or futurists or something of the sort, apparently as much alike as when they started. We do not see any practical suggestion either in Mr. Jones's attack or in the body of criticism, on which we believe it was based.—EDITOR.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LION'S MOUTH:

MAY I ask why, after calling this department a Lion's Mouth you at once turn it into a literary cozy corner? Do not imagine that I did not allow for metaphorical exaggeration. I knew you had no intention of reviving that sinister Italian institution to serve the private passions and revenges of to-day, and I looked for no great violence on the part of contemporary writers. I did not expect that Mr. Owen Wister, for example, his face shrouded in his mantle, would deliver secret denunciations to your Lion's Mouth that should lead to the murder of Mr. Harold Bell Wright, much as Mr. Wister detests Mr. Wright's novels, or that the editor of *The New York Tribune* would, with your connivance, constrain the editor of *The New Republic* to starve in chains. Romantic as your title was, I was not romantic in my expectations, but realized fully the difference in the times, the dif-

ference between the Harper building and the Doge's Palace—your lack of torture-chambers, for example—and I looked for nothing that should freeze my blood. But when you spoke of denunciation and revolt and chose as your title "The Lion's Mouth" you did arouse another sort of expectation than if you had spoken of gentle resignation and called the department "The Lamb's Tail," for instance, or "The Contributors' Boudoir," or "The Tea Table." People had a right to expect that you would depart in some respects from the routine of the back pages of other magazines.

They had no right to expect a great degree of wildness in the scene; but they did have a right to expect a change of scene, and not a mere continuation of the familiar view-pointing, onlooking, book-chatting, gentle-musing, happy-thinking, and tender-smiling that has been going on these thirty years, without the shadow of a turning, in the back part of every American magazine that hangs out its literary bird-cage. Why stir us up by thoughts of dirks, poison, and an outbreak of personal diversity, and then give us the same old even flow? For, so far as I have followed your venture, hardly anybody is distinguishable from anybody else, and with two or three exceptions there is no departure whatever from the smooth literose, conscientiously correct and imitative prettiness, which some say is characteristic of our literature as a whole, and which is certainly characteristic of the corresponding portion of the other magazines.

Of course I did not understand from your preface that you were inviting either personal attacks or political explosions. Variety could not come in that way. No relief from monotony is to be had at this moment by the mere blowing up of people and things—a commonplace of our daily observation. Nor did I gather from your remarks on denunciation that you wished to set all your contributors to railing. There are railers everywhere by the score—railing in

unison. Indignation may have made good verses, but that was in the days of Rome. Indignation nowadays makes hard reading, as everybody knows who follows the indignant up-setters of everything, and the indignant spikers of everything down. As a Bolshevik, I should not have expected you to be interested in my appeal for my Soviet of Garbage-men and Strangers. As a standpatter, I should not have sent you my invective against any program not approved by some dead patriot who had never heard of it. In short, I realized that this customary turbulence was not the sort of turbulence you had in mind. But you did promise some personal divergences. You distinctly implied that people would so express themselves as to justify their separate existences. Thereupon you exhibited a dozen of them, all writing as if they had been begotten in a lump. When you saw how homogeneous the results were, why did you not retract your promise of diversity?

Now I blame no one for his gentle musing, even when he muses so very gently that you can hardly feel him muse, and I take no invidious examples from your text because for the moment I have forgotten it. I do not object to the person who speaks pleasantly in a general way about the inner life or the soul or the best books because he is so exceedingly refined as to appreciate these things or even because he is so exceedingly conscious of his refinement. He is objectionable only for being so completely identical with the person in the following column and the column before and in all the other columns stretching back for twenty years or so. Every gentle muser not only reads every other gentle muser, but he never gets him out of his system. As a foreign observer has put it, the fear of seeming in a literary sense unorthodox makes the whole tribe kin; American belles lettres are a superior sort of needlework. That is why even a harmless idiosyncrasy can be so seldom discerned.

L. L. JONES.



EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

THE first novelist of the sort known to literature in the modern sense is still, after three hundred years, the only novelist so generally read as to be almost popularly read, and if he could be freshly known to our time he would be as welcome to it as to his own. To some such belief, at least, Professor Rudolph Schevill, of the University of California, has been lately bringing us in his life of Cervantes, as we gratefully acknowledge on behalf of readers even more ignorant than ourselves. We are personally glad of the fact, as proof of the growing vitality, not to say immortality of the most delightful as well as most undying novel yet written in any language. The *History of Don Quixote de la Mancha*, by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, shows no more signs of failing fame than those *Histories, Tragedies, and Comedies* of William Shakespeare, which were written so well within the same epoch that their English author is supposed to have died on the same day with the great Spaniard. Cervantes, in fact, offers himself more compactly to universal remembrance in his ever-dear romance, but whether this is an advantage over the great Englishman is for each of us to choose. What is certain is that his life on earth offers incomparably more stuff for biography than the life of Shakespeare.

Nearly everything that we need know about a man is known about Cervantes, but of Shakespeare the most we could wish to know remains unknown. Professor Schevill comes after three centuries to tell again the story of the novelist's wonderful career, but probably three centuries more will pass before the boldest mediumistic authority shall add any-

thing to the few dry facts that Shakespeare could not take into the other world with him. The novelist has also the advantage of a massive unity, as his challenge to time, over the dramatist who must remain with a handful of variants for his defense against oblivion. This does not prove, any more than the poverty of his own biographical material, that "Hamlet," or "Macbeth," or "Julius Cæsar" will outlive *Don Quixote*, but it will help us to realize that the Spanish novel has lasted to this time equally with the English plays. In fact, if we

Let observation with extensive view
Survey mankind from China to Peru

we shall find no feat of fiction comparable to *Don Quixote* in the vigor of its survival; and it is this which has tempted us to an inquiry in which we hope our readers will share our surprise and pleasure, even if they do not share our conclusion. We were, in fact, tempted to declare that this romance was the eldest heir of fame until we happened to think of the group of Oriental tales indefinitely known to the Occident as *The Arabian Nights*, with no assignable authorship but that of the Sultana Sheherazade, who was said to have told them under stress unknown to the authors of modern short stories. Her name and her absorbing inventions, which saved her from the sultan's rule of putting his wives to death on the morrow of their marriage, in punishment of his first bride's unfaithfulness, have come down to us from a century before either Cervantes or Shakespeare without any biographer's help. We have inherited her novelettes through Arabic tradition from

India and Persia and have cherished them in the boyhood which has preserved several other masterpieces. It is not commonly known that they have undergone an almost miraculous purgation from the original for the reading of young people, or of any save the very oldest, but of all the masterpieces which the innocence of childhood, or second-childhood, has kept alive, the tales of the *Arabian Nights* were the foulest, though as we have them the worst of us can innocently enjoy them with the best.

We had them earliest from the French version of the eighteenth century, and it is supposed by the Englishman who was the first to translate the tales literally, that as Sheherazade told them they do not date back of the sixteenth century; but probably they are indefinitely older. They are probably as old at least as Boccaccio's *Decameron*; they are with those tales among the fiction which the world has remembered, and they will probably never be as nearly forgotten as the stories which keep alive the fame of a minor poet otherwise merely a name in literary history. With the Greek Romances of the Eastern Empire and the Arab tales of the farther East, the *Decameron* stories formed the delight of a far duller and emptier world than even that we now inhabit, and for the most part they now foster the literary pride of people who know them by Boccaccio's name rather than from any personal acquaintance with them. They are more artistic because they are more natural than most of our modern fiction, but the least "gripping" of our latest novels would have held the small reading public of their day in like delight, and would have survived to our day on much the same terms.

What survives from the past is not the prose, but the poetic fiction, not the novel, but the epic, which abounded from the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, and the *Æneid* through all the rhyming train of Italian romantic and heroic and burlesque stories, not to name in such company the *Lusiad*, the Portuguese epic of

Camoens. The Spaniards had their great national ballad of the *Cid* which nobody has probably read through to this day, though many had partially sung it in its own day. In England Milton followed the epical tradition with *Paradise Lost*, going to a much mythologized heaven for his plot. The poets everywhere had the pattern of the epic from antiquity and they varied it at their pleasure so long as they did not depart from the metrical form. It was not till we came to Cervantes that the true modern ideal of prose fiction affirmed itself as the supreme literary form, though Shakespeare, who shares the dominion of time with him, is mainly metrical in his drama. It is the curious fate of the wholly metrical Milton, indeed, to survive in spite of his verse as the favorite author of the childlike Russian people, who, perhaps because they have him in a prose translation, now love him beyond any other novelist, alive or dead.

Many classics, as we have noted, have remained alive in the keeping of children, especially of boys. If it had not been for the boys, who shall say that *Robinson Crusoe* would have come down to modern men? But De Foe never had boys in his mind when he wrote that story; such a thing as a "juvenile reading public" had not been dreamt of by the most romantic of realists; and if his great romance has lived in the joy of boyhood, who shall say but the *Pilgrim's Progress* has grimly lived in the suffering of the same wild hearts? Yet this allegory was seriously meant for the betterment of bad men, and not for the pleasure of boys. It was seriously intended for the fear of the grown-up world by John Bunyan, as *Gulliver's Travels* was meant for its mockery by Jonathan Swift. But which of us who know as much as this can say just what phase of the international French and English situation was satirized in the quarrels of the Lilliputians? We freely confess that we cannot; but we have known four generations of boys in one family who could tell everything else

about the Brobdingnagians as well as the Lilliputians. No one, then, shall persuade us that boys are without use in the world but to be turned into Boy Scouts, though Boy Scouts are well enough in their way.

It is a fairly mature generation which has loved the gentlest and kindest of the long-surviving novels. The best hearts, as well as the wisest heads of grown men and women in the reading world, have kept the remembrance of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, which follows so hard upon, though so long after, *Don Quixote* that it may be counted next to it in the memory of the world. The greatest novel of Jane Austen might possibly vie with it, but *Pride and Prejudice* does not dwell so universally in the affection of men, though it may keep them as much amused, and far more flattered by making them partners of its nimble satire.

The good Sir Walter Scott has left no fiction equal with these in the rivalry which they do not equally dispute. *Ivanhoe* may claim as enduring acceptance within the boy-world, but it does not rank there with *Robinson Crusoe*, for simple-heartedness is what tells at last for longevity. It is this which keeps the sovereignty for *The Vicar of Wakefield* next after *Don Quixote*, though the English novel is on a scale so vastly less than the Spanish that the two cannot be compared for magnitude, and is almost wholly wanting in that love of nature which is almost the prime charm of *Don Quixote*. But *The Vicar of Wakefield* is so full of human nature that we cannot well ask other nature of it, especially not the artificial sort of nature which the great Mr. Pope had given a lasting vogue among the English poets. The novelists as yet did not count, and Goldsmith's masterpiece richly satisfies us without such landscape as he would probably have painted in it. Otherwise it wins our hearts with a family group which has no need to go out of doors to complete the conquest; and at this late day we

shall not venture to say which of the good people of the book is most lovable or which of the bad people is most abhorrent.

Gil Blas is so entirely Spanish in scene and character that we can hardly realize it as the sole French masterpiece which at least in point of time may rank nearer *Don Quixote* than *The Vicar of Wakefield*, but it is wholly wanting in the tenderness and sweetness of those supreme novels, and their wise love of simple souls. If we come down to "the spacious times of great" Victoria we have scarcely a choice from *Vanity Fair*, but this is wanting in the prime qualities which eternize fiction. It is right and good and brave, and yet it does not ring quite true to that world which is greater than its great world. But between this and the only other novel which might once have seemed to dispute the first place in remembrance with it, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* has imaginably been disabled of immortality by the loss of its fundamental excuse for being. It became one of the supreme facts of fiction because it was a protest of humanity against slavery, but when slavery ceased the reason of its own perpetuity seemed to be taken away. It abounds in the reasons which have kept other great fictions alive; but its naturalness is too artless; its character, so true to life that it is scarcely anywhere at fault, is too ineffectively dramatized. Possibly a later time may judge it in hopefuller expectation of its return to fame, but as yet we cannot look forward to a revival of interest in the American novel once acclaimed in the voices of all the nations.

Of not such unique forgetfulness is that which has befallen the surcharged inventions of an author who once so ruled the fancy, not to say the love of all the English race, that in the four quarters of the globe and on the seven seas we all spoke, wrote, and thought Dickens. Of course, in doubting whether we shall any of us live three hundred years hence to prove our doubt of the author's per-

sisting popularity, we must think of *David Copperfield*. Yet one is sensible of an elemental decay even in *David Copperfield* while aware of the wonderful vitality of the Dickens romance in almost every example of it.

The novels of Smollett, Fielding, Bulwer, Charles Reade, and even George Eliot hold no hope of a tercentenary; and it does not dwell even in the immensity of Victor Hugo. We question if such a very great artist as Hawthorne will be torturing the consciences of the twenty-first century and subduing them to the spell which the *Scarlet Letter* laid upon those of the nineteenth; and we see no chance of limited immortality in any of Trollope's incomparable ecclesiastical fictions.

To leave aside all question of the novelists of our own day, of Mr. Hardy, of Mr. Arnold Bennett, of Mr. Tarkington, of such Spaniards as Ibañez, and the very wonderful Russians and Norwegians, what hope have we of recurring on earth to our favorites among their novels, say, about the year 2200? It is a serious subject which we would not treat lightly, and if we come tardily to such a supreme fiction as *War and Peace*, we do not doubt of its endurance with less than reverence. We have been treating throughout of the expectation of life in fiction, not supreme art. But shall we be reading *War and Peace* at the far date imagined? Is there something in Dostoyevsky's *Crime and Punishment*, which promises greater longevity than Tolstoy's mighty work, or the beautiful perfection of Turgenief's studies of men's and women's souls? There have been good things since Turgenief, but nothing better or anything that will be more memorable than, say, *On the Eve*, or *Dmitri Roudine*, or *Virgin Soil*, or *Smoke*, or *Fathers and Sons*. Then why do we imagine that posterity will prefer Dostoyevsky or Tolstoy? Do these more

comprehensively, more poignantly, inquire of life what it is? We do not think so, and we would take our chance of survival with Turgenief as willingly, though we are aware of something like the unkindness of the cosmic ordering in his fate. If *Uncle Tom's Cabin* has ceased to be read, because slavery has ceased to exist, is there something akin to that fact in the forgottenness of *Notes of a Sportsman* because serfdom perished from it? We do not ask it in such earnest as we would ask why *War and Peace* seems a waning light that no coming century shall relume. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* may come to its own again in the dominion of the world which it held for the brief interval before the Emancipation Proclamation ended its world renown; and *War and Peace* may return to that first place in fiction which the Kaiser's war on mankind blotted it from.

Nothing has succeeded those other masterpieces which we have owned sovereign in their several sorts. It is, in fact, left for the novelists of the future, perhaps the novelists yet unborn, to supply their immeasurable lack, for we do not suppose that three centuries from now *Don Quixote* will still be popularly read, even by a public more willing to enjoy than improve itself. We should scarcely be able to instruct the coming immortals how to equip themselves for the work before them; but we venture to suggest choice of subjects of universal interest, and their treatment with that entire simplicity and humanity which seem wanting in actual fiction. The milk of human kindness is very necessary to the nurture of renown; and the lack of this in the classics which now appear every day, or every other day, is something to be anxiously guarded against by the authors of masterpieces destined to please the general reader three hundred years or more from this.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

OLD MAN HICKS WAS RIGHT

BY RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL AND SANBORN YOUNG

"SHUCKS!" said Billy Pettigrew, charitably, "what ef he wuz wrong? I never mind a feller's bein' wrong, long ez he owns up. What riles me is folks that's alwers right, like Old Man Hicks. Say, I'll bet he wuz right ninety-nine 'n' half times outer ev'ry hundred! He wuz jest nacherly so right he couldn't be wrong. What? Didn't you never hear about Old Man Hicks—an' the way he finally—? Well, then, jest you set there in the shade an' sink your teeth in some o' these here Kelsey plums, an' I'll tell you!"

He pushed his worn straw hat back on his gray stubble and took an ample mouthful from his plug, while his ancient horse edged to the side of the road and plunged his muzzle into the lush green grass. The people along Billy's R. F. D. route would have to wait for their mail that day; Billy had that rare and precious thing, a fresh audience.

"Yes, sir, Old Man Hicks he wuz alwers right. I never see the beat of it. Wust of it wuz, he wuz alwers right about things that wuz wrong. He could see trouble farther off with the naked eye than any feller that ever lived. Folks got so they hated him wuss'n pussley. Warn't nothin' mean he'd prophesy that didn't come true. When the new Baptist preacher come to town, likely-lookin' feller, unmarried, all the girls an' widders jest nacherly perked up. Seemed rea-

sonable enough that he might pick a wife from amongst our midst, as the sayin' is. But Old Man Hicks he up an' said he bet he wuz engaged to some girl back where he come from, an' sure enough, 'bout the time the wimmin folks got their new cloze made up an' had him to dinner all 'round, out she come from the East an' they wuz wed! An' when the boys wuz to play the Salinas team fer the champeenship, after havin' licked the tar outer ev'ry other bunch round the country, an' the whole town turned out, happy an' proud to see 'em fetch home the turkey, Old Man Hicks he said they wuz due to



THERE WUZ OLD MAN HICKS WITH HIS GALOSHES AN' UMBRELLA

lose 'cause our pitcher was goin' stale. An' by gum! he wuz right! Soarest town you ever see. Ready to tar an' feather that pore kid. He couldn't figure himself what had happened to him, 'cept that jest at the fizziological moment, as the sayin' is, he looked up an' saw Old Man Hick's face as long ez your arm, an' it put the kibosh on him so hard he couldn't 'a' throwed a biscuit acrost the table.

"An' when the Lady Maccabees set the day fer their big picnic on the Fourth o' July, Old Man Hicks he 'lowed it wuz goin' to rain. Never had rained a drop after June first in twenty years. We thought he wuz talkin' to hear himself talk. Wimmin turned to an' worked themselves to a frazzle, bakin' and fryin' an' doin' up dimity dresses; but by heck! jest ez they wuz all loaded into the waggins, kids all slicked up clean an' the girls starched an' crimped an' the fellers with their store cloze on, an' boiled shirts, an' the wimmin holdin' passels o' fried chicken an' frosted cake, down she come like the Bible flood!

"An' when folks dripped home, kids blubberin' an' wimmin mad ez wet hens, there wuz Old Man Hicks with his galoshes an' umbrella, down to the gate to watch 'em go by! Wonder to me we didn't up an' lynch him. Kinder wisht we had.

"My sister's boy, that wuz in high-school, he told me it wuz like a woman he studied about in hist'ry, name o' Cassie Andrew, lived in Troy, New York. She wuz alwers prophesyin' the fall o' Troy, an' nobody believed her, but they went inter some kinder horse deal an' the city come to grief.

"Well, sir, when the Belgun hare craze hit the community Old Man Hicks wuz the first to ketch it, an' he took down with it hard. He wuz the first to git it, an' he got a corner on knowledge. What he didn't know about rabbits you could write on the back of a postage stamp and have room fer the Lord's Prayer besides. Some of us suspicioned he wuzn't so all-fired wise, but nobody could call his bluff. Mis' Hicks wuz alive then, an' it would 'a' done your heart good to see the comfort she took with them little critters. Old Man Hicks he wuz so near he'd never 'lowed her to have a pet. She uster beg fer a dog an' claim they needed him fer protection, but he 'lowed he wuz still spry enough to chase off tramps. Then she coaxed fer a cat an' said they wuz over-

run with rats, but he said a trap wuz jest ez capable an' et less.

"So, nacherly, she wuz plumb crazy 'bout the rabbits. She took all the care of 'em. Kep' 'em in a old two-story side-hill cow-barn—he wuz too tight to build decent hutches, like the books said. Made reg'lar pets of 'em, she did. Beat all, the way they come to know her. Learned 'em tricks, too. They lived in the down-stairs part, an' she kep' the feed up above. Well, sir, when she wuz ready to feed 'em she'd rap three times on the floor with her broom-handle, an' up the stairs them rabbits would come, lickety-brindle! She loved 'em like they wuz kids, an' she wuz so proud of what she'd learned 'em that whenever anybody 'd come in, out they'd have to traipse to see them rabbits fed, an' consekently they got many an extry feed, an' it made Old Man Hicks ez sore ez a boil.

"Well, I guess what with all else she done she wore herself out, for she took down one day, an' he 'lowed from the fust 'twas serious. Doctor said she'd pull through all right, an' folks thought 'twas jest bein' kinder beat out, but Old Man Hicks he says, 'Mark my words, she'll never go through that door ag'in till she goes feet foremost,' an' that wuz the way of it.

"Well, folks alwers suspicioned she done the brunt of ever'thin', an' it showed up after she went, the way the ranch run down. The old feller himself kinder went to pieces. Didn't keep nothin' up. Got sick an' disgusted with the rabbits. Wanted to clean 'em all out. I stopped by one day when he wuz feedin' 'em, an' I wisht you'd 'a' heard him take on about the work they made. Claimed his old woman had spoiled 'em. His rheumatis' wuz so bad that winter he wuz hobblin' 'round with a cane, an' he rapped three times on the barn floor an' up the stairs them rabbits come, lickety-brindle. Seemed like them little critters accherly missed Mis' Hicks an' the way she'd make over 'em. Anyhow, they missed the e. try rations!

"The old feller was plumb soured on 'em. Nothin' in rabbits, anyway. Warn't wuth their feed. Warn't wuth nothin'. Said he'd sell ev'ry last one of 'em ef he could find anybody fool enough to buy.

"'Well,' says I, 'I don't know nothin' much about rabbits, but I'll take a chanst. I'll give you thutty cents apiece fer 'em.'



"LOOKS TO ME," HE SAYS, 'LIKE THEY ALL GOT THE SNUFFLES'"

"He begun to hem an' haw an' hedge, but I wuz firm, an' the upshot of it wuz I boxed up the whole kit an' boilin' of 'em an' drove 'em home. Jest ez I was turnin' inter my gate two strangers drove up.

"'What you got there?' says the feller that wuz drivin'. Kinder dark, sallow, furrin'-lookin' feller he wuz, name o' Lopez.

"'Rabits,' says I.

"'Fer sale?' says he.

"'Yep,' says I.

"'How much?' says he.

"'Two dollars,' says I, bold ez brass.

"'A dozen?' says he, kinder sneerin'.

"'A piece,' says I, kinder haughty.

"'Lemme have a look,' says he, climbin' down off his waggin. The other feller never said a word. Cross-eyed he wuz, with only three fingers on his right hand.

"Well, this Lopez he begun to run them rabbits down. Wasn't no disease they didn't have. 'Looks to me,' he says, 'like they all got the snuffles. I'm buyin' up rabbits fer my auction Friday, but this lot's likely to be dead before that. The man

that sold you them critters knew when to get rid of 'em!

"'Well,' says I to myself, 'Old Man Hicks wuz right!'

"He went on to say they wuz only two or three in the lot that didn't have crooked feet or wry tails or lop ears, an' everythin' he'd say the cross-eyed feller'd wag his head an' look mournful. I got so plumb discouraged I wuz about ready to pay 'em somethin' to take 'em off an' put 'em outer their mis'ry, an' when he finally says, kinder soft-hearted an' charitable-like: 'I'll give you twenty cents apiece for 'em. Mebbe they's five or six I c'n cure up, knowin' the business like I do.' I thanked him warm and cordial an' says, 'They're yourn!'

"Well, I helped him load 'em onto his waggin an' watched 'em off. 'Well, Billy Pettigrew,' says I to myself, 'served you dead right. Might 'a' knowed you'd get your comeuppance ef you dealt with Old Man Hicks!'

"I never intentioned he should know about it but Friday morning when I wuz workin'

on my tunnel he drove by and see me, an' whoaed his old nag an' come in. He looked kinder het up an' excited, but he says, 'What you think you're makin', Billy Pettigrew?'

"'A tunnel,' says I.

"'A fool o' yourself,' says he.

"'Mebbe so,' says I, 'but I've hankered fer a tunnel sence I wuz knee-high to the pump, an' by heck! I'm agoin' to have one.'

"'Not there in that soft-lime hillside you wun't,' says he. 'It 'll come down on you, sure ez gun's iron. Well, mebbe it's jest ez well, 'cause you'll be buried right where you be, an' save a lot o' fuss. My old woman's funeral set me back eighty-five dollars, but they hain't got it all yit, an' they hadn't better hold their breath till they do! How's them rabbits comin' on?'

"'Sold 'em,' says I, tryin' to look smart and chipper.

"'Then there's one bigger sucker in this country than you be, Billy Pettigrew,' says he.

"'Oh, I ain't complainin',' says I, airy-like.

"'What 'd you git?' says he.

"'Got enough to finance my tunnel,' says I.

"'He looked kinder doubtful, but he wuz so full up o' somethin' new he let it go at that. 'Well, you wuz in luck to clean 'em out at any price,' he says. 'Nothin' in common rabbits. I been readin' up. Imported, registered, pedigreed stock's the only thing. Belgun hares is beginnin' to boom an' they're agoin' sky-high!' He pulls a copy o' *The Pacific Breeders' Journal* out of his pocket an' read me out a great line o' stuff. Them writers had it all figgered out how one pedigreed pair of Belgun hares would make a fortune. Why, ef a rancher wuz to buy him sech a pair he c'd git him two hired men an' buy the old woman a washin'-machine an' send his boy to college an' pay off the mortgage inside o' two years. Listened kinder wild to me, but it wuz all right there in print. Old Man Hicks he said he wuz goin' inter the rabbit game again, but he wuz a-goin' in right! He wuz drivin' over to the auction at the county-seat where they sell nothin' but registered, pedigreed, imported stock, guaranteed free from all *dee*-fects.

"'Guess I'll have to pay a right smart price,' he says, wincin' like it hurt him to think of it, 'but I wun't begrudge it none. It's an investment, Billy Pettigrew. It's like loanin'

money at a hundred per cent. int'rest—no, sir, at a thousand!' He clumb up in his old waggin an' slapped the nag with the reins, an' he says, 'Well, so long,' he says. 'I'll stop by on my way home an' I'll let you see my stock, ef so be you ain't buried alive,' he says; 'but you're buried alive now, fur's that goes. So's this hull community!'

"'Well, sir, I worked like a nailer on that tunnel all day long—never even stopped fer my dinner. Goin' fine she wuz, too, and I wuz all swelled up over it, but jest this side o' sundown, when I wuz standin' in the entrance, wipin' the sweat off my face and feelin' pretty neat, the hull blame' thing caved in and like to killed me. And nach-erly, jest ez I wuz a-brushin' myself off and gittin' the dirt outer my eyes and ears I hear the klip-klup, klip-klup o' the old nag, and Old Man Hicks come by. He wuz goin' at a right smart clip, and I lay low, and I thought he'd go by, but no, sir, he caught sight o' the entrance o' my tunnel and he whoaed down and beckoned to me.

"'Well,' says he, 'I see you done it! Didn't make a very neat job o' buryin' yourself, did you? Well, mebbe your life wuz spared to see what I've got here, Billy Pettigrew,' he says. 'Wipe your tunnel outer your eyes and come and look!'

"'What you got?' says I.

"'I got Leopold Second, King o' the Netherlands, and the Belle o' Flanders,' says he. 'Registered, pedigreed, imported stock. Cast your eyeful-o'-tunnel over this, Billy Pettigrew,' he says, handin' me a typewritten pedigree ez long ez the ginnie-oligies in the Old Testament.

"'Well, I'll be dad-kicked!' says I, respectful. 'Gimme a look!'

"'Scrabble up on the waggin and do your lookin' ez I drive along,' says he. 'I'm goin' to git these critters home before the evenin' damp. Aristocracy is delicate,' he says.

"'So I clumb up on the waggin and he started off so quick I set down with one foot twisted under me and craned my neck round to look at his prizes. They was in gay-painted crates that looked like circus-waggins, and we wuz goin' so lively 'twas some minutes before I c'd get a fair look at 'em, and all the time Old Man Hicks wuz ravin' about 'em. 'Look at them registered numbers tattooed in their ears,' says he. 'That tells the story! Only the finest pedigreed imported stock c'n be registered. And them



OLD MAN HICKS HE SET RIGHT DOWN ON THE FLOOR

tin tags in the other ears,' says he, 'that marks 'em so they can't be confused with common stock in exhibitions. My, but this here is the biggest day o' my life!' says Old Man Hicks.

"What 'd you pay fer 'em?" says I.

"'Thutty dollars fer the doe and fifty dollars fer the buck,' says he, throwin' up his chest. 'Eighty dollars fer the pair!'

"And jest that minute he slowed down to let the ice-waggin go by and I got my first good look. 'Well, I'll be gee-conswizzled!' says I, lookin' ag'in.

"'You bet you'll be,' says he, contented-like. 'And I'll sell the first litter fer a hundred 'n' fifty. Like to never got 'em, neither,' says he. 'Biddin' was pretty hot. One feller bid ag'in' me up to the last minute. Never see anybuddy so set ez he was. Quiet he was, but awful determined. Stranger to me; cross-eyed feller; only three fingers on his right hand.'

"I leant over and took another look at Leopold Second, King o' Netherlands, and the Belle o' Flanders.

"'He wuz all broke up about losin' 'em; claimed the auctioneer favored me; they had some words. He come 'round afterwards and begged me to give him his choice o' the first litter, soon ez weaned, fer twenty dollars, but I said I couldn't make no promises. Well, here we be,' he says, turnin' in at the old gate. 'I'm anxious to git these critters bedded fer the night. Got to keep 'em in the old woman's shiftless way fer a while, but you be over here at seven o'clock to-morrow mornin' and git in two hours' work 'fore you start on your route, and we'll make a start on my new hutches,' says he, 'up-to-date, sanitary hutches like the books tell about.'

"I helped him boost the boxes down off the waggin and lug 'em to the old barn. I took another look while he was shuttin' the doors.

"'Can't take no chances,' says he. 'Plenty o' scalawags in this town would make off with 'em ef they wuzn't too ignorant to know what they're wuth.'

"'Well,' says I ez he opened the crates

and the critters hopped out, 'it's jest like I've alwers heard; royalty is pretty much of a muchness with common folks; they do say kings and queens and dooks is no better 'n you 'n' me, once you look 'em in the face, and these here 'ristocrats don't look no different to me than the rabbits you sold me fer thutty cents apiece.'

"That made him so mad he pretty nigh got his tongue over his eye-tooth and couldn't see to speak. 'Why, you poor, nit-witted nimcumpoop,' says he, 'look at them registration numbers! Look at them exhibition tags? Hain't you got the tunnel outer your eyes yit? And what in time are you limpin' fer? Tryin' to make a mock o' my rheumatis'?"

"'No,' says I, meek and amiable; 'had my leg doubled under me and my foot's asleep.'

"'I bet it is,' says he; 'so's your brain.' And he starts hobblin' up-stairs to git the feed. 'Hain't goin' to put up with this nuisance,' says he. 'Goin' to git my hutches made shipshape, feed close by and handy.'

"I follered him up-stairs and I wuz smilin' like a cherub off a valentine. I wuz feelin' happy and peaceful like I hadn't felt sence Old Man Hicks had come to town. Seemed like I c'd even fergit to be sore about my tunnel.

"'Guess I'll pack enough feed down to last till I git my hutches built,' says he.

How the Other Half Lives

A MISSION worker, in deprecating the way some people talk of "the drab lives of the poor," tells of some East Side girls who were taken up to a beautiful Westchester County country home to spend a summer day. As they were leaving their hostess said how much she had enjoyed their visit. Whereupon one of the girls replied:

"I guess we have cheered you up a little; it must be awful dull up here."

Words Without Music

SIMMONS, who is of a very nervous temperament, sat at the opera behind a couple who talked so continuously that Simmons soon found the situation intolerable. So he leaned forward and, with the utmost gravity, said:

"Pardon me, but would you mind speaking a little louder? Sometimes the music prevents my hearing exactly what you say."

'Hain't goin' to kill myself climbin' up an' down stairs.'

"'Whyn't you learn 'em to come up here fer their meals, the way Mis' Hicks done?' says I.

"'Cause these here is blooded stock, not old woman's playthings,' says he. 'You don't reelize what these rabbits *are*!'

"'Don't I?' says I, lookin' him right in the eye, meaningful.

"He stood still in his tracks and stared at me like he never see me before, and then he hobbled over to the feed-bin quick and flustered-like. 'I got to hurry,' he says, kinder quaverin'; 'them critters is hungry.'

"But jest ez he was ready to start down, 'By gum!' I says, 'my foot's still asleep!' and I stamped with my heel three times, sharp and hard. . . .

"He wheeled 'round like he wuz shot and I vow he turned pale.

"Up the stairs, lickety-brindle, come Leopold Second, King o' the Netherlands, and the Belle o' Flanders!

"Old Man Hicks he set right down on the floor like his legs wouldn't hold him. 'Billy Pettigrew,' he says, weak and feeble—'Billy Pettigrew, I been a good friend to you,' says he. 'I've give you good advice time 'n' ag'in. If this here ever gits out, ef the town ever knows of this deal, I'll never hear the last of it to the longest day I live!'

"And Old Man Hicks wuz right."

Outwitted

AN old gentleman, known for his closeness, asked a friend to recommend a physician. The friend named a certain specialist noted for wit as well as professional skill.

"Are his fees very high?" asked the old fellow.

"Not very. He will charge you five dollars for the first visit and three dollars for each one after that."

Not long afterward the old gentleman walked into the office of the physician, and upon being admitted to the consulting-room, laid down three dollars and remarked, "Well, doctor, here I am again."

The doctor coolly picked up the money and put it into a drawer, which he locked. The patient looked on, expectantly, awaiting.

"I am ready to be examined," he said at length.

"It is hardly necessary," said the physician. "Just continue with the same medicine. Good day, sir."

Unto Cæsar the Things That Are Cæsar's

TOM was spending a week in the country with his aunt, a very devoted church-woman. On Sunday he accompanied her to the chapel to arrange the flowers before service, and while there the rector came in. After a few moments of conversation, the latter was about to leave, when Tom exclaimed, "Here, I've got something for you!" and, plunging his hand into his pocket, produced a dime which he held out to the astonished rector.

"Oh, Tom," said his aunt, reprovingly, "that is your church offering; you mustn't give it to Mr. Halloway."

Tom looked at his aunt with an air of worldly wisdom, and remarked, drily:

"He'll get it sooner or later, Aunt May. I may as well give it to him now."

Lèse Majesté

JUST as every one had sat down to the dinner-table Helen's big sister stepped into the hall to straighten her hair at the mirror.

Helen was so hungry, yet she knew that father would not say grace until big sister was in her seat. After fidgeting for a few moments she called out:

"Hurry up, Ruth; you're keeping God waiting."

An Ornithological Miracle

A NATIVE minister was telling the missionary in charge of the district that a sparrow had built a nest on the roof of his house.

"Is there anything in the nest yet?" asked the missionary.

"Yes," replied his Indian brother, proud of his English, "the sparrow has pups."

The Needle of To-day

A COUPLE of young business men were on their way down-town when one took the other into his confidence:

"I wish my wife were more domestic. She doesn't seem to care a thing about our house. Indeed, she is out most of the time."

"That reminds me!" exclaimed the other. "Excuse me a moment; I must run in here."

A moment later he reappeared, placing a small packet in his pocket. "Just remembered that my wife asked me to get her a package of needles. Lucky your talk reminded me."

"I wish my wife would ask for needles," continued the other. "But she absolutely refuses to sew a stitch."

Whereupon the other grinned. "Mine, too! These are phonograph needles," he explained.



Rural Criticism

"I suppose besides chargin' fer yer time ye make a profit on the paint too?"



To Decrease Visibility
Why not camouflaged stockings?

The Chief Question

AT the last lecture of the term Professor Clarkson told the students, with much emphasis, that he expected them to devote all of their time to preparation for the final examination.

"The examination-papers are now in the hands of the printer," he said. "Is there any question you would like answered at this time?"

For a moment there was silence; then one of the students called out:

"Who is the printer?"

Knew What He Was About

A MEMBER of a national medical association tells the following story at the expense of a physician:

"Are you sure," an anxious patient once asked—"are you sure that I shall recover? I have heard that doctors have sometimes given wrong diagnoses and treated a patient for pneumonia who afterward died of typhoid fever."

"You have been woefully misinformed," replied the physician, indignantly. "If I treat a man for pneumonia, he dies of pneumonia."

Lindy

(Negro Love Song)

MY Lindy say she lumme,
My Lindy say it's so;
My Lindy say she lumme lots,
But why she doesn' know.
I bet My Lindy lumme, I bet her heart mos' break,
'Case if she didn' lumme lots, she sho make one mistake.

My Lindy say she lumme,
She say she tell me true;
She say she lumme such a much
She don' know what to do.
I bet dat's true she lumme, she lumme all she can,
'Case if she didn' lumme, den she couldn' love no man.

My Lindy say she lumme,
She say she lumme hard.
My Lindy smilin' all de while,
And smilin' 'most a yard.
I bet my Lindy lumme, I bet dat make her proud;
I bet she got a right to smile and maybe laugh out loud!

EDMUND VANCE COOKE.



Painting by C. E. Chambers

Illustration for "Amazement"

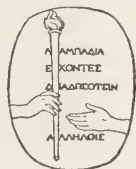
"ANTONIO," I SAID, "YOU ARE IN SOME GREAT TROUBLE"

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. CXXXIX

OCTOBER, 1919

NO. DCCCXXXIII



THE NATIONAL BUDGET

BY HON. JOSEPH G. CANNON

The Hon. Joseph G. Cannon, with forty-five years' service in the House of Representatives, thirty years a member of the Committee on Appropriations, ten years as chairman of that committee, and eight years as Speaker of the House, has had a greater and more varied experience in government budget-making than any other American.

He has been called a progressive and a reactionary. His political experiences range from the Lincoln-Douglas debates, to helping prepare the biggest war budget ever made by any government in history; from having his name on the same ballot with Abraham Lincoln in 1860, to a refusal of the Democratic leaders of his district to name a candidate to oppose him in 1918.

THE Prodigal Son was a liberal spender and the fatted calf was killed to make a feast when he returned to his father's house, but he was not put in charge of the family purse. That was left in control of the elder son, who continued to work in the field and create income. Modern civilization has followed that rule in family and in government budgets, because income is the first item in every budget and the one item which we cannot do without. We cannot be spenders until we have become producers. My wife and I tried budget-making when we began house-keeping, regulating family expenditures by my small income. She spent the money, but I had to first get the money to be spent. We got along fairly well, but made one mistake. We raised a pig to increase our assets, but I took so much interest in that pig, feeding it, scratching its back to hear it grunt its satisfaction, and conversing with it, until by the time

it was grown big and fat I could not turn it into our winter's meat. That pig became a liability instead of an asset. There are a lot of people who make the same mistake in government budgets and forget the real purpose in raising a pig. They become so much absorbed in their ambitions and efforts that they forget the purpose behind their efforts; and the liabilities they create are the liabilities of the people who pay the taxes. It is not surprising that the people sometimes get an idea that a government pig is not very different from the golden calf which the Children of Israel worshiped, instead of a source of food-supply.

The Federal government was not established as a money-making enterprise, but the expenditures must be regulated by the income, and the income comes out of the pockets of the people in the form of taxes. The only part of the Federal government that has the power

to tax the people is Congress, and all revenue bills must originate in the House of Representatives. The makers of the Constitution were somewhat explicit about that and insisted that Congress should control the national purse or national budget, which covers both taxation and expenditure. Franklin thought that the purse should be controlled by the House because the Representatives were to be elected by direct vote of the people and for short terms; but Madison suggested that the power of amendment should be given to the Senate so that it might "diminish" an extravagant budget by the House. Senator Smoot recently said in debate that once during his eighteen years' service the Senate had reduced an appropriation passed by the House, and only once.

President Washington addressed all his messages on the budget to the House, and so did President Adams; and from the beginning of the government down to the present the estimates of government expenditures have been sent to the House, and there have originated all tax bills and all appropriation bills. The Representatives are the men who have to bear the responsibility for unpopular taxes and are the first to feel the weight of the voters' dissatisfaction. They get kicked out whenever the people think too much has been taken out of their pockets for a government budget. They have to suffer for their sins of omission as well as their sins of commission when they permit some other part of the government to make an objectionable budget.

The American people do not yet appreciate the cost of the war with Germany. The appropriations made by the Sixty-fifth Congress amounted to \$42,000,000,000, and the bills which failed March 4th, and have been enacted by the Sixty-sixth Congress, carrying appropriations for this fiscal year and chargeable to the Sixty-fifth Congress, increased the total to \$45,000,000,000, or more than the entire disbursements of

the Federal government from the first inauguration of George Washington to the second inauguration of Woodrow Wilson. The appropriations made by that one Congress were greater than the entire wealth of the American people in the census year 1880. The government disbursed more than \$33,000,000,000 in the two years from the beginning of the war; or double the gold production of the world in the four hundred years since Columbus discovered this continent; four times the amount of gold money stock in the world to-day; eight times the gold in this country, and one and one-half times the total resources of all the national banks. Congress authorized government loans of \$31,000,000,000 and an annual tax levy of \$6,000,000,000, and there is considerable complaint of high taxes, but the executive departments continue to estimate peace expenditures on a war basis just as though gold grew like mushrooms in the Treasury cellar and bank-notes budded like leaves on the trees in springtime.

Colonel Sellers was not more optimistic about his "eye-water" than are some of our would-be budget-makers over their plans to make the world good and happy by the expenditure of public money and develop new government functions to swell the government pay-roll. A good many camels got their noses under the tent during the war emergency, and they are now crowding their bodies in with an appeal to Congress that they be consecrated as "the government's own" to be hereafter looked upon as were the sacred elephants of Siam. They are spreading propaganda, much of it at government expense, to create public sentiment in favor of their permanent adoption; and a great many people try to apply the old proverb that public money is like holy water, free to all who seek salvation. There is not a war activity, except fighting, or a war-time appropriation that has been willingly surrendered. The executive departments want to continue their control of all the great agencies that were taken over by

the government to help win the war, even to that of the "conservation of waste," and I have received letters from prominent business men and bankers urging an appropriation for this function of educating the people to save rags and old iron. They appear to be unconscious that they are as socialistic in their recommendations as those who want the government to own the railroads, telegraphs, and other great organizations of industrial endeavor. A member of the President's Cabinet also recommends this appropriation, and the Secretary of the Treasury sent it to Congress as an official estimate of necessary government expenditures. Government spending is like private spending, and it is advisable to keep the purse-strings in the hands of others than the spenders. The situation is serious enough as it touches the billions we have already spent, but there are also the continuing contracts and obligations to the soldiers and their families.

The interest on the public debt will amount to more than \$1,000,000,000 a year. There will be the nest-egg for our future national budget for each year, and when to it is added the navy egg, the army egg, the pension egg, and all the other eggs made necessary by the war and planned by the executive departments, the nest will be equal to that of the goose that laid the golden eggs, and call for four or five billion dollars a year in taxes. We were all willing and glad to pay any kind of taxes to win the war, but as we get away from the war the people will, I fear, feel the burden of taxation more than the benefits derived from the war. That has been the history after other wars, and even now petitions are pouring in on Congress to repeal many taxes levied only a few months ago.

It requires no Jeremiah to see considerable grumbling about future budgets. The executive departments spend the money, but they cannot create a dollar of revenue, not even by borrowing without the authority of Congress. Some very bright and enterprising peo-

ple appear to lose sight of this division of functions, and that it is taxation to secure revenue that raises Cain among the people. The taxpayers don't pay much attention to the spending until they think that too much money is taken out of their pockets to pay the bills. Then they begin to keep tab on their Representatives who vote the taxes; and they know that they elect Representatives every two years. The makers of the Constitution had this in mind when they provided that the Representatives should be elected every two years, that Congress should make no appropriation for the support of armies for longer than two years, and that no money should be drawn from the Treasury except in consequence of appropriations made by law—by Congress. The Fathers planned to keep the taxing power close to the people and not permit it to be exercised very long without the Representatives having to be re-elected. All the checks lead right to the members of the House, and they are held responsible for excessive taxes whether they originate them or consent to them when made elsewhere. So, when we create a National Budget Committee we had better keep it pretty close to the House, which is the part of the government that is closest to the people and on which the people have a short string to bring under rein. Otherwise there may be trouble.

I know that the British government has a budget committee, but I have an impression that the House of Commons comes pretty near being the government over there. The British Cabinet is formed by the leader of the majority in the House of Commons, and when he loses his majority the Cabinet goes out with him and a new government is formed. It is about the same as though the leader of the majority in the House of Representatives should dictate to the President the men who should compose his Cabinet. Such a change would involve reducing the President to a dignified automaton who would be compelled to take orders from the leader of the

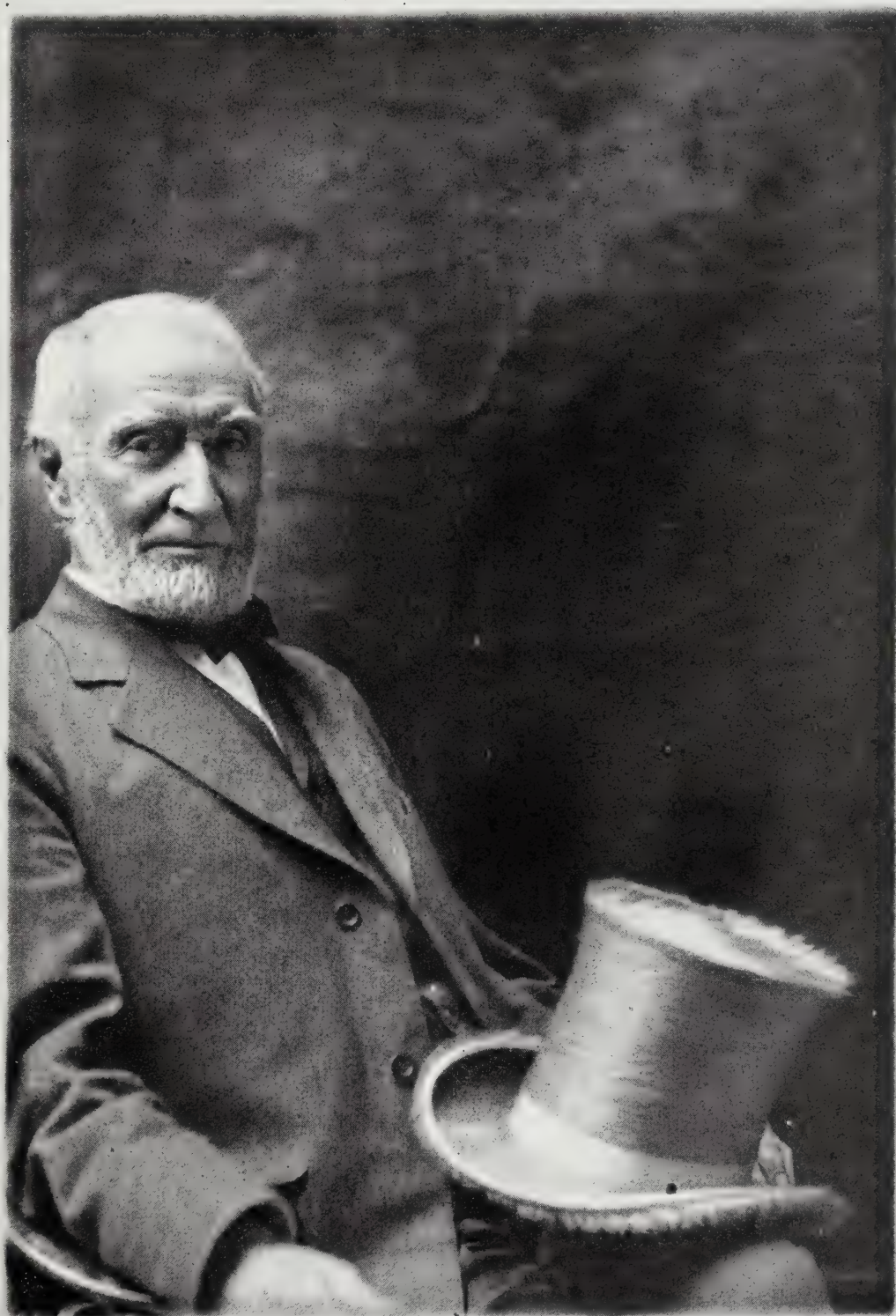
House of Representatives, and it would make the Senate as harmless as is the House of Lords. The House would be the government in fact, and all others connected with the government would take orders from the leaders of the House.

Just think of President Wilson, after the rejection of his appeal to his countrymen for a Democratic majority in Congress last November, sitting in the White House waiting for the Hon. James R. Mann, then the Republican leader of the House, to send word that, in obedience to the will of the people, he had selected a new Cabinet; and then have Mr. Mann drive up to the White House and hand the President a list of Republicans to fill every place in his Cabinet. But, under the British system, that is just what would have happened last November after the election which reversed the majority in the House. We should not have had to wait a year for the constitutional meeting of the new Congress, nor for the President to call an extra session at his pleasure. The new Congress would have been summoned at once and the change would have run throughout the government with an entirely new set of advisers for the President to leave in control while he journeyed to Paris to participate in the Peace Conference. In fact, he might not have been permitted to go to France as the chief representative of the United States. Lloyd George had a general election in England before he became the chief representative at the Peace Conference. This may appear like a far-fetched illustration, but it fits the suggestion that we should follow the British system in handling appropriations for the support of the government and all its varied functions.

I say this without criticism of the British budget plan; for as I read the report of the Select Committee on National Expenditures of the House of Commons, the so-called Budget Committee was created to keep control of government expenditures and govern-

ment policies in Parliament, and not permit one department of the government or one committee of the House of Commons to inaugurate a new policy by way of an appropriation. That is a wise plan and it is what we had in Congress until within the last thirty years. But under our present plan of distributing appropriation bills to half a dozen committees of the House and as many more in the Senate, we have opened the door for executive officers to formulate policies. They ask for appropriations for new departures, present these to committees that devote all their attention to those departments, get appropriations recommended and passed which present the camel's nose for new policies created by law and requiring continuing appropriations forever afterward. The members of Congress who are not on these committees know little about the bills, but follow the committee having jurisdiction on the theory that the committee is the best judge of the matter because it has investigated it. They see only the camel's nose. The body of the camel does not appear until later, when it comes into the House with the claim that it has been authorized by law and is fully entitled to future appropriations with which to develop the new policy. The multifarious duties of the members of Congress in considering 25,000 bills justifies them in following the committees having jurisdiction, but this tendency of the executive departments to formulate government policies without regard to their conflict with other policies of other departments, and without consideration of the revenues, is the one great embarrassment in the present plan. Government policies should be made by Congress, not by the executive officers, whose function is to administer the law, not make the law. And in inaugurating new government policies Congress should consider them apart from appropriation bills.

Our Constitution placed the national purse in the hands of Congress and largely in the House; and for the first



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Photograph by Mrs. Luther Derwent

JOSEPH G. CANNON

seventy-five years of its existence the House had a budget committee—the Committee on Ways and Means. That committee reported both revenue bills and appropriation bills. It had jurisdiction over taxation and expenditure, and its majority represented the majority of the House which represented the majority vote of the country at the last preceding election. That was something like the plan in the House of Commons, for if the House majority offended the people in taxation or expenditure it would be brought to book at the next election. The Committee on Ways and Means considered the needs of the government in appropriations and then framed tax bills to produce the necessary revenue. It planned to cut the garment according to the cloth, for the people did not like either a surplus or a deficit in the Federal Treasury. The responsibility was centered in one committee which might well have been called a budget committee, and that plan prevailed until after the Civil War. Then the House created a Committee on Appropriations to consider the details of estimates from the executive department, while the Committee on Ways and Means continued to report tax bills; but the two committees worked together balancing appropriations and revenues. Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania, who had been chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, became the first chairman of the Committee on Appropriations from choice, and he applied to that committee the knowledge he had gained in preparing both revenue and appropriation bills. The budget was carefully considered to guard against having the majority of the House turned out and a new majority given control to reverse revenue policies. This plan of having two committees handle the government budget continued for twenty years and the annual appropriations were kept below \$400,000,000, notwithstanding the debts of the Civil War, paying the interest on the public's debt, and reducing the principal by one-half. Then

in 1885 there came the change by distributing the appropriation bills to half a dozen committees, to develop new government policies on appropriation bills that had to be passed to prevent the government from embarrassment. That change is often spoken of as a reform, but it appeared to me at the time as revenge on one of the ablest and most courageous men who ever sat in the House of Representatives. The purpose, not much disguised at the time, was to cripple the power of Samuel J. Randall and humiliate him for what was called party treachery, though he had never subscribed to the policy which his party adopted.

Samuel J. Randall was chairman of the Committee on Appropriations and William R. Morrison, of Illinois, was chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means in the Forty-eighth Congress, elected in 1882. They were both strong men and both earnest Democrats, but they held divergent views on the tariff question. Randall had always been a protection Democrat, while Morrison was more in harmony with the Southern wing of the party in favor of free trade. Randall had been Speaker of the House in the Forty-fourth, Forty-fifth, and Forty-sixth Congresses, and might have been Speaker of the House in the Forty-eighth Congress when the Democrats again came into control after losing the Forty-seventh Congress, if he had been willing to compromise his tariff views and adopt the free-trade declarations of his party in the platforms of 1876 and 1880. It was an open secret when the House met to organize in December, 1883, that the Georgia delegation had sent a message to Randall offering him their support for Speaker on condition that he would appoint as members of the Committee on Ways and Means Democrats who were in harmony with the Democratic platform declaration of a tariff for revenue only; and that General Rosecrans acted as messenger for the California delegation offering support on the same terms. But Randall

would make no terms to secure the Speakership again, and he was defeated by John G. Carlisle, of Kentucky. Under the custom of seniority in committee assignments, Randall became chairman of the Committee on Appropriations because he had been the leader of the minority on that committee in the Republican Forty-seventh Congress. Morrison was appointed chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, and there began the trouble. Randall was the most forceful man on the floor, notwithstanding the position of Morrison as chairman of Ways and Means made him the nominal leader of the House.

When Morrison reported his celebrated Horizontal Tariff Reduction bill to the House, Randall, true to his long record and his state, led a considerable Democratic faction in opposition. That was one of the most interesting factional contests I ever saw in the House. A score or more of Democrats from New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois followed Randall and voted with the Republicans to strike out the enacting clause, and the bill was defeated by a good majority in a Democratic House. It raised Cain among the Democrats not only in the House, but throughout the country; but notwithstanding the excommunication of the insurgents, the Democratic National Convention, held in Chicago a few months later, in 1884, modified the platform by declaring that any change in the tariff laws should "be regardful of labor and capital invested." Randall and his followers, no doubt, compelled that change in the party platform, and it was on that platform Mr. Cleveland was elected, but after the election and inauguration of the first Democratic President since the Civil War he went back to the old tariff-for-revenue-only policy that was a tradition with the party.

The Democrats again controlled the House in the Forty-ninth Congress and Carlisle was again elected Speaker. We knew that the party leaders, including the President, had a rod in pickle for

Randall, and it was rumored that he would lose the chairmanship of Appropriations as punishment for defeating the Morrison bill. That would have continued the split in the Democratic party, for Randall was a fighter and not entirely dependent on position for his following. His courage, ability, and experience made him a leader regardless of the position he held. Speaker Carlisle was too good a politician, too fair a man, and had too much regard for the traditions of the House to listen to such advice. There was no committee on committees then. Carlisle was a Speaker of the old order and appointed all the committees, assigning both Democrats and Republicans, and the member who did not like his assignment could lump it and bite his thumb to his heart's content without disturbing John G. Carlisle. He presided over the House as Clay and Blaine and Randall had presided before him and as Reed presided after him; but he was a good politician, recognized the personal power of Randall, and did not propose to quarrel with him and have his party suffer another tariff defeat in the House of its friends. Randall was again named as chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, but Morrison had his revenge in the distribution of the appropriations. He introduced a rule at the beginning of the session which was reported by the Committee on Rules and adopted by the House, giving jurisdiction of appropriations as well as legislation for the various departments of government to the committees on Military Affairs, Naval Affairs, Post-offices, Agriculture, Indian Affairs, and Foreign Affairs. The members of President Cleveland's Cabinet supported Morrison's plan to not only humiliate Randall, but to curb his power, and I have sometimes thought they were shrewder than they were credited with being, and that they saw the advantage to the executive departments as well as the punishment of Randall in the change. It was the beginning of executive interference in legislation which has

led to executive dominance in legislation for appropriations to meet the demands of the spenders instead of the demands of the taxpayers. Thomas B. Reed, then the Republican leader in the House, supported the new rule, but some years later, after experience as Speaker, he admitted to me that his judgment had been at fault on that occasion. It was political revenge, not well-considered political reform, and it has led to extravagance in appropriation of the people's money.

Mr. Fitzgerald, chairman of the Committee on Appropriations for six years, made a forceful speech two years ago, comparing the twelve-year period 1875-86 with the twelve-year period 1901-12; the increase in regular appropriations had been 292.5 per cent.—four times the rate of increase in population, three and a half times the rate of increase in wealth, and larger than the rate of increase in any other department of our domestic life. Mr. Fitzgerald expressed the opinion that these large increases in public expenditures had been due to the change of the rules of the House which distributed the appropriation bills to half a dozen committees instead of having one committee act as an auditing body to keep the expenditures within the revenues. I am inclined to agree with Mr. Fitzgerald's conclusions that the distribution of the jurisdiction over appropriations was a big incentive to extravagance and the more careless appropriation of public money. I don't mean to suggest that the other committees are consciously extravagant and wasteful, but when one set of men is making appropriations for the army, another for the navy, and others for particular functions of the government, it naturally leads to a gimlet-hole view of government finances. The Committee on Appropriations in the old days had to have all the estimates of all the executive departments on the table, and it had to consider the demands of each in its relation to the whole and to the revenues to

meet the expenditures. Chairman Sherley, of the last Committee on Appropriations, for some years favored a budget committee, but in the closing days of Congress, February 28th, he made a speech in which he took the position that any commission making recommendations for a budget must be subject to the control of Congress "and not to the administrative branch of the government," and that the House, "which, after all, is the real guardian of the liberties of the people, because it represents at short periods of time the popular will of the people, must take its true place in determining what shall be done and what shall not be done in respect to the great questions which confront this country and the world." Like the British Committee on Budget, Mr. Sherley insisted that Congress and the popular House of Congress should make the policies of the government.

We have only one executive elected by the people and responsible to them. That is the President, but he has half a million people in the civil service under him—it was nearly a million during the war with Germany, and we are having some difficulty in securing consent of the executive departments for its reduction to the pre-war figures of 500,000. Creating offices is the easiest thing in the world; abolishing offices is the hardest thing in the world. With the railroads under government control, there are 2,000,000 more people added to the civil list, and with the telegraph and telephone employees added, the civil-service army has been almost as large as the military forces put into the field for the war with Germany. This great aggregation may be, and often is, directed by the heads of the executive departments to bring pressure on Congress for new and extraordinary appropriations and the initiation of new policies. The distribution of the appropriation bills in the House helps the departments to bring pressure on the special committees having jurisdiction, and when they fail with one committee to try another. We have

given so much latitude to the departments that they now presume to prepare legislation and insist on its adoption by Congress without amendment of any kind; and, having prepared such legislation, they sometimes interpret it in administration in a way that surprises even the members of committees who reported and defended it on the floor.

None of these executive officials are responsible to the people or can be called to account by the voters. They are appointed by the President or by the heads of departments or selected by the Civil Service Commission, and when they make mistakes in recommending and preparing legislation which Congress adopts Congress alone is held responsible.

I have found executives—members of the Cabinet, bureau chiefs, and subordinate officials, including commissioners—very human in wanting what they want when they want it and without regard to the revenues or the demands of other departments. They are specialists and each devotes his whole attention to his one specialty as though it were the universe. There are many very bright and clever men among them, and they are all energetic in their own fields of endeavor, but Congress has to look at the whole government together. Their enthusiasm is commendable, but not conclusive. They are also like other people, imitative, and when one conceives an idea for a new government function the others jump in and also want the same function, with the result too often of half a dozen rival functions in as many different departments. This is one of the most wasteful features of the distribution of appropriation bills. We had an example of it when the Post-office Appropriation bill was before the House last winter. The Postmaster-General recommended that he be given a large appropriation for building and operating airplanes when we have a surplus of airplanes and operators in the army and also in the navy with rivalry and friction between them. He also recommended a large appropriation for the construction of

post-roads when the Department of Agriculture has control of millions of money appropriated by Congress to aid the states in building roads, with a road division that appears to have become efficient. But the Postmaster-General wanted to duplicate this important government function. The Post-office Committee wrote his recommendations into the Post-office Appropriation bill. The House by a substantial majority refused these appropriations because they were duplications of service performed by other departments, but the Senate adopted the Postmaster-General's recommendations and the House concurred rather than let the Post-office Appropriation bill fail; but only after the transfer of jurisdiction of the appropriation of \$200,000,000 for post-roads to the Department of Agriculture, which has control of other good-road funds, and prevented the most extravagant duplication of government service that was ever proposed. Such duplications have been occurring from year to year under the present distribution of appropriations, because the committees reporting the legislation do not have time to go over the whole history of what has been authorized and done by other departments, but accept the recommendations of department heads who desire to inaugurate new policies or duplicate those of other departments.

When Congress adopts a new national policy it should be presented in a specific bill and carefully considered, and not as an amendment to an appropriation bill which must be enacted to provide funds for continuing the regular functions of a department of the government. I regret to say that much of the most extravagant legislation has been secured in this way of amendment to emergency appropriation bills. The distribution of appropriation bills has developed this haphazard legislation more than anything else I can recall, because the bills reported from these committees now combine legislation and appropriation. In the old days we did not have this embar-

rassment. The Committee on Military Affairs prepared legislation for the army, and the Committee on Appropriations reported the appropriations for the army; the law and the appropriations were kept separate, as they should be to avoid confusion and also to avoid writing new policies into the law on appropriation bills with little or no consideration, the appropriations as a whole being the one great object before Congress. What is true of the legislation reported by the Committee on Military Affairs is true of that reported from the other committees that have the power to report appropriations, such as the Committee on Agriculture, the Committee on Naval Affairs, the Committee on Foreign Affairs, the Committee on Indian Affairs, the Committee on Post-offices and Post-roads, and the Committee on Rivers and Harbors. They all combine legislation and appropriations and sometimes in a way to have the legislation little understood and even disguised from the average member; but whatever the objections to it, they must be waived to secure the appropriation for the government function of the department.

Any budget committee appointed by the executive would not materially differ in its functions from that performed by the Secretary of the Treasury, who under an old Act of Congress is required to transmit to Congress all the estimates for government expenditures before Congress assembles, and with them estimates of the revenues. That is a budget function conferred on the Secretary of the Treasury as complete as any that I have seen proposed in which the executive has any part. But what does the Secretary of the Treasury do? He, or often a clerk, simply transmits to Congress every estimate made by any of the departments, when and as often as they make them, until it is a common thing to have supplementary estimates come in all through a session of Congress and then followed by deficiency estimates until it requires the services of a body of expert accountants to figure out the estimates

of the different departments in one session of Congress. The Treasury Department, instead of being a clearing-house for the estimates of expenditures and revenue to meet them, is simply a pneumatic tube to hustle along to Congress all the estimates of expenditure anybody in any of the executive departments thinks desirable. Would any budget commission appointed by the executive change this extravagant method of conducting the public business?

Reform is a much-abused word in government affairs. When I hear men talk about government reform I am sometimes reminded of a newspaper waif I read many years ago:

I'm thankful that the sun and moon
Are both hung up so high
That no pretentious hand can stretch
And pull them from the sky.
If they were not, I have no doubt
But some reforming ass
Would recommend to take them down
And light the world with gas.

I admit that the government has many valuable experts who give their time to special investigations; but some years ago it was a standing joke that one of the most modest clubs in Washington was the most expensive club in the world, because all the government experts and many not in the government service were members of that club and it became an exchange for ideas for new plans of government expenditure and enlargement of the government budget. The government experts know little or nothing about how revenues are secured, and they have no hesitancy about working up all sorts of schemes for spending public money on the theory that Uncle Sam has an inexhaustible and independent income. I have met all kinds of experts in the Committee on Appropriations and have sometimes voted for what they asked, and afterward concluded that I had been hypnotized by their enthusiasm and confidence in making two blades of grass grow where one had grown before, for the harvest was not

materially changed by the appropriation.

But I have some impressive memories of government experts who did not understand the art of propaganda. There was Professor Langley, for many years secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. He was a great scientist and one of the most modest men about asking for government help that I ever met. About twenty years ago, when I was chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, Professor Langley was before the committee, and after he had presented his estimates to the subcommittee I asked if there was anything else he would like to present to the committee.

"Yes, Mr. Cannon; I would like to have ten thousand dollars to experiment in building a flying-machine," said the professor.

"Great Heavens!" I exclaimed. "A flying-machine to ride up in the air?"

"Yes," he replied. "I don't wonder at your question because you have not given the subject any investigation. But is not a bird heavier than air? Is not the eagle who soars in the sunlight and above the clouds heavier than air; and don't you think we could devise a machine by which the human animal can navigate the air?"

He did not have to argue or make elaborate explanations. The subcommittee agreed to the appropriation, the full committee accepted the recommendation, and the House and Senate made the appropriation; and I was more ridiculed and abused for "wasting the people's money" on flying-machines than for any other appropriation I reported while chairman of that committee. I was cartooned as Mother Shipton riding through the air on a broom, and was given no end of notoriety because of that modest appropriation. Professor Langley built his machine, took it down the Potomac and made it fly, but he was too old to operate it himself and his assistant was too timid, especially with a bevy of newspaper correspondents hovering about to record the failure, and the

flying-machine, after a very short flight, tumbled into the river. The gasoline-engine had not been fully developed and Langley failed, but the Wright brothers took up the same principle and, with a better engine, made flying not only a possibility, but developed it into a pastime. They did more. They took the old Langley machine from its place in the National Museum and made it fly over the national capital to let the Congress see that it had not thrown away that \$10,000 which was appropriated to help Professor Langley experiment with a flying-machine. But Langley was an exception among government experts, especially in his modesty about asking for big government appropriations, and my confidence in him made me more lenient in considering the extravagant prospectuses of others.

The promotion and encouragement of agriculture is one of the enthusiasms of the present time and has been growing ever since the distribution of the appropriation bills. Before that "reform" the Committee on Agriculture reported legislation and the Committee on Appropriations reported the appropriations for the Bureau of Agriculture. In 1881 this appropriation was \$250,000, and it was considered ample, but within ten years the bureau had become a department and the appropriation increased to \$3,000,000. Last year Congress appropriated \$27,000,000 for the activities of the Department of Agriculture and gave another appropriation of \$11,000,000 for the stimulation of agriculture for war emergencies, making a total of \$38,000,000 for the encouragement of farming four times that of ten years ago—and the average yield of cereals per acre is less now than then. This appropriation for the Department of Agriculture is constantly growing. This year it is \$34,000,000, and with the good-roads appropriations which are handled by the department added, its annual disbursements amount to about \$70,000,000. The experts are continually crying for more and spreading propaganda to extend

their work, even to teach the farmers' wives how to cook and make butter.

There is one recommendation of the Select Committee on National Expenditures of the British House of Commons that is worth considering. That committee in its report says that "the Treasury could not exercise its powers of control if it is itself a spending department," and it recommended that the old-age pensions control be transferred to some other department. But when we created the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, which is to be one of the greatest spending bureaus of the government, it was placed under the Treasury Department; and, partly by law and partly by executive order, the Secretary of the Treasury has become the controller of greater expenditures than any other administrative department to divert his attention from the function of looking after government finances and checking up all expenditures. The President placed the control of the railroads in the hands of the Secretary of the Treasury, and Congress, under advice from the Treasury Department, has given it control of War Risk Insurance, of public buildings, the Coast Guard, the Public Health Service, and other spending bureaus.

Several new government policies have been adopted through the efforts of these bureaus under the stress of war. One is an appropriation of \$11,000,000 for the establishment of hospitals for soldiers—and others—under the control of the Public Health Service, notwithstanding the reports of the surgeon-generals of the army and navy that they had ample hospital facilities for all the soldiers. Here is another duplication of service under the impulse to take care of the soldiers, and a new government policy by making it permanent for civilians; and the extension of the Public Health Service, which is the greatest mushroom growth in the government, reaching out to control the health of all the people and become a national dispensary and clinic at the expense of the Federal Treasury with an army of doctors pre-

scribing calomel and castor-oil to 100,000,000 people without even looking at their tongues.

Another new policy was grafted last year on the Army Appropriation bill, making an appropriation of about \$3,000,000 for the co-operation of the Federal government with the states in the control of vice diseases. This was also placed under the direction of the Public Health Service. It may or may not have been a good war policy; but it was adopted, not as a separate measure, but as an amendment to the bill to appropriate \$10,000,000,000 for the army in the emergency of war, making an appropriation to be controlled by a bureau under the Treasury Department. But, in addition to the irregular way of making the appropriation, there was the manufactured emotionalism for protecting the boys from greater dangers than those of battle, with alleged statistics to show that our boys were not fit to fight because of their vices. There was little debate on this "war measure" because no member was prepared to dispute the statistics and be charged with defending vice; and Congress gave the Public Health Service \$3,000,000 and arbitrary power over all people who approached an army camp, and also over interstate travel. This new policy came in answer to the agitation as to whether the American boys were fit to fight, and that agitation appears like a nightmare since the boys showed to the whole world their fitness for fighting at Verdun, at St.-Mihiel, and in the Argonne, when they drove back the Germans and won the war. The Provost-Marshal General's report also discredits the statistics of the health experts by showing that of the millions of boys examined by the army surgeons only one per cent. of those rejected as unfit for fighting were rejected because of vice disease, and that only one in a thousand of those examined was disqualified by reason of vice. Consciously or ignorantly, the health experts slandered our American boys, but they got \$3,000,000 and established an

autocratic power over all the people under the stress of war. They are trying to make this power permanent since the armistice, and, strange to say, the one voice raised against it in the last session was that of the only woman who ever held a seat and a vote in Congress. Where men feared to be misunderstood by opposing this new policy, a refined woman stepped into the arena to do battle and discuss a question which is barred from good society. Miss Rankin fought the paragraph, secured an amendment cutting off a part of the arbitrary power of the experts, and won the admiration of all members of the House by the way she laid aside mock modesty to discuss frankly and intelligently the questions involved in the control of vice disease.

Some of our reformers are unconscious revolutionists, and some of the advocates of the budget system are of that order. They want to strike out the "government of the people" and the "government by the people" from Lincoln's celebrated phrase, and retain only "a government for the people." They are the reactionaries I most fear because they are going back toward the centralization and bureaucracy that long ago disappeared from the world except in Russia and Germany, where it recently went down in a crash of anarchy. We want no such "reform" in this country. When we create a Budget Commission we should keep it in Congress and as far as possible in the House of Representatives, which is directly responsible to the people on the basis of population. If we leave any part of it to the executive we shall only exaggerate the present embarrassments. The electorate will continue to hold the Representatives responsible for the budget, whatever power they surrender to the executive. The heads of the departments want to make

the budget of expenditures and compel Congress to levy taxes according to their plans for expenditure. The Pharaohs had that kind of a budget system, and so had the Czars of Russia. It was not the system embodied in the American Constitution. The President recently vetoed the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill which carries appropriations for almost every department of the government, because the appropriation for one function was not as large as the chief of the bureau desired, although it was more than double the official estimates submitted to Congress for that bureau; and because the bill put a limitation on the amount that might be paid in high salaries to the employees of the bureau; notwithstanding the fact that Congress from the beginning has provided by law what the salaries of the President and all other officers of the government should be. These developments are all away from the budget plans of those who prepared the Constitution, and when Congress consents to the executive making the budget it will have surrendered the most important part of a representative government, and put this country back where it was when the shot at Lexington was "heard 'round the world." Taxation without representation brought this nation into being, and I think we had better stick pretty close to the Constitution with its division of powers well defined and the taxing power close to the people.

I believe that the House of Representatives should have one committee with jurisdiction over appropriations, and that the House should stand firmly for its budget, because it is the one branch of Congress to which the Constitution committed this responsibility and the one which the people hold responsible for the budget, which includes taxation as well as expenditure.

EYES THAT SEE

BY BETH BRADFORD GILCHRIST

JOHN HULING'S return meant nothing in particular to Molly Burt. The whole war, so far as that went, meant to Molly nothing in particular and everything in general. She had no brothers and her father was over age; even her cousins had adventured only so far as to return questionnaires. She remained an outsider, maintaining her self-respect on a fringe of knitted socks, surgical dressings, Liberty Bond salesmanship, and occasional canteen services.

But she maintained it enthusiastically. Not a drive drove its triumphant way through the inconsiderable but patriotic New England town where Molly lived without enrolling her name among its canvassers. She had a reputation for success in drives.

"I'd like to put her on the road for Craig & Sons when this war's over," Craig, Sr., was reported to have said at United War Work headquarters. "She's got the nerve of a brass monkey—oh, I mean it all right, needn't laugh—and the common sense of a man who's pulled himself to the top by his boot-straps, and she's good-lookin' enough to make you think she hasn't an idea in her head. She'd be a wizard on the road."

"Meaning that curly-headed little girl who just went out?" incredulously inquired the man who had last made his report, and whose tally showed a lamentable declension from headquarters' estimate of what he ought to get from his district. "Why, she's just a kid!"

"No more a kid than you are," said Craig, Sr. "She's got the enthusiasm of a kid, though, and she ain't afraid to show it."

"Makes the thing look so darned attractive," drawled another man, shifting his cigar to the corner of his mouth, "that you fall for it. Goin' to have the time of your life givin' fifty dollars—or mebbe five hundred—that's her."

"I see. Good actor, eh?"

"Not a bit of it," said Craig, Sr., with emphasis. "She's honest. That's why she gets the goods. Thinks you *are* goin' to have the time of your life."

Molly Burt, walking up Main Street a month after the war drive had pounded over the top, soliciting memberships for the Red Cross this time, heard that John Huling was coming home. Jack's sister Ada told her.

"Oh, isn't that *splendid!*" said Molly. "Is he going on lawyering with Rice & Mayhew when he's discharged, or does he want to stay in the army?"

"It will be Rice & Mayhew, I presume. I don't think he wants to stay in the army. He is still in hospital, you know, waiting for a ship to bring him home. We had a letter yesterday, written by one of the nurses."

"When he is really home, how happy you will all be!"

"Oh," said John's sister, and her face showed tired and old for a minute, as though a mask had slipped—"oh, you don't know what it's been like for the last year—nobody knows who hasn't been through it."

"I can imagine," said Molly.

"And now to have the war over and Jack alive—it's too good to be true. Mother can't believe it. I think she's a little superstitious, afraid to let herself be too happy. You see we don't know yet what's the matter."

"Does Grace know?"

"Not a thing more than we do."

A block farther up the street Molly met Grace Dewey.

"I know a happy girl," said Molly.

Grace smiled. She was tall and stately and always gave the effect of being perfectly composed. For that reason her present eagerness was the more striking.

"Oh, Molly, it's such a relief!" she chattered. "The long strain—not knowing where Jack was, or anything at all about him, except that, wherever he was, he was pretty sure to be uncomfortable. And now I'm afraid the poor boy is dreadfully hurt—we don't really know even yet. But when he comes home"—Grace's voice shook with a little thrill that disconcerted her quite as much as it pleased Molly, her too calm eyes glowed with a sudden immolating light—"when he comes home I am going to lay myself out to make it up to him."

"Lucky Jack!" said Molly. "You won't be alone in that, Grace, though I'll admit you have advantages over the rest of us. Jack with his Croix de Guerre and all his other decorations can have anything he wants of this town."

She walked on, pleasurably stirred by the sight of an emotion she had hitherto had to take too much for granted. Grace did care, she reflected. When you have fought as many battles for a person as Molly had for Grace it is agreeable to witness with your own eyes positive proof of your rightness. Did she care too much? Not wisely, but too well? Molly took herself to task sharply. What had suggested to her mind such a foolish notion? Grace would take hard whatever was takable that way; she always had. And, of course, when people fell in love they quite as surely let themselves in for hard things as for the other sort. Pure rapture was only possible because of the equal possibility of its antithesis. You ran risks when you put out from the safe shore in any such unstable craft as passion, ran risks with your eyes open, if you were as old as

Grace. Molly, who was equally old and incorrigibly romantic, knew what she thought of both shore and boat. Her theories remained untested. She had long been in love with love, but never in love with a man.

Meanwhile John Huling—the broad-shouldered, blue-eyed young lawyer who had put his ring on the third finger of Grace Dewey's left hand and marched away in his strength to Château-Thierry and St.-Mihiel—John Huling was indeed coming home, his firm feet stumbling in a world of darkness. From the first he had been quite sure that he didn't mind what the war did to him, so long as it killed him, if it was going to kill him, completely. Decency he didn't ask for, only thoroughness. He didn't even ask for Grace. She was his, he knew that, as long as he lasted; and, if he didn't last whole, he didn't want to mortgage her future. That was why they hadn't been married. Grace was willing enough in her heart of hearts; they both knew it. But John must, after all, have distrusted the war.

And now he wasn't going to whine. It had come, the thing he had in his soul stipulated against, and it wasn't, after all, so bad but that it might have been worse. Sounds meant a lot to him already; he could perceive that they were going to mean more. Some fellows couldn't even hear. If you couldn't either hear or see, then you were in a bad way. Not otherwise. He was a little amazed at his own persistent cheerfulness. It was a thing that had very little to do with his will. He didn't try to be cheerful; it did itself. But he knew how the home town would look at this mental complexion of his. "How well John takes it!" He grimaced. A fellow could put up with such things, if he had to. As for Grace—of course he wouldn't hold Grace. But if Grace wanted to be held—That was as far as he got, consciously. He could tell when he saw her. How persistently the old verbs stuck!

The town, when John finally reached

it after devious shuntings from hospital to hospital, expert to expert, was aghast. It had known that such things happened, of course; it had not expected them to happen in its midst. John Huling had been so incomparably its best, so face to the dawn, so to speak; the sun had been rising when he went away. Now the sun, John's sun, was nowhere to be seen. There were things blind men found to do—the town had a vague knowledge of them—but of what sort? Mere things, it apprehended, hazily; professions were out of the question. Yes, the town took John hard. But it made up its mind not to let him know how hard it took him, how the sight of him, feeling his way clumsily with a cane, shocked it. The town would be good to him. In so far as it could, it would make up.

And John, who asked only to be treated as he had always been treated, found himself set apart, remote. They were going to be kind; he sensed at once their granite determination. Nothing was too good for him, nothing but the healthy give-and-take of normal men. If just one of them had buffeted him in the old hearty fashion, he could, he sometimes thought, have broken through. But they were too sorry for him; too kind even in welcome to manhandle a blind man. And he was in no position to bluff them out. He had to let them be good to him, set him straight at corners, lead him over crossings, steer him around obstructions, talk to him in voices that said plainer than their studiously chosen words how sorry they were for him. A perpetual atmosphere of compassion surrounded the returned soldier, and compassion was nothing that he had any use for. He wanted equality and fraternity, the equality and fraternity of the *blessés* that joke at disabilities and think none the less or the more of a man for being armless or legless or eyeless. The town thought too much. Couldn't these people just for a minute, Jack fumed, stop being sorry for a fellow?

At home it was no better. Nobody

forgot even for a second that he was blind. In the cheerful voices of his father, mother, sisters, big and little, he could fairly feel the resolute lift, and the weight of it bore ponderously on his spirit. They were brave, when he wanted them to be natural. If they would only let themselves go now and then and cry! Bless 'em, he'd love it. Perhaps they did, in secret. He had a fancy, when his too acute ear detected a studious note of super-cheer in their voices, that they had been crying. The cheer was so palpably worked up. His own was getting to be forced, too. But he could never catch even his mother off her guard. She would never let herself go in his arms.

They were so sweet, too, his people, cloyingly sweet. If some one would only scold him once in a while, be cross to him! Now and then he became deliberately insufferable. Would anything happen? Nothing ever did, except forbearance. He gave up boorishness in despair. How he had wanted to come home! How he had longed for it! Now that he was here, he hated it. His kind, he thought, gloomily, ought never to be returned to civil life; ought to be organized into a corps of the abnormal. They understood one another.

Grace had no succor for him. She was worse, if anything, than his home people. But he had been born to his home people; he hadn't been born to Grace. Grace was noble. He heard the iron ring of it in her voice under the velvet softness. Grace was schooling herself for her life-work, adjusting herself to his new limitations, wonting her thought to his circumscriptions. It wasn't easy for Grace, and he had to admire her. She had dismissed so lightly his proffer of freedom:

"I suppose you had to get it out of your system, Jack." She had kissed him by way of punctuation to her words. "It's traditional, the right thing, of course, to say what you've said. Now let's forget it."

"But, Grace," he expostulated,

"things have changed since I went away. It's not fair for you to be bound—"

"And if I want to be bound?"

"You think you do," he returned, "or, rather, I'm afraid that you think you *ought*. There's a difference."

"Listen to the lawyer," said Grace. His ear caught the almost inaudible gasp with which she recognized the slip. Her nervousness had betrayed her tact.

Boldly he seized the opportunity. "Grace, have you really thought this thing all through? I'm a pretty husky fellow, you know."

"I should hope so. Of course I've thought it through."

He understood that she would not slip again. But what a strain, on perpetual guard for a lifetime! He tried again. "When I went away I left you free on purpose, in case—"

She took the initiative from him imperiously. "Don't you need me, Jack? Don't you need me more than ever—now? And don't you know that's what a woman loves best—to be needed?"

Her words came nearer his ear. He knew just how she was sitting forward with that well-remembered poised alertness that he had liked to watch. The words that had leaped to utterance died on his lips. How could he say to this devoted woman, "But I want a woman to love *me*, not my need of her"?

"Nobody, I think, needs *me*." He tried to make the words whimsical.

"I do," said Grace. "I need you—to need me." She said it positively, triumphantly, as though she had scored a victory.

But to John Huling's vision the thing that had been between them lay there quite dead, dragged out into the open by her unwitting words.

"I need you." She repeated it almost gleefully, so sure was she of her own rightness and of her power to reassure him. "Don't you know what my life would be like without you? Why, you *are* my life. You," she laughed a little in her eagerness—"you're my—my job, John. I read in a book once that was

the true solution of marriage, to make your husband your job."

"I see." He reached out and patted her hand. "Grace, you're a good woman. I don't deserve you."

So uplifted was she in her consecration to the task ahead that she missed nothing in his speech. With quickened insight John Huling saw that she had swept beyond passion. She had dedicated herself to service.

"You ought to be a nun, Grace," he said, gravely.

She turned startled eyes on him. "I? A nun?"

"You're wasting yourself on one man."

"As though it were waste! On you!"

No, Grace was adamant in her consciousness of high calling. But John Huling wanted to kick something. He went out and kicked pebbles in the garden paths and acknowledged himself a cad of cads. He had wanted Grace even more than he had wanted his mother, and that longing, too, had turned to dust and ashes. A lifetime spent with Grace looked intolerable to him now. From the high splendor of his year in France he had sunk to the muddled exasperations of a fly in toils. That the web was woven of kindness could not mitigate the fact that he was caught.

And then suddenly, like a merciful finger parting the strangling threads, a new voice came into his black world. Molly Burt was out of town when John Huling returned. "You remember Molly Burt, John?" his mother asked, one particularly grim morning. "Ada will be home in a few minutes. Meanwhile, I tell Molly, she had better come in here and amuse you."

"Remember Molly Burt? I should say so," said John, striding forward with outstretched hand. Even at the cost of hitting something, he refused to grope. Which was Molly Burt, he wondered—the curly-headed short girl Ada used to play about with, or the dark, tall one? Then a cool, firm little hand slipped into his and gave him back pressure for pres-



COULDN'T THESE PEOPLE JUST FOR A MINUTE STOP BEING SORRY FOR A FELLOW?

sure. A voice spoke and John caught his breath. He felt like a drowning man drawn suddenly up into the blessed life-giving air. He filled his ears with that voice. It was a miracle, it couldn't be true, but he reveled in it; he would have committed any crime to keep it speaking. A trifle light-headedly he found himself sitting on a sofa beside the voice, guided there, as he remembered afterward, without any impression of guidance by the firm little hand to which he had clung with the tenacity of one who has been physically drowning. And still that blessed voice spoke on. He might have returned unscathed, for all the compassion in it, and he was an adept by now at "listening in" between spoken words. Only admiration and human

fellowship sounded between the words of Molly's speech. John Huling had grown such a stranger to admiration unalloyed with pity, that he hung on fatuously even after his sister's return, hung on until he reminded himself sternly that if she thought him "dotty" or "fresh" she wouldn't come again. Heaven forbid that she should think him fresh!

"You have quite cheered Jack up," said his sister, walking with Molly to the outer door. "He's a bear sometimes, poor boy!"

"Is he?" smiled Molly. "He's tremendously interesting. Just think, Ada, of the thrilling things he's been through!"

"He paid for them," said Ada.

"Perhaps"—Molly tilted her chin—"he found them worth paying for."

It was three days later that John's mother stopped Molly Burt on the street. "Molly," she said, "run in as often as you can, won't you? We are trying to throw John as much as possible in the society of young people—he mustn't grow morose, poor boy. And you seem to have a way he likes. Didn't you tell him stories?"

"He told *me* stories," corrected Molly. "I've been counting the days till I could decently come and hear some more."

That was the way it began, quite innocently and happily, often with Grace sitting by, John reveling in the sheer comfort of Molly's voice, Molly blithely letting herself go, secure behind the protecting barrier of John's engagement. It never occurred to her to be on her guard.

Something else occurred to her. "It makes me boil," she told her mother, "to hear how they speak to him. Just as though they were sorry for him—*sorry* for a man like that! Can't they see he's had more in his life than we shall ever have? He's been at the heart of one of the world's biggest minutes, he has helped make the clock tick right. And they're sorry for him! As though he had lost something!"

"Most people would consider eyesight something, daughter," said her mother, mildly.

"He's got another sight," defended Molly, swiftly. "He's the keenest thing! And, if you didn't know about his eyes, I don't believe, just meeting him—I *almost* don't believe you'd notice anything the matter at all."

"Wouldn't you? I haven't seen him."

"That's going rather far, perhaps. But he is so quick at concealing it. He needn't stick to cover the way he does. I wish he wouldn't. Grace ought not to let him. I wonder—"

What she wondered Molly did not say. Instead she veered back to indignation.

"Sorry for him! My soul! He's not sorry for himself, is he? If he is, you

can't detect it. But they're going to spoil things for him. They will spoil everything he got over there if they don't stop 'poor-boying' him. Why can't they let him walk on his own feet?"

It was a pity John couldn't hear Molly's tirade, her voice richly vibrant with protest. On the other hand, it wasn't necessary. John already had the substance of all but the last sentence.

He got that, too, the next day. Mrs. Huling was sleeping off a headache; Ada had been hastily summoned to detach her kitten from a neighbor's cast-away catnip; Grace was detained by the dressmaker; for a few minutes Molly and John were alone.

"When are you going to begin practice?" Molly asked, casually, tossing the question like a ball for him to catch and toss back.

"Begin—what did you say?"

Surprise made John fumble.

Molly did not help him. She merely threw her ball again. "When are you going to begin practice?"

This time John caught it, none too dexterously. "Why—er—Rice & Mayhew's is rather out of the question, now, isn't it?"

"I don't see why," said Molly. "Parkman did history. He made up chapters in his head and dictated them whole. You could do law in your head. You have finished studying."

"Nobody ever finishes studying law, Molly."

"Oh, you would need a partner—a kind of sub-partner—to read and look up things for you. But you have one already."

"I have, have I?"

"Of course! Grace."

"Oh yes, Grace." He was silent a minute. "She hasn't mentioned the subject."

"Perhaps she is waiting for you," suggested Molly. "Waiting for you to show her that you *want* to talk about it."

"Perhaps." The word fell like a plummet into unfathomable depths. "I



"YOU OUGHT TO BE A NUN, GRACE," HE SAID, GRAVELY

can't quite see Grace in the rôle you suggest."

"Can't you?" Molly was all eagerness. "*I* can. I can't see her doing anything else. Why, she'd love to! And then think, when you won cases, how proud she would be, not only of you, but because she had made it possible for you to win them!"

"It sounds very engaging—as you put it."

"It would sound engaging as anybody might put it. The point isn't in the way it's put—the point is in the thing itself. That's my idea of a happy marriage."

"Is it?" His face turned toward hers suddenly, almost, she thought, as though he could see.

Molly nodded spiritedly. "Doing things together. Co-operating. Oh, you

don't know how the women in this town will envy Grace!"

"I honestly think you believe it!"

"Of course I believe it! But that isn't the point, either—what I believe. It's true."

"By George! she believes that, too!"

Molly got to her feet. She had sowed her seed. Her idea now was to let it sprout. "I'm not going to sit here and have you laugh at me," she announced, buttoning her coat.

He let her go. "Little Molly's got a temper," he jeered. "She ought to smooth down her fur, so she ought. But don't let her forget to come again."

There was a queer excitement in his voice. Molly thought that he was stirred at the idea of going on with the law. She did not know that she had been handling gunpowder.

Just at that point in the old-fashioned game these three twentieth-century young people were unwittingly playing Fate took a hand. Fate's guise in this instance was an Eskimo dog. Now Molly was desperately afraid of dogs, even of American dogs. She had been afraid of dogs ever since in her remotest childhood a big black dog had frightened her. But she managed for the most part to camouflage a quaking heart with the physical attitude of a bold front. The Eskimo dog took its constitutional in Molly's home town, muzzled, with the record of a wicked Eskimo past attending it like a visible but impalpable genius. Now and then it succeeded in avoiding constitutionals altogether and blazed a bloody trail for itself, till it was caught and beaten and tied up.

On such an unmuzzled escapade the Eskimo dog met Molly. The Huling garden was deep, high-walled, and densely planted to evergreens. John, in his stone-kicking moods, could stride along its paths for the most part unmarked by his neighbors. A gate at the lower end of the garden was free to such of the Hulings' friends as lived in the opposite direction from the Hulings' front door. Molly often made use of this gate. It saved her a full street of walking, as streets run in that town. She was making use of it when she met the Eskimo dog. How he had got in nobody ever found out. The point was that he was there, trotting along a path at right angles to Molly's. He growled, baring his teeth, when he saw her. Molly's heart jumped into her throat, but she was game. She turned around and backed toward the house, keeping her eyes on the dog. Growling, he followed her, his little eyes bloodshot. In a minute he would spring. In anticipation she could feel his jaws on her throat, tearing her flesh. Panic seized her. She forgot everything; turned primitive, elemental. She screamed. "John!" Molly screamed. "John! *John!*"

There was an unexpected rush of feet on the gravel, a shout. A tall figure

rounded a clump of conifers; a stick descended, flail-like. Yelps—growls; a whistle from over the wall. The Eskimo dog turned tail and fled.

And Molly fled, too. With a certainty that frightened as much as it elated her, when she came to think of it afterward, she fled straight into John Huling's arms. At the moment neither John nor Molly thought of doing anything else. After that moment it was too late to think. The thing was done irrevocably.

Grace's voice broke quietly on their unconsidered beatitude.

"The dog is muzzled now," she remarked, composedly.

Too much cannot be said for Grace's self-possession.

John and Molly started apart guiltily.

John found his voice first. "Let's go into the house."

"I must go home," said Molly.

He made no move to detain her. "By the front way, then. I won't have you going back through the garden."

Molly's heart thrilled at his masterful imperative. He dictated as to the disposal of something that belonged to him. Obediently she went out by the front gate, trembling with happiness, shaken with remorse, too abased and too exalted to be afraid. She had been at home for an hour before the stricken consciousness assailed her of possible watching eyes. Had any one besides Grace seen? Was it a sheltered spot where they had stood? Might it not have been the most unscreened place in all the garden where Fate had staged their unpremeditated discovery? If so, what then? Grace, who, Molly felt quite sure, could live down anything that had not been seen—was even capable of ignoring it, if she chose—could not withstand publicity. Molly unpacked her suit-case and sat down to wait. She was sorry for Grace, but she knew now that John loved her, and love, thought Molly, her heart in turmoil, has rights.

John and Grace walked side by side into the house. At the steps, instinc-

tively, she put out her hand to guide him and drew it back, her help unproffered. John was mounting easily, almost as easily as though he could see. He seemed to have forgotten that he was blind. There was a look in his face, unseen since John came home from France, a look of power; the old, confident swing in his stride. In the midst of her bewilderment the thought occurred to Grace that once more John Huling looked like a man among men.

For the scene she had witnessed meant to Grace, at first, nothing more powerful than astonishment. That ought to have taught her something, but it didn't. She realized with a sense of surprise that it was a long time since John Huling had kissed her as he had just kissed Molly.

Memory might have fixed for her the precise date as the one which marked John's home-coming, but that detail eluded her. Grace only felt that something, which she had grown used to look upon as hers, seemed not to belong to her any more. And she missed it. The loss of it bewildered her. She would as soon have expected the blue of heaven to fall on her as to see John and Molly clasped in each other's arms. She didn't know how to act. Convention required that she return his ring, didn't it?

"I give this back, don't I?" she asked.

"You have reason to," said John.

"I'm afraid I've muddled things pretty badly. May I tell you that what you saw was as much a surprise to Molly as it was to you?"



"REMEMBER MOLLY BURT? I SHOULD SAY SO"



A TALL FIGURE ROUNDED THE CONIFERS; A STICK DESCENDED

Grace bowed, forgetting for the moment his blind eyes. "I suppose people can't help that kind of thing. But I had always thought—in spite of what is said—"

"No," he interposed, gravely, "they can't help it, Grace—not when you spring a surprise on them."

She hesitated. "Perhaps this isn't a nice question to ask, but—what haven't I done that I ought to have done, John?"

Quite plainly she was still baffled.

"It was the man's turn to hesitate. 'The war has queered me,' he said, at last.

"I wouldn't say that." Her very dissent acknowledged vehemently. "You were unfortunate."

Again he saw himself through her eyes, a maimed thing, broken and cast aside. He longed for Molly to tell him his mis-

fortune was his glory, a handicap only to be overcome.

"Grace," he asked, "if you had been, as you thought, in danger of your life, would you have yelled to me as Molly did?"

"Why, no," said Grace, "not in Molly's case, not unless I thought you could have helped. And, of course," she added, gently, "in that case you couldn't."

"The point is," said John, "that Molly felt I could help—and I did."

Grace was still puzzled. "But what has that to do with us?"

"She sees me whole, Molly does."

He did not try further to enlighten her. There were things people had to understand intuitively or go forever without fathoming. Molly's dependence on him, a broken reed, was of these. For him-

self, just talking about her made him feel curiously healed and, as he had phrased it, whole. But he was sorry for Grace. However, everything considered, he thought Grace was well out of it. He couldn't see the two of them making a success of marriage. What Molly was in for was her affair and his—or so he thought.

"We'll let it be known," he suggested, "that you threw me over."

"Oh no, I couldn't do that." Of the three of them only Grace knew quite how much watching eyes might have seen. "I'd really rather not. I hope she will make you happy, John."

"Grace," said John, "you're a noble woman. If you'd only kick me a little, I'd feel better about this. You're too kind."

That was what the town thought. The town sympathized with Grace, so loyal, so steadfast, so ready to do her duty. John, the town felt, had shown feet of clay. But the town's opinion bore hardest on Molly. Where such an explosion occurred there must have been some provocation, said the town. Molly undoubtedly was to blame.

If, in the surprise of finding her sacrifice thrown back into her lap, Grace had forgotten to register a throb of relief, it is small wonder. She had so many other emotions to surmount. She had dedicated her future to John, and dedication of any sort is an exaltation. But dedication must have its altar. And Grace's altar had been proved another's. Her nobleness, balked of an outlet, straightway lost sight of how hard it had once thought that outlet. Was it fair of John to jilt her just for readiness to hold to her bargain, for worse as well as for better? In the end that was all Grace could make of the affair. She was even a trifle hazy about that. Chagrin triumphed. "I wasn't able to hold him," she told herself.

But it was Grace who stood up for Molly. "We mustn't go back on Molly," she said. "We must help her through. Don't *I* know what she has to face?" That, too, was noble of Grace.

John's sister said so. "It is simply splendid the way Grace stands by Molly," she told John. "She thinks her courage is wonderful."

"Molly *is* wonderful," said John, but he felt his first sick twinge of doubt. Could Molly be putting anything over on him? He couldn't see her face, it was true, but he would have sworn no voice could so deceive him, a connoisseur in voices. He tried to put the doubt out of his mind, to force himself to the old buoyant trust. If Molly failed him! But faith will not be forced. The spring of John's had been sapped. He came to desire nothing more ardently than to know, one way or other, the truth. The truth might strike away the props Molly had put under his life, might cripple him irreparably, but it would not torment.

And here, unwittingly, Grace saved him. Grace met Molly for the first time after the cataclysm, at the Hulings's. Grace, too, if you please, was wonderful. She did not understand, but she bore no grudges. The two girls never knew that John was in the next room, whose open door stood wide behind Grace's chair. Ada had told Grace that John was in the garden. She had supposed he was.

It was Grace's voice that brought John from his desultory toying with braille to the tiptoe of attention. His hand closed so tightly on the book that his knuckles blanched.

"Molly," Grace asked, "will you tell me something? How do you manage always to look so happy?"

Molly laughed. "What a funny question! Why shouldn't I look happy? *I am* happy."

"That isn't enough for me," said Grace. "You're an amazing person, Molly, perfectly amazing. I never carried on as you do, as though you weren't carrying on at all. How do you do it? You know and I know—" She paused, expectant.

"But I don't," said Molly. There was no mistaking the genuineness of her bewilderment. "I don't in the least know what you are talking about, Grace."



MOLLY'S ANSWER CAME WITH A LITTLE LAUGH

"Really?" Grace's skepticism was also plain. "If life with John doesn't take courage, what does take it?"

John held his breath for Molly's answer. It came with a laugh, a spontaneous, tender little laugh of pure happiness. John could have sworn, from the tone of her voice, that Molly was blushing.

"Not to live with him."

Then, as though she caught the stab, for Grace, that those words held, Molly's voice hurried on.

"Courage is the last thing it takes to live with John. Don't you go to being sorry for me, Grace. Why, I—I shall have the time of my life!"

In the next room, unseen, the muscles of a man's hand relaxed, the blood flowed back into white knuckles, self-confidence rose once more triumphant in a brain. What, after all, was the loss of an eye or two? A mere handicap to be overcome. It was still good to be alive, a proud thing to be a man.

MARSHAL FOCH: AN INTIMATE PORTRAIT

BY BARON ANDRÉ DE MARICOURT

Put into English by HELEN DAVENPORT GIBBONS

Full justice has already been done to the military achievements of the great leader of the Allies, but here is presented for the first time an intimate glimpse of the great soldier, showing something of the influences that have surrounded him since childhood, and portraying Foch the Man as his family and friends know him. The Marshal himself has read and approved the article which his friend, the Baron de Maricourt, has written, and has kindly furnished from his collection the photographs that accompany it.

FOCH, Marshal of France, can be called the Marshal of Fire.

The name Foch is not Alsatian, as has often been said. It is essentially Pyrenean and indicates a Celt-Iberian origin. Fos, Foc, Fok, Fouch, Fous, Foux, Foix, and Foch have the same etymology. They are names of place and mean home and fire.

Hardy warriors, proud soldiers, men of energy who have made their mark in history, were born in Foix. During the religious wars in the sixteenth century the Foch family settled in the village of Valentine near St.-Gaudens. For three centuries they enjoyed considerable prominence. They carried on commerce which required initiative and courage. They bought mules, and, in order to sell them in Spain, had to cross the brigand-infested summits of the Pyrénées.

The grand -

father of the Marshal was influential at Valentine during the Revolution. By means of his iron will he was successful in putting down riots. In the charming town of Arreau—little known, but dear to the Marshal—he married Mlle. Ducuing, the daughter of a notable man. She brought him a dowry of thirty thousand francs, an important sum in those days. This man of energy built tanneries and windmills and a beautiful country house at Valentine, and continued trading with Spain. In this dwelling, furnished with taste and hung with interesting canvases, Marshal Foch spent the vacations of his youth and dreamed the dreams of his childhood.

Bertrand Foch, the father of the Marshal, was a high functionary of the Second Empire. At Argelès, he married Mlle. Dupré, the daughter of the Chevalier Dupré,



GENERAL FOCH IN CIVILIAN DRESS



THE HOME OF THE FOCH FAMILY AT VALENTINE

from whom Marshal Foch inherits his military qualities.

The maternal grandfather of the Marshal was a soldier of the Guard of the First Empire. He retired in 1815, upon the return of the Bourbons. Although he attained only the grade of captain, he had in him the making of a high commanding officer. The Chevalier distinguished himself at Arcola, at Rivoli, at Marengo, at Austerlitz, and in Spain. He fought in Germany to defend the ideals of the French Revolution against German medievalism, and thus was one of the precursors of our soldiers of to-day.

During his childhood Foch heard stories about the wars of Napoleon. All the Ducuings—and they were legion—talked to him about the profession of arms. Marshal Foch speaks with enthusiasm of his grandaunt, Jenny Ducuing. She was known as Aunt Nini and was the widow of General Noguez who, under the First Empire, was the Viceroy of Holland.

Aunt Nini was very deaf and, in a quavering voice, loved to dwell on the stories of old times. She had accom-

panied her husband in the wars of the Empire, and this prodigious memory lighted up the evening of her life. She used to make the little Ferdinand sit down straight in front of her on an uncomfortable chair and recount to him her adventures.

"Do you remember, Ferdinand," she said, "that wonderful day when the Emperor gave us a ball in Prussia?"

"But no, my aunt," cried the future Marshal. "I wasn't born yet!"

"Ah, yes, that's true . . ."

But soon the old lady, pursuing her dream, said, softly:

"Do you remember, Ferdinand, that on the evening of Austerlitz . . ."

"But no, my aunt, I wasn't born yet."

"Ah, yes, that's true . . ."

But, all the same, the glorious panorama passed before the eyes of the imaginative child and spoke to him of the glories of France.

Foch was born in 1851. His early schooling was at Tarbes, where his father was secretary of the prefecture. He applied himself to his studies and showed an intelligence above the aver-

age for his age. His professor of mathematics marked him fourth in his class and observed that here was "a geometrical mind and the makings of a *Polytechnicien*." He spent his vacations with his father, a man of talent, his mother, a rare woman, and his sister Jenny and his two brothers, one of whom is now a Jesuit father. He liked the races. He enjoyed fishing. His belligerent spirit and the vivacity of his race would have drawn him into boyish quarrels if the wise direction of his parents had not inculcated very early into him a mastery over himself, which he developed in a high degree.

Foreigners know little about the homes of old France erected upon a foundation of common sense, of modesty, and of wisdom. It was that kind of home which nurtured the Foches, the Castelnas, the Joffres, and so many of our French soldiers whose apparent frivolity concealed reserves of endurance and an energy that astonished and confounded our enemies. Energy, and the struggle for existence, together with the ideals drawn from the Gospel—there is the

foundation upon which were placed the stones of the home in which Foch spent his childhood. On both the paternal and maternal sides of the family the biblical injunction, "Increase and multiply," had been heeded. To bring up these large families and to augment the modest income, the children had to learn to work. The father of Foch gave the example, and every word he uttered was a precept. His mother had a powerful influence upon him. She was a woman whom Solomon would have called strong, a woman of action whose love of duty was whole-hearted. She preached the constant pursuit of an ideal, moderation in pleasure, and the cult of simplicity.

In these old homes—and very numerous they are, too, with us—family authority was absolute and recalled the *paterfamilias* of antiquity. Obedience to moral teaching had to be total. In order that they might be receptive to *omni rescibili*, the minds of the children were steeped in classic lore and in the pure reasoning that comes only through the study of philosophy.



THE ANCESTRAL HOME OF THE DUCUINGS AT ARREAU (HAUTES-PYRÉNÉES)

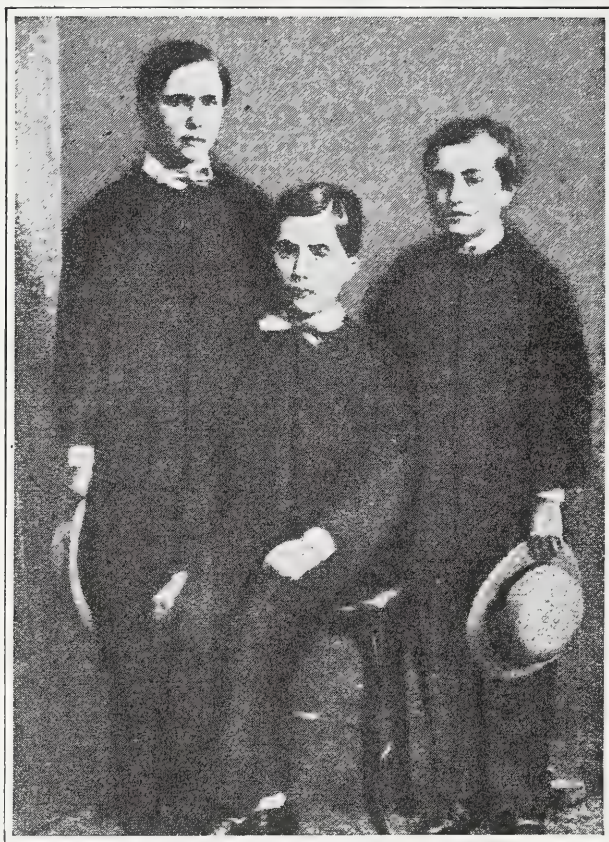
All this must be said if the character of Foch is to be understood. After having been the slave of instruction he was able to apply it when he became master. It is because he knew how to obey—while he preserved his independence of judgment—that Foch now knows how to command.

Recently I had my first opportunity to dine informally with the Marshal since he came into world prominence. With peculiar force it came back to me how much Foch is the product of our old-fashioned education, and at the same time how the influence of his early environment has been strengthened and completed by the manner in which he has used advantages life has given him. Foch is a profound psychologist and has become an observer as keen as Bonaparte.

Naturally, I was a bit intimidated by his prestige. He quickly put me at my ease. I understood better than ever that if this man impresses one with his authority, if he requires instinctively that he be obeyed always and everywhere, it is because his orders, never given without due reflection, are inspired by the ideas of duty and *noblesse oblige* inbred from infancy and cultivated like precious flowers. They are the dynamic elements of his strength. In that provincial house, free from the vanity and snobbishness one meets too often among our worldly minded, but for all that not deeply rooted in our race, he acquired qualities of simplicity which

nothing can ever make him lose. Not only is he incapable of affectation and of having his head turned by glory, but he seems like a stranger in the midst of the outward show imposed upon him by his position. Only as a soldier leading his men or presiding at a staff meeting does he fit into the picture.

In public, where the demonstration is not military or where he is on show rather than on duty, Marshal Foch does not seem to realize that he is being lionized. As he lacks vanity—unlike many other great men—he gets no satisfaction out of being the center of attraction. On the other hand, he enjoys public functions in his own way. I wish I could tell—without being indiscreet—how Marshal Foch relates to those who know him well his im-



FOCH (AT CENTER) AND HIS TWO BROTHERS

pression of official fêtes, of diplomatic gatherings, of dinners and receptions, of which he is at this moment the hero of hero-worshippers. Joffre may be the shrewd French peasant type with a large amount of English phlegm. Pétain may be the Northerner who resigns himself to having a fuss made about him. But Foch takes in everything that is going on, sizes up those who speak to him, is amused by the fuss and the self-seeking of the fashionable and the fine speeches of the masters of ceremonies. Without the slightest malevolence, but with spirit and humor and insight, he paints the scene. Every word counts, and he has missed



TRAOUNFEUNTEUNION—FOCH'S HOME IN BRITTANY BEFORE THE WAR

nothing. Listening to him is like seeing the story appear in a black-and-white sketch. His home training taught him how to see—and how to tell what he saw.

It taught him many other things: a taste for the sciences and for literature, and that delicate culture so often met in the provinces of the Pyrénées, where floral games have crowned artists and poets. During that evening of freedom from responsibility and care Foch avoided serious subjects. I was particularly struck by the fact that he had kept in the midst of his preoccupations the interest in the world of literature and philosophy, his heritage from the days of childhood.

Marshal Foch does not like politics, in the mazes of which he will never get entangled. He does not like the unhealthy and destructive literature that has become the fashion of the day. No more does he like the "war literature" which gives false impressions and inexact pictures of a drama so great that "no poet," to quote Foch, "has yet

arisen to sing its gigantic deeds." From his infancy the Marshal has cherished the love of the classics and of the old French authors. Among modern writers he looks for those who, instead of calling attention to the gloomy side of life and leading us to unwholesome introspection, relieve the mind and raise a laugh. He likes the drama of the Second Empire because he finds in it human emotions simply expressed and not overdrawn, in language not extravagant or stilted. He talks about his favorite dramas, and knows how to put the outstanding features of a tragedy or comedy into a few words. He says that Anglo-Saxon literature has attractions for him, and that he has studied the literature of Germany, in which he discovered long ago the cloudy, pagan, and uncivilized characteristics of the strange mysticism of our enemies.

At the Collège de Tarbes Foch received his education, but naturally his most pleasant childhood recollections center around the vacations at Valentine. Life in the mountains strength-

ened his body and inspired him, but at home he had to learn repression.

A story told me by a childhood friend proves Foch's self-control. He hated peas. One evening at dinner in the vast dining-hall, where the Empire furniture added to the solemnity and strictness of the atmosphere, his parents forced him to eat his peas, and were astonished to see the child gobble them up hastily. They questioned him.

"My heart comes right up in my mouth when I crack them," answered Ferdinand. "Then, as I want to obey, as I *really* want to obey," he added, holding back his tears, "I swallow them in one gulp."

Later, Foch lived in different provincial towns, notably St.-Étienne, where his father held the position of tax-collector. He continued his studies with the Jesuits of that great working city. In 1869 he went to Metz to prepare for the École Polytechnique.

Immediately war was declared he volunteered and was put in the Fourth Infantry at Châlons-sur-Marne. In January, 1871, he returned to Metz to take up again his studies. The Collège Saint-Clément, kept by the Jesuits, had

a great reputation for forming good *Polytechniciens*. It was in an hour frightfully sad and when all looked dark that the vocation of Foch was decided.

In January, 1871, was signed the shameful peace that marked the triumph of Prussia. Twilight was falling upon the somber study-hall where all the hearts were somber also. Around Metz the voice of the cannon began to thunder forth the triumph of Germany. The ground trembled, the windows shook. No one dared say a word. Then a Jesuit father, who had been a naval officer, said, slowly, scanning his words:

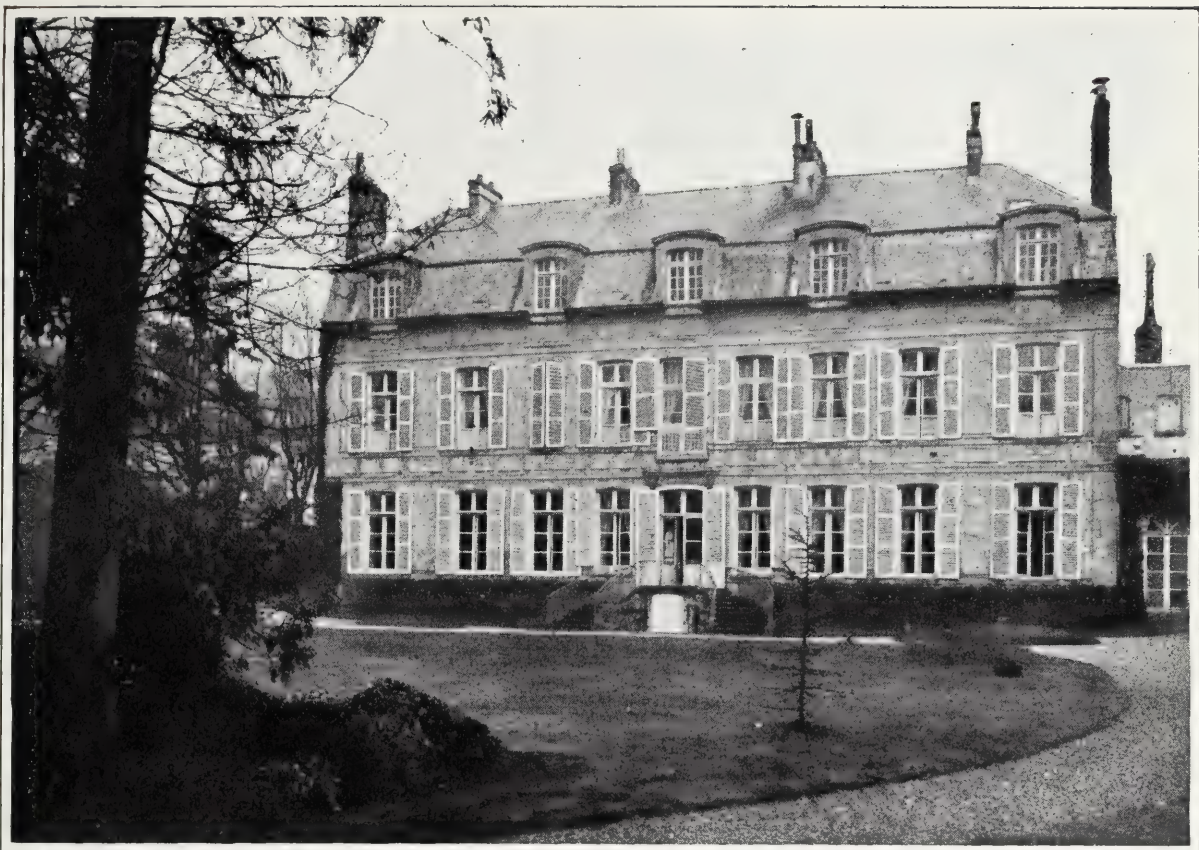
"My children, pray God for the future of France. Alsace and Lorraine are no longer ours."

"We prayed," said the Marshal; "no, we did more than that. We made our vows. And now that we are at the evening of our life, our prayers are heard and our vows are fulfilled."

Bavarian troops occupied the city and went out of their way to be insolent. They allowed, however, the future *Polytechniciens* to finish their studies. But the troops, multiplying demands and stipulations, occupied a part of the college. The students had to meet con-



THE VILLEMÉTRIE PARK, WHERE FOCH SPENT HIS LEISURE MOMENTS DURING THE WAR



THE FANTRAT HÔTEL AT SENLIS—FOCH'S HEADQUARTERS AFTER THE ARMISTICE

tinually in the corridors and on the playground and at the door the German soldiers, who bullied them and made them submit to humiliations without number. Foch was beside himself with rage. He passed his examination successfully at Nancy to the sound of the German bands that General Manteuffel, with his habitual lack of tact, ordered to play. Foch never forgot these musical notes which rent his ear and his soul. Forty-two years later, when he was named commander of the superb Twentieth Corps of Lorraine, he ordered for the day of his entry at Nancy, August 23, 1913, a great parade in which participated the bands of the Sixth Regiment of the city. It was an unforgettable night, for it marked his entry into the post that found him ready for service when the hour came to wipe out the blot of 1871.

I have dwelt on these facts because they form an important detail of which no biographer of Foch has spoken. During the occupation he studied the German soul, which he knows intimately. The depths of its baseness, he says, we

must keep constantly in mind. He was in one of the great cities of France when that city was annexed to Germany. It was on that day, at the Collège Saint-Clément, that the thought of a life-task was engraved upon his heart. From that moment he swore to concentrate all the efforts of his life toward a single end—the just revenge. It was at the time of his first contact with the enemy that the impressionable youth, smarting under the humiliation of his country, said to himself:

“We must retake Alsace and Lorraine. France must not remain a conquered nation. I must be the liberator.”

This thought sustained him with the force of an obsession at Paris during the Commune. For Foch arrived at the École Polytechnique at the moment when the Paris rabble (under the leadership, by the way, of a man named Caillaux) had just occupied it. *Communards* were afterward executed there, and the students' billiard-room was transformed into a temporary morgue. It was the dark hour of internal anarchy

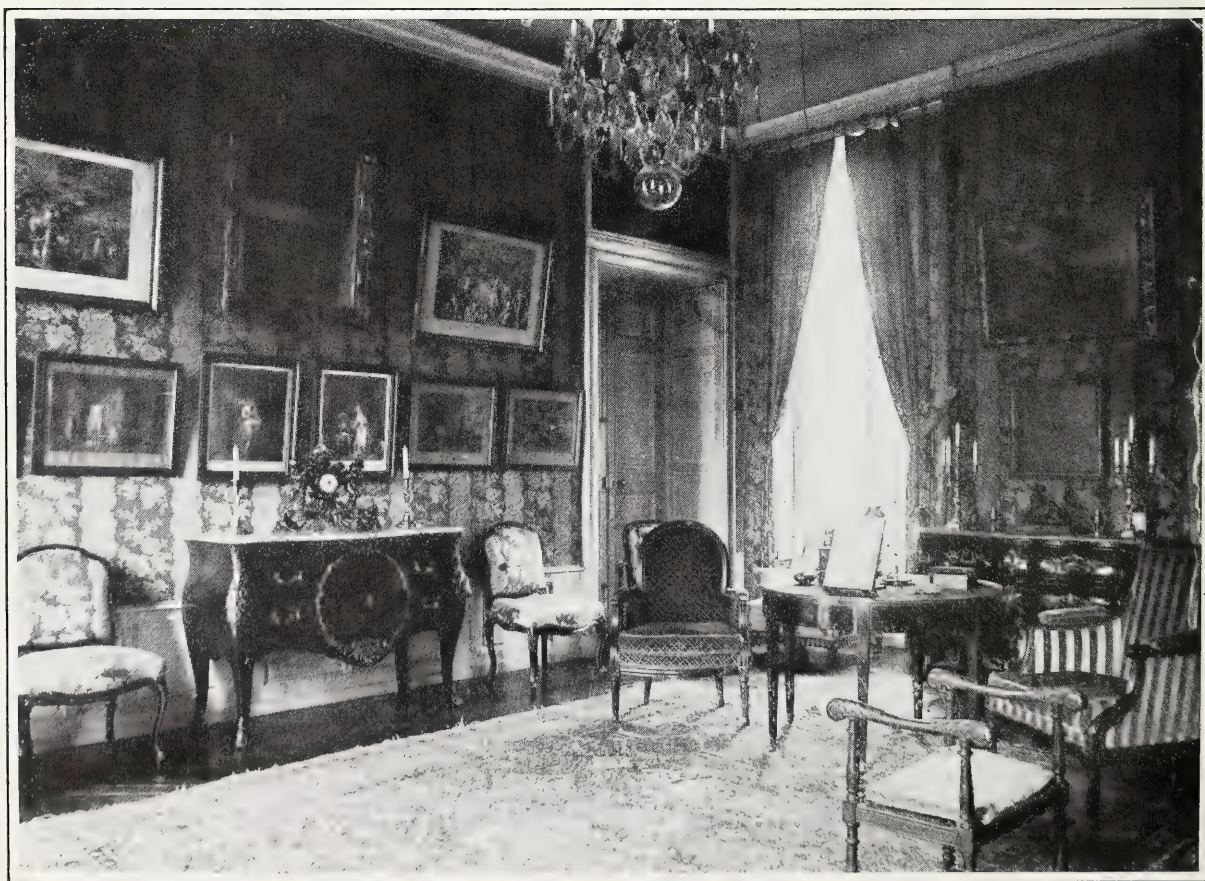
when one could lose hope of the future, when one could lose hope of everything. But Foch does not belong to those who lose hope. With that mysterious power which arouses unknown strength, he *willed* the resurrection of France. He worked seriously at the École Polytechnique, and then entered, in 1873, the training-school at Fontainebleau, from which he graduated third in his class.

Sub-Lieutenant Foch, who was a traditionalist and did not like the luxurious garrisons in the neighborhood of Paris, asked to be assigned to the Twenty-fourth Artillery in his beloved city of Tarbes. Two years later he went to the Saumur Cavalry School. In 1878 he was promoted to captain and sent to the Tenth Artillery at Rennes. There he met Mlle. Bienvenue, whom he married the same year. She was an orphan, the daughter of a notary of St.-Brieuc who had been the counselor and friend of all his clients. She, too, belonged to one of those old provincial families

which are the vital sustaining force of France. Her paternal ancestors had been prominent at the bar. And through her mother, Mlle. Rochard, she had the blood of the rough warriors of the First Empire and of men of mark in the medical profession.

The soft smile of the Breton countryside, slightly veiled in mist, seduced Foch. After his marriage he bought an old manor full of legends, the domain of Traounfeunteunion, at Plougean near Morlaix, where he passed most of his furloughs before the war. Century-old avenues full of shadows and mystery, superb trees in the tops of which the sun of the Armorican heaven set, gave to Traounfeunteunion a poetic and alluring setting. Foch loved to hunt there and look after his lands.

It was his hour of repose in the midst of a very active career. In 1890 we find him lieutenant-colonel and professor at the École de Guerre at Paris, where his lessons in strategy and general tactics were much commented upon. From the



MARSHAL FOCH'S STUDY IN THE FANTRAT MANSION

technical point of view, I am not competent to appreciate his book, *On the Conduct of War*, and still less, if that were possible, the one called *Principles of War*. That does not prevent the strength and clearness of the thought and the elegance of the sober style of these volumes from impressing themselves upon the layman.

In 1900 a shadow began to veil the light that Foch was diffusing around him. Political and religious questions caused him to be removed from the *École de Guerre*. He pursued his career in the provinces at Laon, at Vannes, at Orléans. But they came to find him! In 1907, when he was promoted to general, the presidency of the *École de Guerre* was vacant. One name stood out from all the rest—Foch.

M. Clemenceau, *Président du Conseil*, summoned the General to Paris.

"I offer you the post of Superintendent of the *École de Guerre*," said the Premier.

"But, *Monsieur le Président*, doubtless you do not know that I have a brother who is a Jesuit."

"*Je m'en moque*. You will make good officers. Only that counts."

It is useless to dwell upon this little historical scene which is the preface to present events. In a few phrases it gives the characters of the two men.

The renown Foch gave to the *École de Guerre* is universally known. When he left in 1912 to take the head of the Eighth Army Corps at Bourges he had his third star. In the summer of 1913, as we have already said, he assumed the task of strengthening the fortifications of Nancy.

The Germans have accused us of having wished and premeditated the war, of having incited it after the assassination at Sarajevo. On July 18, 1914, General Foch asked for and obtained a furlough of fifteen days to go to Brittany. At the same time his sons-in-law, Captain Bécourt and Captain Fournier—both of them also in the East—obtained furloughs of seventeen and

twenty-five days to join him there. No commentary is needed.

In the spring of 1915 I first met the Marshal, who was then General Foch. He came to inspect near Senlis (forty kilometers from Paris) a large country house on the edge of the forest, that my family offered to rent furnished. We had another house on the same grounds where we intended to stay ourselves. General Foch was looking for a place not far from his headquarters at the front, where he could have his family. The bargain was concluded with the promptness and decision that characterize everything Foch does. The manor of Villemétrie, with its old picturesque park where Sénancourt, predecessor of Châteaubriand in the Academy, wrote his first romance, pleased the Foch family. They passed three summers there. Since then we have been in almost daily contact with the Foches, and I was admitted to the intimacy—in hours of darkness as well as of joy—of this home where Foch came to snatch an occasional day or two of relaxation. This fact, as my readers will understand, makes necessary some reserve in my story. It is not for me to praise the strong and beautiful virtues, so patriarchal and so French, of a family which, with the inspiration of occasional visits of its head, never for a single hour failed to keep alive hope and confidence. The family had much to endure from the beginning. In the first weeks of the war the Marshal lost his only son and a son-in-law. It is a sorrow of which he never speaks. But after the armistice he said, simply, "My son and my son-in-law are now avenged."

For several years Villemétrie was forty kilometers from the front. The cannon had never ceased thundering, and at night we often used to go with the Foches to watch the flashes of light of the battle of the North that lighted up the horizon as far as the eye could see. The installation of the family of the future Marshal so near the front gave much comfort to the people who had suffered

from the German invasion in 1914 and proves the confidence of Foch in the ability of our lines to hold throughout these years of testing. It proves also that his family shared his faith. The first time I met him he said to me, with a wave of the hand toward the roar of the cannon, "The beast is not yet downed, but we have him in a cage." He was right. The Germans had passed our property on the way to Paris in 1914. They would have to pass us again to approach Paris. If Foch had not really felt that the beast was in a cage would he have chosen our town for a summer residence for his family?

When Foch came to Villemétrie he slept in a small room with an iron bed—his tastes are modest—which he chose because it was decorated with prehistoric collections that interested him deeply. A great man always has a multitude of interests and time for small things. In spite of his incessant labor, Marshal Foch found in our library a number of books he wanted to read, and devoted himself to an examination and study of the old furniture. He was a great walker, but preferred the forests to the country. One of his pleasures was to cut canes for himself. A favorite walk was to an old abbey in ruins which bore a name predestined to receive Foch. It was the Abbaye de la Victoire, built by Philippe Auguste after the battle of Bouvines in 1214.

The first impression one has of a man is generally the true impression. Never shall I forget the feeling I had the first time I saw Foch in the splendid light of a spring morning! The Marshal is a true type of the Pyrénées. Suppleness is combined with solidity. He is thick-set, and yet agile and graceful. The form of his legs marks the horseman. His head is strong, his hair and mustache gray, his nose aquiline, his mouth firm, his forehead high, his chin square, and his face bears the wrinkles that mark constant thought and care. But the surprising thing about Foch is his blue eyes. They are totally unexpected.

They put the smile on his grave face. When he looks at you you feel that their astonishing clearness, almost supernatural, leaves nothing in you concealed from him. When Foch gets animated his eyes speak. Instinctively you know that you are in the presence of a man of genius, a man of destiny. And this is not because Foch has led the Allied armies to victory. I do not speak *post factum*. Others have felt what I felt—and long before the war. Foch was no friend of Clemenceau when he was called to the presidency of the École de Guerre, and the anti-clerical Premier had every reason in the world for not putting Foch in this post. Thirty years ago an old uncle of Foch's said to his children, in showing them the Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile:

"My children, the day will come when you will conquer Germany, and it is Ferdinand who will bring our troops back from battle under this glorious arch."

Many times since that first spring morning have I talked intimately with the Marshal. I have noticed the distinctive characteristic of great men. He talks little himself, but makes others talk and listens to the slightest things.

Some days after our first interview he spoke to me of a book I had just written, *Le Drame de Senlis*. On September 2, 1914, the Germans burned methodically our city, massacred more than twenty inoffensive civilians, and shot with their revolvers our mayor, M. Odent, without trial. I was an eye-witness of these horrors. Immediately after the battle of the Marne I made my detailed report, clear and precise, without a superfluous word, on what I had seen of the German atrocities. And it is thus that I, physically a weakling, who have seen only this little bit of a corner of the war in which Foch is the greatest actor, came to tell him about the Germans at Senlis. He listened with as much care as if I were reporting to him on something of moment. In every circumstance I have found him that way. Napoleon was like that. Another French general, Lyautey,

with whom I have often talked, makes you feel, as Marshal Foch does, that you have his full attention and that he is deeply interested in what you are saying.

You have to be with Foch a long time before he warms up to talking freely. At the beginning his words are brief and jerky. You feel that you are in the presence of a chief who does not like to be contradicted, who is quick, who knows no obstacle. Then, little by little, when he has relaxed, his conversation becomes charming, communicative, and warm.

"After dinner," one of his aunts told me, "I always wait until Ferdinand has chewed his third cigar before I look for him to come out of his thoughts and talk to us."

The Marshal has now abandoned the famous cigar for a pipe. "Distrust heavy cigars," he said to me recently; "the more they go to your head the more dangerous they are." The recent convert is always zealous to convert others!

Foch detests useless speeches and vain words. That is the reason why every word he utters counts. No word is lost. To listen to him is a keen pleasure to one who appreciates good diction and strong, clear phrasing. Short at the beginning, his sentences are no more than the most grudging amplification of "Yes" or "Good." Then when he gets warmed up and begins to joke a very slight accent makes one think of good King Henry IV of Béarn. He raises his voice and pictures pass before you. There is no better word to express Foch's conversation than pictures (*tableaux*). For, true man of the mountains that he is, the Marshal speaks graphically, and his narration gives the impression of a cinematograph with successive scenes, colored without a false touch.

I am not allowed to tell here about the events of the war as the Marshal relates them. What he has said is not for publication. But I know nothing more superb or epic than his story of the Marne, of the Yser, and of the offensive

of July, 1918. Listening to him, one sees. One sees the mud of the swamp of St.-Gond in which we are sunk waist-deep. One hears the tick-tock of the clock of the Hôtel de Ville counting off slowly the hours at the time of the battle of giants in Flanders. The voice of Marshal French is real when he says to Foch at the supreme moment when we won after having come within an ace of losing everything, "General, you are a true friend."

What an impression you have of the unconquerable force of this man of nerves of steel and will of iron when he tells you of the great dramas of history as if he had been a simple spectator in them!

The story of Foch always ends thus: "Explain why we have won? I couldn't. We were the instruments. God was there."

When any one ventures to praise him and speak of his glory he says, with an astonished air:

"Glory? What is that? I do not know it. I think of only one thing and that is France."¹

That this was so he proved beyond the shadow of a doubt in November, 1918. He agreed to an armistice. For the sake of pride and glory he was unwilling to sacrifice a single soldier more than was necessary. Winning battles, feats of arms—these were not in themselves ends. Marshal Foch imposed upon the enemy conditions just as hard as he could have imposed had we continued to fight. The enemy accepted them. That was enough for the Marshal. It was France he was thinking of and not his military reputation.

He cannot bear having compliments

¹ We often read stories about what Marshal Foch has said, in which the quotations are adorned with oaths and vulgar expressions. It is an unfortunate habit—unfortunate because unjustified—of journalists to vulgarize the language of our soldiers. In the field, I suppose that Foch does not hesitate to use the rough expressions of the camps. But I have also noticed that in his family and in a *salon* his language is free from slang and quite what one would expect from a former professor and from a scion of one of our best families.

paid him. With a smile, amiable but ironical, and a sharp upward gesture of the hand which seems to cut something, he stops short the useless phrase. It was this way when things turned out well during the fighting. His subordinates never got farther than, "You were right, General," or, "That wonderful idea of yours," or, "You have saved the day." "Good, good!" he would interrupt, and then he would cast his eye over the officers of his General Staff and add, "Now let's get down to business."

Get down to business. This is the term which this *business man* always employs. He realizes that making war (and now settling things after the war) is a business. Sentimentalists and full of stirring words must be those who lead men to the sacrifice of life in battle. But a different temperament, a different attitude, behooves those in whose hands are the lives of the soldiers, the success of the movement in which they are sacrificing themselves, and the shaping of the destinies of the world affected by the giving of the full measure of devotion.

Marshal Foch prefers honor to honors. Certainly he is not unappreciative of the decorations that are offered him. He knows that they are a precious mark of sympathy. But he rarely wears them. They form an imposing heap in the safe of his private office in the Avenue de Saxe. One festival day I heard him say, jokingly: "I have had to put on my 'plaques.' They are just like armor, and I'm not going to need any waistcoat to-day. The cold has no terror for me."

I do not dare to penetrate too intimately into this *cabinet de travail*, so homely, so simple, where I have passed pleasant hours, for that would be to violate a *foyer* which instinctively hides itself. Let us say simply that one sees there stirring souvenirs—a magnificent Saxon saber, the only trophy kept from the battle of the Marne; a cane carved of the wood, still smoking, of the Ypres Cloth Hall; and, finally (object that is shown very rarely and only to intimate friends), the baton of Marshal which is

covered with royal-blue velvet, studded with stars. It bears the name FERDINAND FOCH and the motto engraved in gold, "*Gloria belli, decus pacis.*"

I have said that the family of the Marshal spent three war summers on our estate at Villemétrie. Foch is a man of habit. When a place pleases him he always goes back there. During the winter of 1917, recalled from the front for temporary service, he chose Senlis, which is not far from Villemétrie, for his headquarters. He was installed in a beautiful old private home, but—to give a good example and to observe military rules concerning which he has always been very strict with himself—he did not ask his family to join him. It was to this Hôtel de Fantrat that he returned to live at the moment of the armistice, dividing his time between Paris, Versailles, Senlis, and the front. He often goes there still.

In the winter of 1917-18, just before he was called to the supreme command and when he was living at Senlis, there were rumors about his health. It was a calumny to which he paid no attention. At that time alert and vigorous, he came to see my mother and me, walking eight kilometers across the forest, and taking up again in the evening his work with so much intensity that an old *valet de chambre* said to me: "What a man, monsieur! What ability to work! He digs away at it all night long!" There was an automobile accident which might have been serious. But the surgeon said that with Foch he was dealing with "the constitution of a thirty-year-old."

When it is a question of Marshal Foch, *mens sana in corpore sano* is not an idle phrase. The balance with him is perfect. It is this that has enabled him never to lose his optimism, to keep his strength, and to allow him to assume and carry the heaviest responsibilities.

I see him still, in the worst hours of the Somme, talking at our house with an old woman from Lorraine. A little pessimism was floating in the air. Foch

cut short gloomy prognostications. "Madame," said he, "it will not be for the very near future, but let us agree to meet again in Metz." The old woman did not forget. She went back to Metz after an exile of nearly half a century, and there she met the Marshal, who told her that he had lived the most stirring hours of his life in recalling, in a walk all alone, the memories of his youth. The dreams of the adolescent, smarting under the humiliation of the German victory, had been realized. He had given back Lorraine to France!

In those sad days at the end of March, 1918, when General Foch was intrusted with the command of the Allied armies, I spent an evening with the Foch family in their home in Paris. It had been a day of long-distance bombardment by the Big Bertha. The Gothas were coming every night. A raid was on that evening. Madame Foch told me that she would not take her family from Paris. She had to set the example, and her husband had assured her that the enemy would never reach the city. Foch's comment to his wife after the retreat of the Fifth British Army was this, "The beast has stretched the bars, but he is all the same still in the cage."

Foch had just accepted the high command. When he was being congratulated upon his new post some one remarked that he was the only man capable of assuming so crushing a responsibility. Foch looked surprised, then shocked and pained. "But it is nothing calling for praise for a soldier to accept responsibility. One does not refuse when it is France," he said.

At the moment of the armistice Foch, for the first time since the beginning of the war, allowed his feelings to be seen. He changed overnight. He became a young man again. His step was more buoyant than ever. He has remained

young ever since. Only after the test was over did we realize how the burden, in spite of natural elasticity, had been weighing upon him. It is indeed true, the saying that victory gives wings.

After the armistice Marshal Foch lived through the magic days of the re-occupation of Alsace and Lorraine, and of the march to the Rhine. But he was none the less full of anticipation in looking forward to the regulating of the armistice conditions and the meeting of the Peace Conference. He was particularly anxious to meet President Wilson, "that man whom I have never seen and to whom I have so often written," as he put it. I saw the Marshal on the staircase of his Paris home the evening of that historic interview. He was leaving in a few minutes to meet the American President. "You see a man who is very busy," he said to me. But he kept me for a few minutes, and spoke of trifling matters concerning our region. His gift of being able to relax and to rest his mind in the most serious moments is a precious asset. He gets his recreation in his family circle and in watching as a simple spectator "the passing show." Two or three days later I saw President Wilson at the Hôtel de Ville acknowledging with a gracious smile the acclamations of the people of Paris. By his side was Marshal Foch. These two men were able by their mere presence to make the people forget their sorrows and give way to the emotion of joy. I realized that we were living there one of the greatest minutes of the history of the world.

In this "history of the world" Foch personifies exactly the type of the French soldier. If he is a man who has fire, he is also a man who has faith. And this faith that removes mountains is able also to make new boundary-lines, to resurrect nations, and to save civilization.

AMAZEMENT

BY STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN

THERE is sometimes melancholy in revisiting, after years of absence, a place where one was joyous in the days of youth. That is why sadness stole over me on the evening of my return to Florence.

To be sure, the physical beauties of the Italian city were intact. Modernity had not farther encroached upon the landmarks that had witnessed the birth of a new age, powerful, even violent, in its individualism. From those relics, indeed—from the massive palaces, the noble porches, the monuments rising in the public squares—there still seemed to issue a faint vibration of ancient audacity and force. It was as if stone and bronze had absorbed into their particles, and stored through centuries, the great emotions released in Florence during that time of mental expansion called the Renaissance.

But this integrity of scene and influence only increased my regrets. Though the familiar setting was still here, the familiar human figures seemed all departed. I looked in vain for sobered versions of the faces that had smiled, of old, around tables in comfortable cafés, in an atmosphere of youthful gaiety, where at any moment one might be enmeshed in a Florentine prank that Boccaccio could not have bettered.

One such prank rose, all at once, before my mind's eye, and suddenly, in the midst of my pessimism, I laughed aloud.

I recalled the final scene of that escapade, which I myself had managed to devise. The old café had rung with a bellow of delight; the victim, ridiculous in his consternation, had rushed at me howling for vengeance. But the audience,

hemming him in, had danced 'round him singing a ribald little song. The air was full of battered felt hats, coffee spoons, lumps of sugar, and waving handkerchiefs. Out on the piazza the old cab-horses had pricked up their ears; the shopkeepers had run to their doorways; the police had taken notice. It was not every day that the champion joker among us was caught in such a net as he delighted to spread.

Where were they, all my jolly young men and women? Maturity, matrimony, perhaps still other acts of fate, had scattered them. Here and there a grizzled waiter let fall the old names with a shrug of perplexity, then hastened to answer the call of a rising generation as cheerful as if it were not doomed, also, to dispersion and regrets.

Then, too, in returning I had been so unfortunate as to find Florence on the verge of spring.

The soft evening air was full of a sweetness exhaled by the surrounding cup of hills. From baskets of roses, on the steps of porticoes, a fragrance floated up like incense round the limbs of statues, which were bathed in a golden light by the lamps of the piazza. Those marble countenances were placid with an eternal youth, beneath the same stars that had embellished irrevocable nights, that recalled some excursions into an enchanted world, some romantic gestures the knack for which was gone.

"After all," I thought, "it is better not to find one of the old circle. We should make each other miserable by our reminiscences."

No sooner had I reflected thus than I found myself face to face with Antonio.

Antonio was scarcely changed. His dark visage was still vital with intelligence, still keen and strange from the exercise of an inexhaustible imagination. Yet in his eyes, which formerly had sparkled with the wit of youth, there was more depth and a hint of somberness. He had become a celebrated satirist.

"What luck!" he cried, embracing me with sincere delight. "But to think that I should have to run into you on the street!"

"I asked for you everywhere."

"In the old places? I never go to them. You have not dined? Nor I. Here, let us take this cab."

He hurried me off to a restaurant of the suburbs. Under the starry sky we sat down at a table beside a sunken garden, in which nightingales were trying their voices among the blossoms, whose perfume had been intensified by dew.

It was an old-time dinner, at least, that Antonio provided; but, alas! those others were not there to eke out the illusion of the past. To each name, as I uttered it, Antonio added an epitaph. This one had gone to bury himself in the Abruzzi hills. That one had become a professor at Bologna. Others, in vanishing, had left no trace behind them.

"And Leonello, who was going to surpass Michael Angelo?"

"Oh," my friend responded, "Leonello is still here, painting his pictures. Like me, he could not live long beyond the air of Florence."

Antonio, in fact, could trace his family back through Florentine history into the Middle Ages.

"Is Leonello the same?" I pursued. "Always up to some nonsense? But you were not much behind him in those insane adventures."

"Take that to yourself," Antonio retorted. "I recall one antic, just before you left us—" He broke off to meditate. Clicking his tongue against his teeth, he gazed at me almost with resentment, as if I were responsible for this depressing

work of time. "No!" he exclaimed, looking at me in gloomy speculation, while, in the depths of his eyes, one seemed to see his extraordinary intelligence perplexed and baffled. "That war of wit is surely over. The old days are gone for good. Let us make the best of it." And he asked me what I had been doing.

I made my confession. In those years I had become fascinated by psychic phenomena—by the intrusion into human experience of weird happenings that materialism could not very well explain. Many of these happenings indicated, at least to my satisfaction, not only future existences, but also previous ones. I admitted to Antonio that, since I was in Italy again, I intended to investigate the case of a Perugian peasant girl who, though she had never been associated with educated persons, was subject to trances in which she babbled the Greek language of Cleopatra's time, and accurately described the appearance of pre-Christian Alexandria.

"I am writing a book on such matters," I concluded. "You, of course, will laugh at it—"

His somber eyes, which had been watching me intently, became blank for a time, then suddenly gave forth a flash.

"I? Laugh because you have been enthralled by weirdness?" he cried, as one who, all at once, has been profoundly moved. Yet laugh he did, in loud tones that were almost wild with strange elation. "Pardon me," he stammered, passing a trembling hand across his forehead. "You do not know the man that I have become of late."

What had my words called to his mind? From that moment everything was changed. The weight of some mysterious circumstance had descended upon Antonio, overwhelming, as it seemed to me, the pleasure that he had found in this reunion. Through the rest of the dinner he was silent, a prey to that dark exultancy, to that uncanny agitation.

This silence persisted while the cab bore us back into the city.

In the narrow streets a blaze of light

from the open fronts of cook-shops flooded the lower stories of some palaces which once on a time had housed much fierceness and beauty, treachery and perverse seductiveness. Knowing Antonio's intimate acquaintance with those splendid days, I strove to rouse him by congenial allusions. His preoccupation continued; the historic syllables that issued from my lips were wasted in the clamor of the street. Yet when I pronounced the name of one of those bygone belles, Fiammetta Adimari, he repeated slowly, like a man who has found the key to everything:

"Fiammetta!"

"What is it, Antonio? Are you in love?"

He gave me a piercing look and sprang from the cab. We had reached the door of his house.

Antonio's bachelor apartment was distinguished by a handsome austerity. The red-tiled floors reflected faintly the lights of antique candelabra, which shed their luster also upon chests quaintly carved, bric-à-brac that museums would have coveted, and chairs adorned with threadbare coats of arms. Beside the mantelpiece hung a small oil-painting, as I thought, of Antonio himself, his black hair reaching to his shoulders, and on his head a hat of the Renaissance.

"No," said he, giving me another of his strange looks, "it is my ancestor, Antonio di Manzecca, who died in the year fifteen hundred."

I remembered that somewhere in the hills north of the city there was a dilapidated stronghold called the Castle of Manzecca. Behind those walls, in the confusion of the Middle Ages, Antonio's family had developed into a nest of rural tyrants. Those old steel-clad men of the Manzecca had become what were called "Signorotti"—lords of a height or two, swooping down to raid passing convoys, waging petty wars against the neighboring castles, and at times, like bantams, too arrogant to bear in mind the shortness of their spurs, defying even Florence. In the end, as I recalled the mat-

ter, Florence had chastened the Manzecca, together with all the other lordlings of that region. The survivors had come to live in the city, where, through these hundreds of years, many changes of fortune had befallen them. My friend Antonio was their last descendant.

"But," I protested, examining the portrait, "your resemblance to this Antonio of the Renaissance could not possibly be closer."

Instead of replying, he sat down, rested his elbows on his knees, and pressed his fists against his temples. Presently I became aware that he was laughing, very softly, but in such an unnatural manner that I shivered.

I grew alarmed. It was true that in our years of separation Antonio's physical appearance had not greatly changed; but what was the meaning of this mental difference? Was his mind in danger of some sinister overshadowing? Were these queer manners the symptoms of an incipient mania? It is proposed that genius is a form of madness. Was the genius of Antonio, in its phenomenal development, on the point of losing touch with sanity? As my thoughts leaped from one conjecture to another, the tiled room took on the chill that pervades a mausoleum. From the bowl on the table the petals of a dying rose fell in a sudden cascade, like a dismal portent.

"The Castle of Manzecca," I ventured, merely to break the silence, "is quite ruined, I suppose?"

"No, the best part of it still stands. I have had some rooms restored."

"You own it?"

"I bought it back a year ago. It is there that I—" He buried his face in his hands.

"Antonio," I said, "you are in some great trouble."

"It is not trouble," he answered, in smothered tones. "But why should I hesitate to make my old friend, whose mind does not reject weirdness, my confidant? I warn you, however, that it will be a confidence weird enough to make even your experience in such matters

seem tame. Go first to Perugia. Examine the peasant girl who chatters of ancient Alexandria. Return to my house one week from to-night, at dusk, and you shall share my secret."

He rose, averted his face, and went to throw himself upon a couch, or porch-bed, another relic, its woodwork covered with faded paint and gilt, amid which one might trace the gallants of the sixteenth century in pursuit of nymphs—an allegory of that age's longing for the classic past. I left him thus, flat on his back, staring up at the ceiling, oblivious of my farewell.

Poor Antonio! What a return to Florence!

A week from that night, at dusk, I returned. At Perugia I had filled a pocket-book with notes on the peasant girl's trances. The spell of those strange revelations was yet on me, but at Antonio's door I felt that I stood on the threshold of a still more agitating disclosure.

My knock was answered by Antonio himself, his hat on his head and a motor-coat over his arm. He seemed burning with impatience.

"You have your overcoat? Good." And he locked the door on the outside.

We stepped into a limousine, which whirled us away through the twilight. The weather made one remember that even in Florence the merging of March into April could be violent. To-night masses of harsh-looking clouds sped across the sky before an icy wind from the mountains. A burial-party, assembled at a convent gate, had their black robes fluttering, their waxen torches blown out.

"Death!" muttered Antonio, with a sardonic grimace. "And they call it unconquerable!"

As we paused before a dwelling-house, two men emerged upon the pavement. They were Leonello, the artist, and another friend of the old days, named Leonardo. The unusual occasion constrained our greetings. The newcomers,

after pressing my hand, devoted themselves with grave solicitude to Antonio.

He burst forth at them like a man whose nervous tension is nearly unendurable:

"Yes, hang it all! I am quite well. Why the devil will you persist in coddling me?"

Leonello and Leonardo gave me a mournful look.

We now stopped at another door, where there joined us two ladies unknown to me. Both were comely, with delicate features full of sensibility. Neither, I judged, had reached the age of thirty. In the moment of meeting—a moment notable for a stammering of incoherent phrases, a darting of sidelong looks at Antonio, a general effect of furtiveness and excitement—no one remembered to present me to these ladies. However, while we were arranging ourselves in the limousine I gathered that the name of one of them was Laura, and that the other's name was Lina. In their faces, on which the street-lights cast intermittent flashes, I seemed to discern a struggle between apprehension and avidity for this adventure.

The silence, and the tension of all forms, continued even when we left the city behind us and found ourselves speeding northward along a country road.

"Northward. To the Castle of Manzecca, then?" I asked myself.

The rays from our lamps revealed the trees all bending toward the south. The wind pressed against our car, as if to hold us back from the revelation awaiting us ahead, in the midst of the black night, whence this interminable whistling moan pervaded nature. Rain dashed against the glass. Through the blurred windows the lights of farms appeared, to be instantly engulfed by darkness. Then everything vanished except the illuminated streak of road. We seemed to be fleeing from the known world, across a span of radiance that trembled over an immeasurable void, into the supernatural.

The limousine glided to a standstill.

"Here we abandon the car."

We entered the kitchen of a humble farm-house. Strings of garlic hung from the ceiling, and on the floor lay some valises.

As the ladies departed into another room, Antonio mastered his emotion and addressed me.

"What we must do, and what I must ask you to promise, may at first seem to you ridiculous," he said. "Yet your acceptance of my conditions is a matter of life or death, not to any one here present, but to another, whom we are about to visit. What I require is this: you are to put on, as we shall, the costumes in these valises, which are after the fashion of the early sixteenth century. Indeed, when our journey is resumed, there must be about us nothing to suggest the present age. Moreover, I must have your most earnest promise that when we reach our destination you will refrain from giving the least hint, by word or action, that the sixteenth century has passed away. If you feel unable to carry out this deception, we must leave you here. The slightest blunder would be fatal."

No sooner had Antonio uttered these words than he turned in a panic to Leonello and Leonardo.

"Am I wrong to have brought him?" he demanded, distractedly. "Can I depend on him at every point? You two, and Laura and Lina, know what it would mean if he should make a slip."

Much disturbed, I declared that I wished for nothing better than to return to Florence at once. But Leonardo restrained me, while Leonello, patting Antonio's shoulder in reassurance, responded:

"Trust him. You do his quick wit an injustice."

Finally Antonio, with a heavy sigh, unlocked the valises.

Hitherto I had associated masquerade with festive expectations, but nothing could have been less festive than the atmosphere in which we donned those

costumes. They were rich, accurate, and complete. The wigs of flowing hair were perfectly deceptive. The fur-trimmed surcoats and the long hose were in fabrics suggestive of lost weaving arts. Each dagger, buckle, hat-gem, and finger-ring, was a true antique. Even when the two ladies appeared, in sumptuous Renaissance dresses, their coiffures as closely in accordance with that period as their expanded silhouettes, no smile crossed any face.

"Are we all—" began Antonio. His voice failed him.

Muffled in thick cloaks, we faced the blustery night again.

Behind the farm-house stood horses, saddled and bridled in an obsolete manner. Our small cavalcade wound up a hillside path, which, in the darkness, the beasts felt out for themselves. One became aware of cypress-trees on either hillside, immensely tall, to judge by the thickness of their trunks. More and more numerous became these trees, as was evident from the lamentation of their countless branches. In its groan, the forest voiced to the utmost that melancholy which the imaginative mind associates with cypresses in Italy, where they seem always to raise their funereal grace around the sites of vanished splendors.

We were ascending one of the hills that lie scattered above Florence toward the mountains, and that were formerly all covered with these solemn trees.

But the wind grew even stronger as we neared the summit. Above us loomed a gray bulk. The Castle of Manzecca reluctantly unveiled itself, bleak, towering, impressive in its decay—a ruin that was still a fortress, and that time had not injured so much as had its mortal besiegers, the last of whom had died centuries ago. A gate swung open. Our horses clattered into a courtyard which abruptly blazed with torches.

In that dazzle all the omens of our journey were fulfilled. We found ourselves, as it appeared, not only in a place

embodying another age, but in that other age itself.

The streaming torches revealed shock-headed servitors of the Renaissance, their black tunics stamped in vermillion, front and back, with the device of the Manzecca. By the steps glittered the spear-points of a clump of men-at-arms whose swarthy and rugged faces remained impassive under flattened helmets. But as we dismounted a greyhound came leaping from the castle, and in the doorway hovered an old maid-servant. To her Antonio ran straightway, his cape whipping out behind him.

"Speak, Nuta! Is she well?" he demanded.

We followed him into the castle.

It was a spacious hall, paved with stone, its limits shadowy, its core illuminated brilliantly with candles. From the rafters dangled some banners, tattered and queerly designed. Below these, in the midst of the hall—in a mellow refulgence that she herself seemed to give forth—there awaited us a woman glorified by youth and happiness, who pressed her hand to her heart.

She wore a gown of violet-colored silk, the sleeves puffed at the shoulders, the bodice tight across the breast and swelling at the waist, the skirt voluminous. On either side of her bosom, sheer linen, puckered by golden rosettes, mounted to form behind her neck a little ruff. Over her golden hair, every strand of which had been drawn back strictly from her brow, a white veil was clasped, behind her ears, by a band of pearls and amethysts cut in cabuchon.

Still, she was remarkable less for her costume than for the singularity of her charms.

To what was this singularity due? To the intense emotions that she seemed to be harboring? Or to the arrangement of her lovely features, to-day unique, which made one think of backgrounds composed of brocade and armor, the freshly painted canvases of Titian and the dazzling newness of statues by Michael Angelo? As she approached, that singu-

larity of hers became still more disquieting, as though the fragrance that enveloped her were not a woman's chosen perfume, but the very aroma of the magnificent past.

Antonio regarded her with his soul in his eyes, then greedily kissed her hands. When the others had saluted her, each of them as much moved as though she were an image in a shrine, Antonio said in a hoarse voice to me:

"I present you to Madonna Fiammetta di Foscone, my affianced bride. Madonna, this gentleman comes from a distant country to pay you homage."

"He is welcome," she answered, in a voice that accorded with her peculiar beauty.

And my bewilderment deepened as I realized that they were speaking not modern Italian, but what I gathered to be the Italian of the sixteenth century.

I found myself with Antonio in a tower-room, whither he had brought me on the ladies' retirement to prepare themselves for supper.

The wind, howling round the tower, pressed against the narrow windows covered with oiled linen. The cypress forest, which on all sides descended from our peak into the valleys, gave forth a continuous moan. Every instant the candle-light threatened to go out. The very tower seemed to be trembling, like Antonio, in awe of the secret about to be revealed. For a while my poor friend could say nothing. Seated in his rich disguise on a bench worn smooth by men whose tombs were crumbling, he leaned forward beneath the burden of his thoughts, and the long locks of his wig hung down as if to veil the disorder of his features.

Finally he began:

"In the year fifteen hundred my family still called this place their home. There were only two of them left, two brothers, the older bearing the title Lord of Manzecca. The younger brother was that Antonio di Manzecca whose portrait you saw on the wall of my apart-

ment in the city. It is to him, as you observed, that I bear so close a resemblance.

"In a hill-castle not far away lived another family, the Foscone.

"The Lord of Foscone, a widower, had only one child left, a daughter seventeen years old. Her name was Fiammetta. Even in Florence it was said that to the north, amid the wilderness of cypress-trees, there dwelt a maiden whose beauty surrounded her with golden rays like a nimbus."

I remembered our entrance into this castle, my first glimpse of the woman awaiting us in the middle of the hall, and the glow of light around her that appeared to be a radiance expanding from her person.

But my friend continued:

"Between the two castles there was friendly intercourse. It was presumed that the Lord of Foscone would presently give his daughter in marriage to the Lord of Manzecca. Fate, however, determined that Fiammetta and Antonio di Manzecca, the younger brother, should fall in love with each other.

"Need I describe to you the fervor of that passion in the Italian springtime, at a period of our history when all the emotions were terrific in their force?

"At night, Antonio di Manzecca would slip away to the Castle of Foscone. She would be waiting for him on the platform outside her chamber, above the ramparts, overlooking the path across the hills. It chanced that by the aid of vines and fissures in the masonry he could climb the castle wall almost to that platform—almost near enough, indeed, to touch her finger-tips. Unhappily, there was nothing there to which she could attach a twisted sheet. So thus they made love—she bending down toward him, he clutching with toes and hands at the wall, her whispers making him dizzy than his perilous posture, her tears falling upon his lips through a space so little, yet greater than the distance between two stars.

"But almost everything is discovered.

Antonio's meetings with Fiammetta became known to his elder brother.

"One evening Fiammetta, from the high platform, saw Antonio approaching while it was still twilight. All at once he was surrounded by servants of his own house, who had been waiting for him in ambush. Before he could move, half a dozen daggers sank into his body. Amid the thorns and nettles he sprawled lifeless, under the eyes of his beloved. As the assassins dragged his body away, there burst from the platform a prolonged peal of laughter.

"Fiammetta di Foscone had gone mad."

At that tragedy, at least, I was not surprised. The Italy of the Renaissance was full of such episodes—the murderous jealousy of brothers, the obedient cruelty of retainers, the wreckage of women's sanity by the fall of horrors much more ingeniously contrived than this. What froze my blood was the anticipation gradually shaping in my mind. I felt that this was the prelude to something monstrous, incredible, which I should be forced to believe.

"She had gone mad," my friend repeated, staring before him. "She had, in other words, lost contact with what we call reality. To her that state of madness had become reality, its delusions truth, and everything beyond those delusions misty, unreal, or non-existent."

His voice died away as he looked at his hands with an expression of disbelief. He even reached forward to touch my knee, then sighed:

"You will soon understand why I am sometimes possessed with the idea that I am dreaming."

And he resumed his tale:

"Antonio di Manzecca was buried. His elder brother found a wife elsewhere. The Lord of Foscone married again, and by that marriage had other children. But still his daughter Fiammetta stood nightly on the platform of the Castle of Foscone, gazing down at the hill path,

waiting for her Antonio to climb the wall and whisper his love.

"Now she only lived in that state of ardent expectancy. The days and weeks and months were but one hour, the hour preceding his last approach to her. Every moment, in her delusion, she expected him to end that hour by coming to her as young as ever, to find her as winsome as before. In consequence, time vanished from her thought. And in vanishing from her thought, time lost its power over her.

"Her father died; but Fiammetta still kept her vigil, in appearance the same as on the evening of that tragedy. A new generation of the Foscone grew old in their turn, but Fiammetta's loveliness was still perfect. In her madness there seemed to be a sanity surpassing the sanity of other mortals. For by becoming insensible to time she had attained an earthly immortality, an uncorrupted physical beauty, in which she constantly looked forward to the delight of loving.

"So she went on and on—"

The tower shook in terror of the gale, and we shook with it, in terror of this revelation. My thoughts turned toward the woman below, who had smiled at us from that aura of physical resplendency. I felt my hair rising, and heard a voice, my own, cry out:

"No, no!"

"Yes!" Antonio shouted, fixing his hands upon my arms. We were both standing, and our leaping shadows on the wall resembled a combat in which one was struggling to force insanity upon the other. He went on speaking, but his words were drowned in a screaming of vast forces that clutched at the tower as if in fury because the normal processes of nature had been defied. Would those forces attain their revenge? Was the tower about to thunder down upon the Castle of Manzecca, annihilating her and us, the secret and its possessors? For a moment I would have welcomed even that escape from thinking.

"Yes," he repeated, releasing my arms and sitting down, limply on the

bench. "As you anticipate, so it turned out."

I was still able to protest:

"Admitted that this has happened elsewhere, to a certain degree. In Victorian England there lived a woman whose love-affair was wrecked and whose mind automatically closed itself against everything associated with her tragedy, or subsequent to it. In her madness she, too, protected herself against pain by living in expectation of the lover's return. Because that expectation was restricted to her girlhood, she remained a girl in appearance for over fifty years. Fifty years, that is comprehensible!"

"The principle is the same," said Antonio, wearily. "Every mental phenomenon has minor and major examples. But I will tell you the rest.

"The Foscone, also, finally moved to Florence. Their castle was left in the care of hereditary servants, devoted and discreet. On that isolated hilltop no chance was afforded strangers to solve the mystery of the woman who paced the high platform in the attire of another age. Was there, in the Foscone's concealment of the awesome fact, a medieval impulse, the ancient instinct of noble houses to defend themselves against all forms of aggression, including curiosity? Or was it merely the usual aversion to being identified with abnormality? Some abnormality is so terrifying that it seals the loosest lips.

"Now and then, to be sure, some servant's tongue was set wagging by wine, or some heir of the Foscone confided in his sweetheart. But the rumor, if it went farther, soon became distorted and incredible, amid the ghost-stories of a hundred Italian castles, palaces, and villas. I myself found hints in the archives of my family, yet saw in them only a pretty tale, such as results when romantic invention is combined with pride of race.

"But I was destined to sing another tune.

"Not long ago, the last of the Fos-

cone's modern generation passed away. There came to me an old woman-servant from the castle. It was Nuta, whom you saw below as we entered.

"Why had she sought me out? Because, if you please, in the year fifteen hundred one of my family had brought this thing to pass. It seemed to Nuta, the fact now being subject to discovery by the executors of the estate, that the care of her charge devolved upon me.

"At first I believed that old Nuta was the mad one. In the end, however, I accompanied her to the castle. At dusk, concealed by the cypresses, I discerned on the platform a face that seemed to have been transported from another epoch just in order to pierce my heart with an intolerable longing. I fell in love as one slips into a vortex, and instantly the rational world was lost beyond a whorl of ecstasy and fright.

"I regained Florence with but one thought: how could she be restored to sanity, yet be maintained in that beauty which had triumphed over centuries? As I entered my apartment I saw before me the portrait of that other Antonio di Manzecca, whom I so closely resembled, whom she had loved, whose return she still awaited. I stood there blinded by a flash of inspiration.

"At midnight my plan was complete."

As he paused, and the conclusion became clear to me, I was taken with a kind of stupor.

"A few days later," he said, "as she stood gazing down through the twilight, a man emerged from the forest, in face and dress the image of that other Antonio di Manzecca. At his signal, servants in the old-time livery of the Manzecca appeared with a ladder, which they leaned against the ramparts. He set foot upon the platform. Her pallor turned deathlike; her eyes became blank; she fainted in his arms. When she recovered she was in the Castle of Manzecca.

"That shock had restored her reason.

"Now everything around her very

artfully suggested the sixteenth century—the furniture, the most trivial utensils, the costume of the humblest person in the castle. Nuta attended her. The convalescent was told that she had been ill in consequence of the attack on her lover, but that he, instead of succumbing, had been spirited away and stealthily nursed back to health. Again whole, he had returned to avenge himself on his brother, whom he had killed. Meanwhile her father had died. Therefore she had been brought from the Castle of Foscone to the Castle of Manzecca to enjoy the protection of her Antonio, whom she was now free to marry.

"All this was what she wanted to believe, so she believed it."

But Antonio's face was filled with a new distress. He rose, to pace the floor with the gestures of a man who realizes that he is locked in a cell to which there is no key.

"In the restoration of her mind," he groaned, "my own peace of mind has been destroyed. Even this love, the strangest and most thrilling in the world, will never allay the heartquakes that I have brought upon myself.

"With her perception of time restored, she will now be subject to time like other mortals. As year follows year, her youthfulness will merge into maturity, her maturity into old age, here in this castle, where nothing must ever suggest that she has attained a century other than her own. For me that means a ceaseless vigilance and fear. My devotion will always be mingled with forebodings of some blunder, some unforeseen intrusion of the present, some lightning-like revelation of the truth to her."

At that he broke down.

"Ah, if that happened, what horror should I witness?"

The gale sounded like the hooting of a thousand demons who were preparing for this man a frightful retribution. Yet even in that moment I envied him.

To her beauty, which had bewitched me at my first sight of her, was added another allurements—the thought of a

magical flight far beyond the boundaries imprisoning other men. If romance is a striving toward something at once unique and sympathetic, here was romance attained. Moreover, in embracing that exquisite personification of the Renaissance, one might add to love the glamour of a terrible audacity. And the addition of glamour to love has always been one of the most assiduously practised arts.

At the bottom of the winding tower staircase, in the doorway of the hall where she had greeted us, we paused to compose ourselves.

"At least," Antonio besought me, "when in doubt, remain silent."

We entered the hall. Under a wooden gallery adorned with carved and tinted shields the supper-table was laid.

They awaited us, shimmering in their fantastic finery—the ladies Laura and Lina, my old friends Leonardo and Leonello, and the ineffable Fiammetta di Foscone. The visitors' cheeks seemed hectic from the excitement of the hour; but her face was flushed, her eyes shone, for her own reasons. As I approached her my heartbeats suffocated me. Yes, I would have taken Antonio's place and shouldered all his terrors! Before me the fair conqueror of time disappeared in a haze, out of which her voice emerged like a sweet utterance from beyond the tomb.

"You are pleased with the castle, messere?"

As I was striving to respond, Antonio said to her, half aside, in that quaint species of Italian which he had used before:

"He speaks our language with difficulty, Madonna, and in a dialect. This disability will embarrass him till he finds himself more at home."

"Then let us sup," she exclaimed. "For since this new custom of a third meal has become fashionable in Florence, no doubt you are all expiring of hunger. So quickly does habit become tyrannous, especially when it involves a pleasure."

In some manner or other I seated myself at the table.

The servants bore in, on silver platters, small chickens garnished with sugar and rose-water, a sort of galantine, tarts of almonds and honey, caramels of pine-seed. From the gallery overhead came the tinkle of a rota, a kind of guitar. The musician produced a whimsical tune suggesting a picnic of lords and ladies in the garden of an antique villa, where trick fountains, masked by blossoms, drenched the unwary with streams of water. But in the chimney of the great, cold fireplace behind my back the wind still growled its threats; the voice of Nature still menaced these audacious mortals, who were celebrating the humiliation of her laws.

Beyond the candle-light the beauty of Fiammetta di Foscone became blinding. In her there was no sign of an unnatural preservation, as, for example, in a flower that has been sustained, yet subtly altered, by imprisonment in ice. Nor did her countenance show in the least that glaze of time which changes, without abating, the fairness of marble goddesses surviving for us from remote ages of esthetic victory. But wait; she was not an animated statue, nor any product of nature other than flesh and blood! And the flesh, the glance, the whole person of this creature from another era, expressed a glorious young womanhood. I was lost in admiration, pity, and dread. For over this shining miracle hovered the shadow of disaster. One could not forget the countless menaces surrounding her.

If she should grasp the truth, if all of a sudden she should realize her discordance with the world of mortals, what would happen to her before our eyes? Would she succumb instantly? Or would she first shrivel into some appalling monstrosity? This deception could not last forever. Might it not end to-night?

Did the others have similar premonitions?

Their smiles seemed tremulous and wan, their movements constrained and

timorous. All their efforts at gaiety were impeded by the inertia of fear. At every speech the lips of Lina and Laura quivered, the hands of Leonello and Leonardo were clenched in a nervous spasm. Antonio controlled himself only by the most heroic efforts.

What a price to pay for an illusion of happiness that was destined to a ghastly end! Yet I would still have paid that heavy price exacted from Antonio.

Fiammetta di Foscone became infected by our nervousness. At one moment her mirth was feverish; at another, a look of vague uneasiness crossed her face. Was our secret gradually penetrating to her subconscious mind? Was she to learn the fact, and perish of it, not because of bungling word or action on our part, but merely from the unwitting transmission of our thoughts?

The others redoubled their travesty of merriment. They voiced the gossip of a vanished society; the politics, fashions, and scandals, of old Florence. One heard the names of noble families long since extinct, accounts of historic escapades related as if they had happened yesterday. Fiammetta recovered her animation.

Her dewy eyes turned to Antonio. Her fingers caressed her betrothal-ring, which was like the wedding-ring of the twentieth century. And in this hall tricked out with lies, amid these guests and servants who were the embodiment of falsehood, an oppressing atmosphere of dread was clarified, for a moment, by the strength and delicacy of her love.

They discussed the virtues of the Muses, the plagiarisms of Petrarch, the wonders of astrology. Her uneasiness revived. In a voice more musical than the rota in the gallery, she asked:

"My dear friends, would you attribute to some planetary influence a feeling of strangeness that I receive at times, even from the air? I demand of you whether the air does not have an unfamiliar smell to-night?"

There was a freezing moment of silence.

"It is this great wind," muttered Leonardo, "that has brought us new air from afar."

"Every place has its smell," was Leonello's contribution. "It is natural that the Castle of Manzecca should smell differently from the Castle of Foscone."

Antonio thanked his friends with an eloquent look.

"True," she assented, pensively, "every spot, every person, is surrounded by its especial ether, produced by its peculiar activity. This house, not only in its smell, but in its tenor of life, and even in its food, differs vastly from my own house, which, nevertheless, is just across the hills."

Antonio drained his goblet at a gulp. He got out the words:

"We are provincial, we Manzecca. Like a race apart."

"All old families, jealous of their integrity, are the same," ventured Laura, who looked, nevertheless, as if she were about to faint.

"Or maybe," mused Fiammetta, "it is because I have been ill that things perplex me, and sometimes startle me by an effect of strangeness. There are moments when even the stars look odd to me, and when the countryside, viewed from the tower above us, is bewildering. In one direction I see woods where I should have expected meadows; in another direction, fields where I should have expected woods. But then, I now view the countryside from a tower other than my own, and see in a new aspect that landscape with which I thought myself so well acquainted. Does that explain it?"

How touching, how pitiable, was her expression, half arch, half pleading, and so beautiful! "Oh, lovely and terrible prodigy!" I thought, "draw back; banish those thoughts; or, rather, no longer think at all—for you are on the edge of the abyss!"

Antonio spoke with difficulty:

"Dearest one, do not pain me by mentioning that illness of yours. Do not pain yourself by dwelling on it in your

mind. The past with all its misfortunes is gone forever. Let us live in the present and contemplate a future full of bliss."

A quivering sigh of assent and relief went round the supper-table. But Fiammetta protested:

"I should not care to forget the past. It contained too much happiness. The hours at twilight, when I waited on the platform of the Castle of Foscone, and you clambered up the wall, are not for oblivion! Do you remember, Antonio, how you once brought with you a bunch of little damask roses, which you tossed up to me while clinging to the masonry? Those roses became my treasure. The sweetest one of them I locked in a tiny silver box which I kept always by me. That box came with me from the Castle of Foscone. The key is lost; but you shall open it with your dagger, and learn how I have cherished an emblem of that past which you ask me to forget."

With a rare smile, she drew from the bosom of her gown a very small coffer of silver, its chiseling worn smooth by innumerable caresses. Poor soul! it was in her bosom that she had cherished this pretty little box, more cruelly fatal than a viper.

Antonio, his jaws sagging, rose halfway out of his chair, then sank back, speechless and livid. Unaware, eager, and imperious, Fiammetta demanded:

"A dagger!"

Too late Antonio managed to put out a shaking hand in protest. Already a fool of a servant had presented his dirk to her. In a twinkling—before we could stop her—Fiammetta had pried back the lid.

The silver box, its oxidized interior as black as ink, contained, in place of the damask rose that had bloomed in the year fifteen hundred, only a few grains of dust.

There was no sound except from the wind, which yelled its devilish glee round the castle and in the chimney of the fireplace.

She had risen to her feet. In her eyes,

peering at the little coffer, bewilderment gave place to dismay. But in our faces she found a consternation far surpassing hers.

"Only dust?"

Antonio distorted his mouth in a vain effort to speak. At last, with a frantic oath, he swept the silver box into the fireplace, where it fell amid the brushwood and inflammable rubbish piled ready for lighting under the big logs.

Fiammetta had tried to stop him. Under her clutching hand, his fur-trimmed sleeve had slipped up, exposing his forearm. She was staring at his forearm.

"The scar?" she whispered. "Was it not here, when you raised your arm to shield yourself against them, that you caught the first knife-thrust? How long does it take for such a scar to pass entirely away?"

Lina and Laura sank back in their chairs. Leonello averted his face. Leonardo turned away. Again Antonio tried to speak. The terror that held us in its grip was communicated to Fiammetta di Foscone.

Her countenance became bloodless. Her teeth chattered. She murmured:

"What is happening to me? I am so cold!"

She sank down, amid billows of violet-colored silk, between Antonio's arms, before the fireplace. Her veil, confined by the band of pearls and amethysts, did not seem as white as her skin.

There was a hysterical babble of voices:

"She is dead! No, she has swooned! Bring vinegar! Rub her hands! Light the fire!"

Then ensued a jostling of guests and servants, who crowded forward to poke a dozen lighted candles at the brushwood. In the midst of this confusion Fiammetta sat before the hearth, her eyes half closed, her head rolling against Antonio's shoulder, her throat, framed by the little ruff, palpitating like the breast of an expiring dove. She was in the throes of the emotions that had been

at last transferred from our minds to hers and that she was doubtless on the point of comprehending.

The brushwood caught fire. At that flicker her eyelids opened. She leaned forward. Under the brushwood, already writhing in flames, was the fragment of a modern Italian newspaper. One plainly saw the title, part of a head-line, and the date.

Fiammetta di Foscone read the date.

As Antonio and I, between us, lifted her into a chair, she kept repeating to herself, in a soft, incredulous voice, the date. And so badly had our wits been paralyzed by this catastrophe, that none of us could find one lying word to utter.

Antonio knelt before her, his arms clasping her knees, his head bowed. He was weeping as if she were already dead. Her hands slowly stole forth to close around his face and lift it up.

"Whatever it is," she breathed, "I still have you."

As she gazed, half lifeless, but still fairer than an untinted statue, at his face, all at once her eyes became enormous. Pushing him from her, she stood bolt-upright at one movement, with a heart-rending scream:

"A stranger!"

That scream was still resounding from the rafters when we saw her fleeing across the hall, her head thrown back, her arms outspread, her white veil and violet draperies floating behind her. Her jewels glittered like the last sparkle of a splendid dream that has been doomed to swift extinction. She vanished through the doorway leading to the tower staircase.

"After her!" some one shouted.

Antonio was first; but at the doorway he stumbled, and Leonello, who was second, fell over him. Vaulting their bodies, I gained the circular staircase that ascended to the tower. I heard Antonio bawling after me:

"She will throw herself from the roof!"

The staircase was black, and the wind whistled down its well. At each landing the heavy doors on either side banged

open and shut. From overhead there descended a long wail, maybe her voice, or maybe one of the countless voices of the storm. As I neared the top, a door through which I had just passed blew shut with a deafening report. I emerged upon the roof of the tower in a torrent of rain. The roof was empty.

I peered over the low battlements. Close below me swayed the tops of cypress-trees; beneath them everything was lost in the obscurity of the night. Soon, however, the darkness was lighted by torches which began to dart to and fro among the trees. By those fitful gleams I made out the crouching backs of men, the livery of the Manzecca with its black and vermilion device, helmets and sword-hilts, and finally upturned faces that appeared ruddy in the torch-light, though I knew that in reality they must be pallid. They called up to me, but the wind whipped their voices away. I made signs that she was not on the tower. The faces disappeared; again the torches wandered among the trees. Now and then I heard a shout, the barking of the greyhound, and a woman—perhaps old Nuta—in hysterics.

I began to descend the staircase. The last door through which I had passed was so tightly wedged, from its slamming, that I could not open it. I sat down on the steps to wait till the others should miss me.

What thoughts!

"Can it be true? Yes, it has happened, and I have seen the end of it! This will kill Antonio. But then, none of us will ever be the same again."

I was sure that my hair had turned white.

And she? A vast wave of pity and longing swept over me and whirled me away into the depths of despair.

Now, I told myself, they have found her. And I fell to shuddering again. Now they have brought her in, unless what they saw, when they found her, scattered them, raving, through the woods. Now they are trying to soothe Antonio, perhaps to wrench a weapon



Painting by C. E. Chambers

IN HER EYES BEWILDERMENT GAVE PLACE TO DISMAY

from his hand. Now surely they have noticed my absence.

I cannot imagine what impulse made me rise, at last, and try the door again. At my first touch it swung open.

Descending the staircase, I re-entered the hall.

They were all seated at the supper-table, which was now decorated with flowers, with baskets of fruit, with plates of bonbons, and with favors in the form of dolls tricked out like little ladies of the Renaissance. The servants wore tail-coats and white-cotton gloves. Leonello and Leonardo, Lina and Laura, even Antonio, had on the evening-dress appropriate to the twentieth century. But my brain reeled indeed when I saw Fiammetta, her hair done in the last Parisian style, her low-neck gown the essence of modern chic.

The company looked at me with tolerant smiles.

"Well," exclaimed Antonio, "you have certainly taken your time! We waited ages for you, then decided that the food was spoiling, and fell to. There is your place, old fellow. I'll have the relishes brought back."

I dropped into my chair with a thud. Leonardo, reaching in front of Lina, took the fabric of my antique costume between thumb and finger.

"Very *recherché*," was his comment. "Do you wear it for a whim?"

"He is soaking wet," announced Lina, compassionately. "I think he has been looking at the garden."

"A botanist!" cried Laura, clapping her hands. "Will you give me some advice, signore? What is the best preservative for damask roses?"

"Water them with credulity," Leonello suggested.

And they all burst out laughing in my face, with the exception of the beautiful Fiammetta.

Antonio, rising and bowing to me, spoke as follows:

"My friend, the sixteenth century bequeathed to us Florentines a little of

its cheerful cruelty and something of its pleasure in vendettas. Casting your thoughts into a less remote past, you may retrieve an impression of your last performance before your departure from the Florence of our youth. Need I describe that performance? Its details were conceived and executed with much talent. It made me, who was its butt, the laughing-stock of our circle for a month. Did we children of Boccaccio impart to you that knack for practical joking? Remember that the pupil does not always permanently abash his teacher. But come, let us make a lasting peace now. If after all these years I managed to catch you off your guard, you will never again catch me so. Let us forget our two chagrins in drinking to this pleasant night, which, though I fancy the fact has escaped you, happens to be the First of April."

While I was still trying to master my feelings, he added:

"I have forgotten to explain that Lina is the wife of Leonello, our new Michael Angelo, who did that portrait of me in the wig and costume of the Renaissance. Laura, on the other hand, is the wife of Leonardo. As for our heroine, Fiammetta, she is the bride of your unworthy Antonio. She has been so gracious as to marry me between two of her theatrical seasons; in fact, we are here on our honeymoon. Why the deuce have you never married? A wife might keep you out of many a laughable predicament."

Leonello hazarded, "He is waiting to marry some lady who can describe, in her trances, the cuisine of Nebuchadnezzar's palace, or the home-life of the Queen of Sheba."

"Do no such thing," Antonio implored me. "And hereafter avoid the supernatural like the plague. May this affair instil into your philosophy of life a little healthy skepticism. There is no better tonic than laughter for one who has caught the malaria of psychical research. But even Nuta, my wife's old dresser at the theater, will tell you that

laughter is precious. You have given her to-night the first out-and-out guffaw that she has enjoyed in years. She says it cured her of a crick in the neck."

The fair Fiammetta, however, made a gesture of reproof, then held out her warm hand to me.

"No, Antonio," she protested, "you have not been clever, after all, but wicked. The worst of revenge is this: that it invariably exceeds its object. To what do you owe this triumph? To his solicitude for you, to his trust in you, which you have abused. Also, as I suspect, to his pity for Fiammetta di Foscone, which I have ill repaid. In fine, we owe the success of this trick to

the misuse of fine emotions. That was not the custom of Messer Giovanni Boccaccio." And to me, "Will you forgive us?"

All the others looked rather chopp-fallen. But Antonio soon recovered. He retorted:

"If you could have seen what an ass he made of me that time, you would not at this moment be holding his hand. Look here, old fellow, she has a sister who rather resembles her, and whose hand I have no objection to your holding as long as you wish. We will introduce you to-morrow. Ah yes, we will make you forgive us, you rascal, before we are done with you!"

OVERHEAD

BY SCUDDER MIDDLETON

WHEN you and I are laid away
In little boxes under grass,
What will the townsmen say of us
When overhead they smile and pass?

"She was a lovely, quiet thing
Who kept her house so neat and gay.
She was as much in love with life
As she is satisfied to-day."

"He was the brightest man we had;
He kept us laughing till he died.
It seemed he only had to speak,
And we would chuckle at his side."

Then you and I will rap the boards
And call in language of the dead—
But there'll be nothing we can do
To stop that chatter overhead.

THINGS I LIKE IN THE UNITED STATES

BY PHILIP GIBBS

SOME Englishmen, I am told, go to the United States with a spirit of criticism, and search 'round for things that seem to them objectionable, taking no pains to conceal their hostile point of view. They are so hopelessly insular that they resent any little differences in social custom between American and English life, and sum up their annoyance by saying, "We don't do that sort of thing in England"! Well, that seems to me a foolish way of approach to any country, and the reason why some types of Englishmen are so unpopular in France, Italy, and other countries where they go about regarding "the natives," as they call them, with arrogance in their eyes, and talk, as an English officer, not of that type, expressed it to me, "as though they had bad smells at the ends of their noses." I am bound to say that during my visit to the United States I found much more to admire than to criticize, and, perhaps because I was on the lookout for things to like rather than to dislike, I had one of the best times of my life—in some ways the very best—and came away with respect, admiration, and gratitude for the American people. There are so many things I like in their character and way of life that I should be guilty of gushing if I put them all down, but, although I have no doubt they have many faults, like most people in this world, I prefer to remember the pleasant, rather than the unpleasant, qualities they possess, especially as they left the most dominant impression on my mind.

I think every Englishman, however critical, would agree that he is struck at once, on his first visit to America, by the clean, bright, progressive spirit of life

in the smaller towns beyond the turmoil of New York. I have already described the sensational effect produced upon one's imagination by that great city, and have given some glimpses of various aspects of the social life which I had the good fortune to see with untiring interest; but I confess that the idea of living in New York would affright me because of its wear and tear upon the nerves, and I think that the "commuters" who dwell in the suburbs have good sense and better luck. The realities of America—the average idea, the middle-class home, the domestic qualities upon which a nation is built—are to be found more deeply rooted in the suburbs and smaller towns than in the whirligig of Manhattan Island to which a million and a half people, I am told, come every day, and from which, after business or pleasure, they go away. To me there was something very attractive in the construction of such places as Rye, Port Chester, Greenwich, and Stamford, an hour away from New York, and many other townships of similar size in other parts of the United States. I liked the style of their houses, those neat buildings of wood with overlapping shingles, and wide porches and verandas where people may sit out on summer days, with shelter from the sun; and I liked especially the old Colonial type of house, as I think it is called, with a tall white pillar on each side of its portico, and well-proportioned windows, so that the rooms have plenty of light, and as much air as the central-heating system permits—and that is not much.

To English eyes accustomed to dingy brick houses in the suburbs of big cities, to the dreary squalor of some new little town which straggles around a filthy

railway station, with refuse-heaps in undeveloped fields, and a half-finished "High Street," where a sweetstuff-shop, a stationer, and an estate agent establish themselves in the gloomy hope of business, these American villages look wonderfully clean, bright, and pleasant. I noticed that in each one of them there were five institutions in which the spirit of the community was revealed—the bank, the post-office, the school, the church, and the picture-palace. The bank is generally the handsomest building in the place, with a definite attempt to give it some dignity of architecture and richness of decoration. Inside, it has marble pillars and panels, brass railings at the receipt of custom, a brightly burnished mechanism for locking up the safe, a tiled floor of spotless cleanliness. The local tradesman feels secure in putting his money in such a place of dignity; the local lady likes to come here in the morning (unless she has overdrawn her account) for a chat with the bank manager or one of his gentlemanly assistants. It is a social rendezvous dedicated to the spirit of success, and the bank manager, who knows the private business and the social adventures of his clients, is in a position of confidence and esteem. He is pleased to shake the finger-tips of a lady through the brass railing, while she is pleased to ask him, "How do you like my new hat?" and laughs when, with grave eyes, he expresses sympathy with her husband. "Twenty years ago he was serving behind the counter in a dry-goods store. Now he has a million dollars to his credit." Everybody brightens at this story of success. The fact that a man starts as a butcher-boy or a bell-boy is all in his favor, in social prestige. There is no snobbishness, contemptuous of humble origin, and I found a spirit of good-natured democracy among the people I watched in the local bank.

Competing with the bank in architectural dignity is the village post-office, generally of white stone, or wood, with the local Roll of Honor on the green outside, and, inside, a number of picture-

posters calling to the patriotism of the American people to support the Liberty Loan—the fifth when I was there. Small boys at the counter are buying thrift stamps. Chauffeurs who have driven down from country houses are collecting the letters of the family from lockers, with private keys. College girls are exchanging confidences at the counters. I liked the social atmosphere of an American post-office. I seemed to see a visible friendliness here between the state and the people. Then there is the school, and I must say that I was overwhelmed with admiration for the American system of education and for the buildings in which it is given. England lags a long way behind here, with its old-fashioned hotchpotch of elementary schools, church schools, "academies for young gentlemen" — the breeding-ground of snobs—grammar-schools, and private, second-rate colleges, all of which complications are swept away by the clean simplicity of the American state school, to which boys of every class may go without being handicapped by the caste system which is the curse of England. If the school to which I went at Montclair, or another at Elizabeth, New Jersey, or another at Toledo, is at all typical of American schools generally (and I think that is so), I take my hat off to the educational authorities of America and to the spirit of the people which inspires them.

The school at Montclair was, I remember, a handsome building like one of the English colleges for women at Oxford or Cambridge, with admirably designed rooms, light, airy, and beautiful with their polished paneling. The lecture-hall was a spacious place holding, I suppose, nearly a thousand people, and I was astonished at its proportions when I had my first glimpse of it before lecturing, under the guidance of the head-mistress and some of the ladies on her committee. Those women impressed me as being wise and broad-minded souls, not shut up in narrow educational theories, but with a knowledge of life and human

nature, and a keen enthusiasm for their work. At Toledo I saw the best type of provincial school, and certainly as an architectural model it was beyond all words of praise, built in what we call the Tudor style, in red brick, ivy-covered, with long oriel windows, so that it lifts up the tone of the whole town because of its dignity and beauty. Here, too, was a fine lecture-hall, easily convertible into a theater, with suitable scenery for any school play. It was a committee of boys who organized the lectures, and one of them acted as my guide over the school-building and showed me, among other educational arrangements, a charming little flat, or apartment-house, completely furnished in every detail in bedroom, sitting-room, and kitchen, for the training of girls in domestic service, cookery, and the decoration of the home. Here, as in many other things, the American mind had reached out to an ideal and linked it up with practical method. Equally good were the workshops where the boys are trained in carpentry and mechanics. . . . Well, all that kind of thing makes for greatness in a nation. The American people are not, I think, better educated than English people in the actual storing-up of knowledge, but they are educated in better physical conditions, with a brighter atmosphere around them in their class-rooms and in their playgrounds, and with a keener appreciation, in the social influences surrounding the school-house, of the inherent right of every American boy and girl to have equal opportunities along the road to knowledge and success. It is this sense of opportunity, and the entire absence of snob privileges, which I liked best in these glimpses I gained of young America. . . .

I mentioned another institution which occupies a prominent place in every American township. That is the picture-palace. It is impossible to overrate the influence upon the minds and characters of the people which is exercised by that house of assembly. It has become part of the life of the American people more

essentially than we know it in England, though it has spread with a mushroom growth in English towns and villages. But in the United States the picture-palace and "the silent drama," as they call it, are more elaborately organized, and the motion pictures are produced with an amount of energy, imagination, and wealth which is far in excess of the similar efforts in England. A visit to the "movies" is the afternoon or evening recreation of every class and age of American citizenship. It is a democratic habit which few escape. Outside the picture-palace in a little town like Stamford one sees a number of expensive motor-cars drawn up, while the lady of leisure gets her daily dose of "romance" and while her chauffeur, in the gallery, watches scenes of high life with the cynical knowledge of a looker-on. Nursemaids alleviate the boredom of domestic service by taking their children to see the pictures for an hour or two, and small boys and girls, with candy or chewing-gum to keep them quiet, puzzle out the meaning of marvelous melodrama, wonder why lovers do such strange things in their adventures on the way to marriage; and they watch with curiosity and surprise the ghastly grimaces of "close-up" heroines in contortions of amorous despair, and the heaving breasts, the rolling eyes, and the sickly smiles of padded heroes, who are suffering, temporarily, from thwarted affection. The history of the world is ransacked for thrilling dramas, and an American audience watches all the riotous splendor and licentiousness of Babylon or ancient Rome, while Theda Bara, the movie queen, writhes in amorous ecstasy, or poisons innumerable lovers, or stings herself to death with serpents. Royalists and Roundheads, Pilgrim Fathers and New England witches, the French Revolution and the American Civil War, are phases of history which provide endless pictures of "soul-stirring interest"; but more popular are domestic dramas of modern life, in which the luxury of our present civilization, as it is imagined and

exaggerated by the movie managers, reveal to simple folk the wickedness of wealthy villains, the dangers of innocent girlhood, and the appalling adventures of psychology into which human nature is led when "love" takes possession of the heart.

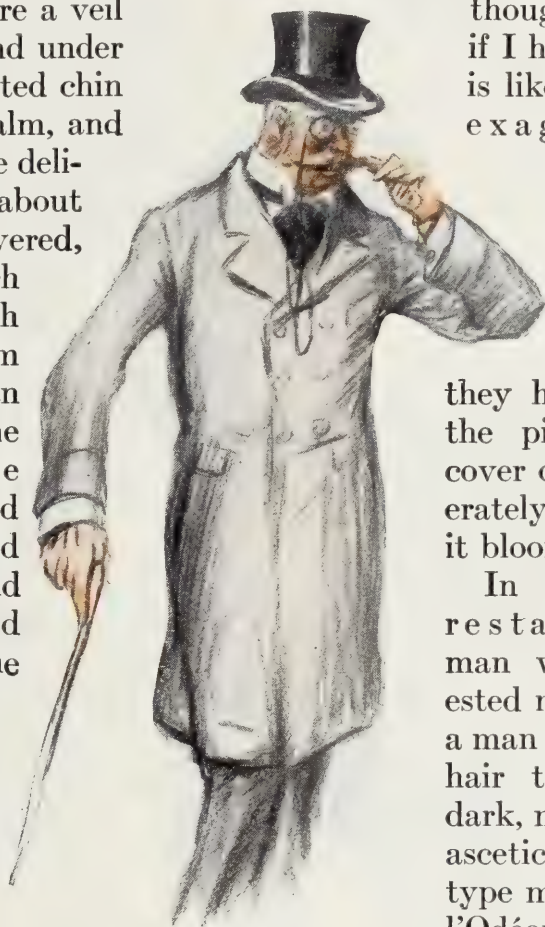
It is impossible to say what effect all that has upon the mentality of America. The utter falsity of it all, the treacherous sentiment of the "love" episodes, and the flaming vice of the vicious, would have a perverting influence on public imagination if it were taken seriously. But I suppose that the common sense of American people reacts against the absurdity of these melodramas after yielding to the sensation of them. Yet I met one lady who told me she goes every free afternoon to one of these entertainments, with a deliberate choice of film-plays depicting passion and caveman stuff, "in order to get a thrill before dinner to relieve the boredom of domesticity." That seems to me as bad as the drug-habit, and must in the long run sap the moral and spiritual foundations of a woman's soul. Fortunately, there is a tendency now among the "movie merchants" to employ good authors who will provide them with simple and natural plots, and in any case there is always Charlie Chaplin for laughter, and pictures of scenery and animal life, and the news of the week depicting scenes of current history in all parts of the world. It would be absurd as well as impossible to abolish the film-picture as an influence in American life, and I dare say that, balancing good with bad, the former tips the swing, because of an immense source of relaxation and entertainment provided by the picture-palace in small communities.

What appealed to me more in my brief study of American social life outside New York was another popular institution known as the roadside inn. In some way it is a conscious endeavor to get back to the simplicity and good cheer of old-fashioned times, when the grandfathers and grandmothers of the present

generation used to get down from their coaches when the horses were changed, or the snow-drifts were deep, and go gladly to the warmth of a log fire, in a wayside hostelry, while orders were given for a dinner of roast duck, and a bowl of punch was brewed by the ruddy-faced innkeeper. It is a tradition which is kept fresh in the imagination of modern Americans by the genius of Charles Dickens, Washington Irving, and a host of writers and painters who reproduce the atmosphere of English life in the days of coaching, highwaymen, romance, and roast beef. The spirit of Charles Dickens is carefully suggested to all wayfarers in one roadside inn I visited, about an hour away from New York and frequented by motor parties. It is built in the style of Tudor England, with wooden beams showing through its brick-work, and windows divided into little leaded panes, and paneled rooms furnished with wooden settles and gate-leg tables. Colored prints depicting scenes in the immortal history of Mr. Pickwick brighten the walls within. Outside there swings a sign-board such as one sees still outside country inns standing on the edge of village greens in England. I found it a pleasant place, where one could talk better with a friend than in a gilded restaurant of New York, with a jazz band smiting one's eardrums; and the company there was interesting. In spite of the departure of coaching days which gave life and bustle to the old inns of the past, the motor-car brings travelers and a touch of romance to these modern substitutes.

There were several cars standing outside the inn, and I guessed by the look of the party within that they had come from New York for a country outing, a simple meal, and private conversation. "Better a dinner of herbs where love is—" Under the portrait of Mr. Pickwick in a quiet corner of one of the old-fashioned rooms a young man and woman sat with their elbows on the table and their chins propped in the palms of their hands, and

their faces not so far away that they had any need to shout to each other the confidences which made both pairs of eyes remarkably bright. The young man was one of those square-shouldered, clean-shaven, gray-eyed fellows whom I came to know as a type on the roads to Amiens and Albert. The girl had put her dust-cloak over the back of her chair, but still wore a veil tied 'round her hat and under her chin—a little pointed chin dug firmly into her palm, and modeled with the same delicacy of line as the lips about which a little smile wavered, and as the nose which kept its distance; with perfect discretion, from that of the young man opposite, so that the waiter might have slipped a menu-card between them. She had a string of pearls 'round her neck which would certainly have been the first prize of any highwayman holding up her great-grandmamma's coach, and, judging from other little signs of luxury as it is revealed in Fifth Avenue, I felt certain that the young lady did not live far from the heart of New York and had command of its treasure-houses. . . . Two other groups in the room, sitting at separate tables, belonged obviously to one party. They were young people for the most part, with one elderly lady whose white hair and shrewd, smiling eyes made all things right with youthful adventure, and with one old foggy, bland of countenance and expansive in the waistcoat line, who seemed to regard it as a privilege to pay for the large appetites of the younger company. Anyhow he paid for at least eight portions of chicken okra, followed



SOME ENGLISHMEN GO TO THE UNITED STATES WITH A SPIRIT OF CRITICISM

by eight plates of roast turkey and baked potatoes, and, not counting sundries, nine serves of deep-dish pie. The ninth unequal share went, in spite of warnings, protests, and ridicule from free-spoken companions, to a plump girl with a pigtail, obviously home from college for a spell, who said: "I guess I sha'n't die from overeating, though it's the way I'd choose if I had to quit. An appetite is like love. Its dangers are exaggerated, and seldom fatal." This speech, delivered in all solemnity, aroused a tumult of mirth from several young women of grown-up appearance—at least they had advanced beyond the pigtail stage—and under cover of this one of them deliberately "made up" her face till it bloomed like a rose in June.

In another corner of the restaurant sat a lonely man whose appearance interested me a good deal. He was a man of middle age, with black hair turning white and very dark, melancholy eyes in a pale, ascetic face. I have seen his type many times in the Café de l'Odéon on the "Latin" side of Paris, and I was surprised to find it in a roadside inn of the United States. A friend of mine, watching the direction of my gaze, said, "Yes, that is a remarkable man—one of the best-known architects in America, and, among other things, the designer of the Victory decorations of New York." He came over to our table and I had a talk with him—a strange conversation, in which this man of art spoke mostly of war, from unusual angles of thought. His idea seemed to me that peace is only a preparation for war, and that war is not the abnormal thing which most people think, but the normal, because it is the necessary conflict by which human character and destiny are shaped.

He seemed to think that the psychology of the world had become twisted and weakened by too much peace, so that the sight of armless or legless men was horrifying, whereas people should be accustomed to such sights and take them for granted, because that, with all pain and suffering, is the price of life. I disagreed with him profoundly, believing that war, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, is unnecessary and due to the stupidities of people who are doped by spell-words put upon them by their leaders; but I was interested in getting this viewpoint from a man whose whole life has been devoted to beauty. It seemed to me the strangest paradox.

A roadside inn in the United States is a good place for the study of psychology and social habits in America. One custom which happens here during winter and summer evenings is a local dance given by some inhabitant of the neighborhood who finds more spaciousness here for a party of guests than in his own homestead. The rugs and chairs are put away, and the floor is polished for dancing. Outside, the inn is decorated with colored lamps and lanterns, and a bright light streams through the leaded window-panes across the road from New York. The metal of many machines sparkles in the shadow world beyond the lanterns. Through the open

windows, if the night is mild, comes the rag-time music of a string-band and the sound of women's laughter. Sometimes queer figures, like ghosts of history, pass through the swing-doors, for it is a fancy-dress dance in the inn, and there is a glimpse of Columbine in her fluffy white skirt, with long white stockings, and with her hand on the arm of a tall young Pierrot, while a lady of the court of Marie Antoinette trips beside the figure of a scarlet devil, and a little Puritan girl of New England (two hundred years ago) passes in with Monsieur Beaucaire in his white-satin coat and flowered waistcoat and silk stockings above buckled shoes. I like the idea and the customs of the roadside inn, for it helps to make human society sweet and friendly in villages beyond the glare of America's great cities.

To study a people, however, one must see them in their homes, and I was fortunate in having friends who took me into their home life. When I went there it was



I LIKED ESPECIALLY THE OLD COLONIAL TYPE OF HOUSE



THE SOCIAL ATMOSPHERE OF AN AMERICAN POST-OFFICE

at a time when American homes were excited and happy after the armistice, and when the soldiers who had been "over there" were coming back, with victory and honor. In many homes of the United States, scattered far and wide, there was not happiness, but sorrow, because in the victory march up Fifth Avenue there would be for some of the onlookers one figure missing—the figure of some college boy who had gone marching away with smiling eyes and a stiff upper lip, or the figure of some middle-aged fellow who waved his hand to a group of small children and one woman who turned to hide her tears. There were empty chairs in the home-

steads of the United States, and empty hearts on armistice day—and afterward. But I did not see them, and I thought of the many homes in England desolated by the appalling sacrifice of youth, so that in every town, and in every street, there are houses out of which all hope in life has gone, leaving behind a dreadful dreariness, an incurable loneliness, mocking at victory.

There was one home I went to where a mother of cheery babes waited for her man with an eager joy she did not try to hide. The smallest babe had been born while he was away, a boy baby with the gift of laughter from the fairy godmother, and there was great excitement at the



THE PICTURE-PALACE HAS BECOME PART OF THE LIFE OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

thought of the first interview between father and son. All the community in the neighborhood of this house in Westchester County took a personal interest in this meeting when "the Major" should see his last-born, and when the wife should meet her man again. They had kept his memory green and had cheered up the loneliness of his wife by making a rendezvous of his house. She had played up wonderfully, with a pluck that never failed, and a spirit of comradeship to all her husband's friends, especially if they wore khaki and were far from their own folk. One was always certain of meeting a merry crowd at cocktail-time. With some ceremony a party

of friends were conducted to the cellar to see how a careful housewife with a hospitable husband got ahead of prohibition. . . . Then the Major came back, a little overwhelmed by the warmth of his greeting from old friends, a little dazed by the sharp contrast between war and peace, moved to his depths by the first sight of Peter, his boy baby. One day at dinner he described how he had heard the news of Peter in the war-zone. He bought a bottle of champagne to celebrate the event—it was the only bottle to be had for love or money—and went 'round to the mess to call a toast. There were many officers, and the champagne did not give them full glasses,

but in a sparkling drop or two they drank to the son of this good officer and good comrade.

I was glad to get a glimpse of that American home and of the two small girls in it, who had the habit, which I find pleasant among the children of America, of dropping a bob-courtesy to any grown-up visitor. The children of America have the qualities of their nation, simplicity, common sense, and self-reliance. They are not so bashful as English boys and girls, and they are free from the little constraints of nursery etiquette which make so many English children afraid to open their mouths. They are also free entirely from that juvenile snobbishness which is still cultivated in English society, where boys and girls of well-to-do parents are taught to look down with contempt upon children of the poorer classes. I sat down at table many mornings with a small boy

and girl who were representative, I have no doubt, of Young America in the making. The boy, Dick, had an insatiable curiosity about the way things work in the world, and about the make-up of the world itself. To satisfy that curiosity he searched the *Children's Book of Knowledge*, the encyclopedias in the library, and the brain of any likely person, such as the Irish chauffeur and gardener, for scraps of useful information. In games of "twenty questions," played across the luncheon-table, he chose mountains in Asia, or rivers in Africa, or parts of complicated engines, putting the company to shame by their ignorance of geography and mechanics. For sheer personal pleasure he worked out sums in arithmetic when he wakened early in the morning. His ambition is to be an engineer, and he is already designing monster airplanes, and electrical machines of fantastic purpose—like, I suppose,



THEY HAD COME FROM NEW YORK FOR A COUNTRY OUTING AND A SIMPLE MEAL

millions of other small boys in America. The girl, aged eight, seemed to me the miniature representative of all American girlhood, and for that reason is a source of apprehension to her mother, who has to camouflage her amusement at this mite's audacity, and looks forward with a thrill of anxiety and delight to the time when Joan will put her hair up and play hell with boys' hearts. Joan has big, wondering eyes, which she already uses for cajolery and blandishment. Joan has a sense of humor which is alarming in an elf of her size. Joan can tell the most almighty "whoppers," with an air of innocence which would deceive an angel. Joan has a passionate temper when thwarted of her will, a haughty arrogance of demeanor before which grown men quail, and a warm-hearted affection for people who please her which exacts

forgiveness of all naughtiness. She dances for sheer joy of life, lives in imagination with fairies, screams with desire at the sight of glittering jewels and fine feathers, and weeps passionately at times because she is not old enough to go with her mother to dinner in New York. In another ten years, when she goes to college, there will be the deuce of a row in her rooms, and three years later New York will be invaded by a pair of hazel eyes which will complicate still further the adventure of life east and west of Fifth Avenue.

Those two young people go forth to school every morning, from a country house in Connecticut, in a "Flivver" driven by the Irish chauffeur, with whom they are the best of friends. Now and again they are allowed the use of the Cadillac car, and spread them-



(A FANCY-DRESS DANCE AT THE INN -



ONE WAS ALWAYS CERTAIN OF MEETING A MERRY CROWD

selves under the rugs with an air of luxury and arrogance, redeemed by a wink from Dick, as though to say, "What a game—this life!" and a sweep of Joan's eyelashes conveying the information that a princess of the United States is about to attend the educational establishment which she is pleased to honor with her presence, and where she hopes to be extremely naughty to-day, just to make things hum. This boy and girl are good and close comrades between the times they pull each other's hair, and have a profound respect for each other in spite of an intimate knowledge of their respective frailties and sinfulness. Joan knows that Dick invariably gets his sums right, whereas she invariably gets them wrong. She knows that his truthfulness is impregnable and painful in its deadly accuracy. She knows that his character is as solid as a rock and that he is patient up to the point when by exasperation she asks for a bang on the head, and gets it. Dick knows that Joan is more subtle in imagination than he can ever hope to be, and that she can twist him 'round her little finger when she sets out deliberately thereto, in order to get the first use of the new toy which came to him

on his birthday, the pencil which he has just sharpened for his own drawing, or the picture-book which he has just had as a school prize. "You know mother says you mustn't be so terribly selfish," says Joan, in answer to violent protests, and Dick knows that he must pay the price of peace. He also knows that Joan loves him devotedly, pines for him when he is away, even for a little while, and admires his knowledge and efficiency with undisguised hero-worship, except when she wants to queen it over him, for the sake of his soul. I think of them in a little white house perched on flower-covered rocks, within sight of the Sound through a screen of birch-trees. Inside the house there are some choice old bits of English and Italian furniture bought by a lady who knows the real from the false, and has a fine eye for the color of her hangings and her chintz-covered chairs. On cool nights a log fire burns in a wide hearth, and the electric lamps are turned out to show the soft light of tall, fat candles in wrought-iron torches each side of the hearthstone. Galli-Curci sings from a gramophone between Hawaiian airs or the latest rag-time; or the master of the house—a man of all the talents



WHIRLED OFF TO SCHOOL EVERY MORNING IN STATE

and the heart of youth—strikes out plaintive little melodies made up “out of his own head,” as children say, on a rose-wood piano, while the two children play “Pollyanna” on the carpet, and their mother watches through half-shut eyes the picture she has made of the room. It is a pretty picture of an American interior, as a painter might see it. . . .

In New York, as in London, it is the ambition of many people, I find, to seek out a country cottage and get back to the “simple life” for a spell. “A real old place” is the dream of the American business man who has learned to love ancient things after a visit to Europe, or by a sudden revolt against the modern side of civilization. The “real old place”

is not easy to find, but I met one couple who had found it, not more than thirty miles or so from Madison Square, yet in such a rural and unfrequented spot that it seemed a world away. They had discovered an old mill-house, built more than a hundred and fifty years ago, and unchanged all that time except by the weathering of its beams and panels, and the sinking of its brick floors, and the memories that are stored up in every crack and crevice of that homestead where simple folk wed and bred, worked and died, from one generation to another. The new owners are simple folk, too, though not of the peasant class, and with reverence and sound taste they decline to allow any architect to alter the

old structure of the house, but keep it just as it stands. In their courtyard, on a Sunday afternoon, were several motor-cars, and in their parlor a party of friends from New York who had come out to this little old mill-house in the country, and expressed their ecstasy at its quaint simplicity. Some of them invited themselves to supper, whereat the lady of the mill-house laughed at them and said, "I guess you'll have to be content with boiled beans and salad, because my man and I are tired of the fatted calf and all the gross things of city life." To her surprise there was a chorus of, "Fine!" and the daintiest girl from New York offered to do the washing-up. Through an open door in the parlor there was a pretty view of another room up a flight of wooden stairs. In such a room one might see the buxom ghost of some American Phœbe of the farm, with bare arms and a low-necked bodice, coiling her hair at an old mirror for the time when John should come acourting after he had brushed the straw from his hair.

I went into another country cottage,

as old as this one and as simple as this. It stands in a meadow somewhere in Sleepy Hollow, low-lying by a little stream that flows through its garden, but within quick reach, by a stiff climb, through silver beeches and bracken, and over gray rocks that crop through the soil, to hilltops from which one gazes over the Hudson River and the Sound, and a wide stretch of wooded country with little white towns in the valleys. Here in the cottage lives a New York doctor and his wife, leading the simple life, not as a pose, but in utter sincerity, because they have simplicity in their souls. Every morning the doctor walks away from his cottage to a railway which takes him off to the noisy city, and here until five of the evening he is busy in healing the sufferers of civilization and stupidity—the people who over-eat themselves, the children who are too richly fed by foolish mothers, business men whose nerves have broken down by worry and work for the sake of ambition, society women wrecked in the chase of pleasure, and little ones, rickety, blind,



I LIKED THE GREETING OF THE TRAIN CONDUCTOR

or diseased because of the sins of their parents. The little doctor does not deal in medicine and does not believe in it. He treats his patients according to his philosophy of natural science, by which he gives their human nature a chance of freeing itself from the poison that has tainted it and getting back to normal self-healing action. He has devised a machine for playing waves of electricity through his patients, by means of which he breaks up the clogging tissue of death in their cell life and regenerates the health of the cell system. He has made some startling cures, and I think the cheerful wisdom of the little man, his simple, childlike heart, and the clean faith that shines out of his eyes, are part of the secret of his power. He goes back to his country cottage to tend his flowers and to think deeper into the science of life up there on the hilltop which looks across the Sound among the silvery beeches, where in the spring there is a carpet of bluebells and in the autumn the fire of red bracken. In spring and summer and autumn he rises early and plunges into a pool behind the shelter of trees and bushes, and before dressing runs up and down a stone pathway bordered by the flowers he has grown, and after that dances a little to keep his spirit young. . . . I liked that glimpse I had of the American doctor in Sleepy Hollow.

And I liked all the glimpses I had of American home life in the suburbs of New York and in other townships of the United States. I liked the white wood-

work of the houses, and the bright sunlight that swept the sky above them, and the gardens that grow without hedges. I liked the good-nature of the people, the healthiness of their outlook on life, their hopefulness in the future, their self-reliance and their sincerity of speech. I liked the children of America, and the college girls who strolled in groups along the lanes, and the crowds who assembled in the morning at the local station to begin a new day's work or a new day's shopping in the big city at their journey's end. They had a keen and vital look, and nodded to one another in a neighborly way as they bought bulky papers from the bookstall and chewing-gum from the candy-stall and had their shoes shined with one eye on the ticket-office. I liked the greeting of the train conductor to all those people whose faces he knew as familiar friends, and to whom he passed the time o' day with a jesting word or two. I liked the social life of the American middle classes, because it is based, for the most part, on honesty, a kindly feeling toward mankind, and healthiness of mind and body. They are not out to make trouble in the world, and unless somebody asks for it very badly they are not inclined to interfere with other people's business. The thing I liked best in the United States is the belief of its citizens in the progress of mankind toward higher ideals of common sense; and after the madness of a world at war it is good to find such faith, however difficult to believe.

CAPTIVE

BY HAZEL HALL

MY spirit is a captive bird
That beats against its cage all day,
Until its winging strength is whirled
Vainly away.

My spirit learns its impotence
Only when Night has blurred its bars—
Wings seem a strange impertinence
Before the stars.

CLAY AND THE CLOVEN HOOF

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—I

SHE came into his life on an afternoon of golden sunlight. Afterward, looking back across the abyss, the peace of that day returned to the artist in Mr. Ives as a dramatic oversight of the elements, a thing incredible.

Mr. Ives was nothing if he was not an artist. He tried to hide it, for he felt that in Paragon Heights that sort of thing wouldn't do. For the man arrived and successful, yes; for the struggling neophyte, no. Perhaps he was oversensitive, but sometimes he thought he should die if any one were to find out about that secret room where he kept his clay and his stands, his modeling-tools and the half-finished portraits from memory of his friends. To see him on the street or at a party one would never have taken him for other than the young suburbanite, reading law on the moderate means bequeathed to him (along with the house) by his great-aunt Geraldine White. That was all sham. In the heart of him he was the artist, shrinking from the hard light of a suburban civilization.

And to the artist it seemed in retrospect that the hour of Victoria's coming should have borne some portent, a dead cloud or a black rain or else the weird, sulphurous light that heralds the hurricane.

But it bore no portent. The westering sun shone blandly on the rich and on the comfortably situated alike. Serenely it shone on the Picture Palace whose recent closing had laid the last straw on the back of the servant problem in Paragon Heights.

And so it shone, with a disarming tranquillity, on Victoria. So Mr. Ives

saw her for the first time, silhouetted in the open doorway.

"Yes," he breathed, his mind divided between relief at sight of domestic help after so many dreary weeks and the embarrassing consciousness that there was still clay on his hands and that the door to that vaguely illicit studio behind him had not properly closed. "Yes—yes—I am Mr. Ives. And you—that is, Mrs. Goldfeather at the agency she sent you out?"

"Right, sir," the black woman answered him. "Quite right, sir."

"Good. Come in, will you? Sit down."

"Hi thank you, sir."

The voice was rich, reserved, bearing in its shadows a far reed-note of the minor that troubles the African's song. It troubled Mr. Ives, too, although he didn't know it. He watched her moving on soundless feet to do his bidding and sinking into a chair with an ease of carriage unhurried and somehow leonine.

"May I ask your name?"

"Miss Victoria Thwaite, sir."

"Well, Victoria"—his lips fell into the old, worn, optimistic ritual—"well, I hope you'll like the place. The work isn't heavy. I'm alone, you know; live simply; washing done out. Mrs. Goldfeather saw to your recommendations, I presume?"

"Hi've not been in service before, sir."

"No? Not—well— Hmmm! A-a-all right!" If there were a little cloud on the horizon, this surely were not the day to look at it. "Hmmm! Well! All right. . . . I'm going out for a short walk. If you'll just make yourself comfortable, Victoria. Your room opens off

the kitchen. Pleasant room, I think. Not been in service before? Hmmm!"

He found his hat among the magazines on the center-table and was about to go out, when something which had been bothering him in the subconscious came of a sudden to the surface.

"Do you know what?" he mused. "This is the queerest darky I ever saw. She doesn't talk any more like a darky than a—a—" Than a *what* he couldn't precisely say.

"By the way, Victoria, you don't seem to talk like a—a—a colored—well, like a *Southern* person."

"Really, sir?"

"No."

"As you say, sir. Quite as you say, sir."

Mr. Ives had a sense that his voice was beginning to snap.

"Why do you say that?" he demanded.

"Hi beg pardon, sir. What, sir?"

"What you just— Well—why didn't you answer my question?"

"Question, sir?"

Sitting erect in Great-aunt Geraldine's knitting-chair, her ebony fingers touching lightly tip to tip in her lap, and the small, faintly lustrous orbs of her eyes transfixed in vacancy, she awaited what further he had to say with a detachment darksome and almost occult. It made him very small in the room; it made the memory of his own voice sound like the memory of a mosquito complaining in the night.

It was all too abysmally absurd. Of a sudden, Mr. Ives felt himself on the point of screaming. He even felt his lips opening. . . . To his relief, he found that he was telling her he wouldn't be in for dinner.

"This first evening," he heard himself stammering as he made what seemed an escape across the expanse of the floor, "—give you a chance to—and, anyway—nothing much in the house—"

He was out-of-doors at last; clean, healthy sunlight around him.

"Good Heavens!" he breathed. He

made off, mopping his brow, still with the sense of flight. "Good Heavens!" he continued to repeat.

He had come fairly within the boundaries of Paragon Heights' business district, when revulsion claimed him. The psychologist will say that his subconscious had been at grips with the problem for some minutes past, but superficially it was the green-and-silver sign over the Supreme Lunch Room that brought him up.

"Cheese!" he almost shouted to himself. "Of course!"

Cheese had always been bad for him, especially cooked cheese. The cheese he had had that noon at the Supreme Lunch on his "Italian-style macaroni" had been actually *melted*. He might have known. He had had nightmares following precisely the same indiscretion. If it had come now to the Horrors in broad daylight it was time he took himself in hand.

Nevertheless, it was a comfort to know from what innocent cause that moment of sinister hallucination had come. He began to be amused, at himself, at his absurd fright, at poor black Victoria, probably at this moment arranging her pathetic treasures on the bureau in the maid's room. As to the accent which had bothered him—well, every one knew that that kind was forever aping its betters, and she had probably served in some exiled English family; had perhaps been discharged for some small inadequacy, even perhaps (and that would explain her lack of credentials) for some minor peculation. Very, very few of them could be altogether trusted.

Mr. Ives sighed. But he would not see the molehill for the mountain. One thing was sure, he had at last a servant in the house. And, after a fashion as old as the race, he wanted to tell some one. He hadn't far to look. This was the hour of the Heights' daily resurrection, the hour of the "Five-fifty-eight" and the "Six-ten," and Dewey Street was full. Taking only a moment to buttonhole



HE SAW HER FOR THE FIRST TIME SILHOUETTED IN THE DOORWAY

John, the ice-boy, and ask as a special favor that he take a piece of ice to the house immediately (because there was a new cook come), he fell in step with the first acquaintance passing.

The banker, Mr. Ironwall, was something more, indeed, than an acquaintance. Mr. Ives hated him in one way more than he hated any one else in the world. And yet he had to call him "uncle," since he had known him from boyhood up.

"Well, Uncle George," he observed, "I don't mind telling you I feel pretty good. Something pretty fine has happened."

"Don't tell me"—the banker lifted his grizzled eyebrows in consternation—"don't tell me you've gone to work, Rob!"

That was the trouble in trying to talk with Mr. Ironwall.

"No," Mr. Ives murmured, biting a bitter lip. "I—I was just going to tell you—I've got a housekeeper."

"Again?"

There it was—that air of taking it for granted that nothing in Mr. Ives's life could possibly be settled, accomplished, permanent. He would say not another word. It was the banker who had to break the silence by and by, in a tone of genial asperity.

"See here, Rob. What are you staring at me for?"

"Staring? I— Why, I didn't know—I didn't mean—"

Mr. Ives's cheeks grew warm. He was perfectly well aware that he had been

staring at the other for minutes past, taking visual stock of the bone-structure of the banker's head, modeling with imaginary clay the eye-sockets and the fine, leonine slope of the brow.

"Well, you *were*, Rob! Like a cat with a mouse. And what's more, you're getting into a habit of that lately. I don't suppose you realize it, but others do. Just last night I heard Martin saying—"

Mr. Ives found himself at a loss for words. His color deepened. If they talked now, how would they talk if they only knew what the side room in his house contained, what a gallery of all their likenesses in clay and plaster it harbored, likenesses created in secret, through memory, by dint of this same studious staring, and by that alone.

"Even Doctor Failing has noticed it," the banker pursued.

Mr. Ives felt he must say something. This very day he had spent at work on a Failing, a small, half-length Failing in a toga.

"Fiddlesticks!" he muttered. "Perfect fiddlesticks!"

For a moment he was afraid he had hurt the other's feelings. They had come by now into the new Esplanade, done broadly in tar and gravel and set with the frail feathers of nursery poplars. It was rather bald as yet, but time would cure that; the best people were buying on the Esplanade; the Ironwalls were at the top of the hill. The sun had gone down, purpling the world with its own shadow and bathing the vacant slope of building-lots in a mystery not its own. When the banker spoke there was a new seriousness in his tone.

"Robert, I never had better friends than your father and mother were. I feel almost as responsible for you as I do for Eleanor."

Mr. Ives was embarrassed.

"Anyway, Robert, I've got to wondering lately—if you were *my* son, now, I'd think it was time you began to get down to it. You know you can't *read* law forever. One of these days you'll be growing up."

"Growing up!" That was too much. That was precisely what Mr. Ives had against Mr. Ironwall. "Uncle George, you never seem to realize that I'm a man of *thirty*! Going on *thirty-one*!"

"Thirty? Heavens! Why, you ought to have a family. . . . Rob, I can never thank God enough that you and Eleanor were not enough in the same generation at school to be—well—taken that way. You know I like you, Rob, and I see good things in you, but, on my word, if you and Eleanor had ever been hit by that confounded nuisance, love from childhood, and that sort of thing—I give you my word I'd— Oh! Great Heavens!"

It was at such times as these that Mr. Ives felt an almost irresistible desire to grasp Mr. Ironwall by the shoulders and cry in his face: "You fool! You poor, blind, infatuated fool! We *did*! We *have*! We *are*!" It seemed he could throw away all the immunity of secrecy and be glad, if only for a moment the banker could hear the things his daughter and he talked of in the solitude of the porch, or see the pretty, wistful air of furtive proprietorship she had when she came to a rare tea at Mr. Ives's house in Everglade Avenue, and that lovely pout at the "locked room," and all.

It seemed to him he must burst.

"No, no, thanks, not to-night," he muttered between locked teeth as, halting before the gates of Ironhurst, the banker spoke of his staying to dinner, now he was there. But almost immediately his determination weakened at sight of a dim white frock between the farther hedges, and against his will he hoped the banker might persist. "Well—" he shifted, "to tell the truth, Uncle George, there isn't much of anything in the house, after all, but ice. And perhaps it would be better to give the new girl a chance to—to—"

He found himself drifting inward on the banker's arm. After a moment, as they moved along the drive, he came to a halt.

"Who," he demanded, "is *that*?"

"Who? Talking with Eleanor, you mean?" The banker laughed indulgently and dragged him on. "That's nobody but young Kyle, from the bank. We've just given him a little boost, to assistant cashier, you know, and I asked him out in honor. . . . Good evening, Kyle. Come in the car? Shake hands with Rob Ives, Mr. Kyle."

From the first, Mr. Ives had a queer feeling against young Kyle. He was young, alert, purposeful; he was immaculate, well tailored, well set up. And yet about his whole visible presence there was something—something in his easy magnetism, in his poise, his unquestioned adequacy, that put Mr. Ives vaguely out of countenance.

He wondered if it weren't himself—if it weren't again cheese. Half lost, he was hardly aware of a beloved and bantering voice at his side:

"And this is Miss Eleanor Ironwall. Will Mr. Ives be pleased to shake hands with Miss Ironwall?"

He did so, gravely, still more than a little in the mist.

"Sakes!" she cried. "What *have* you been doing, Rob? Grubbing? Do please, like a good boy, run in and wash your hands for dinner!"

She laughed adorably. Young Kyle laughed with her. Mr. Ives winced. As he obeyed, holding his head high, he wished bitterly that something might happen to young Kyle.

Immured in the glittering company of the washbowl, however, another and more appalling thought was to drive young Kyle for the moment out of Mr.

Ives's mind. From the clay on his hands, memory carried him back to the afternoon, and he recollected the door. The same confusion which had led him to forget his hands had made him neglect to lock or even close the studio door.

He tried to look at it philosophically.



D.N.

"YOU OUGHT TO BE IN BED," MR. IVES ADVISED HIM STERNLY

If Victoria knew—she knew. The horse was stolen; the milk irrevocably spilled. At last, even against his will, some one *knew*. As he dried his hands, for one moment there ran over him a sense of somehow awful satisfaction. After all, man lives not by bread alone, but by some meed of admiration and of awe. . . . In the hall he met Doctor Failing. He had not known the doctor was to be there.

"What's up, Ives?" The doctor smoothed his small, well-kept mustache. "Bless my soul! you look like the blushing bridegroom."

"Oh," said Mr. Ives, "nothing. That is, I—I've got a cook."

Nothing was farther from his mind than young Kyle.

By the time dinner was over, however, young Kyle was in his mind again with a vengeance. Not even the glances of reassurance he had had from Eleanor or the covert gestures of boredom had succeeded in resigning him to her monopolization by young Kyle. That it was monopolization could not be blinked. That it had been in a sense allowed for, even facilitated, began to dawn on him. Nor was his depression lightened when, coming out, all of them, under the stars, young Kyle excused himself and drifted off to where his car stood gazing out, white-eyed, along the drive. And Eleanor? Eleanor had gone with him, with no more than a fugitive whisper left in Mr. Ives's ear: "Father wants me to. Just a spin—"

He watched her getting into the long, low, grass-green thing, and heard her flickering laughter drowned by the soft crescendo of the engine. . . . And then he became aware of his own voice.

"Yes, thanks; had a fine time, but really I've got to be running. Lots of work to do. Good night, Doctor."

When he had come as far as the road outside the gates he stopped. Standing there in the little glow from the gate-lamp, bitterness cleared his eyes, and he seemed to see for the first time all the petty shams of society, the stultifying compromises of the law, the modern ascendancy of acumen over thought, of the acquisitive over the esthetic, of finance over art. Paragon Heights! It came to him with a kind of shudder that it was time for him to break with Paragon Heights and go away and be himself. And Eleanor? Well, if he were not considered good enough for Eleanor—

He held out his heavy hands, palms upward to the sky. He turned red and took them down again at sound of a voice in the gateway inquiring if he were looking for rain. It was the doctor. If there was any one he didn't want to see

just now it was the doctor. He was tired to death of the doctor. Glaring at him so, a suspicion he had harbored for the last three months grew deeper. And that was that the doctor drank; drank, at times, if the truth were known, to excess. Even to-night, he told himself, the doctor wasn't all he should be. There was a light in his eyes . . .

After all, who knew anything about the doctor? If it weren't that he had married Daisy Grey (beloved of every one from grammar-school up), a newcomer of the doctor's caliber would never have "got in" as he had managed to do. . . .

The doctor spoke suddenly, and, yes—thickly:

"What you staring at me for?"

"Staring? Doctor? Why, I—nothing was farther—"

With protest still on his lips, Mr. Ives found himself drawing nearer.

"But, frankly, Doctor, isn't there something just a little—I've noticed it—I wonder if you have? It's about the nose, I think."

All day long he had been at that nose, shifting, amputating, rebuilding, till he thought he should go insane.

"Not, perhaps, so much the nose," he mused, "as the way it sets."

The doctor gave him a long look between the eyes. "Yes, old man, but now what do you say we go somewhere where they have it and get a drink. That 'll be nice, eh?"

"I thank you, *no!*"

Making no attempt to hide his disgust, Mr. Ives turned away, leaving the doctor to smooth his soft mustache with a hand that trembled a little in the light thrown from the gate-lamp.

"Poor Daisy!" he said to himself as he strode down through the spacious emptiness of the night. "And I'll have another try at that nose. It's more the way it sets than anything else."

In Dewey Street he paused to the hail of John, the ice-boy.

"Say, Mr. Ives, where 'd you get the tar?"

"Tar?" Mr. Ives's glance went down to his trouser bottoms. "Tar?"

"Up to the house, I mean. Say, I guess I didn't get her goat when I put the ice in. 'Stove-polish gone up any?' says I. Well, say! She never let out a sound. But that look! Say, boy!"

"You ought to be in bed," Mr. Ives advised him, sternly.

"Bed!" John laughed cheerily. "I'll put in a couple hours at the roller-rink yet." And after a moment, with less assurance: "Yeh; what is it? Something about my face you don't like?"

Removing his attention with an effort from the youth's esophagus, Mr. Ives bade him a subdued good-night and turned away.

"So that's how the Adam's apple goes! I must remember that." He found himself staring in a bitter way at the moon. "If I'm not considered good enough for Eleanor—well—"

The house, when he came to it, was dark—dark as the pit.

"Poor thing!" he mused as he let himself in with a considerate care. "She was probably worn out."

There was no need of a light, getting across the living-room. He knew every chair; his hand wanted no other guide than instinct to find the door to the studio. Touching it, he felt a sensation of relief. Had it been closed, had it been wide open, he would have known the die was cast. Finding it just the three inches ajar he remembered it, he felt all might be well. He began to be sure of it.

"After all," he breathed, "I'm glad." After all, for all his washbowl philoso-

phizing, it was a comfort to know his bridges had not been burned. After all, there was something fine about this peculiar isolation of his inner life. . . .

Sometimes he liked to stand so in the dark of his studio, surrounded by the shapes he could not see. Near, yet in-



HE FOUND HIMSELF DRIFTING INWARD ON THE BANKER'S ARM

visible, they seemed to renew in themselves the mystery which long working over them was apt to dissipate a little. Ghosts! The ghosts of his living friends, caught in the master's clay. Ghosts!

The house was still, abnormally still. Deciding he had had enough of this dark communing, he waved a hand overhead for the light. He withdrew it with a start. . . . The bulb in the dark was hot.

That light had been burning, then, within the space of two minutes, three at the most. And since no gleam had shown from the front, it was evident that the door must have been opened (and left a precise three inches ajar) *after* the light went out.

Well! This was another thing. He could have forgiven a frank and innocent intrusion. But *this* was quite another thing, *quite*.

He became aware of two very small streams of perspiration running down behind his ears. Why should he keep on standing there in the darkness, listening? Listening to what? For what? Never in his life had he been so conscious of the death of sound. Through the black chambers of the house his ears strained after the phantom quietude.

"Come, come!" Pawing overhead, he snapped on the light. He walked over and shut the door. Still more nervously he jerked it open again and called out in a high, strident voice: "Victoria! Victoria!"

"Coming, sir!"

The voice, rich-toned and admirable in its restraint, crept in from almost anywhere in the shadows beyond the sill.

"You've been in this room, Victoria," he charged, as he faced her in the doorway.

"Hi have, sir."

Her small, somehow introspective eyes continued to regard him with a self-possession on which he had not counted. It rather threw him off. He found his own eyes shifting.

"See here. What are you going about in your bare feet for?"

"Hi have been accustomed to it, sir."

The dignity of the creature was disconcerting.

"Well—I— You've been in this room. I don't suppose it could be avoided. You see, I presume, just what it is. And I must tell you that it suits my purposes to—well—to keep it dark."

"Hi can very well understand that, sir."

Mr. Ives shot a quick glance, his ever-sensitive spirit in arms.

"I shall have to ask you," he resumed, sharply—"I shall have to make it a point, in short, that you do not mention it to any one."

"Surely, sir." The eyes dwelt upon him with the strangest understanding.

"Hi have been in trouble with the police myself, sir."

He felt himself growing hot all over. He glared. The dark face in the doorway remained inscrutable. Under this insidious, unsmiling mockery he found himself helpless. Morally, he fled the field.

"These," he shifted, weakly, "are a few of the little things I've been doing. Purely from memory, you understand. People I know. That is a self-portrait, not very good. This is John, the ice-boy. That to the left is Mr. Harrison, the Congregational—"

"Hi beg pardon, sir!"

Mr. Ives started. The black woman had come soundlessly and he saw her staring with a curious fixity at something near.

"Did Hi take you, sir, that *this* was the lad who fetches the ice?"

"Why, y-e-s." His mouth remained slightly ajar. Then, recollecting the ice-boy's self-confessed incivility, he seemed to understand. "And this," he went on, removing a damp cloth from the stand—"this is a half-length of Doctor Failing, not yet finished."

Victoria came and, folding her arms over her bosom, gave to the piece the full power of her attention. Mr. Ives liked that.

"Tell me, sir, do *you* hate him, or is it for some one else, sir?"

This time he simply refused to credit the evidence of his ears. Had it been a smart high-school boy, yes; this strange, impenetrable negress, no. She had not said it. He turned his mind away.

"As I was remarking—not quite finished. The nose, now—" His restless fingers were in the clay. "Yes, the nose. I found out to-night." Catching up a tool, he raised a bolder outline in the clay. "There, that will come better." His voice grew lost, cloudy. He worked with a furious, divine precision. . . . "Yes, yes, better. That will do."

He withdrew a nervous stride. And as he viewed the thing complete something cold came down over his soul and

he could have wept. That nose, that impossible nose. Before, it had looked faintly like the doctor, *faintly*. Now it looked like no one on earth. It was more than he could bear.

"Well, you be *b-l-a-s-t-e-d!*" Reaching out, he wrenched off the nose of clay. And then, as if he had tasted blood, all the rancor of weeks, mingled with tonight's venom against the doctor himself, carried him beyond the bounds.

"You *will*, will you!" The voice rasped in his throat. He beat the crumbling ruin with both fists. "Confound you to eternal perdition! Blast you forever! Take *that!* And *that!* And *that!*"

He felt exhausted and strangely satisfied. Resting his weary hands in the cool, muddled clay of Doctor Failing, he began to smile, a broken and vapid smile. And it was this smile that froze on his lips.

"Good Lord in heaven!" he gasped. "What's that?"

From behind him there came a sound, a wail, a beat of rhythmic, incoherent syllables, a chant of barbaric anathema. And along the back of his neck he felt the short hair coming to attention.

Wheeling, he beheld the woman transfigured. He saw her face like the face of some goddess of pagan vengeance carved in basalt, the eyes red-filmed, the lips moving thickly to the measure of the chant.

"*Victoria!* VICTORIA!" He might have been screeching at a stone.

Seeing one black, knotted fist lifting on high, and moved by an impulse not his own, he lunged forward to catch the descending blow. Glancing on his wrist, it did indeed fail of its mark on the head of John, the ice-boy, but the lad's outstretched arm suffered the spent violence—the left arm, broken clean above the elbow.

For the moment Mr. Ives could not trust himself to speak aloud.

"Merciful Powers! The creature is mad! Maniac! Epileptic!"

With the tigrine noiselessness peculiar to her the woman had regained the door-

way. He cleared his throat roughly; he faced her.

"Victoria Thwaite! Now just *why* did you do *that?*"

"Hi beg pardon, sir. Jolly shabby of me, sir, since the lad was yours to do with." The black head bowed with an arrogant humility, which did not prevent, however, a sidelong gleam of malignance. "At all events, 'twill serve him a lesson. 'Twill teach him better than to play the bounder with the woman Thwaite, at all events."

Mr. Ives passed one hand slowly, wearily, over his brow. "You may go now," he sighed. "And breakfast—well—fairly early."

"Quite right, sir. Hi am afraid, sir, asking your pardon—what would you consider early? In my own island, now, we breakfast at half after eleven in the fore—"

"Island? Island? *What* island?"

"St. Stephens, sir."

"And where, for goodness' sake, is St. Stephens?"

"That Hi can't rightly say, sir, saving that it is not a great way from Granada, and from Granada one comes six days on the sea."

"St. Stephens," he mused, when the whisper of her footfalls had died in the kitchenway. The name, and especially the idea of vast, azure ocean distances, intrigued him. Passing into the living-room, he ran a finger over the glossy cliff of the new encyclopedia.

"St. Stephens, eh?" He found "St. Stephens," a number of them, in fact, but this one seemed to do:

A small island in the Caribbean Sea, situated . . . [and so on] . . . area, 71 sq. m., pop. . . . [and so on]. . . . British sovereignty since 1795. . . . Famous among the Lesser Antilles as the last stronghold of the Black Art (see Voodooism) brought from Africa by the slave forebears of the present inhabitants, and said to be practised even yet under cover of the almost impenetrable jungles which clothe the volcanic isle. Of late years a determined effort has been made by the British government to stamp out the

barbaric belief, church and school attendance have been made compulsory, a large garrison maintained, and the deportation of numerous so-called "witch doctors" and "voodoo women" is serving somewhat to relieve the situation.

Mr. Ives's eyes followed his mind back. "(See Voodooism.)" . . .

Voodooism: a term used broadly to define that portion of the religious beliefs of Central Africa which has to do with witchcraft and black magic; especially with the practice of evil transference. (See Fetishism.)

Mr. Ives saw "Fetishism."

The belief in, and practice of, the transference of an effect from a person to an image of said person. Common in some aspect to all religions from the earliest antiquity to modern times (see Salem Witchcraft). Especially in the river-basins of Central Africa, used to denote practice of inflicting bodily harm on an enemy through the infliction of a like harm on an effigy or image of said enemy, constructed of wood, stone, clay, or other workable material. Performed commonly by professional practitioners, "voodoo doc-

tors," or "voodoo women," who are said to gain in this manner a not inconceivable power over their fellows. (See Theocratic Government.)

Mr. Ives did not see "Theocratic Government." Replacing the scattered volumes, he put out the light and made his way to his bedroom. There, sinking into a chair, he began to laugh. After all the strain he had been through—well—the rich, deep, utter *funniness* of the thing was too much to be put in words. He could only lie there and laugh. . . . He went to sleep that night, as it were, laughing.

At breakfast he felt he could not look at her. Her momentous soundlessness, the consciousness of her eyes dwelling upon him with the darksome light of the secret-sharer—this was more than he could bear. His napkin was at his lips a good half of the time.

At luncheon a curiosity somehow unlooked for in this sphinxlike being found utterance. Her voice, pitched in a veiled



"YOU WILL, WILL YOU!" HE BEAT THE CRUMBLING RUIN WITH BOTH FISTS

key, came from behind him as she changed for the cheese and Bar-le-duc.

"You have had no word, sir?"

"No," he mumbled. "No, no, no. No word."

He couldn't trust himself to ask her what she was talking about.

"If it please you, sir," the rich, cathedral whisper went on, "at what hour is the ice in the habit of coming?"

"Ice? Ohhh!" He dived into his napkin. "Oh, about—f-f-five."

He tried to work that afternoon, but found it hard to concentrate in the presence of the mutilated remains of Doctor Failing. Or if he kept his eye away from Failing, it was bound to fall on John, the ice-boy, imprecating Heaven with the stump of a devastated left arm. It was in this mood that he heard the voice of Victoria at the door.

"Come!"

That was all she said. But about that single syllable there was something curiously, inexorably authoritative. He followed. Not till he had come, blankly, almost to the kitchen did a sound from beyond make him halt.

"Oh, the ice! I see!" He gave a small, difficult laugh. "Yes, but Victoria, you know, I don't *pay*. Not by the—the *day*."

The dark head turned, and for an instant the eyes rested upon him. He followed. He passed through the kitchen, rubbing his hands.

"Ah—well, John, my boy—" He paused and strove to collect himself. "Oh, I—I—I thought it was John. Where's John to-day?"

Ferdinand, John's elder brother, wiped a sleeve over his face. "John's to home," he said. "In bed."

"Home? In—in—bed?"

"Yeh. Darn fool's up to the roller-rink last night trying to pull some funny stuff, and it's a ride home on a shutter for John, and a month off work, I guess, with an arm broke."

Mr. Ives, finding his hands at large, stuffed them in his coat. "I—I see. It's too bad it should be his—his—*right* arm."

"Wrong again. Left. And the poor boob's left-handed."

"I—I—I see! I—I—thank you."

As he made his retreat through the kitchen he was conscious of the presence of the black woman, but he did not pause. Neither did he go to the studio. He went to his bedroom and, sinking down there in the same painted Windsor chair, he began once more to laugh. It was a queer laugh, a vaguely unwholesome laugh.

"Well, I'll be—be—" He laughed again. "Now that sort of a—a coincidence wouldn't happen once in a thousand years. But now that absurd ducky will be dead certain— Oh dear! Haha! That's too good to keep. I must tell some one. Now there's the doctor. Doctor Failing. . . . But no, no—"

He began to feel a pain in his side, it seemed. He couldn't keep his mind off from the doctor.

"Really, I ought to go and see about that pain." He went and stared out of a window.

"But would he be there? That is, are—are these his office hours?"

The thought of going out through the living-room was too appalling. Opening a window quietly, he got over the sill and dropped to the turf beneath. He went out of the yard hurriedly.

He was very much amused at himself, so amused that he grew weak. In the doctor's street, at the doctor's very doorstep, merriment so overcame him that it seemed he simply could not go on.

A maid opened the door to his somewhat staccato summons.

"Sorry, sir, but doctor is not in. Good day."

Mr. Ives thrust a desperate foot in the doorway. "Wait! I must see *some one*. *Some one!* Mrs. Failing, then!"

"Sorry, sir, but Mrs. Failing is—indisposed."

Mr. Ives felt that, on his free foot, he was beginning to dance. "I tell you once for all, indisposed or not—"

"I am very sorry indeed, sir—"

But at that moment, under a stronger

impulse than the maid's, the door swung wide, disclosing the drawn, white face of Doctor Failing's wife. There was something in her eyes that sent him back a step.

"Daisy!" he breathed.

Her answering voice was steady, colorless:

"I'm strong enough, Robert. For God's sake, Robert, if you have any message, any news, anything, don't beat about the bush. Tell me!"

Mr. Ives's mouth fell open slowly. "I?" He repeated it in a far, small voice. "I?"

"I ask you, Robert, for pity's sake, please. What's happened to Edward? Your face has told me that you know."

"My f-f-face?" Summoning all his will-power and fastening his eyes on a mosaic camel woven in the hall rug, he set out desperately to mend his fences.

"I don't know what you're talking about, Daisy. I came here about—a—pain. These are the doctor's office hours, aren't they? Well—"

He had to step quickly to catch the swaying figure.

"Oh!" she sobbed into his shoulder, "then it's—maybe it's all— It might be— Something may just be—"

He would have liked to run, but he felt that he mustn't run *now*.

"Daisy, if you would—well—tell me what's—what's wrong?"

"Wrong? Oh, Rob, no! I'm sure it's all right. He'll come presently, or he'll 'phone, and then it'll be all explained, and how we'll laugh! It's all just some awful mistake. He was at the Iron-walls' last night, and I'm sure it must have been like this: he must have been called from there—probably an out-of-town case—traveling—matter of life and death—hurry—no time to 'phone. Yes, he's somewhere, Rob; *somewhere*! And I know he'd be terribly put out if I got nervous now and went flying off to the police—"

Mr. Ives felt his face blanching another shade.

"P-police? Oh, I— No—out of the question. The doctor would—"

He thought in an awful way of the police, of detectives, of men in golf-caps with dark-lanterns, of courts and cells.

"No, no, Daisy; he *would* be angry at that. Men are so queer that way—sensitive, you know—the publicity and all. No, never the police, except as a last resort. And even *then*—"

His brain, becoming enormously active, canvassed the future.

"And even *then*, Daisy, even if after days—weeks—you've heard nothing—why— They're such a bungling lot. All they ever do is get everybody's picture in the papers—and generally there's a lot of discussion in the papers—"

She was staring at him now, wide-eyed. He steeled himself to go on.

"And—and folks are always writing in with the craziest theories about the victim's home life, and his past, and all that, and—and sometimes I think it would just be better when anything like this—that is, if anything *had* happened—sometimes I think the best thing to do for all concerned would be *not to do anything*."

"Why, Robert I-v-e-s!"

"Yes, but not the *police*, Daisy. As a friend, as an old friend, as a friend of your husband's, I'll do what *I* can, *myself*. But if the worst *should* come to the worst, as a friend, an old friend—"

Mrs. Failing studied him with dilated eyes. "How strangely you talk. Robert Ives! *What do you know?*"

Mopping his hot face, he backed out of the door and down the steps.

"Nothing!" he cried. "A-a-absolutely nothing!" And he fled.

Again it was sunset, again the hour of the "Five-fifty-eight" and the "Six-ten." As on the evening before, the twilight, blurring reality, bathed the waste of building-lots behind the Esplanade with a mystery not its own, brimming half-excavated cellars with pools of shadow, touching with the wand of dark allurements the open mouths of drains. . . .

It must have been down this slope,

across this still-born desert, that the doctor had started homeward on the night before. It was somewhere here that he had been making his way, surrounded by the ruin of things which had not been, his eyes perhaps on the sky, when—

When what? What had happened to the doctor? What monstrous, silent, occult catastrophe?

As he passed the open drains, Mr. Ives's gaze, without willing it, strove to probe their gloomy depths. His feet faltered at the brink of a cellar. His eyes, searching down, could make out nothing in the obscurity overlying the floor, unless, perhaps, there might be something in the farthest corner, something quite shapeless and still. . . . His mind, for all he could do, turned back to the memory of clay, lying shapeless and beaten and damp and gray in his studio at home. . . . He turned and walked away swiftly. He stumbled over loose bricks. Once an abandoned fence-post brought him up with a shudder. He saw a moon, a fat and pallid moon, rising behind the house where Eleanor lived.

Eleanor! He stood still and gazed at the silhouette of Ironhurst, black against the moonrise. Eleanor! A laugh rose to his lips, harsh, sardonic, the laugh of a man he had never known. Eleanor!

The stillness and the dark were broken; he jumped to avoid an onrush. He became aware that he had been standing in the middle of the Esplanade, and that it was a car that had passed, or, rather, had come to a halt to stare him down with one red eye. And then he heard his own name called, and the voice was Eleanor's.

An instinct, dormant in us all, told him to keep up appearances.

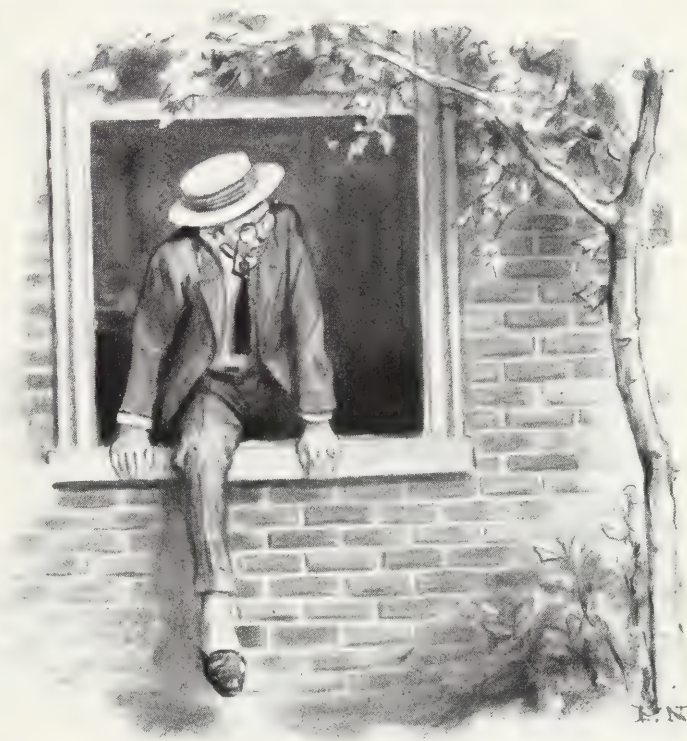
"Yes?" He moved forward, staring dubiously at the dim car.

Her tone was the one he so used to adore in the days that were gone.

"Robert Ives, what *are* you doing? Standing in the middle of the road—*dreaming*. Come here!"

He failed to obey. He had been right. It was *not* the banker's car.

"Rob, for Heaven's sake, if you haven't anything better to do than moon



OPENING A WINDOW QUIETLY HE DROPPED TO
THE TURF BENEATH

at the moon, jump in and we'll take you home! That is, if Mr. Kyle doesn't mind—"

"Sure thing!" It was the voice of young Kyle. "Get right in."

"We're just out for a spin, Rob, that's all."

"That's right, Ives. Here, I'll let down the spare seat."

Mr. Ives folded his arms over his breast.

"*Don't bother!*" he said. "*Don't trouble yourselves!*"

That was all. Wheeling, he strode away into the night of the desert. How long he roamed there he couldn't say. Now his moon-shadow ran before him, now behind. There was a curious pain in his palms.

"I'll kill him! I'll kill him, kill him, kill him!" Something he had never known before dried his tongue. "*I'll kill him!*"

Realizing for the first time what he had been saying, he recoiled. "Oh, but no! No, no, no, no! Not that!"

He found himself standing on the but-tress of the hill far in the rear of Iron-hurst. Before him, beneath him, rendered up as it were to some obscure omnipotence lodged in him, the plain of the world stretched away, gleaming in the mist-pale effulgence of the moon. He stood very straight; into the channels of his lungs poured the night air, cool and sweet, like a sweet poison.

"No, no, not kill him. All the same, I could—he ought to be—"

He was sensible of the terrible gift of decision. . . . His roving eye fell upon a spark creeping microscopic over the plain. That was the headlight of a tram-car on the Fenwich & Northern line, full of Bloomsbury bricklayers and their wives. An electric car!

From that unsettling symbol of modernity, his mind followed his eyes to the vast faint yellowness warming the blue of the moon on the farther plain. The city! Full of other electric cars—full of telephones, laboratories, dumb-waiters, peanut-machines, police stations, art lectures, Christian churches, moving-picture shows. . . .

He put a hand to his head, staggered by the twentieth century.

"Heavens! Where have I been? What insane idea have I been—"

Still keeping his hand pressed to his head, he turned away. He walked resolutely down the hill, keeping his eyes away from the pale solicitation of cellars and unfinished drains. A nervous smile played about his lips. He thought definitely of little things.

"To-morrow I shall wear the new shirt with the plaid bosom. The hot-water faucet in the bathroom wants a new washer. . . ."

Feeling already stronger, he put his rallying sanity to a test:

"I thought last night all these queer notions of mine might be cheese. But it can't be cheese. And that pain in my side. Really I must see about myself. I must see a—doctor. I shall go to-morrow and see Doctor Failing. *By to-morrow he will be home!*" He buttoned up his coat and walked more briskly. "And as for Victoria, much as I hate to think of it, Victoria must go. I can't have a crazy person about the house."

Returning home from the extreme west of the Esplanade region, he came naturally by the side way and through the alley. At the alley gate he paused to peer at a shape looming under the chestnut-tree his great-aunt Geraldine had planted in the back yard. Being somewhat at a loss, he coughed under shelter of his hand.

"Ah—yes?" he queried. "What is it?"

Receiving for answer only a slow, dark gesture, he became aware that it was Victoria. He had it in mind to take the woman sharply to task on general principles, but in her air he seemed to sense a warning. Opening the gate with an inner protest, he approached her.

"Well," he demanded in a low tone "what is it *now?*"

"Hi thought best, sir."

"Thought best, what?"

The glossy head bent slowly and the eyes went to the turf under the tree. In the cloistral gloom, which seemed deepened rather than relieved by the meager infiltration of the moon, he strained his eyes.

"Victoria, what on earth are you doing with the coal-shovel?"

He found his own answer. Upon his honor, it looked like a grave—a small, new-dug grave, with the sod piled neatly beside it.

"The other, sir, Hi have buried over there under the rose-bush."

"The—other?"

"The ice-lad's arm, sir."

Mr. Ives was staring at a round thing resting on the grass. That, he discovered, was the top of his modeling-stand.

Upon it, just as waning fury had left it, lay the mutilated clay of the doctor.

"Hi thought best, sir, for I am rather more than half certain the house is being watched, sir."

Mr. Ives straightened up. His voice rasped in his throat. "Tommyrot, Victoria! Perfect tommyrot!"

"Hi've no doubt you are right in thinking so, sir."

"Thinking what, may I ask?" He studied her with suspicion.

"Why, sir, that they cannot have found us out so soon. That *would* be jolly keen of them, sir. It was only that I saw a head peeping over the fence, and the chap had got a golfing-cap on, and he had a way—"

Mr. Ives ran a finger around the inside of his standing collar. "Tommyrot! Perfect and—and—*utter*—tommyrot!"

"Quite right, sir." Bending, Victoria lifted the table-top nearer the edge of the grave. "Shall Hi, or would you prefer, sir?"

"Fiddlesticks!" Lifting an impulsive foot, he kicked the bothersome stuff off into the hole. "Out of sight, out of mind. Give me the shovel," he said. He knew his face was red. "And now," he said, in a harsh, deliberate voice, when the dark business was done and they had come to the back steps—"and now you will do me the kindness, Victoria, not to be any longer *absolutely absurd*."

The strange creature turned to gaze back at the shadowy mound.

"Hit is simply, sir, that Hi have been in trouble before. But Hi can see now it would have been too sporting of them to run us to earth so quickly. Unless—unless you have been talking, sir."

"Talking? *I?*" With a kind of horror he called back to view that scene in the doctor's hall, on the doctor's steps.

"It was talking had me before, sir. It was a yellow woman by name of the Harris woman, sir. Hi had set boils on the cable agent's wife for this woman, and she talked, most indiscreetly, sir."

Anything Mr. Ives could think to say seemed inadequate.

In the gloom Victoria looked tall, immensely tall. Her gaze, abandoning the graves, seemed to search the profile of the fences.

"T-t-tommyrot, Victoria!"

Leaving her there, he went into the house. . . .

By the evening of the second day following Mr. Ives's friends were telling him that he should see a doctor. He did look ill, there was no mistaking the fact. In a sense, given his heredity and his bringing-up, he would have been ashamed had he *not* looked ill.

"There's no excuse," his neighbor, Mr. Hemenway, told him on the walk the third morning, "in your failing to see a doctor."

"*Failing?*" he echoed, sharply. "*Failing—to see a—doctor?* Now, precisely, Mr. Hemenway, what do you mean by *that?*"

"Why—why—just what I say!"

Mr. Hemenway eyed him with wonder and uneasiness. At lunch he told his wife that he would hardly know young Ives lately.

Eleanor Ironwall remarked the change in him more keenly perhaps than any one else. Relying on a woman's intuition, she was quite sure she knew what the matter was. It troubled her conscience, but she didn't see what she could do if young Kyle *would* keep coming.

As for young Kyle himself, he affected to be amused by Mr. Ives. He mentioned it that third evening as he and Eleanor sat on the steps.

"I suppose," he began, nodding toward a figure standing very erect in the middle distance, gazing down over the plain spread out beneath him like the kingdoms of the world—"I suppose you've known him a long time, Eleanor?"

"Yes," the girl answered, gravely, "a very long time."

"Well, he's probably all right when you get to know him, but a funny thing— You noticed he came in the car with me to-day. Well, I picked him up,

or, rather, he picked *me* up. Not here—oh no; 'way down the line. I was coming up through Bloomsbury at a good clip and I saw a fellow in the road ahead. I gave him the horn. Nothing stirring. I pecked at the speedometer and I said to myself, 'Good night!' thinking, of course, it was a constable out for game. Nothing of the sort. When I pulled up, here it was this fellow Ives.

"'Good Heaven!' said he. 'Upon my word, it's Mr. Kyle!'

"'The same,' said I, sitting tight and waiting to see.

"'What luck!' said he. 'Happen to be going my way?'

"It would have been all right if he hadn't got off that old one about the world's being a small place, after all, and how this wouldn't have happened once in a lifetime. That got my goat, because I could bet dollars to doughnuts he'd taken the 'Three-fifty' down just on the chance of holding me up for the ride. . . . But what *did* get my goat was the way he stared at me all the way up from Bloomsbury. I bet his eyes weren't off me three minutes altogether.

"'Think you'll know me when you see me again?' I asked him.

"He just hemmed and hawed. By and by I gave him another.

"'If you were an artist, Ives, why, I'd think you were going to paint a picture of me or something.'

"That got *his* goat. Honest, I thought he'd jump out of the seat.

"'No!' he yelled. 'No!' Actually yelled, right out—"

Breaking off at a warning "'Shhh!" from the girl, the narrator looked up to see Mr. Ives approaching. "All right," he muttered, "but all the same if he begins staring at me again—"

Mr. Ives did begin to stare at him again. In the gathering shades of night the steadfast regard took on a quality (it seemed to young Kyle) consuming and sinister. He shifted his weight angrily.

"Say! Look here, Ives—"

But Eleanor had come between.

"Rob! the chrysanthemums are going fast and you haven't seen them at all this year." She slipped an arm in his. "Come!" And in another tone, as they moved off: "Rob, you're not well. Won't you do one thing to please me? Won't you go and see a doctor?"

She was aware that he had halted and was staring at her fixedly. In the open, under the immensity of the evening sky, the event gave to itself a publicity which made it a dozen times more appalling.

"Rob!" she implored. "What is it? Why do you look at me so?"

He spoke in a low, tight-throated voice: "Eleanor, do you or do you not, intend to marry me? I must know."

"But, Robert—"

He advanced the pace she had fallen back. "I must know *now*, Eleanor. There are reasons."

"But, Rob—I—we've talked it all over, you know—and there's father—"

This strange, transfigured Mr. Ives took hold of her wrist.

"Father? *Father?* For the little comfort of your father, then, would you send another man's soul—my soul—my immortal soul—"

She dragged at his hand. She stared at him.

"You don't understand," he breathed. "But horrible things! Horrible and awful and unspeakable things!"

"Robert, you're not yourself."

His grip slackened; a shudder of despair seemed to pass over him.

"No, God knows I'm not myself. You're right, Eleanor, in not wanting to have anything more to do with me."

"But, Rob! Dear Rob!"

His voice, rising harsh and embittered, drowned her out:

"No, no; take him! Take your Kyle and put an end to all this wretched comedy. Don't you think I've seen from the first—"

Frantically, with an eye on the figure approaching across the grass, she tried to stay his words. But they would not be stayed.

"No, take him, I say. You're free, quite free—*quite free*—"

The voice of young Kyle was heard. One would know him for the kind that would tolerate no annoyance to ladies.

"Say, what's up? Say, look here now, Ives!"

"Eleanor," said Mr. Ives, in a level voice, "good-by!" Turning slowly, he allowed his eyes to rest on young Kyle. "May you be *very* happy," he said, and bowed. Into his voice had come a something indefinable and new, a ghost of diabolic irony.

He began a deliberate withdrawal. In the gloaming his figure grew moment by moment more remote, chimerical. His gaze to the last remained on young Kyle, and through his musing wound a thread of sardonic reverie:

"The left eye is a shade higher than the right. I must remember."

He turned and walked swiftly. Not even at the gateway, where last his eyes had fallen on the mortal frame of Doctor Failing, did he falter. He refused to think of that, of anything. In the dark-room of his brain he bore the head and shoulders of young Kyle, flawless, photographic. Nothing from without must touch it. Nothing should touch it. The certainty of his power to hold it took on a quality almost of the prophetic. . . .

Passing through the doctor's old street, he brushed off with an impatient hand the housemaid who would have stopped him.

"I can see no one now! No one! I'm not to be bothered!"

"But Mrs. Failing, sir, she says—"

He increased his pace, clinging to the inner vision.

"Please, I beg of you, not now! Later!"

"But, sir, Mr. Ives, just a moment—"

It was abominable of the creature. He heard her voice fainter, farther away: "Mr. Ives, it's something about the—p-o-l-i-c-e—"

It was now, he felt, or never. If he turned, if for one moment he allowed himself to hesitate, he was lost. By a last effort of the will he carried through, bringing the precious head and shoulders of young Kyle safely into the haven of Everglade Avenue.

Letting himself into the house and into the studio, he turned on the light.

"Clay!" he murmured. "Clay!"

He had a cracker-box full of it, kept moist by swathing cloths.

"Clay!" His hands tore at the cloths. "Clay!" His fingers, sinking in, clove to the cool stuff, like a man's throat to water after the long desert.

"So!" he breathed, lifting it out in huge, sweet, moist lumps and shaping it roughly on the table-top where he would work. "Yes, so!"

He had no time to-night to put on his working-smock of blue; no time even to remove his coat. As he wrought, surely, swiftly, the flare of the light overhead showed the gray mud creeping higher and higher up the sleeves of his best serge. He neither knew nor cared.

"There! Yes! Ah! Ah, but that's it!"

Perspiration bathed his face and ran down his neck.

"And the right eye is a shade lower than the left. Quite so."

His collar began to wilt.

"Capital!" he muttered. "Capital!"

(To be concluded.)

SCHOOLING WITHOUT THE SCHOOL

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WHAT follows is the account of a rather notable success, granted only the point of view which happens to be held by ourselves, Barbara's parents. Of course, we can speak only from this point of view, and commensurately with our own understandings. By saying that we have achieved a success with the first steps in Barbara's education, I mean that the results so far produced, unlike those often produced by the public schools, are of the general sort we should have chosen in advance, if one could only choose results. Unfortunately, one can choose only means, which may or may not yield the results expected, according to one's skill in choosing and the material one has to work with—also one's luck. We *may* be entirely unwise and wrong in our fundamental conception of what a normal five-year-old daughter should be; as to that, we can only be ourselves, subject to correction by experience. But, granted our conception, we have found the way to realize it thus far as nearly as any human aspiration is ever realized. Our few simple but novel contrivances have proved themselves to be a successful way of getting from nowhere to a certain specified goal, supposing that one wishes to get there. That is their claim to attention.

For the sake of open-mindedness, I am going to admit that we often have doubts about the basic wisdom of what we are doing for and to Barbara. It may be best in the long run to pour yourself into your child, as we are trying to do; on the other hand, it may be best to let your son or daughter run wild, form associations by accident, and be taught mainly by experience and neces-

sity. Fostering a child's natural sense of order and beauty may be, for all we can say, a sorry preparation for life in a world of prevalent dullness and ugliness; giving such guidance as we have given may lead only to a more painful disillusionment in a scheme of things in which every one is ultimately left to flounder undirected. Samuel Butler, a humane soul and a man more interested in the well-being of the young than in any other one social problem, frankly lamented that parents could not go off into the woods, lay eggs to be hatched posthumously, and forthwith die. He may have been right. No one can ever really know, for the reason that it will never be possible to put identically the same grist through two different mills and compare the results.

One can do only what one is. One is denied the fine sanction of knowing that what one is is the best thing to be. Civilization, too, can do only what it is. For better or worse, it has committed itself to education, guidance—the idea that life can be made more orderly by inculcating a sense of order, and more interesting by developing resources within the individual's own mind. It is “an organized conspiracy against nature”; it means deliberately to prepare the individual for a better world than he is presently going to find himself living in, on the assumption that it is more profitable for him to ask a great deal of it and be disappointed than to ask nothing in particular and get it. Accepting this paradox of education—as for our part we can no more help doing than we can help the color of our eyes—we face the problem of how to pack into the being of our child the fullest possible store to fall

back on when the emptiness of other things becomes oppressively manifest. This, I repeat, may not be the real problem. But perhaps we shall never know about that. Anyhow, we like our way of solving it better than any way we have seen. And we are disinterestedly glad to set the facts down here for the sake of any value they may have to those who, content to begin with our assumptions, are anxiously weighing the agencies for turning those assumptions into practical and palpable results.

We were made, parentally speaking, on the day when Barbara discovered the typewriter. Discovered it, I mean, as an object worthy of sustained curiosity; its existence she already knew well enough. She was just under three years old. Her erudition at that time consisted of the alphabet (learned earlier through a curious habit of not allowing her go-cart to proceed by a street-corner until the street-sign had been expounded to her), plus a few words and numbers, acquired through the same process and from head-lines. Perhaps I should also add some fifty tunes, which she had learned to recognize, when they were played, whistled, or hummed, through simple repetition. She also knew from across the room every page and bar of the Just-So Songs (Edward German's music to Mr. Kipling's words), and every syllable on each, because she had unconsciously associated the words with the figuration of the notes and staves on each page. And she was always seeing A's in the gables of houses and H's in football goal-posts. This is only to say that she had the normal child's curiosity and acquisitiveness. But the real, the memorable beginning was the day when she walked into my study and stood at my elbow for twenty minutes while I finished copying a manuscript on the typewriter.

"Tell me a story about it," said she. It was a period when all conversation was by hypothesis a story. I set it down here, as to my own eternal credit if I

never do another so creditable thing, that I forgot how busy I was supposed to be. I took her up and turned the contraption 'round and showed her exactly what made the bell ring. "Tell me about it again," said she—another inveterate formula of this period. In half an hour she knew how to put a paper in, straighten it, slide the carriage, strike letters, use the space-bar and the back-space, turn the platen up, and take the paper out. The next day she knew the names of all the characters on the keyboard, even to the absurd supernumerary §'s and ¶'s and *'s, and how to produce each, including those which required the shift-key. The third day she wrote a note acknowledging a gift, she sitting at the typewriter, her mother sitting across the room and dictating thus: "Capital D-e-a-r-space-capital C-o-u-s-i-n-space-capital H," and so on. It was three lines of typescript long, and it took an eternity of concentration—probably a half-hour—but she did it in one burst, refusing to be stopped. Three months later she was taking many simple words of her dictation as words and not as letters; she had learned how to spell them by doing it repeatedly. Thus, at three years and three months she had learned a perceptible amount of reading—by the strange process of reading her own typescript! Literally, she had learned a form of writing before she knew anything whatever about reading.

That was in June, 1917. In October, 1918, at four years and seven months, she wrote her notes of acknowledgment behind the mysteriously closed doors of the study, emerging quaintly to ask one of us how to spell "interesting" or "particularly," showing us only the finished result, and treating herself to an independence unhappily beyond the scope of mere professional authorship by refusing to allow her precious documents to be "edited." Her note-books of April, 1919, show that she understood plurals and how they are formed from singulars; also that the plural of "baby" is "babies," whereas that of "monkey" is

"monkeys"—to accomplish which, you will observe, it is necessary to know a vowel from a consonant. Learning to tell them apart, let me add, is an attainment which would not be speeded by calling them something else—*e. g.*, "fat letters" and "lean letters"—in the fashion of the "baby-room"; for a child adores technicalities of diction, and is most interested when learning things that adults know, and calling those things by their adult names. It would be easier, grotesquely supposing that one wanted to, to teach some five-year-old children "oxymoron"—both the word and the thing—than to do the same for many high-school students. Barbara and I had a most absorbing session one morning, at her prompting, over words in -ometer—thermometer, anemometer, dynamometer, speedometer, barometer—she spelling them by the sound, learning the meanings by cross-examination of me, and afterward typing the words. This when she was four years and nine months old. Now, at five years and three months, she easily distinguishes nouns, adjectives, and verbs; also the difference between a phrase and a sentence. The reason why we have not as yet handed her a copy of the *Concise Oxford Dictionary* is that we are weakly fond of seeing her run to us with her questions about spellings.

A great deal of the net accomplishment thus far is ascribable, certainly, to the typewriter. In a multitude of ways we become more and more convinced of the expediency of letting the typewriter be, so far as a machine can, the center and genesis of the first processes. It seems topsy-turvy, to be sure, to let a form of writing precede every form of reading; yet the paradox has involved many advantages and, so far as we have yet discovered, no disadvantage that is not readily superable. Learning to read is speeded enormously when it takes the form of understanding what one's own fingers have just produced; the rate of production is so slow at first that every word is learned thoroughly, letter by

letter; spelling, therefore, is acquired almost without teaching it; and the elementary phonetic laws of the language follow likewise. There is a great deal of incidental training for every finger of both hands; for it proves to be easier to teach the correct fingering than to allow the keys to be struck, as Stevenson played the piano, "with two melodious forefingers." Barbara has now fingered with automatic correctness for so long that she would be temporarily helpless if, for instance, her left little finger were hurt. This muscular training is distinctly profitable in connection with the piano.

There is also a far greater advantage—namely, that typewriting is physically so easy, and the result so legible, that all the child's powers are almost immediately released for expression; whereas writing script is for several years so laborious that the mere physical act of forming the letters is all-absorbing. Let the typewriter be made the center of one's scheme of early training and the passion for getting original stories down in visible and permanent form can have begun at four and, by five, advanced to a point inaccessible to many children of ten not so trained. Of this advantage, as it worked out in our experiment, I must say a word later. Suffice it here to suggest that this early release of powers is one way to avoid the dissatisfaction and consequent nervous drain of being thwarted or inhibited. When my daughter has finished reading "Cinderella," and followed it by inventing her own little fantasy of a rabbit who offered his paw and his heart to any little girl who could wear his ears for slippers, the ability to set it down exactly in typescript means more to her—more, I mean, of vivacity and glow and recreation—than could be got out of the check for this article spent on mechanical toys.

The only serious disadvantage is the obvious one of postponing script for a little. This, so far as it concerned the reading of script, we overcame by a very simple device. We allowed Barbara to

mark every new word she came to in her day's reading, and every word of which she was particularly fond. Her mother then wrote the marked words in a column on the left-hand side of one page of a note-book, after which Barbara copied them in type on a loose sheet ruled by hand to match the spacing of lines in the note-book. The finished list was cut out and pasted on the right-hand side of the page. Barbara soon read script easily and without reluctance, to say no more of the training got by ruling her own lines, doing her own cutting and pasting, and typing the words exactly on the ruled lines, which happened to be spaced differently from the automatic spacing of the platen on the machine. We kept up this training almost daily for several months—until, in fact, Barbara could write her own list as well as typewrite it. Here is one typical list, from "Letting in the Jungle" in the second *Jungle Book*: disorderly, brethren, average, ancestor, enviously, sensitiveness, heliograph, triumphantly, porpoises, unconcernedly, translated, torture, accompany, haft, tethered, penitently, insolently, sacrifices, commerce, conscience, vermin—some of the words new to her, some of them old favorites.

I cite this list in full in order to emphasize one of the points of which we have made ourselves surest—that it is fallacious and inept to distinguish between "hard" and "easy" words. Any word is only a word, in point of difficulty: "grandfather" is not a whit harder than "grand" or "father"; "commendable" is only "mend" preceded by "com" and followed by "able," all of which are inevitably familiar separately. A child can soon be brought to the point of studying out the pronunciation of every word encountered, with accuracy nine times in ten, by being taught to see in each long word a combination of familiar short words, prefixes, and suffixes. It was not only Barbara's boredom with primers and second and fourth readers, but also the utility of the normal vocabulary and normally con-

structed sentences, that drove us to the *Just-So Stories*, the *Jungle Books*, *Puck of Pook's Hill*, the *Golden Treasury*, *Longfellow's Poems*, *Alice in Wonderland*, and the other present favorites of Barbara. No wonder many young children find reading dull when they are constantly taught by implication that they must wait years before they can go beyond the nauseous monosyllabic vocabulary of the orthodox first reader! No wonder they read metallically and without inflection when they are condemned for years to the style of "I see a cat. The cat is black"! This sort of simplification is not natural, but artificial; and it is abnormally and perversely artificial, for it piles up gratuitous difficulties for the teacher by wantonly sacrificing the interest of the learner.

Another point of which we are pretty sure is that the staring and gigantic type used in elementary readers has something to do with the strained and painfully uplifted voices in which schoolchildren read aloud. This exaggerated print is one more product of a false assumption about what a child's intelligence really is. Into the discard must go the whole notion that children love to be appealed to through coarse, gross, sprawling dimensions, broad belts and blocks of primary colors, vapid impressionistic simplifications of reality. They don't. They love the fine, the microscopic, the hair-drawn, and they love verisimilitude. Impressionism is an adult and sophisticated growth. Barbara, for instance, goes instinctively to her Arthur Rackham, her M. B. de Monvel; and in them she picks out by preference the most vanishingly fine details. She knew what a comma and a question-mark and a hyphen were before she could pronounce their names; something about them made her chuckle, as new words often do before she knows what they mean—*e. g.*, "jabber." Such symbols as these she would track with a ruthless forefinger through a whole volume of print before she could read a single word.

One result of our encouraging, not stultifying, this normal childish attention to small details is that she has always read things as they are punctuated, with variety and an instinct for the proper accent. It was astonishing to hear her reproduce at first sight, say, the mocking irony of Mowgli's glorious chant on the death of Shere Khan the tiger, or the dainty humor of Suleiman-bin-Daoud's conversation with Balkis in *The Butterfly That Stamped*. Her own compositional style, too, thanks to this same childish capacity for detail, has sentence-structure and the visible symbols thereof—unlike the original efforts of sundry university freshmen with whom her father has now and then had dealings. And when, at four and a half, she undertook to write script herself, there was found to be no need for letters a foot high or great, sweeping arm movements; she wrote a hand of civilized proportions as soon as she saw how to form the letters at all, and her fine script is fully as legible as the staring round-hand of the schools, besides being much more mature.

It is in connection with writing that I can best illustrate the general constructive doctrine of this article—that the way for elementary teaching to succeed better is to offer more, not less; to make work interesting by making it a challenge to abilities in the child, not by disguising it as play. *Whenever we have failed temporarily with Barbara we have always discovered in the end that it was because we had asked too little to interest her, not too much for her to accomplish.*

When, for instance, we began to be annoyed by her indifference to writing—it was when she was four and a half, and it seemed absurd for a child who could read and compose as she could to be still unable to write with a pencil—we tried to teach her to form the individual letters, beginning with the simplest. The undertaking dragged, and cost more in effort than the results were worth. After a month of spasmodic attempts it was suggested to Barbara that perhaps she

might like to write "clock." Clocks were, at this period, the consuming passion of her existence. Mrs. Clock upstairs in her room and Mr. Clock downstairs were treated exactly as the graven images of heathendom are by their devotees. Bowls of food and flowers were set before them daily; dances and songs were demonstrated solemnly in their presence; books were stood open facing them, that they might read the word "clock" and know that they were worshiped; and they had to be kept one minute apart so that the striking of each could be ceremonially attended by Barbara, if possible with a parent in each hand. At the notion of writing "clock," the child gleamed. The first day she covered a note-book page with "clock," in a gawky but legible hand; the second day it was "pendulum"; the third, "tick-tock." Beginning on her fifth birthday, she wrote a few dated sentences each morning, usually to record what she had done the day before. It was the same with Arabic figures; she showed no interest in making them with a pencil until she had in her head all the arithmetic of the numbers up to twenty—extracted, of course, from a clock-face, along with odds and ends of geometry and mechanical drawing. Her writing of numbers practically began with whole arithmetic lessons.

But for our lucky faith that she could somehow copy whole words before she had formed a single letter reasonably well she might still be signing her name in type. Our principal indictment of elementary education is that it is administered by those of little faith—in the child. I fear it has too much faith in itself and in methods to have much left over for anything else.

These, then, are some of the results. It seems to me that they make out a case for the regular daily lesson. I do not say that the subject of this treatment, if she were a prodigy or a genius, might not be where she is as a consequence of intermitted and capricious lessons, given as it

were in parenthesis, and disguised as something else. But I am very sure that Barbara—an example, as it seems to us and to others who know her, of absolute and beautiful normality in mind, disposition, and body—owes a good half of her attainment to the fact that she has been trained into accepting, expecting, and wanting her daily school tasks at a regular and recognized hour when she is fresh for them.

As for the correlation of work with play, the child's ingenuity manages that better than we could. Precisely because work is work and play is play there is a special additional triumph for her in floating a bridge between them. She takes pride in her work as such; and—a sufficient justification even if there were no other—she plays better all the time because of the perceived difference between play and work. Before she could read at all she would walk through the fields and woods saying aloud all the rhymes she could think of to the objects which she saw, and making us supply still more rhymes. At a later period she invented for bedtime an odd language game which began with commanding me to "say something incorrect." I quoted all the solecisms I could remember off-hand from some years of reading undergraduate themes, and she corrected them with chuckles of glee. This was very bad pedagogy, but a very good game; and I see no possible objection to it so long as it is not allowed to make the child priggish about correctness in the presence of those who really do not know how to speak correctly. Whenever Barbara finds in play anything of especial interest, such as learning by demonstration how a willow whistle or a box-kite is made, she is sure to say, "Oh, mother, may we have this for a writing lesson to-morrow?" Of course she always may; wherefore her diversions acquire an added zest, and her lessons proceed in a constant atmosphere of special privilege.

She will sit for a whole afternoon, if the day be warm, on the thick velvet

turf of the drying lawn, her crowd of toy animals surrounding her; and when she comes in she will go in sober silence to the typewriter and set down the home-made lyric which has been evolving itself in her head all that time:

The animals walk in the animal-patch,
Sometimes the whole day through.
And whenever any strange thing comes along
They frighten it away.

The rabbits are the best of all.
They néver bite anybody at áll.

And then she will come to me with music-paper and insist that I write down the home-made tune as she hums it; after which she will copy in the words under the proper notes and pick out the melody on the piano from the notes. Who will say that the "animal-patch" does not mean more to her that day because she knows she is going to signalize it, to her own liking, in song, and more the next day because she has so signalized it the day before?

Any one who doubts that work and play can be made contributory to each other should be present at our house between eight and nine of a pleasant summer morning. Breakfast is over at twenty minutes past eight. Barbara wants to go out into a neighboring field to see how many new clumps of violets have blossomed since the morning before, or whether the first buttercup is out yet. Yes, she may go—if she will be sure to come back at nine. Before the last stroke of nine has sounded from our slow-striking village clock you hear her feet come pounding down the hard pathway. She arrives breathless, partly with running, but more with laughter at the sheer deliciousness of this transition between the two things she chiefly loves; and on her way up the stairs you hear her shrieking that it is nine o'clock and "Time for school, mother!" And then the house settles instantly into an absorbed and business-like quiet.

They take, after all, so little time, these daily lessons, and cause so slight a variation from the make-up of a child's

ordinary schedule, that it is difficult to see how any one could dislike them as unreasonably exacting. One hour and twenty minutes a day, distributed among reading, writing, and typewriting, with one or another of these giving way in rotation to arithmetic, the study of words, geography, drawing—that is the utmost extent of the routine. The rest of the time from sun to sun, except for a rest-hour spent quietly alone, is occupied with playing out-of-doors, in an ecstasy of abandonment to sun and wind; picking baskets of flowers and watching birds and chasing butterflies; holding long conversations with her imaginary playmates, one of whom has been her constant familiar for three years—in short, with all the things a child of five is supposed to be doing. I see nothing in our régime to spoil or taint her wholesome childish normality. Even in her lessons she becomes in no wise priggish. She would be hopelessly lost, I fear, in a school system which could not make room for the herd of miscellaneous toy animals which she tethers to the legs and rounds of the chair before she sits down to her work. She would never dream of considering her arithmetic paper finished until she has decorated it with a picture, cut out and pasted on, or with birds and butterflies winging up and down the margins. In everything she is a five-year-old child, not a baby “grind.”

The only difference is that all the items of her play mean more because every one of them is interfused with the same eager quality of imaginativeness which has already been applied to books and study, approved and fostered in connection with them, and thereby intensified in connection with everything else. Every butterfly that we see in the fields is *The Butterfly That Stamped* in the garden of Suleiman, and *The Butterfly That Stamped* in the story is, of course and naturally, the one we chased in the field this afternoon. Every night at bedtime Barbara is allowed to read to us consecutively for a half-hour from the

Kipling story which she has last finished piecemeal in the morning lessons; and the proof that she does this with delight is that she always teases for a minute more to “fasten it off”—by which quaint phrase she means reading the poem at the end. Thus work and play are each intensifying to the other; and we come to the eventual paradox that work and play coalesce more easily when an explicit difference is made between them than when one is ambushed behind the other.

The use of playthings as a basis for lessons can be carried much farther than I have as yet suggested. For example: One morning last spring Barbara's mother said, “What are we going to have for a writing lesson to-day?” The answering suggestion was, “I am going to describe Grandfather Bunny”—a toy animal of endearing association. “Very well,” said her mother; “write that down for your first sentence.” It was so done; and then followed a page of description; and then—“That is how Grandfather Bunny looks.” And behold, there was an unexceptionable paragraph—the construction of which Barbara understood, at five years and two months, as well as I do at thirty and two years, and could duplicate as easily on any subject within her scope.

But only by dint of regularity and method! And this is the place for me to retract my too great emphasis on “I” and “we”—used only because Barbara's parents have an equal stake in the game and are agreed in all the essentials of how it should be played—and to confess that most of the method and all of the regularity have been supplied by Barbara's mother. And she is so very busy, much of the time, with other things than being Barbara's mother! On very many mornings the instruction is carried on by a housewife with, literally, a mop in one hand and a duster in the other, or from another typewriter in an adjoining alcove, with only occasional visits of inspection to the school-room. This I note for the encouragement of any interested

parent who fancies that to live this humane life with one's children takes great resources and abundance of leisure. It takes, principally, the faith in the child; and, after that, the will and the patience.

So much for the practice. Now I am going to put all the theory in one place by itself, for the express benefit of any one who may care to dodge it entirely.

Probably no one doubts the importance of the subject, or the urgency of the need for a great number and variety of just such frank interchanges of experience as this. The trouble has been thus far that across practically all interchanges on this subject, the rudiments of early education, has lain the trail of the serpent of academicism—or, to call the deadly thing by the deadliest of its names, pedagogy. It is the paradox of education that the professional has less at stake than the amateur has. The professional is a teacher or "educator," and the most that he has at stake is a theory or a reputation. But the amateur is always a parent; and his stake is no theory, but the child itself.

What I seriously distrust is the whole idea of sugar-coating knowledge and the processes of acquiring it. The process of elementary education has been theorized out of the domain of work and into the domain of play. The sugar-coating, applied by teachers jaded and overworked or inherently defective in sympathy, does, to be sure, often wear thin; and it is common enough to find even first-graders who will jump at an excuse to escape school for a morning. Nevertheless, the trouble with the play-method of education is not that the illusion of play wears thin, and is indeed perhaps impossible to sustain when you have great numbers of pupils to the single teacher. The trouble is that the method is itself evasive and inept. Children would really get more fun, more play, out of education, and be less anxious to dodge it on occasions, if there were no attempt to palm it off on them as play. The

primary grades are so intent on keeping children amused that the machinery of amusement is over-elaborated and made an end in itself. What wonder if the machinery become at last transparently what it is—mechanical? What wonder if it break down of its own complexity? Every cultivated parent must have discovered that it takes the lower grades of the public schools two hours and a half to teach an alert child what he is capable of learning in a half-hour, and a whole school year to teach him vaguely what he could master accurately in little more than a month. There are reasons and reasons for this discrepancy; but the chief of them is that primary education has got into the clutches of pedagogic experts who assume that the methods which alone succeed with mental defectives must by the nature of things prove doubly efficacious with normal intelligences.

No one would pretend that teaching a young child to read, write, and figure does not demand a certain amount of time and patience. But many an elementary teacher according to the newer modes would be astounded to learn how much less time and patience it takes if all of both is expended on teaching the child what you think he ought to know, and none on concealing from him that you think he ought to know it.

No one, of course, wants a child of three or four driven to lessons. But exactly this mischance is avoided by representing a lesson as a lesson, and not as something else. The whole idea of a lesson is so novel to a child's nature and earliest experience that he will jump at the idea with an avidity roused by nothing else in the world, not even a new toy. And if this avidity for what is novel be taken advantage of while the novelty lasts the whole matter of lessons can immediately be brought under the operation of the greatest labor-saving device as yet known to human experience—habit. It is difficult to say whether children are more radical or more conservative, more eager to do what they have

never done or more insistent on doing what they have always done. The fact is that they are both in an astounding degree. The easiest way to get them to begin learning is to offer them a lesson. The easiest way to make them keep on learning is to allow them to have lessons with frequency and, above all, regularity. The most important fact about children is the fact of their unutilized reserve powers, a doctrine investigated and sanctioned some years ago by Doctor Sidis and William James. Probably this doctrine is suspect among careful parents because of its association with the manufacture of infant prodigies; but that is a quite unnecessary and fortuitous association, as I hope I have shown by example. Children hunger to know things; and they have an almost terrifying facility in learning them.

I have a strong impression—I speak here as a layman, subject to correction if science knows more about the matter than every-day experience does—that a child suffers more nervous wear and tear from being thwarted or slighted in its desire to learn than from being deliberately instructed in the exercise of its mind. Every time a parent says, “There, now, run away and play and don’t ask any more questions,” or, “You’ll understand all about it when you’re older,” he is putting the child’s organism under the nervous strain of

curiosity repressed and ungratified. This is as wearing, if its visible effects are a criterion, as running a motor-car with the brakes partly set. Find a child whose parents do not gratify or direct its curiosity and you find a child fretful, peevish, and habitually tired. The child’s face lights, and the wrinkles in its disposition smooth out, the instant one says, instead, “Come here and I’ll tell you what little I happen to know about it; and then, if you like, we can look it up in the big encyclopedia.” Even if I happen to be wrong on this point, one consideration seems obvious: that the wear and tear of ungratified curiosity is a drain without any corresponding replenishment, whereas the building-up process after mental exertion is instantaneous and automatic.

So, at all events, it has seemed to us, on the basis of experience. And, likewise on that basis, we have hit upon some simple, practical ways of making the first rudiments of learning call out of a child the whole array of eager powers and abilities which any normal child certainly has, hidden away somewhere and waiting to be appealed to. It is these ways, and the benefits derivable from them, that we are happy to pass along to other parents who, like ourselves, find it necessary or expedient to put themselves in the place of the public or private elementary school.

THE SECRET DOVE

BY ZONA GALE

I KNOW where a dove sits brooding in the dark,
 Nested in leaves, the quiet boughs among;
 And when the midnight falls I lean to mark
 Her home, where a great star is hung.
 The star, it does not know the secret dove,
 The dove that firefly planet may not see.
 What lovelier things the night may fold from me—
 The watching eye, the brooding heart, and love.

SOLVING THE PROBLEM OF THE ARCTIC

CONCLUSION—FURTHER DISCOVERIES OF NEW LAND

BY VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

WE spent December, 1915, in crossing the south end of Banks Island by approximately the same route that we had used in 1914. Again the sun was obscured and we had to do most of our traveling in darkness, but we now had the advantage of knowing the topography thoroughly and there was little difficulty and practically no danger. We were lucky also in having clear moonlit weather, and, although this gave us frost which went well below minus 50°, the ease with which we were able to find the road more than made up for the handicap of low temperature. Dressed as we were, we did not feel uncomfortable. The trouble with extreme cold in traveling is that it gives the grains of snow a consistency resembling sand, so that the sledges drag over it with friction comparable to that of sledding on a sandy beach. When steel is used for the shoeing of the sledge, as was the case with ours at this time, a drop of 15° or 20° in temperature often more than doubles the hauling weight of the sledges, which results in a lowering of speed.

The period just before and after New-Year's we spent at our base at Cape Kellett on the southern corner of Banks Island. This base was being maintained by Captain Bernard, Mr. Thomsen, and half a dozen Eskimos, with the idea that if ever any of our other parties came to grief farther north, we could retreat upon this base, where we had not only stores of food and equipment, but also a seaworthy vessel which could take the party out when summer came.

About the middle of January we left Kellett and proceeded north along the

west coast, preparatory to the exploration of the coming spring. At the north-west corner of Banks Island we had another base camp under command of Mr. Wilkins, and here our smallest vessel, the *North Star*, with her Captain, Castel and crew of four, was wintering.

It is natural that in ten years of living by hunting we have learned a good deal about the habits of northern game animals. Incidentally, we have had to unlearn a good deal that we knew either by hearsay or from books. One of these things is the "well-known fact" that caribou and musk-oxen migrate southward in the fall. Our experience shows that this is true only in certain localities for the caribou and, so far as we can learn, is never true for musk-oxen. Unless disturbed by man, musk-oxen do not move in any direction much faster than they eat up the feed in their vicinity, and the direction in which they move may be considered accidental, for it may depend upon the contours of the land or the direction of the wind. The rate of movement is probably not often more than five miles a month. But caribou are comparatively mobile animals and for one cause or another are likely to travel great distances in any given month. There are many things which may frighten them, such as the smell of a wolf, the hearing of a strange noise, or the appearance in the distance of an animal, be it a man, a bear, a wolf, or another caribou. They are in such continual fear of wolves that any distant moving object, even an animal of their own kind, is identified as a wolf and avoided accordingly.

The deterioration of feed, due to one climatic reason or another, will also set a caribou herd moving. In some places this movement is southward, and men used to observing the migrations of birds and obsessed by the theory that the North is a cold and disagreeable place in winter and that animals by instinct know the advantages of the South, have combined theory with observation and concluded that there is a regular southern migration of caribou in autumn. We have special knowledge of many regions in Alaska, in the northern Canadian mainland, and in the islands north of Canada. Each is a law unto itself. In Banks Island caribou are at all seasons, so far as we could judge, more numerous in the north end of the island than anywhere else, but there seems to be an especial preponderance in the north end in the winter, in the very season when, according to popular theory, they ought to be, if not traveling south, at least crowded into the south end of the island. There seems to be no relation between caribou migrations and either wind velocity or temperature of the air. The remaining factor, therefore, is the feed, which in the north end of Banks Island is probably of a variety preferred by the caribou.

Accordingly, Wilkins's party had been far more successful in the caribou hunt than the party at Kellett. There was also good sealing on the northwestern corner of Banks Island where Natkusiak had a camp on one of the small Gore Islands. He had accumulated the fat of several dozen seals which we needed, especially along with the lean caribou meat, to make a suitable diet for men and dogs. But Natkusiak and all the rest of the *North Star* party were Christians, at least to the extent of celebrating Christmas. So he had left his hunting-camp to visit for the holidays the *North Star* twenty miles away, and during his absence several polar bears had a celebration of their own at his Gore Island camp. When he got back and found his stores of blubber depleted, he expected

to be able to replenish them promptly, for seals had been numerous in the fall. But success in seal-hunting in a place like the Gore Islands depends upon the direction of the wind (although in many other localities the wind has nothing to do with it). It happened now that for several weeks the winds were northwesterly, and this is here the worst direction. Accordingly, we were short of fat, though we had plenty of lean meat. The hope of getting seals delayed us about two weeks because we did not think the hunting conditions nearly so good farther east along the north coast, and a change in wind might any day give us a dozen seals at the Gore Islands.

Unfortunately, we were forced eventually to start with insufficient blubber, and, as we expected, we got none on the journey eastward. We had to make up for this by killing an increased number of caribou. There was a little fat on them, but not nearly enough for an adequate diet. Seeing that we had the upper hand of the dogs, we monopolized the fat and they, in spite of gorging themselves with ham and shoulder meat, lost in flesh and became weaker, compelling us to travel more slowly than would have been the case had their diet been more suitable.

One advantage of this slowness of travel was that we had more time for the exploration of the interior of northern Banks Island. Either Wilkins or myself used to take long walks inland while the sleds traveled along the coast. This led to the discovery by Wilkins of a large outcrop of bituminous coal in a deep ravine, and later both he and I discovered many other outcrops. It seems, therefore, that the north end of Banks Island is one of the many places in the Arctic that are richly supplied with coal.

At the Bay of God's Mercy in the northeast of Banks Island we camped for several days near Sir Robert McClure's winter quarters of 1852-54. As the name of the place implies, he considered it fortunate that he got his ship into the bay in 1852; but she was held

there all too safe by the ice, which for two years refused to let her go, and eventually the party abandoned her and walked sixty miles across McClure Strait to Melville Island, where they knew of the presence of a vessel of the British navy that could take them home.

Both now and on previous visits to Mercy Bay we examined carefully the locality where the ship *Investigator* was abandoned. Though some of the crew died there, we found no trace of graves, and the chief thing that marks the place is an incredible number of scattered barrel-staves and a pile of six or eight tons of coal. It seems that when the Eskimos found the depot left behind by McClure, they were not familiar with either the food or liquids contained in the various casks and barrels or of the wood of the barrels themselves, but only of the hoop-iron, which they accordingly removed. The weather, with possibly the assistance of some animals, has destroyed most of the traces of food, although in two or three places we found little yellow heaps which were so thoroughly decayed that they may have been cheese or peas or flour or almost anything else. The coal and the wood to some extent were used by our parties for fuel, although we valued them less than we otherwise might have because we knew of native coal in the vicinity, and knew also of various other articles of fuel which, by Eskimo methods and other sensible ways of our own devising, we were in the habit of using, both in Banks Island and on the other islands. In fact, the islands of "Second Land" and "Third Land," which we had not as yet discovered, are the only islands we have seen in the North where we had any difficulty in securing fuel. I believe "Second Land" really has no fuel. But on "Third Land," after spending three weeks there with nothing to burn, we found a coal-mine the day before leaving. But of course "Third Land" is devoid of fuel only in the sense that the plants do not seem suitable for burning. The vegetation is satisfactory food for

the caribou, which were fat enough to supply us with tallow for fuel. There always is a way.

In March we crossed from Banks Island to Melville Island and then crossed Melville Island near its middle. In April we traversed Hecla and Griper Bay and reached the land discovered in 1915. The month of May was devoted to the mapping of the west coast. This was difficult because of the weather, for at this season six days out of seven are thick either with fog or with falling snow. The land in places is so low and slopes so imperceptibly to the sea ice that even under the best of light conditions it is necessary to dig through the snow with a shovel to make sure whether you are on land or ice. In thick fog we commonly cannot see beyond fifty or one hundred yards, and as, moreover, all relief is lacking, land seen through the fog cannot be told from ice which in the sunlight could easily be distinguished.

At first, with an ambition to do especially accurate survey work, we used to remain in camp for days at a time waiting for clear weather. Later, I concluded that by this method practically nothing would be accomplished. And so we began to travel and work, no matter what the weather. Though our maps of this coast will undoubtedly prove to be bad, we have the consolation of knowing that most of the explorers who have worked in the Parry Archipelago have for the same reason made equally poor maps.

At this time our method of living on the country had one of its severest tests. It had for years been my custom to do practically all the hunting in those parties where I myself was present. But now one day as I was running along beside the sled I stepped into a low place and sprained my ankle. I foolishly failed to realize at first the seriousness of the situation and ran for about two miles after the injury was received. It is probable that the sprain was not originally serious, but this made it so, and for twenty-seven days after that I

did no walking. At first we remained in camp, but evidently that would not do. The dogs were well fed and in high spirits and, although the load was already fairly heavy, we resumed travel, I riding on top of the load. On this journey we had a support party with us, but they were ready to return at the time I suffered the sprain. I kept some of them with me a little longer than I should otherwise have done, but eventually all went back except two—Karsten Andersen, a Dane, and Harold Noice, a young high-school boy from Seattle. I found these two boys about the best traveling companions I ever had. This was largely because they were still willing to learn. The tricks of the exploring trade are few and simple and easily acquired by any one who tries. They had learned a good deal during the winter, but they still had something to learn as we journeyed along and learned it very quickly.

In shooting the chief factor is eyesight, and Andersen's eyes were exceptionally good. He killed the first seal he went after and practically every seal that he tried later. His doing this would be difficult to reconcile with the common theory that the ability to hunt seals is a sort of instinct with the Eskimo which white men lack. But as this theory does not happen to coincide with facts as I have seen them, I do not bother about any reconciliation.

My riding on the sled cut down our speed considerably and we averaged less than ten miles a day. When we finally came to the north coast of "First Land" my ankle was nearly well and so we struck off to the north. The season was too late for us to go out on the moving ice, the edge of which we found a few miles offshore bearing northeasterly. We therefore kept on the land-fast ice and followed the edge of the land floe till it brought us to Cape Isachsen on the northwest corner of Ellef Ringnes Island. On the way we made no discovery of new land. We had, however, run a line of soundings (which geographers value as much as the survey of a coast-line),

and at Cape Isachsen we took tidal observations every ten minutes for thirty hours. We took these with special reference to the theory of Dr. R. A. Harris, of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey. He had published an argument for the existence of an undiscovered land to the northwest. In his argument he placed his main reliance on tidal observations, and as we were now not far from his hypothetical land, our observations here ought to be of value in proving or disproving his argument. The conclusions from such observations cannot, however, be instantly drawn; for not only must the observations themselves be calculated, but they must be compared with tidal data from all other portions of the Polar Sea before results of value can be announced. This is a work which has not as yet been done in the case either of our Cape Isachsen observations or similar ones which we took in half a dozen other places. And so we do not know as yet what light, if any, they may shed on Doctor Harris's theory.

From Cape Isachsen we again proceeded northeasterly. It was now June and I was able to walk, although only with care. On the first day of my walking it happened that we were a little short of food, so the time seemed to have come for me to lend a helping hand in the providing. After traveling all night we camped in the morning, and while the others were making camp I walked off about half a mile to the top of an ice hummock of about fifty-foot elevation. With my field-glasses I saw a seal a mile or so to the westward.

At this season of the year, because of the glare of the sun, it is necessary to wear some protection for the eyes. The best are amber-colored glasses. This we knew when we outfitted the expedition, but the loss of the *Karluk* had made us short of these as of almost every other kind of equipment, and my party had only two pairs. As I had been riding on the sled, the other men who needed them most were using the good glasses and I was using an Eskimo pair of eye-pro-

tectors. These consist essentially of a block of wood with narrow slits to look through. I like the Eskimo arrangement in every way except that in walking you cannot see where you are stepping, for the restricted field of view prevents that unless you look directly down at your toes. This was the cause of one of the few adventures of our expedition.

I had just put my field-glasses in their proper place and was starting to walk down the ice hummock when all of a sudden I began falling. Like every one else, I have heard of sinners and others reviewing a whole lifetime while they are falling to their deaths from a precipice. Curiously enough, this saying about sinners was the first thing that occurred to me as I fell. The next thing to occur to me was that evidently I was falling into a crevasse, and that it did not seem right that an Arctic explorer should fall into a crevasse. That is the special prerogative of Antarctic travelers and mountain-climbers. But here I was falling exactly as if I were a Shackleton or a Mawson. The next thing I thought of was that my fall was not exactly like one of theirs, because they were sure that

they were going to land on something hard (either a ledge or the bottom of the crevasse), but I had two possibilities. My crevasse was evidently the result of the ice cracking under stress. This would probably have occurred in a gale, and we had had one about two days before. There had been, of course, other gales previously. Now if this crevasse was a week old I should fall on hard, or possibly glare, ice. If it were two days old I might fall into water, for this was springtime, when freezing is slow. I had my rifle strapped on my back, my field-glasses under my arm, a pouch of ammunition also tied to me, and several other things which, when added to my momentum, would make me go down rapidly should I strike water.

I have the word for it of my diary, which I wrote up a few hours later, that all these things and others still passed through my mind while I was falling. I have, therefore, the pleasure of verifying at least one popular old belief, although I have often been distressed at my inability to verify other better-attested ones. Later observations showed that all this cogitating was done while I was



AN OUTCROP OF COAL ALONG THE COAST-LINE

dropping fifteen feet, at the end of which I landed on glare ice. On striking bottom I remained motionless for some time for fear I might break through the ice on which I had landed, which was not very thick.

I think it was thirty seconds or so before I decided that if my impact after the fall had not broken the ice, then doubtless I could move without danger of breaking it now. I made the first movement very slowly and carefully, for, noticing that both my snowshoes were broken, I assumed that some at least of my bones must be broken, too. But this did not prove to be the case, and after getting on all-fours and disengaging the broken snowshoes from my feet, I stood up to find that, while I was sore in several places, nothing seemed to be broken and my sprained ankle had not suffered particularly.

Looking up, I could see the hole through which I had dropped. The crevasse was about four feet wide and had been completely roofed over with snow. It was hopeless to climb up, but I remembered that the hummock which I had climbed was oval, and therefore it was obvious that a short walk along the

bottom of my crevasse would bring me out. It turned out to be about forty-five yards to where the crevasse was about nine feet deep, and here I found a broken fragment of ice which enabled me to climb out. Seeing that my ankle was all right, I went for the seal and got him in about an hour. He was a mile and a

half or two miles from camp. I knew that dragging him would be hard work and dangerous for my ankle, so I climbed on a hummock and after some signaling was able to attract the attention of one of my companions, who came to my assistance. As he dragged the seal homeward I walked behind slowly and carefully, remembering that it was possible to sprain my weak ankle again, and half-way home I made a misstep and so, after having escaped unhurt from my spectacular fall and other



RIDGES OF ROUGH SEA ICE

adventures, I suffered a serious injury through the most prosaic of stumbles. For a week after that I had to ride on the sled.

The evening of June 12th Karsten Andersen reported that he thought he could see land to the northeast. The conditions of visibility were rapidly changing, and a little earlier I had thought



CAMPING ON SEA ICE NEAR "FIRST LAND"

I saw land, but later concluded that it was a fog-bank. Between us, Noice and I convinced Andersen that it was only fog he had seen. But the next morning after a few miles of travel the land was plain in front of us. It was only about ten miles to the northeast, and the cliffs of Ellef Ringnes Island, which we had left a few days before, were still visible to the south. Captain Isachsen could therefore have discovered our island years before us had his weather conditions been fortunate and had he climbed to the top of one of the high hills when he was exploring Queen Louise Fjord.

Without denying that the discovery of this my "Second Land" was exhilarating to me, I know that it meant a good deal more to either of my companions, to whom it was their "First Land." They half apologized for their excitement by saying that putting a new land on the map did not happen to them every day.

When we got to "Second Land" the sun was shining brightly, so after camping I stayed at home to get observations for latitude and longitude while the boys went ashore. Andersen followed the

coast-line for some distance and picked up a handful of most marvelously colored pebbles which, in spite of the rule of the expedition that all specimens found belong to the government, I allowed him to keep and carry home to his friends, who are doubtless now using some of them as jewelry.

Noice went seven or eight miles inland, but as he found the topography undiversified and as a farther walk promised him no conspicuous view, since there were no hills anywhere near, he came home sooner than he had expected with the report that the land was remarkably uniform, although it rose gradually toward the interior.

My observations showed the southwest corner of "Second Land" to be 102.25° west longitude, 79.84° north latitude.

The work of the next two or three weeks showed that this is a roughly triangular island about thirty-five or forty miles in its greatest diameter, and we judged it to be about eight hundred feet high. It is the only land I have seen in the North which in its entirety appears to deserve the name of barren.

We found some signs to show that caribou have visited it, but there were none when we were there and the visitors must have been but transient, for we saw practically no lichens or grass. There must have been some somewhere, for there were a few lemmings. We saw none of these, only the exurgitations of owls which had been feeding on lemmings. Neither did we see the owls, and the remains appeared to be several years old. But we did find a large number of Hutchins geese.

There is a multitude of water-fowl on most parts of the north coast of the North American mainland. The first tier of islands to the north, such as Banks and Victoria Islands, have two kinds of ducks, the King Eider and the Old Squaw, and also the Canada goose, the black brant, and the Hutchins goose. On the second tier of islands going north, such as Melville or Prince Patrick, we found all these, but in much smaller numbers. But in the third tier of islands, such as our own "First Land" and Ringnes Islands, there are no white geese or black brant, and the ducks are found only on the south coast, or at least were so the years we were there. The Hutchins goose alone goes north

into what we may call the fourth tier of islands. At least we saw no other, but they were more numerous than we have ever found them anywhere else. As this island is never visited by human beings and apparently rarely by wolves or foxes, it is evident that the Hutchins goose has found it as safe a home as possible for her young.

Most geese prefer to have their nests near a lake or a river, probably partly because of their food habits, but mostly because the water is for them a safe retreat from predatory animals other than man. But the Hutchins goose has her nest in the high hills, commonly at great distances from any water in which she can swim, and not necessarily close to even a trickling rivulet. Although they were more numerous in "Second Land" than we have ever seen them elsewhere, we would see only forty or fifty in a ten-mile walk, so, in our experience, these geese are not numerous in any land.

"Second Land" was an excellent illustration of how something to eat can be found in the most unpromising places. As I have said, it was exceedingly barren, so there was no ordinary game on the land. The ice outside of it was half a dozen years old and we should have had



FROZEN EARTH HEAPED INTO RIDGE BY PRESSURE OF SEA ICE

to go ten or fifteen miles from shore to get to the edge of the moving pack where seals are to be expected. But we wanted to follow the land to map the coast-line, and so, as I walked along, taking compass bearings from point to point, and making notes in my pocket memorandum-book, I also kept an eye for the nests of the Hutchins goose and was able to pick up twenty or thirty eggs between camps. These alone would not have been enough for both men and dogs, but we had some seal blubber with us, which for a few days served as an emergency ration for the dogs, and the eggs were enough for us. This is the only time on the last expedition that we robbed birds' nests. We don't make a special virtue of this, for, contrary to what the theorist would expect, none of us was hungry for a change of food. Perhaps the robbing of nests is no more cruel than the killing of caribou, but to the caribou-killing we were hardened enough so that we always felt a reluctance to robbing nests when a caribou or seal was to be had. On "Second Land" we should have had to kill some of the geese as well had our stay on the island been longer, and as a matter of fact we did kill one. This was, however, to get the skin for a sure identification of the egg specimens which we gathered and took home to show this northern habitat of the Hutchins goose.

The discovery of "Second Land" brings up certain interesting literary and scientific considerations. I have often wondered how a magazine article should be written and often wished I knew how to make a book. I read some popular narratives with an idea of finding out how it is done, and have avoided others for fear reading them might make mine seem to lack originality through unconscious copying. I have been told that Peary's style is too bald. I have heard from the readers of books many expressions of delight over the antics of puppies and dogs and the practical jokes of sailors which are an outstanding feature of the narratives of the great northern explorers Nansen, Sverdrup, and

Amundsen. An appreciation of canine and sailor humor seems a family trait with these writers. It is a good thing to be able to enliven one's narratives in this fashion, no doubt, but what I have always wanted is a convincing style. People have told me that the things I write about seem so simple and easy that one not only loses interest, but gets a feeling of unreality. Commonly these people have also mentioned the fact that in spite of how thoroughly discredited Doctor Cook is, they personally have been convinced by his realistic style. A man could not tell things with such fidelity of detail if they had not really happened. There, evidently, was the model of the convincing style I wanted but did not have, and there, accordingly, was a book I must read. But, somehow, I had never read it until one day in Seattle, more than two years after the discovery of "Second Land," I happened to see in a book-store a book that cost only a dollar and was labeled *My Attainment of the Pole*, by Dr. F. A. Cook.

Had I not been prejudiced by ten years of Arctic experience, I should, no doubt, have found the book as convincing as it was interesting. It goes into minute details of events and of psychoanalysis. It tells with utmost verisimilitude how meals were cooked, how camps were pitched, how astronomical observations were taken with frost-bitten fingers, and is vague only in such uninteresting details as the latitude and longitude that resulted from the computations. The journey northward from Cape Thomas Hubbard toward the Pole was undertaken with high courage. The prize that had eluded so many courageous and determined men lay there, far away beyond the icy horizon. Others had followed the gleam to failure always, and to tragic death in some cases. And now the question was, "Would this become another failure, another tragedy, or the final triumph of the ages?" The literary suspense created is so successful that one almost forgets having read in the preface that the Pole is actually at-



MONUMENT BUILT BY SIR ROBERT McCLURE IN 1853 AT THE BAY OF GOD'S MERCY TO MARK WHERE HE ABANDONED HIS SHIP *INVESTIGATOR*

tained and the writer is still alive. Your admiration and your sympathy are equally enlisted as he struggles bravely northward with faithful Eskimos and faithful dogs and his own brave heart to carry him on. But all the forces of hunger and cold, adverse wind and stubborn ice barrier are against him and make the outcome increasingly doubtful. But finally the goal is reached, several astronomical observations are taken which show that the party are at the greatest distance possible from the Equator. The triumph is won, but the question of safe return still remains.

Those who have read the poems of Robert Service, the novels of Jack London and Rex Beach and the other real and imagined tales of the North, are prepared for just the kind of description which Doctor Cook gives us of his return journey. It has literary truth if it has no other. He suffers exactly what we expect him to suffer and he meets each difficulty and each danger as our hero would were we writing a novel of the Far North.

It is traditional that provisions give

out in polar journeys, and accordingly our hero's provisions began to run low. When that happens the traveler always goes on short rations and pulls in his belt, and so we find it here. The dogs and the men lose spirit day by day; they grow weaker and weaker and between the short rations and the terrible cold they become little better than living skeletons. You can imagine what thoughts would fill your mind and mine under such conditions, and these are accordingly the thoughts that fill Doctor Cook's mind at night when he has time to think. Daytimes he has little time for thought while he struggles bravely on with increasing weakness of body but an ever-sustaining courage. To add to the difficulties of an already distressing situation, the sunlight, which had befriended him so far, failed when he came back to 86° latitude, and the sky was continually overcast—never, for days on days, a glimpse of the sun to guide through the swirling snow and the fog. Worst of all, the wind was persistently from the east. It is well known that polar ice is always in motion before

wind or tide. As the wind blew easterly, it was only reasonable that he would drift west—a condition which actually increased his weariness.

There was nothing to do except to travel south by compass. But south by compass is of course an uncertain direction when the heavenly bodies cannot be seen and when no check on the compass can be maintained by astronomical observations. The situation was getting desperate indeed when one day the sun of a sudden came out bright and clear. This was the long-hoped-for opportunity, and we have as convincing a description as usual as to exactly how the astronomical observation was taken; but, curiously (and, as it were, unfortunately), we have in this case not only an exact statement of the method used in taking the observation, but an actual statement of the result. The latitude observed showed that the party were at $79^{\circ} 34'$ north and $101^{\circ} 22'$ west. When this was plotted on the chart it showed that they were a little west of Axel Heiberg and a little north of Ellef and Amun Ringnes Islands. And, true enough, when the weather cleared a little more, they could see to the east the beautiful Axel Heiberg and to the south the lower and less picturesque Ringnes Islands, with the gap between which they knew must be Hassel Sound. The ice all about was in rapid motion. Not only had they been carried west, as they feared, by the persistently easterly winds; they were now far west of their intended course, but also they were in immediate difficulty on account of the rapid ice movement and the water lanes between the ice cracks. As every one knows, water lanes are the most serious obstacles that the polar traveler has to meet. Accordingly it was these which prevented Cook's party from making a landing, as it desired, to the east in Heiberg Island and forced it to proceed south and enter Hassel Sound, where it was at last on firm ice.

What makes this narrative remarkable is the fact that, contrary to

Doctor Cook's observation, we found that the spot of latitude and longitude given by him did not show any moving sea ice nor any sea ice at all, and is instead near the center of the island which we have named "Second Land" and seven hundred or eight hundred feet above sea-level. We have in this fact, which I trust will still remain a fact when the next explorer goes there, either a proof that obviously truthful narratives are not necessarily true; or else we have here the most remarkable instance on record of that well-known (although in non-volcanic regions seldom rapid) geographical phenomenon of land rising from the sea.

The story of the island which Doctor Cook did not see, although his plotted route as published in his book lies right across it, would not be worth telling if people's knowledge of the Peary-Cook controversy were proportionate to their interest in it. Those of us who have taken the trouble to sift the facts from the chaff of assertions based merely on sentimental bias know that the evidence is satisfactory both that Peary reached the Pole and that Cook never tried to. There is nothing less admirable than kicking a man when he is down, but, thanks to his "convincing style," Cook is not yet down and, as a consequence, Peary is not yet up in the minds of a good many people who talk loudly on the subject. So this case is worth citing. There has been a good deal of cumulative evidence before. No single fact has been conclusive, but in the aggregate they have given a clear verdict. But here at last we have an incontrovertible proof. Cook shows us how he came nearly straight from the north into the mouth of Hassel Sound. And our "Second Land" lies right north of the mouth of that sound. Therefore even had Cook not cited the astronomical observation which places him near the middle of our island when he says he was on moving ice with open water all around him, he would have been equally convicted by the description in which he



MAKING SNUG FOR THE NIGHT

says that he could see Heiberg Island to the east of him and the Ringnes Islands to the south, with the gap between them which was Hassel Sound. Had he been in any such position, he must have been either on "Second Land" or must have been just south of it after crossing it, since he came from the north.

After leaving "Second Land" we passed through Hassel Sound. To the south we found the great island of King Christian Land to be non-existent in any such form as that given on the British Admiralty charts, where it shows a greatest diameter of eighty or ninety miles. The error arose when English explorers of Bathurst Island sighted to the north two islands of unknown extent which they named Paterson and Findlay Islands. This was in the '50's of the last century, and in the first decade of our century Captain Isachsen, in his exploration of the Ringnes Islands, looking southwestward, saw land which he named King Christian Island. The geographers did the rest. They assumed that, although these lands were sixty or seventy miles apart, as located by the

discoverers, they were merely the north and south sides of the same island. This proved not to be the case.

King Christian Island is, as a matter of fact, about twelve miles in diameter, Paterson about three miles, and Findlay nine or ten miles. There is an expanse of sea between Findlay and King Christian Islands of an approximate width of sixty miles and a greatest depth of one hundred and seventy-two fathoms.

To the northwest of Findlay Island we discovered our "Third Land." This is an island about twelve miles wide and fifty miles in length. It was August by the time we came there and we had for some weeks been wading in deep water on top of the ice, as the summer thaws were well advanced. This was most unfavorable traveling, so we spent the remainder of the summer (twenty-seven days) on the south end of "Third Land." Here for once we found no fuel and had to restrict ourselves to one meal a day in cooking, for we had to burn the back fat of caribou, and we did not care to kill enough to supply ourselves with plenty of fuel, as that would have meant a great waste of meat and skins.

(The end.)

GALLIPEAU

BY EDNA TUCKER MUTH

THE week following Gallipeau's sentence the prison hummed with rumors of his rebellion. Up and down the white-washed tiers of the old cell-blocks, in the dusty aisles of the shops, over the dining-room tables, men passed the word that the warden had for once laid aside his rigid ideals of reform and ordered recourse to old and drastic methods of discipline.

That which the men guessed in whispers and furtive glances toward the new wing the officers verified among themselves in troubled undertones, with unanimous approval of the warden's orders.

"A brute!" the old chaplain was saying, as he turned his chair and sat heavily before his desk. "A great, hulking, animal murderer, born of depravity and bred in it!" He fingered the program for the Friday-night concert, and thought of the mutineer. Glancing down the list of entertainers, he suddenly looked up and beckoned across the guard-room to Girard, the superintendent of mail, who was sorting a huge pile of yellow envelopes and, in turn, thinking of Gallipeau.

"I notice we've put Blackinshield down for a solo after the address," the chaplain began, letting his eye-glasses fall to the length of a slender cord, and looking up at the slight, red-bearded man who paused beside the threshold, his mild gray eyes upon the program.

"And after the third paper," Girard supplemented.

"Blackinshield has been in the hospital since Monday," the chaplain continued. Suddenly he pushed all the papers from before him, and, leaving a space for his hand, brought it down upon

the table clenched. "I do not believe in capital punishment, Girard," he exploded. "But Gallipeau—for life!"

Before Girard could reply a heavy lock gave to the hand of the gate-keeper, and with its jangle the front gate admitted the deputy warden, who crossed the guard-room, nodded to the officers in conference, and closed the door of the office carefully.

"Well, she's here," he said, succinctly. "I expected her."

The chaplain looked up in puzzled silence, ruminating. Girard made a move to leave the office, but the deputy detained him. A surge of color swept in above the chaplain's white beard. He suddenly sat very straight, dropped his quivering eye-glasses, and smoothed his vest in irascible enlightenment.

"And can you do nothing to put a stop to these—these insufferable ordeals?" he asked, huskily.

The deputy shrugged his wide shoulders; his steel-gray eyes under their bushy brows met the chaplain's with sympathy.

"Not while she has the support of the Governors, old and young. You know she is cousin to the old one, and Todd's aunt. She is related to half the Senate, and has friends on the prison board. She is allowed to visit all the hospitals and prisons of Europe. No, no; we can hardly refuse her admittance to the penal institutions of her own state. But this is the first time she has troubled us in three years—since you came," he added in Girard's direction.

"Who is it now?" demanded the chaplain.

"Gallipeau," answered the deputy.

The one word, dropped into the early-

morning austererity of the prison, seemed to give a great throb, as if it had the properties of something highly explosive. Girard stilled in tense silence, as though he had prescience of a second report. The chaplain's flushed face caught a distinct purple tint from the east light of the open window.

"Gallipeau!" he shouted, bringing his hand down upon the cleared table. "That great hulking brute of a murderer! That impossible brute of a French-Canadian!" Speech suddenly failed him. He found a new place for his paper-weight, and there was an echo that repaid his pains.

"But the prison discipline—the warden's consent?"

"She has a pass from the Governor."

"But Gallipeau himself—in his frame of mind?"

"He has been more docile since last night," the deputy replied, flushing. He had been present—last night. "Will you take her in, as usual?" he asked.

"In the interests of humanity I would do anything—anything," answered the chaplain, "but this is all so pitifully hopeless. How did she—What reason is there for her visit?"

"She followed the trial just at the last. You know there were some indefinite things about the man's childhood. I knew if she stumbled on them she would come. I deplore these visits as you do, but—she's here."

"Will you go in with us?" the chaplain asked Girard. "It would not do to allow her a scant guard—as it is. This is the worst!" he groaned, settling his desk more peaceably and preparing to go down to the Front House for the penitentiary's unwelcome guest.

Girard gave necessary directions to his convict clerk, and, again crossing the guard-room, faced about and waited by the second gate in the gray light which came in from the two converging wings and mingled with the sun's attenuated reflection.

As the gate-keeper swung the gate which had not yet abandoned its re-

sponsibility of the night, the chaplain stepped back and the guest entered first. As she advanced toward him, Girard could see, even in the dim light, that she was a very beautiful woman. Even with the evidence of years upon her hair and delicately rounded face, about her eyes which were deepened by the violets clinging to the folds of her Parisian hat, and in her step which fell evenly upon the stones, he could yet divine the passing of a faultless spring.

He had scarcely time to perceive this, and to observe that she was very small and so fragile that she seemed to shrink from the harsh closing of the gate, when he heard the chaplain speak his name.

"Mrs. Braithewaite-Weir, Mr. Girard. Girard is our superintendent of mail. He came in with the new warden—and reform. All right, Carter," he nodded to the gate-keeper, and they filed down the narrow stairs, past the hall-master's office, in through the west wing and toward the isolated group of cells in one of which Gallipeau was confined.

The deputy warden and the chaplain preceded Mrs. Braithewaite-Weir and Girard. Now and then the two following spoke to each other as they clicked over the stone flagging. Passing the show-table of hand-made salable articles—gaudy trophies of resourceful solitude, ticketed and displayed in a niche of the corridor under the eye of the guard-room—they passed an old man bending to a primitive weaving-frame. He looked up, smiled, and bowed to Girard. A second man, a negro, scrubbing the corridor, did not raise his eyes to the procession. The old man spoke softly after them.

"The heavyweight, Joe," he reminded.

Girard looked back. The negro raised his oily face, one hand in the pail, one upon the brush in a swirl of suds. He bowed and smiled.

Mrs. Braithewaite-Weir looked questioningly up at her companion.

"Their name for me," he said, in simple explanation. "Never spoken in impudence—almost, I am pleased to

believe, in affection. They know that I know and am not displeased. I realize that I am not—muscular.”

Before they reached their destination, the deputy, in a last effort at evasion of the interview, turned and waited for them to come up with him.

“I must warn you, Mrs. Weir,” he said, bluntly, “that this man is quite—impossible. He has committed a crime brutally significant of his type. May we take you back without seeing him?”

The woman put one hand upon the other before her. Girard could see that they trembled, but her voice was entirely calm. She looked apologetically from the speaker to the chaplain.

“I am sorry,” she said, simply. “I am always sorry, but I was obliged to come. I would have sailed before, during the trial, if I had known. There were things I should have heard at that time. I am always sorry to inconvenience others, but there is a chance—”

A guard joined them and went before into Gallipeau’s cell.

The light from the corridors struck so high upon the newly white walls that at first view nothing but outlines could be drawn from the occupied floor spaces. At length there appeared an angrily stirred cot, long released from its buttons on the wall, and upon the cot, his face in his hands, his great bulk hunkhed to squat proportions, sat Gallipeau.

Save for one dark and hasty glance, which revealed to him the woman and the officers, he did not been aware of their intrusion, but continued to stare into his thick fingers and push at the floor with his thick foot.

The guard placed a folding-stool for Mrs. Braithewaite-Weir, and the chaplain and the deputy stood one on either side. As Girard grew accustomed to the light he saw that, falling upon the bare walls, it made more apparent and startling the fragile silhouette of the woman, the gross proportions of the man.

“I am sorry you have to listen to this again,” she said to the chaplain, with a gesture of gentle deprecation, “but I

shall try to make my story very brief. I have rehearsed it so often that it is not difficult to condense.”

She gave her dark eyes to an earnest contemplation of the sullen figure before her. They traveled from his coarse hands, now resting in aimless impotence upon his thick knees, across his high, rounded shoulders, flushed neck, and heavy chin; they studied his loosely dropping lower lip, and rested upon the close-set eyes, which he kept fixed upon the floor.

“And I am sorry to have to trouble you, too,” she began, gently, “in—in your misfortune, but I will not stay long. I beg you to listen to me, and if anything I say brings up a vague memory, will you not let me know by word or sign? I have lately come from a hospital in Scutari. I was directed to the bedside of a dying American. He could not answer me save by the turn of his head. I will not ask you to do more.”

The chaplain stirred impatiently, once more deeply and unwillingly moved by this unimpassioned preface. Mrs. Braithewaite-Weir curled one hand within the other and began to speak again. Her voice was very low.

“I have been searching for a lost son for twenty-five years. Wherever I have heard of clouded identity, of a possibly unaccountable break in childish memories, I have gone to find—hoping to find—my son. I will begin.”

She had, indeed, attained almost phonographic precision. She did not raise nor lower her gently modulated voice. Only in her eyes, bent unwaveringly upon the convict, there was the burning obsession of search.

“My husband’s name was Myron Weir. Mine is Marion. My son’s was Leonard, and his sister’s, Helen. We lived on a mining location in northern Michigan. My husband was superintendent of the mine—Eagle Mine. We lived near a lake—Lantern Lake. Our man, Henry Fellows, drove the children to school in the morning and went for them at night. It was a small, un-

painted school. The teacher's name was Minns. One night Henry was late in calling for the children. They stood, with their teacher, in the school-house door, waiting. Leonard ran off down the road toward home, and, knowing the wagon was near, they did not detain him. A hundred yards from the school-house there was a sharp bend into deep timber, and as Leonard went from sight he laughed back at them, waving a pair of red mittens—new that morning. He was never seen again. Henry came in a few moments. He had met no one upon the road. When Leonard went from sight the wagon must have been entering the grove, a quarter of a mile away.

"Five hundred men searched for days, weeks, scoured the timber, dragged the lake, followed every clue and questionable character in the copper country. Revenge was suspected—my husband was not popular with the men. That is all—except that I have spent twenty-five years, and I have left no stone unturned—nothing. Your memories before six were very vague; you are the age my son would have been—or is. Does anything of this remind you? Name? Circumstances?"

She paused, and the silence dropped so heavily that it oppressed. Gallipeau shifted his feet awkwardly, clenched his hands, and an angry flush crept up his square jaw. He was plainly embarrassed. The muscles of his eyes twitched them shut and open.

"Speak up, Gallipeau!" ordered the deputy in his best prison tones.

Gallipeau looked up fiercely. The prison tones and the remembrance of the past night goaded him. He shook himself like some great, sick mastiff.

"I 'ain't got nothing to say," he growled; and then: "Get to hell out of here—all of you! Get out!—get out!—get out!"

Mrs. Braithwaite-Weir rose quietly, with unruffled composure. "I beg your pardon," she said, compassionately, and, turning to the chaplain, added: "It

doesn't matter in the least. I am sorry, but it was a chance."

Girard stood to one side as the party filed from the dim cell. He still remained by the bars as they went down the corridor, and he looked in at the quivering convict.

"We don't understand," he said, quietly—"we, who have never had sons; but we had mothers."

The new tone puzzled the listener without exciting him. He moved about restlessly and raised his eyes to meet those of the little man on the other side of the grating.

"How long did she say?" he growled.

"Twenty-five years."

"For a kid— Hell!"

He looked after the retreating party. As they turned into the larger corridor Mrs. Braithwaite-Weir put her hand to her shoulder and straightened her lace collar. For a moment they saw her profile against the dead white of the kalsomined bricks. The deputy turned.

"Get out!" shouted Gallipeau.

Girard went on slowly. As the deputy and Mrs. Braithwaite-Weir went up through the inside gate, he joined the chaplain by the hall-master's office.

"She's getting old," said the hall-master. "She's a good bit whiter than she was three years ago. It's wearing her out."

The chaplain nodded. "I've known her ever since she was combing the orphan-asylums, and she's been aging with her quest. She should have rest."

"Well, it wasn't Gallipeau."

"Thank God, no!" snorted the chaplain.

"What does she expect to find? What would she do if she *did* find her boy to be one of these criminals she is forever tracking. Is she disappointed?"

The chaplain shook his head pityingly. "She doesn't expect anything," he replied. "She laid all that away with the six-year-old wardrobe which she knew he had outgrown. It is an obsession beginning in mother hunger and developing into a middle-age mania. She will search till the end."

There came a quiet ten days of Gallipeau, and a consultation as to the shop he would do best in; but while the question was being settled, and before he had been relegated with gregarious mates to a place on one of the whitewashed tiers, Girard often took his way past the solitary cell.

Sometimes Gallipeau replied to his salutation; sometimes he did not. Occasionally he came close to the grating and they exchanged words. In this way Girard came to discover and reckon with a look of dumb perplexity that sometimes superseded resentment in the convict's smoldering eyes. One day he called after Girard insistently, moving restlessly about his cage, coming close to the door and grasping the bars, thrusting his heavy face against them.

"I got something to tell you," he said, huskily. "It's about her."

This was not the first occasion on which Girard had been importuned to hear confessions before the chaplain.

"I see," he said. "Your wife?"

"God, no!" roared the convict, "not *her*. I was drunk when I killed her. I'm paying up for it. That's the end of that. It's about the one that spent twenty-five years hunting. Would she care if he died?"

"Care?" Girard asked, puzzled.

"Yes. Would it ease her up to know he was out of it—planted?"

He became impatient at Girard's hesitation and backed away restlessly. "Maybe you don't believe it, but I know about him. I helped do it—bury him. I knew when she was here, but I was crazy—mad at the squeeze; I didn't know how, anyway. I got proofs."

"I think I'll have to ask the chaplain to come to you my boy," said Girard, slowly and incredulously; "you must tell him what you know."

"Sure; do that. I'll tell him. I'll make him sure. But when she comes back—when she wants to hear it—Say, you look here. You bring her in yourself. You keep them others out."

In the week following, while Mrs.

Braithewaite-Weir was returning from Bermuda, Girard saw nothing of Gallipeau. He wrote the mother, at the chaplain's suggestion, that there was a bare possibility of identification. He did not know what Gallipeau had told the chaplain until the day he went with Mrs. Braithewaite-Weir to Gallipeau's cell and heard the story from the convict's lips.

As they approached the cell at the end of the corridor Mrs. Weir spoke. "If I should find now—after all these years—if I should find him—even if, as you say, he is dead—still, I could rest. It would be a certainty." Presently she added: "And yet, you will pardon me, Mr. Girard, to find that he has been the companion of such men—it will be hard to remember, but I shall *know*."

Gallipeau nodded curtly as they entered. This time he did not offer to sit, and the three—Mrs. Weir tremulous with expectancy, Girard weighed by the momentous nature of the interview, and Gallipeau sullenly abashed, yet nerved to his communication—formed in the deep shadows of the cell a tragic little group.

"Be brief, Gallipeau," urged Girard. He saw that Mrs. Weir could not trust herself to speak.

Gallipeau shook his great frame for the plunge, and made it.

"I worked with him up in the Wisconsin woods two winters. He was a lumber-scaler—a cracker-jack, good as the best. That would be eight years ago. He bunked with us, always talking. Once he got talking and told us like you said about the red mittens. He wasn't sure where he got them, or how. He was in a hospital in Montreal when he was a kid—hit on the head or something; and when he went in he had the mittens—wouldn't let loose of them—and when he come out he had them. Nobody could make him give up the mittens."

The listening mother bent forward and her lips moved, but no speech came to her trembling lips.

"He never left them go till he died; that was in February, seven year. A

tree fell on him. He was—he was all right.”

“Did he say that the people who took him abused him? Did he know who they were? Did he speak of his childhood?—the one he remembered?”

Gallipeau shook his head. “They didn’t do much to him, only in them first three or four years. They used to dope him—gin and things—but he come out fine. There wasn’t a better lumber-scaler in the north woods, and he drew down good money, for a young fellow. Fox he was called.”

“Did he remember nothing of his first home? Did he never speak of his father—he was especially fond of his father—of his mother, of his little sister?”

Gallipeau shook his head again. “A kid filled high with gin ain’t remembering long,” he said, finally. “But they was one thing—he did talk of one thing: a little dog with one eye and a sleigh-bell on his collar.”

Mrs. Braithewaite-Weir gave a sharp cry, and for the first time lost her composure.

“Deco—Deco!” she cried, with tense excitement. “Helen’s little dog! He died when he was a puppy, and I had forgotten him.” She turned to Girard in helpless acceptance of the truth. “I think you had better take me out,” she said, faintly. “I am quite, quite sure.”

“The mittens—he gave them to me,” the convict continued. “Joe—big Joe, my half-brother—has got those mittens up in my things. He could send them if you wanted to see.”

Girard took a paper and pencil from his pocket, and wrote at Gallipeau’s dictation:

“You know Fox, up in the woods—the tree fell on him. Send the mittens to his mother.” Girard appended Mrs. Braithewaite-Weir’s address in the state’s largest city.

“I will not forget that you were—that you knew my boy,” she said, gently, to Gallipeau, putting her natural repugnance away from her long enough to look directly into his abashed eyes. “I

shall probably never see you again. The prison—all the places I have haunted—will be distasteful to me; but anything I can do from a distance—anything—”

She turned appealingly to Girard. The prison atmosphere and the presence of the murderer with whom her son had bunked seemed to have become intolerable.

Girard took her arm and led her from the cell. He turned to thank Gallipeau and to wave his hand as they went down the corridor, but Mrs. Braithewaite-Weir did not look back.

“I have found him,” she repeated many times as they went out. “I have found him. I know where he is now, and that he is not suffering, that he will never suffer again.”

Two weeks later Gerard crossed the tessellated floor of the guard-room and spoke rapidly to the chaplain. In his hand he held an open letter—a letter to a convict that he had just read in the fulfilment of his duty.

“He did not know that letters must be read before they are delivered. He thought perhaps that there was no possibility of a reply.”

The chaplain took the letter and held it tremblingly to the light. He read aloud:

“I send the package as direct to Fox’s mother. What the devil you keep those mittens and fight for them all that long time since six year old and now give them to Fox’s mother?”

“Gallipeau!”

The paper fluttered from the chaplain’s hand and lay at his feet.

Girard stooped to retrieve it. “Chaplain,” he said, gravely, “with your acquiescence, this letter was never written.”

The chaplain bowed speechlessly, with emphasis.

Girard tore the paper lengthwise four times and across twice. He folded the pieces in their own blurred envelope and dropped them into the chaplain’s wastebasket.

THROUGH GERMANY ON FOOT

PART IV.—FOOD PILGRIMS AND PROFITEERS

BY LIEUTENANT HARRY A. FRANCK

Author of A Vagabond Journey Around the World, Vagabonding Down the Andes, Etc.

OVER a mountainous ridge shaded by a cool and murmuring evergreen forest, I descended through the Bavarian fields toward Beilngries, a reddish patch on the landscape ahead. A glass-clear brook that was almost a river hurried away across the meadow. I shed my clothes and plunged into it. A thin man was wandering along its grassy bank like a poet hunting inspiration or a victim of misfortune seeking solace for his tortured spirit. I overtook him soon after I had dressed. His garb was not that of a Bavarian villager; his manner and his speech suggested a Prussian, or at least a man from the north. I expected him to show more curiosity at sight of a wandering stranger than had the simple countrymen of the region. When I accosted him he asked if the water was cold and lapsed into silence. I made a casual reference to my walk from Munich. In any other country the mere mention of that distance on foot would have aroused astonishment. He said he had himself been fond of walking in his younger days. I implied in a conversational footnote that I was bound for Berlin. He assured me the trip would take me through some pleasant scenery. I emphasized my accent until a man of his class must have recognized that I was a foreigner. He remarked that these were sad days for Germany. I worked carefully up to the announcement, in the most dramatic manner I could command, that I was an American recently discharged from the army. He hoped I would carry home a pleasant impression of German landscapes, even if I did not find the country what it had

once been in other respects. As we parted at the edge of the town, he deplored the scarcity and high price of food, shook hands limply and wished me a successful journey. In other words, there was no means of arousing his interest, to say nothing of surprise or resentment, that the citizen of a country with which his own was still at war should be wandering freely with kodak and note-book through his fatherland. His attitude was that of the vast majority of Germans I met on my journey, and to this day I have not ceased to wonder why their attitude should have been so indifferent. Had the whole country been starved out of the aggressive, suspicious manner of the Kaiser days or was there truth in the assertion that they had always considered strangers honored guests and treated them as such? More likely the form of government under which they had so long lived had left the individual German the impression that personally it was no affair of his, that it was up to the officials who had appointed themselves over him to attend to such matters, while the government itself had grown so weak and disjointed that it took no cognizance of wandering strangers.

Whatever else may be said of them, the Germans certainly are a hard-working, diligent people, even in the midst of calamities. Boys of barely fourteen followed the plow from dawn to dark of these long northern summer days. Laborers toiled steadily at road-mending, at keeping in repair the material things the Kaiser régime had left them, as ambitiously as if the thought

had never occurred to them that all this labor might in the end prove of advantage only to their enemies. Except that the letters "P. G." or "P. W." were not painted on their garments, there was nothing to distinguish these gangs of workmen in fields and along the roads from the prisoners of war one had grown so accustomed to see at similar tasks in France. They wore the same patched and discolored field-gray, the same weather-faded fatigue caps. How those red-banded caps have permeated into the utmost corners of the land!

Between Beilngries and Bershing, two attractive towns with more than their share of food and comfort in the Germany of armistice days, I left the highway for the tow-path of the once famous Ludwig Canal that parallels it. To all appearances this had long since been abandoned as a means of transportation. Nowhere in the many miles I followed it did I come upon a canal-boat, though its many locks were still in working order and the lock-tenders' dwellings still inhabited. The disappearance of canal-boats may have been merely temporary, as was that of automobiles, of which, I remember seeing only three, during all my tramps in rural Germany, except those in the military service.

For a long time I trod the carpet-like tow-path without meeting or overtaking any fellow-traveler. It was as if I had discovered some unknown and perfect route of my own. The mirror surface of the canal pictured my movements far more perfectly than any cinema film, reproducing every slightest tint and color. Now and again I halted to stretch out on the grassy slope at the edge of the water, in the all-bathing sunshine. Snow-white cherry-trees were slowly, regretfully shedding their blossoms, flecking the ground and here and there and the edge of the canal with their cast-off petals. Bright pink apple-trees, just coming into full bloom, were humming with myriad bees. A few birds sang gaily, yet a bit drowsily, falling wholly silent now and then, as if awed by

nature's loveliness. A weather-browned woman, her head covered with a clean white kerchief with strands of apple-blossom pink in it, knelt at the edge of the waterway a bit farther on, cutting the long grass with a little curved sickle, her every motion, too, caught by the mirroring canal. Along the highway below tramped others of her species, bearing to town on their backs the green fodder similarly gathered, in long, cone-shaped baskets or wrapped in large cloths. One had heaped her basket high with bright yellow mustard, which splashed the whitish roadway as with a splotch of paint. Vehicles there were none, except the little hand-carts drawn by barefoot women or children, and now and then a man, sometimes similarly unshod. The wonder once more came upon me that these slow, simple country people with their never-failing greetings and their entire lack of warlike manner could have formed a part of the most militaristic nation in history.

For some days past every person I met along the way, young or old, had bidden me good day with the all-embracing "*Scoot.*" I had taken this at first to be an abbreviation of "*Es ist gut,*" until an innkeeper explained it as a shortening of the medieval "*Grüss Gott*" ("May God's greeting go with you"). In mid-afternoon of this Saturday the custom suddenly ceased, as did the solitude of the tow-path. A group of men and women, bearing rucksacks, baskets, valises, and all manner of receptacles, appeared from under the flowery foliage ahead and marched past me at a more aggressive pace than that of the country people. Their garb, their manner, somewhat sour and unfriendly, particularly the absence of any form of greeting, distinguished them from the villagers of the region. More and more groups appeared, some numbering a full dozen, following one another so closely as to form an almost continual procession. Some marched on the farther bank of the canal, as if our own had become too crowded with traffic for comfort, hurry-

ing into the south with set, perspiring faces. I took them to be residents of the larger towns beyond, returning from the end of a railway spur ahead with purchases from the Saturday morning market at Nuremberg. It was some time before I discovered that quite the opposite was the case.

They were "hamsterers," city people setting out to scour the country for food. *Hamster* is the German word for an animal of the weasel family, which squirms in and out through every possible opening in quest of nourishment. During the war it came to be the popular designation of those who seek to augment their scanty ticket-limited rations by canvassing among the peasants, until the term in all its forms, as noun, verb, adjective, has become a universally recognized bit of the language. Women

with time to spare, children free from school, "go hamstering" any day of the week. But Saturday afternoon and Sunday, when the masses are relieved of their labors, is the time of a general exodus from every city in Germany. There is not a peasant in the land, I have often been assured, who has not been regularly "hamstered" during the past two years. In their feverish quest the famished human weasels cross and crisscross their lines through all the Empire. "Hamsterers" hurrying north or east in the hope of discovering unfished waters pass "hamsterers" racing south or west bound on the same chiefly

vain errand. Another difficulty adds to their misfortunes, however, and limits the majority to their own section of the country. It is not the cost of transportation, except in the case of those at the lowest financial ebb, for fourth-class fare is more than cheap and includes all the baggage the traveler can lug with him.

But any journey of more than twenty-five kilometers requires the permission of the local authorities. Without their *Ausweis* the railways will not sell to any one tickets to stations beyond that distance. Hence the custom is to ride as far into the country as possible, make a wide circle on foot, or sometimes on a bicycle, during the Sunday following, "hamstering" as one goes, and fetch up at a station again in time for the last train to the city. In consequence the regions within attainable distance around

large cities are so thoroughly "fished out" that the peasants receive new callers with sullen silence.

I had been conscious of a sourness in the greetings of the country people all that Saturday, quite distinct from their cheery friendliness of the days before. Now it was explained. They had taken me for a "hamsterer," with a knapsack full of the food their region could so ill spare. Not that any of them, probably, was suffering from hunger. But man is a selfish creature. He resents another's acquisition of anything which may ever by any chance be of use to him. Particularly *der deutsche Bauer* (the Ger-



A WAYSIDE MEETING WITH A SOLDIER-POLICEMAN



GERMAN CITY-DWELLERS SCOURING THE COUNTRYSIDE FOR FOOD

man peasant), as a “hamsterer” with whom I fell in later put it, “is never an idealist. He believes in looking out for himself first and foremost”—which characteristic, by the way, is not confined to his class in Germany, nor indeed to any land. “War, patriotism, fatherland, have no place in his heart when they clash with the interests of his purse,” my informant went on. “Hence he has taken full advantage of the misery of others, using the keen competition to boost his prices far beyond all reason.”

Many a labor-weary workman of the cities, with a half-dozen mouths to fill, many a tired, emaciated woman, tramps the byways of Germany all Sunday long, halting at a score or two of farm-houses, dragging aching legs homeward late at night, with only three or four eggs, a few potatoes, and now and then a half-pound of butter to show for the exertion. Sometimes other food-seekers have completely annihilated the peasant’s stock. Sometimes he has only enough for his own needs. Often his prices are so high that the “hamsterer” cannot reach them—the *Bauer* knows by years of experience now that if he bides his time some

one to whom price is a minor detail will appear, perhaps the agents of the rich man’s hotels and restaurants of Berlin and the larger cities. Frequently he is of a miserly disposition, and hoards his produce against an imagined day of complete famine, or in the hope that the unreasonable prices will become even more unreasonable. There are laws against “hamstering,” as there are against selling foodstuffs at more than the established prices. Now and again the weary urban dweller who has tramped the countryside all day sees himself held up by a gendarme and despoiled of all his meager gleanings. But the peasant, for some reason, is seldom molested in his profiteering.

The northern Bavarian complains that the people of Saxony outbid him among his own villages; the Saxon accuses the iron-fisted Prussian of descending upon his fields and carrying off the food so badly needed at home. Those with influence have little difficulty in reaching beyond the legal twenty-five-kilometer limit. The result is that foodstuffs on which the government has set a maximum price often never reach the market, but are

gathered on the spot at prices several times higher than the law sanctions.

"You see that farm over there?" asked a food-canvasser with whom I walked an hour or more one Sunday. "I stopped there and tried to buy butter. 'We haven't an ounce of butter to our names,' said the woman. 'Ah,' said I, just to see if I could not catch her in a lie, 'but I pay as high as twenty marks a pound.' 'In that case,' said the *Unverschämte*, 'I can let you have any amount you want, up to thirty pounds.' I could not really pay that price, of course, being a poor man, working hard for nine marks a day. But when I told her I would report her to the police, she laughed in my face and slammed the door."

It was easy to understand now why so many of those I had interviewed in my official capacity at Coblenz had expressed the opinion that sooner or later the poor of the cities would descend upon the peasants in bands and rob them of their hoardings. The countrymen themselves showed that fear of this now and then gnawed at their souls, not so much by their speech as by their cir-

cumspect actions. The sight of these swarms of "hamsterers" descending from the north like locusts from the desert gave the prophecy new meaning. It would have been so easy for a few groups of them to have joined together and wreaked the vengeance of their class on the "hard-hearted" peasants. Had they been a less orderly, lifelong-disciplined race they might thus have run amuck months before. Instead, they plodded on through all the hardships circumstances had woven for them, with that all-suffering, uncomplaining sort of fatalism with which the war seems to have inoculated the German soul.

Thus far the question of lodging had always been simple. I had only to pick out a village ahead on the map and put up at its chief *Gasthaus*. But Saturday night and the "hamsterers" gave the situation a new twist. With a leisurely twenty miles behind me, I turned aside to the pleasing little hamlet of Mühlhausen, quite certain I had reached the end of that day's journey. But the *Gastzimmer* of the chief inn presented an astonishing afternoon sight. Its every table was densely surrounded by dust-



THE CITY HALL OF ALTDORF

streaked men, women, and older children, their rucksacks and straw coffers strewn about the floor. Instead of the serene, leisurely-diligent matron whom I expected to greet my entrance with a welcoming "*Scoot,*" I found a sharp-tongued, harassed female vainly striving to silence the constant refrain of "*Hier! Glas Bier, bitte!*" Far from hav-

lady could muster, "overfilled hours ago!" Incredible! I had scarcely seen a fellow-guest for the night during all my tramp from Munich. Well, I would enjoy one of those good *Gasthaus* suppers and find lodging in another public-house at my leisure. Again I had reckoned without my hostess. When I succeeded in once more catching the attention of the distracted matron, she flung at me over a shoulder: "Not a bite! Hamsterers have eaten every crumb in town."

It was only too true. The other inn of Mühlhausen had been as thoroughly raided. Moreover, its beds also were already "overfilled." The seemingly impossible had come to pass—my chosen village not only would not shelter me for the night; it would not even assuage my gnawing appetite before driving me forth into the wide, inhospitable world beyond. Truly war has its infernal details!

As always happens in such cases, the next town was at least twice as far away as the average distance between its neighbors. Fortunately an isolated little "beer-arbor" a few miles farther on had laid in a Saturday stock. The *Wirt* not only served me bread, but a generous cut of some mysterious species of sausage, without so much as batting an eyelid at my presumptuous request. Weary, dusty "hamsterers"



THE HOUSE IN WHICH WALLENSTEIN LIVED IN ALTDORF

ing a mug set before me almost at the instant I took my seat, I was forced to remain standing, and it was several minutes before I could catch her attention long enough to request "*das beste Zimmer.*" "Room!" she snapped, in a tone I had never dreamed a Bavarian land-

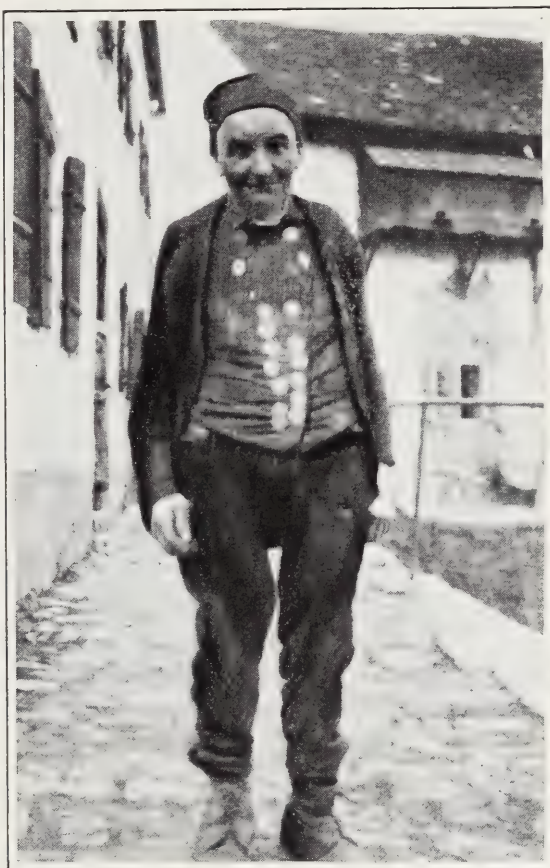
of both sexes and all ages were enjoying his Spartan hospitality also, their scanty fare contrasting suggestively with the great slabs of home-smoked cold ham, the hard-boiled eggs, *Bauernbrod* and butter with which a group of plump, taciturn peasant youths and girls gorged

themselves at another mug-decorated table with the surreptitious demeanor of yeggmen enjoying their ill-gotten winnings. The stragglers of the human weasel army punctuated the highway for a few kilometers farther. Some were war victims, stumping past on crippled legs; some were so gaunt-featured and thin that one wondered how they had succeeded in entering the race at all. The last one of the day was a woman past middle age, mountainous of form, her broad expanse of ruddy face streaked with dust and perspiration, who sat weightily on a roadside boulder, munching the remnants of a black-bread-and-smoked-pork lunch and gazing despairingly into the highway vista down which her more nimble-legged competitors had long since vanished.

In the end I was glad Mühlhausen had repulsed me, for I had a most delightful walk from sunset into dusk in forest-flanked solitude along the Ludwig Canal, with a swim in reflected moonshine to top it off. Darkness had completely fallen on the long summer day when I reached Neumarkt with thirty miles to my credit. Under ordinary circumstances I should have had a large choice of lodgings; the place was important enough to call itself a city and its broad main street was lined by a continuous procession of peak-gabled *Gasthäuser*. But it, too, was flooded with "hamsters." They packed every beer-dispensing "guest-room"; they crowded every

public lodging, awaiting the dawn of Sunday to charge forth in all directions upon the surrounding countryside. I made the circuit of its cobble-paved center four times, suffering a score of scornful rebuffs, before I found a man who admitted vaguely that he might be able to shelter me for the night.

He was another of those curious fairy-tale dwarfs one finds tucked away in the corners of Bavaria, and his aery befitted his personal appearance. It was a disjointed little den filled with the medieval paraphernalia—and incidentally with much of the unsavoriness—that had collected there during its several centuries of existence. One stooped to enter the beer-hall, and rubbed one's eyes for the astonishment of being suddenly carried back to the Middle Ages, as well as from the acrid clouds of smoke that suddenly



THE GNOME LANDLORD WITH THE
SILVER-COIN VEST BUTTONS

ly assailed them; one all but crawled on hands and knees to reach the stoop-shouldered, dark cubbyholes miscalled sleeping-chambers above. Indeed, the establishment did not presume to pose as a *Gasthaus*; it contented itself with the more modest title of *Gastwirtschaft*.

But there were more than mere physical difficulties in gaining admittance to the so-called lodgings under the eaves. The dwarfish *Wirt* had first to be satisfied that I was a paying guest. When I asked to be shown at once to my quarters, he gasped, protestingly, "*Aber trinken Sie kein Glas Bier?*" I would

indeed, and with it I would eat a substantial supper, if he could furnish one. That he could and did. How he had gathered so many of the foodstuffs which most Germans strive for in vain, including such delicacies as eggs, veal, and butter, is no business of mine. My chief interest just then was to welcome the heaping plates which his gnomish urchins brought me from the cavernous hole of a kitchen out of which peered now and then the witchlike face of his wife-cook. The same impish little brats pattered about in their bare feet among the guests, serving them beer as often as a mug was emptied and listening with grinning faces to the sometimes obscene anecdotes with which a few of them assailed the rafters. Most of the clients that evening were of the respectable class, being "hamstering" men and wives forced to put up with whatever circumstances required of them, but they were in striking contrast to the disreputable habitués of what was evidently Neumarkt's least gentlemanly establishment.

In all the wine-soaked uproar of the evening there was but a single reference

to what one fancied would have been any German's chief interest in those particular days. A maudlin braggart made a casual, parenthetical boast of what he "would do to the cursed Allies if he ever caught them again." The habitual guests applauded drunkenly, the transient ones preserved the same enduring silence they had displayed all the evening, the braggart lurched on along some wholly irrelevant theme and the misshapen host continued serving his beer and pocketing pewter coins and "shin-plasters" with a mumble and a grimace that said as plainly as words, "Well, what do I care what happens to the country if I can still do a paying business?" But then, he was of the race that has often been accused of having no patriotism for anything beyond its own purse, whatever country it inhabits.

When we had paid rather reasonable bills for the forbidden fruits that had been set before us, the *Wirt* lighted what seemed to be a straw stuffed with grease and conducted me and three "hamstering" workmen from Nuremberg up a low, twisting passageway to a garret crowded with four nests on legs which he



"HAMSTERERS" SETTING OUT IN SEARCH OF PEASANTS' HOARDS OF FOOD

dignified with the name of beds. I will spare the tender-hearted reader any detailed description of our chamber, beyond remarking that we paid eighty pfennigs each for our accommodations, and were vastly overcharged at that. It was the only "hardship" of my German journey. My companions compared notes for a half-hour or more on the misfortunes and possibilities of their wartime avocation, each taking care not to give the others any inkling of what corner of the landscape he hoped most successfully to "hamster" on the morrow, and by midnight the overpopulated rendezvous of Neumarkt had sunk into its brief pre-"hamstering" slumber.

Being ahead of my schedule, and, moreover, the day being Sunday, I did not loaf away until nine next morning. The main highway had swung westward toward Nuremberg. The more modest country road I followed due north led over a gently rolling region through many clumps of forest. Scattered groups of peasants returning from church passed me in almost continual procession during the noon-hour. The older women stalked uncomfortably along in tight-fitting black gowns that resembled the styles to be seen in paintings of a century ago, holding their outer skirts knee-high and showing curiously decorated petticoats. On their heads they wore closely fitting kerchiefs of silky appearance, jet-black in color, though on week-days they were coiffed with white cotton.

Some ostentatious light-colored aprons and pale-blue embroidered cloths knotted at the back of the neck and held in place by a breastpin in the form of a crucifix or other religious emblem. In one hand they gripped a prayer-book and in the other an amber or black rosary. The boys and girls, almost without exception, carried their heavy

hobnailed shoes in their hands and slapped along joyfully in their bare feet. In every village was an open-air bowling-alley, sometimes half hidden behind a crude latticework, and always closely connected with the beer-dispensary, in which the younger men joined in their weekly sport as soon as church was over. Somewhere within sight of them hovered the grown girls, big blond German *Mädchen* with their often very pretty faces and their plowman's arms, hands,

ankles, and feet, dressed in their gay, light-colored Sunday best.

Huge lilac-bushes in fullest bloom sweetened the constant breeze with their perfume. The glassy surface of the canal still glistened in the near distance to the left; a cool, clear stream meandered in and out along a slight valley to the right. Countrymen trundled past on bicycles that still boasted good rubber tires, in contrast to the jolting substitutes to which most city riders had been reduced. A few of the returning "hamsters" were similarly mounted, though the majority trudged mournfully on foot, carrying bags and knapsacks half filled



BAVARIAN GIRLS RETURNING FROM CHURCH CARRY THEIR SHOES

with vegetables, chiefly potatoes, with live geese, ducks, or chickens. One youth pedaled past with a lamb, gazing, with the wondering eyes of a country boy taking his first journey, out of the rucksack on his back. When I overtook him on the next long rise he displayed his woolly treasure proudly, at the same time complaining that he had been forced to pay "a wholesevenmarks" for it. As I turned aside for a dip in the inviting stream, the Munich-Berlin airplane express *bourdonned* by overhead, perhaps a thousand meters above, setting a bee-line through the glorious summer sky and contrasting strangely with the medieval life underfoot about me.

At Gnadenberg, beside the artistic ruins of a once famous cloister with a hillside forest vista, an inn supplied me a generous dinner, with luscious young roast pork as the chief ingredient.

The traveler in Germany during the armistice was far more impressed by such a repast than by mere ruins of the Middle Ages. The innkeeper and his wife had little in common with their competitors of the region. They were a youthful couple from Hamburg, who had adopted this almost unprecedented means of assuring themselves the livelihood which the war had denied them at home. Amid the distressing Bavarian dialect with which my ears had been assailed since my arrival in Munich, their grammatical German speech was like a flash of light in a dark corner.

By four I had already attained the parlor suite of the principal *Gasthaus* of Altdorf, my three huge windows looking out upon the broad main street of a truly picturesque town. Ancient peaked gables cut the horizon with their saw edge on every hand. The entire façade of the aged church that boomed the

quarter-hours across the way was shaded by a mighty tree that looked like a giant green haystack. A dozen other clocks, in towers or scattered about the inn, loudly questioned the veracity of the church-bells and of one another at as frequent intervals. Time may be of less importance to the Bavarian than to some less tranquil people, but he believes in marking it thoroughly. His every room boasts a clock or two; his villages resemble an *horlogerie* in the throes of anarchy, with every timepiece loudly expounding its own



GERMAN BOYS IN CUT-DOWN UNIFORMS
OF SOLDIERS

personal opinion, until the entire twenty-four hours become a constant uproar of conflicting theories, like the hubbub of some Bolshevik assembly. Most of them are not contented with single statements, but insist on repeating their quarter-hourly misinformation. The preoccupied guest or the uneasy sleeper refrains with difficulty from shouting at some insistent timepiece or church-bell, "Yes, you said that a moment ago. For Heaven's sake, don't be so redundant!" But his protest would be sure to be drowned out by the clangor of some other clock vociferously correcting the statements of its competi-

tors. It is always a quarter to, or after, something or other, according to the clocks of Bavaria.

Over my beer I fell into conversation with an old merchant from Nuremberg and his sister-in-law. The pair were the most nearly resentful toward America of any persons I met in Germany, yet not so much so but that we passed a very agreeable evening together. The man clung doggedly to a theory that seems to be moribund in Germany—that America's only real reason for entering the war was to protect her investments in the Allied cause. The woman had been a hack writer on sundry subjects for a half-century, and a frequent contributor to German-language papers in America. As is frequently the case with her sex, she was far more bitter and decidedly less open-minded toward her country's enemies than the man. Her chief complaint, however, was that America's entrance into the war had cut her off from her most lucrative field, and her principal anxiety the question as to how soon she would again be able to exchange manuscripts for American drafts. She grew almost vociferous in demanding, not of me, but of her companion, why American writers were permitted to roam at large in Germany while the two countries were still at war, particularly why the Allies did not allow the same privileges to German writers. As to myself, I was as much in the dark on that subject as she. Her companion, however, assured her that it was because Germany had always been more frank and open-minded than her enemies; that the more freedom she allowed enemy correspondents the sooner would the world come to realize that Germany's cause had been the more just. She admitted all this, adding that nowhere were justice and enlightenment so fully developed as in her beloved fatherland, but she rather spoiled the assertion by her constant amazement that I dared go about the country unarmed. In all the torrent of words she poured forth one outburst still stands out in my memory.

"Fortunately," she cried, "Roosevelt is dead. He would have made it even harder for poor Germany than Wilson has. Why should that man have joined our enemies, too, after we had treated him like a king? His daughter accepted a nice wedding-present from our Kaiser, and then he turned against us!"

One sensed the curious working of the typical German mind in that remark. The Kaiser had given a friendly gift, he had received a man with honors, hence anything the Kaiser chose to do thereafter should have met with that man's unqualified approval. It was a most natural conclusion, from the German point of view. Did not the Kaiser and his clan attain to the height from which they fell partly by the judicious distribution of "honors" to those who might otherwise have successfully opposed them, by the lavishing of badges and medals, of honorariums and preferences, of iron crosses and costly baubles?

A young man at an adjacent table took exception to some accusation against America by the cantankerous old merchant and joined in the conversation. From that moment forth I was no longer called upon to defend my country's actions; our new companion did so far more effectively than I could possibly have done. He was professor of psychology in the ancient university of Altdorf, and his power of viewing a question from both sides, with absolute impartiality, without the faintest glow of personal feeling, attained the realms of the supernatural. During the entire war he had been an officer at the front, having returned to his academic duties within a month after the signing of the armistice. As women are frequently more rabid than men in their hatred of a warring enemy, so are the men who have taken the least active part in the conflict commonly the more furious. One can often recognize almost at a glance the real soldier—not the parader in uniform at the rear, but him who has seen actual warfare; he is wiser and less fanatical; he is more apt to realize that

his enemy, too, had something to fight for, that every war in history has had some right on both sides.

When we exchanged names I found that the professor was more familiar than I with a tale I once wrote of a journey around the world, republished in his own tongue. The discovery led us into discussions that lasted late into the evening. In the morning he conducted me through the venerable seat of learning to which he was attached. It had suffered much from the war, not merely financially, but in the loss of fully two-thirds of its faculty and students. Three-fourths of them had returned now, but they had not brought with them the pre-war atmosphere. He detected an impatience with academic pursuits, a superficiality that had never before been known in German universities. Particularly the youths who had served as officers during the war submitted themselves with great difficulty to the discipline of the classroom. The chief "sight" of the institution was an underground cell in which the afterward famous Wallenstein was once confined. In his youth the general attended the university for a year, the last one of the sixteenth century. His studies, however, had been almost entirely confined to the attractions of the *Gasthäuser* and the charms of the fair maidens of the surrounding villages. The attempt one day to enliven academic proceedings with an alcoholic exhilaration of which he was not even the legal possessor financially brought him to the sobering depths of the iron-barred cellar and eventually to expulsion. But alas for diligence and sobriety! While the self-denying grinds of his day have sunk centuries deep into oblivion, the name of Wallenstein is emblazoned in letters a meter high across the façade of the steep-gabled dwelling in which he recuperated during the useless daylight hours from his nightly lucubrations.

The professor pointed out to me a by-way leading due northward over the green hills. Now it strode joyfully across broad meadows and ripening

wheat-fields about which scampered wild rabbits as I advanced; now it climbed deliberately up into the cathedral depths of evergreen forests that stretched away for hours in any direction. Bucolic little hamlets welcomed me as often as thirst suggested the attractiveness of dropping the rucksack from my shoulders to the bench of a refreshing country inn. On the walls of one tiny *Gastzimmer* hung large framed portraits, dauby in composition, of four youthful soldiers. The shuffling old woman who served me caught my questioning glance at the largest of them.

"My youngest," she explained, in her toothless mumble. "He has been missing since October, 1914. Never a word. He, over there, was slaughtered at Verdun. My oldest, he with the cap of an *Unteroffizier*, is a prisoner in France. They will never let him come back, it is said. The other, in the smallest picture, is working in the fields out yonder, but he has a stiff arm and he cannot do much. Pictures cost so now, too; we had to get a smaller one each year. My man was in it also. He still suffers from the malady of the trenches. He spends more than half his days in bed. War is *schrecklich*—frightful," she concluded, but she said it in a dull, dispassionate tone in which she might have deplored the lack of rain or the loss of a part of her herd. Indeed, there seemed to be more feeling in her voice as she added: "And they took all our horses. We have only an ox left now, and the cows."

Descending into a valley beyond, I met a score of school-boys of about fifteen, each with a knapsack on his back, climbing slowly upward into the forest. They crowded closely around a middle-aged man, similarly burdened, who was talking as he walked and to whom the boys gave such fixed attention that they did not so much as glance at me. His topic, as I caught from the few words I heard, was Roman history, on which he was discoursing as deliberately as if the group had been seated in their stuffy classroom in the village below.



EASTERN NIGHTS AND FLIGHTS

III.—CONSTANTINOPLE—AND HOW TO BECOME MAD

BY CAPTAIN ALAN BOTT

Author of *Cavalry of the Clouds*

“YOUR best card,” said Pappas Effendi, “is *vertige*. Melancholia and loss of memory and nervous breakdown and all that ’ll be helpful, but play up *vertige* for all you’re worth. It can mean anything. Besides, it’s impressive.”

Pappas Effendi was a Roman Catholic chaplain, waiting at Psamatia (a suburb of Constantinople) to be exchanged as a sick prisoner of war. He and I were discussing how best I could be admitted to hospital, so as to remain in the capital. My injuries had healed since capture, and I could produce no illness at a moment’s notice. I decided to claim, therefore, that as a result of my aeroplane crash in Palestine I suffered from nervous and mental troubles.

The seven of us who left Damascus together had been brought to Constantinople, presumably for interrogation. We lived at Psamatia, in a wooden house that served as a higher-grade prison.

Two or three times a week we were allowed into Stamboul, in parties of two or three, each with a guard. On such days the usual rendezvous for lunch was a little restaurant named the Maritza. There the Turkish soldiers would sit near the door, over plates of food bought for them by the captive officers they were guarding, while the said officers fed in a far corner and discussed the latest bazaar rumors with a Greek waiter. This Greek acted as intermediary for correspondence with civilians, and many a time letters were given and received under cover of menu cards or currency notes, while the stupid guards ate their rice.

Our threatened interrogation never

happened, and one evening it was announced that the party of seven was to leave in three days’ time for Afion-Karahissar, in the center of Asia Minor. From every point of view it would be advisable to remain in Constantinople. It seemed the only place which offered possibilities of an escape from Turkey, and it contained various civilians who were either British themselves or were willing to help British prisoners. Moreover, it could supply many opportunities in the way of distraction; and such opportunities were always attainable through *baksheesh*, that lowest common denominator of the Turkish Empire. And if the long-promised exchange of sick prisoners took place, Constantinople was obviously the place where strings might be pulled most effectively, if one tried to make some feigned affliction the herald of a return home.

There were at Psamatia two officers who had been told that they would be among the first batch of prisoners to leave the country. One of them—Flight-Lieutenant F., taken after losing his way on his first night-raid on active service—claimed to be suffering from some form of tuberculosis, difficult of definition and detection, but strongly supported by influential friends. The other was Father M., a Roman Catholic *padre* who was among the captured garrison of Kut-el-Amara. His thirty months of captivity had seriously affected the well-being, mental and physical, of this white-haired priest, who in any case, as a non-combatant well over military age, should most certainly have been allowed to leave Turkey. Mean-

while he was well loved by all at Psamatia, even by the guards, who knew him as "Pappas Effendi." Whenever he passed down the street children from among the Catholic Christians who lived near the prison-house would stand in his way and demand a blessing.

Unfortunately, the camp library contained no medical text-book which would explain how one might feign nervous disorders, so that my assumed symptoms were more striking than scientific. Having been coached in my part by Pappas Effendi, and having practised before the mirror a doleful look tempered by a variety of twitchings, I visited the Turkish doctor. Ever since the aeroplane smash, I complained with mournful insistence I had suffered terrible from *vertige*, from periods of utter forgetfulness, from maddening melancholia, and from nervous outbreaks. Above all, from *vertige*.

Fortunately the doctor, like most Turkish medical men, was both ignorant and unintelligent. His day's work was to sit in an office for two hours, smoking a cigarette through an absurdly long holder, and, having listened to the translated statements of would-be patients, either to send them away with a pill or to write out a form whereby they could be examined in hospital. A wound or an injury he might have treated with the inevitable pill, but it was plain that the very suggestion of mental trouble stumped him. He could not withstand the word *vertige*, and after a second repetition of it I had no difficulty in procuring an order whereby I could be dealt with by a hospital doctor.

That same afternoon I was led to Gumuch Souyou hospital, in the southeast corner of Péra, near the Sultan's palace of Dolma Bagtché. There my claims to admission as a mentally afflicted patient were granted without question, so that I began to wonder whether I really was in my right mind. Having heard the list of pretended complaints, not forgetting the *vertige*, an Armenian doctor sent me to bed for a

fortnight's rest, without even the formality of an inspection.

W., whose wounded arm was badly inflamed, already occupied a bed in the same room. So did M., who years before had ricked his right knee, and by reason of its weakness and tendency to synovitis, managed to remain in hospital for many weeks, with one eye on the possibilities of an exchange of prisoners. R., who had the same object in view, turned up from Psamatia later in the day. He had shown two perfectly healed bullet wounds in the leg, received three years earlier on Gallipoli, and had bluffed the Turkish doctor into believing a statement that they were giving him renewed trouble.

Now, clearly, if I wished to establish a reputation for melancholia, nervous fits, and *vertige*, I should have to prove abnormality; and just as clearly it would be difficult to give convincing performances before these fellow-prisoners who knew me to be normal. The only solution was to demand removal to a single-bedded room, for the sake of quiet.

"Pulse and heart normal," commented the doctor next morning.

"Yes, *M. le docteur*. For the moment nothing is worrying me except that I have forgotten all that has happened since the aeroplane smash. Yet sometimes my mind is a black blank, sometimes I am unconscious of what I do, sometimes the *vertige* is so bad that I cannot stand on my feet. Above all, I hate being near anybody, and desire complete rest. Will you be so kind as to let me go to a small room where I can remain alone?"

The doctor was only half convinced, but he gave instructions for the change; while W. turned over suddenly to hide his face, then covered his head with a blanket so as not to laugh out loud.

Once again, as I lay in bed and racked my common sense for ideas on the subject of nervous fits and *vertige*, I deplored the lack of a medical text-book, for never before had I suffered from mental derangement.

"Pulse and heart normal," said the doctor, inexorably, on the next morning.

Some hours later the conduct of Ibrahim, the fat Turkish orderly, provided the required inspiration. Disregarding instructions not to worry me, he entered the room during the heat of the early afternoon, sat down, lolled his head on the table, and began to snore. Such provocation really did upset my nerves. Consciously I stimulated my sense of very real irritation until I was furious with Ibrahim. Blending this anger with the need of performing some sort of a fit, I considered how best to attack him, and what attitude to adopt afterward.

I jumped out of bed, opened the door, seized the fat little orderly round the middle, and flung him into the corridor, while he yelled with surprise. Next I sat down on the bed and began tearing the sheets into long strips. The corporal of the guard, with another Turkish soldier, half-opened the door cautiously and looked inside. I stared at them blankly, then got into bed and lay down quietly, facing the wall.

Ibrahim returned presently with the doctor of the day, who entered with a surprised and quizzical, "*Qu'est-ce qu'il ya?*"

"Doctor," I said, "I fail to remember what I've been doing the last five minutes, but I feel I've been through a crisis. Even now my head swims and I suffer from *vertige*."

Followed a long explanation in Turkish, complete with gestures, from Ibrahim. The doctor felt my pulse, which, fortunately, had accelerated during the calculated excitement of heaving Ibrahim out of the room.

"*Calmez-vous donc*," said he. "*Tout sera bien après quelques semaines*." I liked the suggestion of "some weeks," for time was what I wanted.

The doctor left me, after ordering some sort of a bromide mixture that possessed calming qualities. The first performance, I felt, had been rather a success. As for the bromide, I poured it out of the window during the night.

The bottle was filled again in the morning.

Next day was a fitless one, and by the evening I felt that something must be done to maintain my reputation. Still knowing little of what a man with my complaints ought to do, I thought foolishly that somnambulism might fit in with the general scheme of abnormality. I stayed awake until 2 A.M., and then, wearing a nightshirt, walked woodenly into the passage, with arms outstretched and head upheld. A guard was dozing on a bench that faced my door, and when I passed he took not the least notice. I felt hurt at being ignored, and turned and passed him again, this time taking care to nudge his knee. He rubbed his eyes, shouted, and began running in the opposite direction. When he returned with the sergeant of the guard, a quarter of an hour later, I was in bed and apparently asleep.

During the week that followed I gave several further performances. Soon, however, I was ousted from my single-bedded blessedness by a very real madman. A Turkish soldier passed into violent delirium and ran down the corridor on all-fours, shouting out the while that he was a horse. This was far more striking than anything I had imagined or attempted, and the delirious Turk was therefore confined apart in my little room, while I shared a ward with four Turkish officers.

I chose melancholia as opening act in the new quarters. All day I stared at the ceiling, and answered questions with a curt "*oui*" or "*non*," without looking at the questioner. Then, at 3 A.M., when the four Turks were asleep, I picked up a medicine-bottle that was half-filled with bromide, and flung it at the wall. It struck, tinkled, and scattered in fragments. Three of the Turkish officers woke, and sat up in bed.

"Air raid?" suggested one of them—for at that time British bombers from Mudros were visiting Constantinople on most moonlit nights.

"No, a bottle," said another, switch-

ing on a light and pointing to the splintered glass. He proceeded to protest angrily in Turkish, and I caught the words "mad Englishman." He turned off the light, and all lay down again. When the night orderly arrived, in answer to the noise, he found everything quiet, and dared ask no questions, for fear of disturbing the Turkish officers. Next morning, however, the senior officer in the ward protested to the chief doctor against being submitted to disturbance and possible violence from a mentally afflicted Englishman. As a result I was moved into the large room where were several other prisoners.

To sham violence before fellow-Britishers was almost impossible, I found, even though they co-operated in casting dust into Turkish eyes. I modified the violent fits into starts and twitchings whenever a sudden noise coincided with the presence of a doctor. The melancholia and loss of memory I retained, for these were easy of accomplishment.

In any case I should have been obliged to become normal enough for walks outside the hospital, if my hopes were to become realities. Staying in Constantinople when the rest of the party had returned to Anatolia was all very well, but it availed nothing unless I could get into touch with civilians who might help to make possible a plan of escape. Each Sunday morning such British officers as were not confined to bed attended the service at the Crimean Memorial Church, off the Grande Rue de Péra, and I wished to make use of this opportunity in my search for helpers. Besides the clergyman himself, there were still a few British civilians left free in Constantinople, and most of them visited the Church on Sunday mornings.

Above all, there would be the chance of asking advice from Miss W., a very plucky and noble lady who took great risks upon herself in helping prisoners. Already she had managed to visit the hospital, in the company of a Dutch diplomat's wife who came with official sanction.

A fortnight of fairly mild behavior gained me permission to attend divine service. With guards keeping a yard or so behind us we walked through the Grande Rue de Péra, with its crowd of evident sympathizers, and so to the English church at the bottom of a winding side-street. There, for an hour, I was in England. Even to such a constant absentee from church services as myself, all England was suggested by the pretty little building, with its floor smoothly flagged in squares, its simply compact altar, its well-ordered pews, its consciously reverent congregation, its rippling organ, and—yes, by the great truths and dogmatic commonplaces that were platitudinized from its pulpit. Even the sermon—dull, undistinguished, and full of the obvious levelness that one hears in any of a thousand small churches on any Sunday—brought joy unspeakable, because of its associations.

The guards, who had been standing at the back of the church with hat on head, refused to let us remain near the door when the congregation dispersed. It was inadvisable to bribe them in public, so we were forced to leave at once, with a friendly wave from Miss W. and sympathetic looks from unknown British civilians.

We crossed the Golden Horn to Stamboul, and lunched at the Maritza, where I met Pappas Effendi again. From him I learned that Captain Yeats-Brown and Lieutenant Sir. R. P. had arrived at Constantinople and were in Haidar Pasha Hospital, one claiming ear trouble and the other demanding that his nose should be straightened surgically. I remembered various escape talks with Yeats-Brown before leaving Afion-Karahissar, and in consequence had sympathy for neither the ear nor the nose, but plenty for the schemes which were to be arranged under cover of treatment for these organs. I was desperately anxious to get into touch with the pair. Accordingly I asked the Greek waiter to talk to the guards with his body between their table and ours, the while, keeping a slip

of paper out of sight, I scribbled a letter suggesting an appointment at the church on the following Sunday. The Greek strolled back to us and casually picked up the menu-card, with the letter and a twenty-piaster note attached to it. The unsuspecting guards continued to eat.

Presently in strolled another old acquaintance, Col. Prince Constantine Avaloff, the Georgian. He had just arrived at Psamatia from Afion-Kara-Hissar, and brought with him the latest news and gossip from the prison-camp—the arrival of a new commandant who seemed quite pleasant, the success of the latest concert, the delivery of a batch of parcels, the increase in price of *arak*, and other of the small happenings that filled the deadly life of a prisoner of war in Turkey. For me the most interesting item of news was that Captain Tom White was to be sent to Constantinople hospital for treatment. Although he had said nothing about escaping, I rather thought he intended to try it; and if he came to Gumuch Souyou he would be a useful ally, for I knew him to be both ingenious and unafraid. Meanwhile I revealed my own hopes to the prince, who promised to help in any way possible. He was likely to be of use, for as a result of Georgia's submission to Germany he was now free to move about the city without a guard. I walked back to Péra light-heartedly, with an instinctive knowledge that opportunity was in the offing.

A tousled scarecrow of a man was sitting up in a hitherto empty bed as we re-entered the prisoners' ward of the hospital. His long, untrimmed hair hung over an unwashed neck, his cheeks were sunken, his hands were clasped over the bedclothes that covered his shins. He ignored us completely and, with an expression of the most unswerving austerity, continued to read a book that lay open on his knees. As I passed I saw, from the ruling and paragraphing of the pages, that it must be a copy of the Bible.

I looked round for enlightenment,

only to find myself face to face with an even stranger figure. In a bed opposite the scarecrow lay a man whose face was unnaturally white. The young forehead was divided and subdivided by deep wrinkles, a golden beard tufted from the chin, the head was covered by a too-large fez made of white linen. He grinned and waved an arm toward the Turkish orderly, but when we looked at him he shrank back in apparent affright, then hid under the bedclothes.

"English officers," said the orderly. "From Haidar Pasha Hospital. Both mad."

"I am not English," came in Turkish from the strange, befezzed head as it shot upward from the bedclothes. "I am a good Turk. The English are my enemies. I write to His Excellency Enver Pasha, telling him I wish to become a Turkish officer."

"Lieutenant Heel," continued the Turk, pointing toward the scarecrow. Then, as he swung his hand in the direction of the man who had written to Enver Pasha, "Lieutenant Jawnès."

"My name is not Jones," the fantastic shouted, still speaking in Turkish. "I am Ahmed Hamdi Effendi."

Yet he was indeed Jones, just as much as the scarecrow opposite him was Hill. We had heard stories of their extravagant doings, but this was our first sight of the famous lunatics whose reputation had spread through every prison-camp in Turkey. The Turks believed them to be mad, and, although there were some skeptics, so did many of the British prisoners. When, after watching the pair for several hours, we went into the garden that evening and discussed them, we agreed that they were either real lunatics or brilliant actors.

It had all begun months earlier, at Yozgad. To pass the weary time Jones and Hill dabbled in and experimented with hypnotism and telepathy, and, by making ingenuity and the conjurer's artifice (of which Hill was an expert) adjuncts of their séances, they non-plussed fellow-prisoners and Turks alike,

for it was impossible to tell whether trickery or something inexplicable was the basis of their astonishing demonstrations. By means of *The Spirit of Music* (a hidden lamp with the wick turned too high), *The Buried Treasure Guarded by Arms* (some coins and an old pistol that were first inserted behind a loose wall and then "revealed" by digging into the untouched ground above this treasure), *The Miraculous Photographs* (taken with a secret camera designed and constructed by themselves), and other devices, they reduced the camp commandant and his staff to a state of bewildered fear. When they had hoodwinked the commandant into the belief that they could exchange mind-messages with local civilians, he confined them in a small room and allowed no communication with other prisoners.

From this time onward Jones and Hill showed apparent dread of their fellow-prisoners. The British officers at Yozgad wanted to destroy them, they informed the Turkish commandant, adding a plea for protection. Meanwhile their hair and beards grew longer and more untrimmed, their general appearance stranger and wilder. Perhaps their most impressive exploit at Yozgad was when a guard found them hanging side by side on ropes that were suspended from a beam, the chairs that supported their weight having just been kicked away while he was in the passage. He cut down the dangling bodies, and his tale confirmed the commandant in the belief that the spiritualistic prisoners were altogether insane. A few days later they went under escort to Constantinople and were admitted to Haidar Pasha Hospital.

From this hospital their fame spread all over Constantinople, so that long before they were transferred to Gumuch Souyou I had heard how Hill read the Bible all day and uttered never a word, except when he prayed aloud, while Jones, having in two months learned to talk Turkish perfectly, proclaimed himself a Turk and would speak no other language. His name, he insisted time

and again, was Ahmed Hamdi Effendi. He disregarded all Britishers in Haidar Pasha Hospital, unless it were to tell the Turkish doctor that Jones was mad, and therefore to be pitied more than blamed. Once he threw himself into the pond in the garden. Once, having received the usual Red Cross remittance from an official of the Dutch Legation, he tore the bank-notes in two, threw the scraps of paper across the room, and declared that he wanted no English money. During an air raid over Constantinople he ran into the open and demanded a gun, so that he might shoot down the British aeroplanes.

At about sundown on his first evening with us Hill closed the Bible, stepped out of bed and knelt down, facing the east. Then, without a pause for twenty minutes, he recited prayers in a hard voice. Several Turks came in to listen, while Jones, tapping his head, explained to them that the kneeling figure was mad. Each morning and each evening Hill knelt on the floor and prayed aloud. Sometimes during the night he would walk to another bedside, wake up its occupant, and exhort him to prayer. For the rest, he never spoke a word other than "Yes" or "No" or "I don't know," in answer to questions. All day he sat in bed with his eyes riveted on the Bible by unswerving concentration, or clasped his head and appeared lost in meditation. When the doctor examined him he paid not the slightest attention, but when an effort was made to take away the Bible he clutched it desperately, and it was evident he would have used violence had the attempt not been abandoned. His hair and beard grew longer and more tousled, until he was forcibly shaved, whereupon, with his hollowed cheeks and sunken, glowing eyes he looked more of a scarecrow than ever.

Jones kept himself quite dapper in his own peculiar fashion. His curly, golden beard and mustache seemed to be his especial pride. At first M. attempted conversations with him, but always he turned away and showed fright, so we

left him alone. Yet twice he sought out the chief doctor and complained that the British officers wanted to murder him. Being a Turk, he continued, why was he kept in a room with Englishmen, who were his enemies and wanted to hurt him? The chief doctor asked if we had threatened Jones, but, beyond laughing and remarking how sad it was that our comrade should be so mad, took no notice of the protests. Thereupon Ahmed Hamdi sat down and wrote a furious letter of complaint to His Excellency Enver Pasha, Minister of War in the Young Turk government and incidentally the most ruthless desperado in that all-desperado body, the Committee of Union and Progress.

I still remember every detail and movement of an absurd scene. M. lay asleep one afternoon, with a bare foot protruding through the bars at the bottom of his bed. R. crawled across the floor, intending to crouch beneath M.'s bedside and tickle the sole of his foot with a feather. Jones, whose bed was next to M.'s, shrank back and made a tentative move toward the door as R. glided nearer. R. looked up casually from his all-fours position, and found the lunatic's face glaring at him with wide-open, affrighted eyes. The pair stared at each other surprisedly for a few seconds; then Ahmed Hamdi Jones yelled, leaped from his bed, and ran out of the room.

If that were acting, we agreed, it was very wonderful acting. We inclined to the theory that Hill and Jones had in the beginning merely shammed lunacy, so to be sent to England, but that under the mental stress and nervous strain of living their abnormal rôles had really become insane. Another suggestion was that they had lost their reason already at Yozgad, as a result of dabbling overmuch in spiritualism.

It was White who solved the mystery, although at the time he revealed it only to me. With a badly marked ankle well in evidence, he arrived from Afion-Karahissar and was placed in the bed next

to the scarecrow. Hill had let it be known that he was undertaking a forty days' penance, during which period he would eat nothing but bread. All other food offered him by the Turks he ignored. After a few days of semi-starvation his cheek-bones were more prominent than ever, his cheeks more hollowed, and the color of his face was an unhealthy faint yellow. In the middle of the night, when everybody was asleep, White woke him and passed over a note. In this, as a fellow-Australian, he offered any sort of assistance that might be acceptable. Then he handed Hill some chocolate and biscuits, taken from a newly arrived parcel. These the scarecrow accepted, and, not daring to whisper, in case somebody were listening, wrote a sanely worded message thanking White for the offer, which he accepted. It contained, also, a warning that, for safety's sake, the other Britishers must be left in the belief that both he and Jones were mad.

Thereafter White fed him secretly each night, so that in the daytime he could maintain his long fast, to the great astonishment of the Turks. White also helped by complaining that the madman woke him at nighttime and asked him to pray. Later, having heard escape talk between White and myself, Hill wrote down an address where we might hide in Constantinople, and let me into the secret that he was pretending lunacy, so as to be sent out of the country as being helpless and of unsound mind.

Now that I knew the scarecrow and the fantastic to be sane as myself, I marveled at their flawless presentation of different aspects of lunacy, and at the determination which allowed them to play their abnormal parts for months. Hill, in particular, had a difficult rôle, and I wondered that his mind never gave way under it. To sit up in bed for twelve hours a day, reading and rereading a Bible; to talk to nobody and look at nobody, and to show no sign of interest when vital subjects were being discussed by fellow-prisoners a few yards away; to

pray aloud for nearly half an hour each morning and evening in the presence of a dozen people; to maintain a rigid expression of despairing melancholy, and not to let even the ghost of a smile touch his features for many weeks—all this must have required almost inhuman concentration.

Jones had a far better time, for his specialty was not studied tragedy, but spontaneous farce. He seemed to enjoy enormously the complete fooling of all around him, the planning of a new fantasy and the head-over-heels performance of it, without being restrained by convention or ridicule or a sense of the normal. Cheerful lunacy, in fact, is great fun. Even in my own minor assumptions of an occasional state of unreason I had found it very stimulating and amusing. A mental holiday from logic, custom, the consideration of public opinion, and other galling boundaries of artificial stability is glorious. Itself untrammelled, the mind can watch from a spectator's point of view the patchwork restraints and littlenesses of civilization, and take delight in tilting at them. Often I envied Jones, with his fez and his golden beard and his rôle of Ahmed Hamdi Effendi, as he talked to a group of Turkish officers. They would laugh at him openly, but secretly he would laugh much more heartily at them.

Few things in our roomful of nine British officers were not farcical. Only one of us—old W., with his wounded arm—had any real claim to be in hospital. R., with a healed wound scar dating back to the Gallipoli campaign, C., with doubtful sciatica and late middle-age, and M., with a weak knee dating back to before the war, were trying to make use of these insecure foundations in building up a case for a release from captivity as being unfit. Jones and Hill, by means of magnificent acting, had made everybody believe in their assumed madness, and were also hoping to be sent home in consequence. "Wormy," formerly aide-de-camp to

General Townsend, wanted to remain a hospital patient because he had friends and amusements in Constantinople, and he achieved this wish by means of mythical hemorrhages. From time to time I still gave false evidence of nervous disorders, although such efforts were dwarfed by the exploits of Jones and Hill. In any case it was to my interest to show only mild symptoms, such as fits of trembling during an air raid or whenever a gun was fired. Had I been more violent, I should not have been allowed into the city on Sundays, at a time when I had made useful acquaintances and was plotting an escape.

So the strange days passed. Hill and Jones, spurred by reports of a near-future exchange of prisoners, gave constant and enlivening performances. M. and R. cultivated effective limps. C. amused himself. White and I discussed our plans while walking in the garden, and exchanged secret letters with people in the city. Each morning the doctor walked once 'round the ward, said to each patient, "*Bonjour; ça va bien?*" signed the diet-sheets, and left us. Of other medical attendance there was none, except when W.'s arm was operated on, or when Jones complained to the chief doctor about our desire to murder him.

The queer company was disbanded early in August, when all but the lunatics left the hospital. M., R., and W. rejoined Hill and Jones later, when the first batch of "sick" left Turkey as exchanged prisoners. How the madmen were led on board the Red Cross ship that the Turks had allowed into the Gulf of Smyrna, how Ahmed Hamdi Jones protested against being handed over to his enemies, the British, and how he and the Bible-reader miraculously recovered their sanity as soon as the British vessel had left Turkish waters—all this is a story in itself.

As for White and myself, we escaped in the latter part of August. That, also, is a story in itself, a story which I reserve for another occasion.

(To be continued.)

THE FLAW

BY HELEN R. HULL

"YOU know, I never should have believed a game could be so exciting." Celia swung her racket above the dandelions that shone along the walk. Her small, fine face and slender throat, unflushed, suggested an inner glow, swift blood through transparent veins.

Her companion, striding beside her, looked down for a deliberate moment before he answered, "Glad I bullied you into trying it, then?"

"If you think I can learn soon, soon to play well!"

"Of course you'll learn. You've got speed—and you're cool. But isn't it fun?"

"I dislike being an amateur. It's so bungling. I like to do the things I can do perfectly." Her voice curved about the last word, and her gray eyes, lifted an instant, had a defiant passion in their glance.

"I'm afraid perfectly would limit me to—nothing. I like trying things I can't do. Some bungling, I guess, but adventures, too."

"Oh, but you do things well. Think of everything you've persuaded me to try these last two weeks!"

"Just a happy amateur, Miss Duryea."

"I am limited. I meant only that I don't like to bungle. My father has given me that ideal—" Her words might have sounded priggish, cold, but in her tone, in her quick upward glance, lay entreaty.

They turned at the corner, Celia walking ahead over soft grass. Ralph Monroe followed, his blue eyes and straight, firm lips settling into gravity as he watched her, the swing of her pongee dress about slim ankles, the coil of brown hair at the base of her neck.

"After all," he said, "whatever you do becomes beautifully done—by your doing it. I suppose I'm rushing into another thing I don't know how to do—" he went on earnestly. "But if I bungle this, I'm done for! I've persuaded you to see me a little—to like me a little! Have I? You know I'm on earth?"

Celia walked on, a hint of flight in her step.

"That night Mrs. Duryea brought me to dinner—why, I might have thought I wasn't there, from all the attention you gave me!"

"I didn't know you—"

"Know me! You weren't aware I existed! Drifting off after dinner—I knew then I had to make you aware of me! You had to come out of that beautiful indifferent shell before you could hear what I had to say to you!"

There was color in Celia's cheeks at last. And, turning toward the house, the two walked through streaks of pale, late sunlight stretched over the grass, and casting a tracery of the old elms across the face of the square white house.

"I don't want to startle you, Celia Duryea. Sometimes I'm afraid you may vanish overnight. There's some enchantment on you! But I can't be patient! I can't wait! Celia!"

They reached the steps of the porch. Celia faced him, close enough to know the fast rhythm of his breathing. She cowered under the intensity of his bending over her. Within her something new and young pushed up through darkness and cold, heavy soil, up to strange light.

"Tennis again? Well, well!" The voice behind them broke the moment. "Good evening, Mr. Monroe." Mrs. Duryea extended a brisk hand. "Well,

Celia? I'm glad I caught you. Stay to dinner. I need to be amused." She sent him a darting, humorous glance out of eyes gray like Celia's, set in a firm, sensible face. She moved up the steps with jerks of her compact body, pulling the pins from her jaunty hat. At the door she turned, her fingers brushing back wisps of brown hair.

"You are staying, aren't you?"

"I certainly am, if I may." Ralph was after her in time to hold the door open. With a touch on his arm, Mrs. Duryea went into the dark hall.

"If you don't mind?" he asked Celia, who came toward him.

"I'd like you to stay—" began Celia, her eyes meeting his. Her face had a luminous expectancy. At the sound of her mother's voice within, her glance leaped past him:

"Oh, Philip! Back to-day! We didn't expect you until to-morrow."

A man's voice, thin, answering, "I judged I was premature."

Celia's face quivered. She looked at Ralph, almost with horror. Then she went swiftly into the hall, her low, "Father!" winging back to Ralph.

Her mother had started up the stairs; she stood, one hand tapping on the polished rail, her mouth a little pursed. Between the heavy curtains of the library door stood Mr. Duryea, slight, immaculate, his pointed gray beard and black-ribboned eye-glasses concealing his expression. He limped forward to meet Celia.

"When did you come?" She had his hand in both of hers, and bent for his ritualistic kiss.

"This afternoon." He held her off at arm's-length. The light glanced across his glasses and small blue eyes with a metallic luster. "I wished you to go over some notes with me."

"I'm sorry." Celia released his hand. "You said to-morrow—"

"What have you been doing? I never saw you look so—blowsy!"

Celia moved away, her mouth and eyelids contracted.

"Nonsense, Philip." Mrs. Duryea spoke in a brisk undertone. "You mean you never saw her looking as though she had had so much fun! Mr. Monroe!" She raised her voice. "Won't you come in? This is my husband. Philip, this is Ralph Monroe, who dropped into town just as you left."

Celia held her breath for an instant as Ralph extended his hand with a decided, "I am glad to meet you, Mr. Duryea." But her father was prompt with his hand.

"How do you do, Mr.—what was it? Monroe? A newcomer in our little town, eh?" He seemed to shrink, to turn more gray, under the tanned bulk of the young man.

"I'm only temporary."

"Settling up the affairs of his uncle—Walter Monroe, you know. Will you excuse us a few minutes?" Mrs. Duryea went on up the stairs.

"Tell father about some of your bridge-making—" Celia's fleet glance at Ralph was interrupted half-way by her consciousness of her father's stare. "I'm sure he'd be interested." She followed her mother, her nostrils dilating at her father's formal, "Won't you come into the library?"

The door of her mother's room was open. Celia, her eyes averted quickly from the loud cheerfulness of cretonne and bright rugs, slipped past to her own room. Closing herself within her familiar gray walls, she stared across the room at her reflection in the long mirror between the windows. "Blowsy!" she whispered, defiantly. Ralph had not thought that, bending over her outside in the pale sunlight. She shivered. The subtle colors and outlines of the room flowed about her, an accustomed flood into which she let herself down, submerged. It was her father who had said that! He had come home, to find her not there. And she—she saw vividly how he had seen it—she had come in like any common thing, with her young man, warm, blown—Hastily her fingers stripped off her dress, pulled out hair—

pins. She would show him his Celia again!

A sharp rap at the door, her mother's voice, "Celia!" She turned from her dressing-table, her bare, slim arms up-arching to the coil of bright hair she had just caught in place.

"Oh, changing your dress?" Her mother looked in, her face rosy above her stiff collar. "Will you be down soon? I've got to go back to the store—Saturday, you know."

"Yes. At once."

"Well." She waited. "Celia—"

The girl's arms dropped, stiffened. She moved to the closet, returned, shaking out folds of dull-green silk, over which her eyes just touched her mother's for an instant of hostile rejection. Mrs. Duryea closed the door. Celia heard her quick descent of the stairs.

Presently Celia went down, softly. From the rear of the house came her mother's voice in an undertone of domestic comment. Silence in the library. Celia paused. Her mother appeared at the end of the hall.

"Supper's ready," she said. "Just tell them, will you?"

From the library her father's voice, "You have only a few days more, then, to suffer the dullness of our town?"

"Oh, I haven't found it dull! On the contrary—thanks to Mrs. Duryea and your daughter."

"Ah yes. You met Mrs. Duryea in her—shop, I suppose?"

There was a pause after that. Had Ralph felt the sneer beneath the query?

"My father had asked me to look her up. And I remembered her, too, from the time when I visited my uncle, years ago."

Celia pushed the curtains apart. Her father, sunk in his armchair, was gazing under lowered lids at his hands, fingertips touching delicately. Ralph, sprawling in a chair beyond the table, looked up and sprang to his feet with a sudden lifting of the perplexed frown with which he was studying the father. Celia, eluding his glance, waited for her father to

see her. He rose slowly, appraising her. The soft green draperies sheathed her slender body; her throat and face against the dark curtains, above the dull green of her dress, had a tender, pale fragility. But her father made her no sign of recognition. Celia felt suddenly cold to her fingertips; his eyes held her accusingly, pouring through her a bitter draught of guilt, of treachery. All that in a brief moment. Then Ralph was speaking:

"Won't you have this chair, Miss Duryea? I was just telling your father that I had known Mrs. Duryea really for years!"

His warm, direct glance of admiration pulled her up.

"I'm to bring you out to dinner at once." She smiled faintly.

"Take Mr. Monroe out. I'll come."

Ralph followed Celia down the hall. At the door he was at her shoulder with a swift whisper, "You beautiful, lovely Celia!"

Then they were in the bright, square dining-room, with Mrs. Duryea pointing to his place, and Mr. Duryea limping slowly toward the table.

When Celia thought of that dinner, later, it was in terms of a polished dark surface, with wheels and wheels, doilies, plates, cups, revolving slowly, and at the edges, hands. The long fingers of her father, serving, with motions deliberate and delicate; the smooth, plump hands of her mother, in quick gestures; the hands across the table, supple, large, deft; the black, fat hands of Kate, breaking in at the edge of the surface. Things were said, of course. Her mother chattered; Ralph talked; her father spoke at times, his words like a needle.

The needle plunged at her in a silence toward the end of the revolutions.

"You seem weary, Celia. What have you done with yourself while I've been gone?"

"I hope tennis hasn't tired you, Miss Duryea."

"No, indeed. I'm not tired." Celia drew back in her chair, meeting the

glance of the two men. She found herself suddenly rigid, the apex where two forces clashed and hung, immobile, opposed, unyielding.

Her mother pushed back her chair. "I must get back to work. You lazy people can sit on the veranda."

"I'll walk along with you if I may, Mrs. Duryea," Ralph said.

Mrs. Duryea hung fire, looking at Celia. Then she said, calmly, "Must you go so soon?"

"Baxter, my lawyer, wants me to see a man about the sale of that land."

He waited at the door for Mrs. Duryea. Mr. Duryea, with a casual "Good night," had gone into the library. Celia, her hands interlaced, stood just outside the curtains.

"I suppose we can't play tennis on Sunday in this town?"

"No. Shocking!" Celia's head was bent, as though she listened to the slight shuffle of her father's lame foot behind the curtains.

"How about a ride, then?" Ralph spoke eagerly. "I'll come around with that very shiny buggy—"

Celia shook her head. "Not to-morrow, I'm afraid. Father has brought some work he wishes me to go over—and school opens Monday again."

"But you won't need all day—"

Mrs. Duryea came down the stairs.

"I don't know—how much of it—" Celia held out her hand imploringly. "Good night, Mr. Monroe."

He touched her hand, his face twisted into the frown of perplexity she had seen there earlier. Silently he pushed open the door for Mrs. Duryea, and followed her down the steps. When his square shoulders had disappeared, Celia, with a gesture of open, loose hands, went between the curtains, into the study, into the steady inspection of her father. He sat again in his low chair, his fingers playing against the arms.

"Don't tell me I heard that—young man—offering you a buggy ride!"

"Yesterday," said Celia, "we drove along the river road."

"In a 'buggy'?" His pointed beard, lifted eyebrows, and smiling mouth were all satiric angles.

"The peach-trees are just showing pink." She dropped into the chair beside her. Her words acted as the note to set vibrating all that afternoon—golden-brown river swift between green-gold willows, the orchard pricking its faint glow against a spring sky, smooth breeze, silence. Then her father's words, another note, contending, so that again she felt herself the rigid, immobile point of conflict.

"You have been generous of your days."

"You don't like him?"

"Celia dear! Am I supposed to take him on to that extent! I come home, eager to see you. You aren't here. After hours you come—and I look out to see a stranger ogling you!"

Celia winced. He had seen that moment in front of the house.

"And then your mother rushes in, shovels this stranger into my study"—those tapering fingers of his pushed through the dark soil of her heart, in sure quest of that new quickening—"and leaves him here"—Mr. Duryea stretched back in his chair, puffing his cheeks, pushing open his coat, thrusting his thumbs into his belt—"boring me with tales of his prowess"—he deepened his voice and roughed his intonations—"and his long acquaintance with my family."

Celia's face grew warm—the burlesque had a cruel dexterity.

"He is a worthy young man, no doubt." Her father shifted forward, his hands about one knee. "Just the qualities that would attract your mother." For another moment his eyes held her with their hard luster, as though he gave a final twist to whatever young live thing he had found. "Discrimination, Celia!" Then, with a sigh, he rose.

"Now let me show you—" His voice softened. As he limped around the table he laid his cold fingers for an instant on Celia's hands. "Did I write

after I saw MacLaren? No. He wishes to use some of your sketches in the second part of the manual. Several of the details of Greek ornament, one or two of your little winter sketches." He came back to the table with his bag "He thinks the book will be a success."

Celia lay back in her chair, a long tremor running over her body under the soft insistence of her father's voice.

"This is for your share—" He held out a small white box. As Celia looked up, mutely, he opened it and extended his hand. In the palm lay a small, irregular bit of jade, a pendant on a thin gold chain. "Like the under curve of a wave, frozen, isn't it!" He fastened it around her throat.

Celia's eyes filled with tears. "It's beautiful—"

"It becomes you." He came back to his chair. "I have some cuts for the manual to show you, and all the proof to go over. We'll do them to-morrow."

They sat in silence, Celia with a finger touching the bit of jade. She stirred.

"I think I shall go up-stairs." She stood in front of her father, meeting his sudden sharp peering with a smile. "To be quite fresh to-morrow. Good night."

"It's good to have you again," he sent after her, with a friendly wave of his hand. "Sleep well."

After she had undressed she stood for a time in the dark window, her kimono caught together in one hand doubled over her heart, the curtain blowing rhythmically against her cheek. The soft, misty sky with its few stars hung near the earth. Slowly past her swung the hours of the weeks just over. Hours out of doors, in sunshine, with spring winds; once a shower, through which they had run home, laughing. In them all, this man, sunshine on his fair, heavy hair, his white teeth flashing at her, his strong, sure hands— Her hand clutched at the folds. Hours making her blowsy! Making her forget—ah, everything she had built toward, all her life. Deliberately she rehearsed the mocking imitation her father had given. Her mother

would like such a man—robust, sturdy, commonplace. She trampled down the soil her father had probed. Surely whatever had stirred there was dead.

But hours later, when Mrs. Duryea came, Celia lay still awake, her eyes held by the dark space of window with its shadow of motion. She did not move as her mother came up the stairs, her tired step loud in the silent house.

The next afternoon Celia straightened her shoulders from long bending over the desk, and gently, so that the sound should not wake her father, asleep on the couch, piled together the proof-sheets. She read again the title-page, "Modern Methods of Instruction in Drawing: A Manual for Teachers," and slipped that into place on top of the pile. At a shifting of the light across the papers she looked up. Her mother had parted the curtains. Celia shook her head quickly, with a gesture toward the couch. Mrs. Duryea held the curtain back, imperatively, and Celia followed her, reluctantly, into the hall.

"What is it?" she asked, coolly. "Don't wake him. He's very tired."

"Come out here, then." Mrs. Duryea went out to the dining-room, stripping off her huge white garden-gloves, dropping them with her trowel on a chair before she spoke.

"Celia, Ralph wants to see you. He's in the garden."

"I told him I should be busy all day." Celia wheeled, to escape to the library, but Mrs. Duryea caught her arm.

"He asked me to tell you that he must leave town to-morrow. You can't be absurd and rude, after all—"

"Is it so rude, not to wish to see him?"

Mrs. Duryea withdrew her hand.

"It hasn't taken your father long, has it!" Dull red mottled her cheeks.

Celia flung up her head, her mouth hard, but before she spoke her mother, with a small laugh, had darted between her and the door.

"There, I didn't mean to say a thing. But Ralph is waiting out there, below the grape-arbor. It will do no harm for

you to be civil. If you don't"—her breath was quick—"I'll just walk him right into the library!"

Celia stared at her mother, curious amazement shooting through her anger. She crossed the room slowly, to the outer door.

A graveled path led down a terrace to the garden behind the house, fenced off by a long trellis hung with tangled grapevines, still bare. Ralph rose from the bench under an old apple-tree in the corner, and watched her slow coming.

"I saw your mother out here, planting seeds." He was gravely apologetic. "You had said you would be busy, but I ventured to run in. I had a telegram—some difficulty about a contract. Won't you sit down?"

Celia seated herself, erect and still.

"You see, I couldn't go without seeing you—" He dropped beside her, twirling his hat between his knees. "You know that, don't you?"

"It wasn't necessary." Celia's eyelids were heavy.

"Yes, it was!" He flung the hat aside. "But don't look so far off. Has some one put a spell on you overnight, to turn you back to stone?" He swung around on the bench, bracing himself with one hand near her shoulder. "You can't scare me now! Not after yesterday—and the day before—"

About them lay the faint odor of warmed earth. Celia felt the sun on her hands, along her arms—or was it only the warm, bantering tone which hung a little in the quiet garden? She lifted her eyes. Ralph's face between her and the clear sky, the line of lean cheek and chin tautly defined.

"Celia, Celia!" Was it her name, that tender, silver word? Celia flinched away from the hand so near her shoulder. The steady, clear eyes waited, while that silver "Celia" dropped, dropped, down to a hidden door, behind which, cold, bound, she could not move. Yesterday, at the sound, she had pushed open that door!

"Celia!" Ralph bent close to her. "You know what I want! You! I want

you to go with me when I go, to-morrow! Now I've found you, I can't let you go for a day! You might escape. Perhaps I'm too fast—but, Celia, I love you. There isn't time enough for half the things we can do together. Dear—" His hand closed over hers. "You'll come, Celia? That's what you meant, last night, there at the steps!"

Her hand, under his fingers, was a traitor to her! Her heart had slipped into it, a mad, riotous thing. In her ears hummed a thin wire, her father's voice, "Ogling you!"

"It will take a lifetime to tell you how lovely you are, Celia—and, oh, the fun we'll have! I've told your mother, and she wished me luck!"

Celia's hand tore away from his.

"You've discussed—this—with her!"

"Just now, when I had to see you." His forehead wrinkled a little. Pushing back his coat, he caught his thumb in his belt.

The bright clashing within Celia stopped, with an abrupt, terrible silence. She saw her father, his pointed brows derisive. "Just the qualities that would attract your mother—" What had so narrowly betrayed her! She rose.

"I'm sorry you have misunderstood—my enjoyment of tennis—or driving." Her voice was brittle. "Perhaps your discussions with my mother misled you."

Ralph was on his feet. His clear, steady gaze had changed, like a mirror splintered by a blow.

"Did I misunderstand you yesterday? What has happened to you since?"

"Nothing has happened, Mr. Monroe. But I must go in now—"

"I won't let you go!" He confronted her squarely. "That would be crazy! What has happened? Celia, you can't go back. I love you! Is it"—he hesitated—"something your father said? He didn't take to me—"

"Did my mother tell you to say that?" No longer was Celia the rigidity of two forces clashed and held by their violence. They had slipped from that immobile grapple into tearing destruction, and out

of the pain she struck at him. "My father take to you! Oh, let me go!"

Ralph's hands lifted to make a barrier.

"I don't wonder at his hating any one who might want you," he said, slowly. "But that couldn't make you hate me, could it?"

"I don't hate you." Celia's face had a tense pallor. "It's only—I lapse so dreadfully—from what he thinks I am—all the fineness—he wants in me—" She tried to push past Ralph.

But his arms went out, had her, held her. She shut her eyes against his face, close, demanding.

"Celia, you're all beauty—I love you. Do you hear? And you love me—" Then his lips were on hers. Something rushed through her, a swift fire, a strong, sweet shouting. But she struggled away and ran past him, blindly, down the path to the house.

At the door of the dining-room she halted, her arms out to the door-jamb to steady herself. Across the room, rounding the table with his swift, syncopated walk, his face like a gargoyle's in its sneer, came her father.

In front of her he stopped, his shoulders crooked, his face keeping its sneer. Celia felt her whole being crawl, like a green and sluggish tide. Finally he spoke.

"So. While I sleep you slink out to philander in the kitchen garden—like a drab! May I ask you to choose some decent privacy if you must kiss young men?" He thrust his face close to hers, the sneer twitching like a mask of cambric. "Thought you could hoodwink me! What—what haven't I done for you? And you scramble into the first arms open to you—"

To Celia her blood seemed to clot in her ears, in her eyes, so that she would not hear his words, could not see that cambric mask. Faintly she heard another voice, her mother's.

"Are my garden things here, my gloves?" She bustled in. "Oh yes. Here they are." She drew them on.

Mr. Duryea spun around, one hand, the fingers curled, flung toward her.

"You—you— This is your scheme!"

"Philip, you have already said more than enough to be sorry for." She walked toward him, swinging her trowel. "You'd better count ten—or, better, about five hundred!"

Her father crouched a little. Before he spoke again Celia fled, through the hall, up the stairs, his words snarling and yelping at her heels.

She pushed her door shut. From the room below, rising like a vapor, came the ominous cadence of emotion, formless, wordless. Then silence. A humming blackness floated toward her, out of the corners of the room. Steadily fighting it off, she walked across to the couch. She sat down and presently the humming darkness flowed back into the corners.

Something had crashed. She was too tired to stoop for the pieces, to see what had gone. Queer she felt so numb. Cold, too.

Her father had said those things—ugly, unjust, horrible! Perhaps—her face showed a brief flare of horror over its gray numbness—had she deserved those things? But for once that wire failed to work. Something had smashed through the delicate mechanism of self-reproach. With a twist of her body she lay face downward on the couch, her hands pressed over her ears as if to shut out the words she had heard.

Dusk filled the room.

A rap at the door shuddered through her body. She did not move when the door opened, nor when her mother's light step stopped beside the couch.

"I thought you might like some tea," she said, casually. Celia did not move. "Come, Celia."

"Please go away."

The cup clinked on the table. Mrs. Duryea put one arm under Celia's body and pulled her firmly up against her shoulder.

"Celia, I want to talk to you. Oh, I know you don't want me to. And you must drink this first. You're frozen."

The cup was at her lips. Easier to

drink than to struggle—the liquid was a hot auger boring into her frigidity.

"Now come into my room. I've made a fire there. I won't make you stay—" She pulled Celia to her feet. "You know I wouldn't bother you unless I had to—" Her voice trembled.

Celia allowed herself to be led to the door of her mother's room. There the light and gay color rose like a wall, and she turned in flight. But her mother closed the door quickly and pushed a chair near the small fireplace.

"You sit there." She snapped off the lights except for the little pink-shaded desk-lamp behind her, and dragged a wicker rocker to the other side of the hearth. Before she sat down she poked a few sticks under the blazing log.

Celia watched the fire. Complete emptiness possessed her.

"You see," began her mother, abruptly, as though continuing a conversation, "I have a sort of feeling that I ought to do penance—though I know that's nonsense. But it looks as if you had been tied up as an offering in my stead. So now I'm willing, eager, to say anything or do anything that will cut you loose. If he hasn't done it himself."

Celia's hands shut together in her lap.

"I have tried before, when I wanted to send you to college somewhere away from here. That scared him. He saw you getting free. Well, you didn't go."

Out of Celia's lethargy rose a thin ghost, a phantom of her life-habit, the justification of her father.

"He wasn't well. He needed an assistant."

"Yes. And that way he kept you from going off to college. And he kept even your work for himself. I had hoped there at least you might get away. The job of drawing-teacher in the schools isn't, one would say, heavy enough to take two person's time."

Her tone was so tranquil, so undisturbed, that Celia listened; the things said became a piling up of tiny weights, scarcely felt at first.

"What I want to do, though, is to go

back—much farther. You see, at the beginning he had me, just as he has you now. I was teaching here, in a primary room, when he came. I was quite young, inexperienced, and his polish, his coldness, his whole way was fascinating. But he couldn't let me alone. He didn't love me. I found that out soon enough after we were married. He hasn't ever loved anybody but himself. No, not even you, Celia. He thinks he has made you, that's all. That's why he was so mad this afternoon. He tried to make me over. I was—well, older than you—when he started." Mrs. Duryea smiled. "A good deal like one of these rubber balls children have, soft, all right. But he'd think he'd made a dent, and when he took his thumb away, out I'd bob. Then he was irritated. Frightfully. He didn't like my friends. Nor my way of doing things. Finally I thought that one day he'd simply cut me into shreds, boil me down, whatever you do to finish off a rubber ball! So I bounced out of his hand. Nothing else to do. I couldn't leave him—he had to have some one looking out for him, and then there was you. The trouble was, I was so busy bouncing back into work, away from him—that it was quite a while before I saw he had his hands on you. And then—" Celia felt her eyes touch her, wistfully, for an instant. "I didn't know how he had done it, but you didn't like me. I wonder whether you remember when you were quite a little girl, you decided—I suppose most children have such ideas—that you had some mystery about your birth. A foundling, or noble birth, or something. But you wanted to be his child. So you asked him—if I could be your real mother. Do you remember?"

Celia did remember.

"He told you your real mother had died. You almost believe it to this day!"

"But he wasn't lying!" The ghost came again, driving her into words. "He meant it figuratively. He thought I understood. He always treated me as his equal. He meant you had changed."

Drawn by Walter Biggs

MR. DURYEA SPUN AROUND. "YOU—YOU— THIS IS YOUR SCHEME!"

Engraved by H. Leinroth



"He knew exactly how you took it. He told me of it, with triumph! Think of it, Celia! And I— You wouldn't listen to me. I was outside your charmed circle. How old were you before you knew how he meant it? Old enough to believe him figuratively. So nothing changed. And he made fun of me because I kept a shop! What is there ridiculous about running a book-store? A good one, too. It made me free of him and so he had to cry it down. But Celia"—she gulped—"has he ever told you—how much money from that shop he uses?"

Celia stared at her. The pressure of accumulating weights had pain for her now.

"I shouldn't tell you, perhaps—but it's all the rest of your life I'm trying to give you. I have thought what I could do—especially lately. For a long time I was just hurt because you turned against me. I didn't see his scheme—I suppose I hadn't patience enough. Not that he had a scheme at first. But there you were, soft, pliable stuff. He could make you what I wouldn't be, slave, admirer, wonderer at him. Oh, he must have seen it clearly to do it so well!"

"You have always been jealous of me!" Celia struck out in a gesture prompted by that ghost of defense.

"Oh—jealous! He's made you think that. If I could make you see— He wanted to be a super-person. His lameness—his lack of success—he meant to paint, you know— He had to have shelter, a place where he was that super-person. He couldn't have a shadow of a rival in it. What has he done to all the friends you might have had?"

"They couldn't stand comparison with him. He's not touched them!"

"What happened to Laura Welles? Nice, jolly girl. You didn't know I heard your father, the night he met her here for the third time! A little twist of a knife, straight into the friendship that had started! And that boy, last winter! And now—Ralph!"

Mary Duryea sighed. Between her

eyebrows a triangle of tiny drops of moisture glistened. But her face, except for that triangle of suffering, kept its whimsical tolerance of mouth and eyes.

"I told Ralph to hurry up," she said, suddenly. "I hoped he'd sweep you off before Philip came back. He did, too, almost! You were a different person! What could your father say about him? He's the finest, truest boy I ever knew. And Philip knows it! That is exactly why he forgot himself and raged at you. He was afraid. He hasn't done that for a long time—" She paused, reminiscently. "He used to talk to me that way occasionally. He's very sorry for it by now."

"Oh, don't! don't!" Celia flung herself around in her chair, hiding her face against her arm. The numbness, the lethargy, was stripped away; she came back, as from an anesthetic, into a white glare of anguish. Through her, tangled in the knot of devotion, had always run a thread of justice, too firm to break now. These things were true. He, her father, had himself attested to them.

Her mother's hand touched her shoulder, a friendly, human pat.

"There, Celia. That's all. I just wanted to say those things before you sent Ralph away."

Celia lifted her face; color and life drained out of it, leaving it piteous, blank.

"There's nothing left of me," she said, slowly. "I've tried just to be—what I thought he would like—because I thought it was beautiful and fine and perfect—and it's gone." Her hands dropped into her lap, palms upward.

Mary Duryea picked up the cold hands and held them, warmly.

"Nonsense, Celia!" Her eyes had a flare of loveliness. "You see, you've taken what was good in him—and there's much of it. He's given you his best." She flushed. "I guess—I have been jealous of that. It's only that I won't have him giving you more of his worst."

She bent to stir the fire; the sudden

leap of flame sprayed her hair into soft light, touched with gold whimsical planes on forehead, cheek, and outstretched, steady hand.

Celia saw the lights shivered into prismatic edges through her own incredulous tears.

"And now"—Mrs. Duryea pushed back her rocker—"now I'm going to draw a warm bath for you—and you're going straight to sleep. To-morrow's time enough. I don't know whether you care enough for Ralph to take him or not. Marrying lasts quite a while." She smiled. "But you will know."

Celia lay back in her chair, a curious listlessness on body and mind. Her mother had drawn the knife out of her wound and showed it to her, clean, no slightest rust of bitterness, strange warrant of healing. She gave herself up to warmth and light and the little bustle of her mother's coming and going.

"Here are your things." Her mother spread them on the chair beside her. "Everything's ready." She closed the door softly behind her.

Celia undressed slowly. The warmth of the fire flowed about her.

Presently, in her own room, unstartled, she saw her mother move out of the shadows near the window.

"Jump into bed and I'll open your windows."

She stood beside the bed, indistinct, just the lines of her bent head and shoulder showing, ineffably tender, valiant.

"Good night, Celia." Her hand reached out, touched Celia's arm. "Go right to sleep."

After a moment she had gone. Through the window came the spring wind, earthy, sweet.

All night Celia moved through tranquil pools of sleep, coming sometimes almost into troubled consciousness, and then dropping again into tranquillity.

When she woke the room was full of sunshine. Then, as though her waking let down the bars behind which the night had herded them, they rushed upon her angled and clawed, cruel thoughts,

images. She cowered. But under her eyelids flashed a quick picture of her mother, undaunted, standing in the shadow by her bed. She pushed herself erect. Whatever happened, she could at least face things. If she pretended not to be afraid—they might slink off.

She dressed, lingering a little with each motion. The ordinary demands of a day had lost their important meanings. The house was still. They had gone, her father and her mother. The day was strange, secret. At its core, hidden, something which was hers, if she could work through to it, without fear.

She stopped at the door of her mother's room. The sunlight, in plashes on its chintzes and white woodwork, quivered over her like a poignant, ironic tune, not to be endured. Then something—a small bedroom slipper with its pink bow, perhaps—loosened the ache in her throat. She had been scornful! She had thought she wanted her life to be beautiful, fine; and all the time that clear, bright, simple room, and the woman living in it, had stirred derision in her, or pity!

Through warm, humble tears she looked down the stairs, toward the drawn curtains of the study. Behind them she almost heard her father drag his twisted foot, in shadows—

If she had come to hate him, she would still be bound to him! That thought came drifting up from the dark curtains and passed. She was sorry for him! Tears were on her cheeks now. "He's given you his best, always!" Her mother had said that!

Through her tears she saw the front door pushed open and warm light rush into the house. Ralph stood below her, peering about the hall.

"Celia!" he called, softly. Then he saw her.

For a moment she hung there above him.

"Shall I come after you?" he cried.

"No," she said, and her voice dropped clear, wondering. "No. I'm coming—Ralph."



THE LION'S MOUTH

THE HEIR

BY C. A. BENNETT

ONCE upon a time there was a man who said: "Go to, now; I will build the largest and most beautiful and most comfortable hotel in the city. It shall have a thousand rooms and a thousand bathrooms. The rooms will be cool in summer and warm in winter, and the waiters will be known far and wide for their courtesy."

So he consulted an architect. And the architect gathered his staff together, and for months they worked, solving difficult problems of design, struggling to harmonize the claims of comfort and beauty, and transferring with exquisite precision their ideals to paper.

Engineers came with their gangs of laborers—men from all parts of the earth, from Italy and Russia, from Ireland and Scandinavia and Africa. They dug and blasted through the sweating summer and raised and riveted great girders of steel through the cold of winter. Workers in marble and dressers of fine stone and masons joined in the task. Brains served muscle and muscles served brain until at last the tall shell of the building was complete.

Came the craftsmen in wood and worked skilfully in oak and walnut and mahogany and cedar; and with the men who knew the ways of stone, to carve the capitals of pillars and to lay floors of marble and tiled floors and floors of tessellated stones in beautiful archaic patterns.

The interior of the vast building was alive with workers—with glaziers and plumbers and mechanics and electricians and painters, who through their various skills brought the wisdom of generations

to the creating of this—the finest hotel in the city.

Came the decorators and upholsterers, with multitudinous furniture, with fine stuffs and hangings upon which thousands of human hands had been working for months, with rare tapestries and with rugs looted from Eastern palaces.

The four quarters of the globe were ransacked and the energies of uncounted thousands of men were laid under command, for was not this to be the finest hotel, the last word of civilization, in the city?

At last it was finished, and the man at whose desire it had taken shape surveyed it and saw that it was good, and set a day for the grand opening.

Upon the great day I went to the hotel and, passing through the crowd of people in the great hall, made my way down a broad corridor toward the dining-room. Two men, who had just left the dining-room, were coming toward me. The one nearer me was a short, stout man, gross and puffy in appearance. He was wearing shiny black shoes, white socks, a rather loud check suit, and a white tie. A soft hat was pushed back on his head. He was picking his teeth as he walked. He seemed quite at home in the midst of the material splendor which surrounded him, as though he had come into his own.

He sank into a deep arm-chair nearby, and indicated another, with a little gesture, to his companion. He sat up in the chair, hitched up his trousers, and pushed his hat a little farther back. He produced two cigars and offered one to his companion, who refused it.

"Whazza matter? Not feelin' good? . . . Well, after that dinner I feel prime."

He bit on his cigar and spat the end

out on the floor. He lighted it and puffed sensuously for a few moments. Then he turned to his companion, and said:

"Well, as I was tellin' you, I said to the guy, 'Y' oughter be dam' glad you could get five dollars a pair for them,' I said."

He paused, and spat in the direction of a large brass urn.

He missed.

Yet the stones of the tessellated pavement did not cry out.

DE SENECTUTE

BY DONALD CORLEY

THEY were huddled over the little fire in the pseudo-empire drawing-room. It was snowing in Venice, and the two little old men who were warming their hands were a trifle melancholy. The adventures of the morning had been spoiled for them.

"It's too bad, Abner," one of them was saying. "We might have gotten over there and found the little alley that we couldn't even measure with the yard-stick. That one yesterday was thirty-seven inches, wasn't it? The little one between the church and the bake-shop?"

"Thirty-seven and a quarter," his brother corrected, dolorously, but triumphantly.

Then they began to tell me who they were; that they had a hardware-store upstate in New York, and that they had gotten tired of sitting around in front of it while their nephews did the work, and they guessed they were too old to be much use, anyway. The only fun they ever had, it seemed, was going up the river with the flat-boat and bringing down a lot of stones that they picked up in the fields to build a wall around the pasture.

"We didn't need the wall," one of them explained, "but it gave us something to do. And so I said to brother one day: 'John, let's go to Europe. It might liven us up a bit.' And so here we are."

"Yes," echoed John, "here we are in Europe, and we've been in Florence, and we've been in Rome, and if it hadn't been snowing this morning we'd have gone out measuring. You know Abner and me gets lots of fun measuring these little streets in Venice. First we began to notice how narrow they were, and we got real interested one day when we found one we couldn't walk in, 'cept Indian file, and Brother Abner remembered he'd put a yard-stick in his trunk (Got it out of the store, you know, thinking we might need it—though Nephew Adoniram laughed at us for wanting to take a yard-stick to Europe) and I remembered I had a steel tape-line. It's a good one, too: we got three-fifty for them in the store, and they don't stretch none, either—steel ones. Since then we've found Venice real interesting. And every morning after breakfast we've been going measuring. Then we stop to feed the pigeons at Saint Mark's Church and come home to dinner. Do you know they's six streets that's forty-two inches wide, and two thirty-nine, and seventeen that's between forty-two and sixty (though the wider ones don't interest us much), and *one* that's thirty-seven?"

"Thirty-seven and a quarter," his brother corrected again.

"And we hope to find one that's thirty inches wide, but Abner thinks he saw one somewhere that might be twenty-nine, and when we find it I guess we'll be moving on. But it's snowing to-day, and I don't know. Abner's rheumatism is beginning to hurt him some, and I don't know. We measured one of those gondolas, too, and then we got interested to see if they was all the same length, all lying there together in the water—but the gondola-men didn't seem to like us to."

"Do you like going about in a gondola?" I inquired.

"Well, we talked about doing it, at first," he answered, "but we guessed that hauling stones on the flat-boat was about right for us."

The other brother suddenly looked up from his note-book (in which I suspected were inscribed the forty-two-inch streets, the thirty-nine-inch street, and the thirty-seven-and-a-quarter-inch street and the twenty-nine-inch street that were still to be found) and waved his hand at a picture hanging over my head. He laid a bony finger on my knee persuasively.

"Say," he inquired, feverishly, "are you a judge of art?"

Modestly I disclaimed it.

"You know," he continued, "brother and me didn't know nothing about pictures back home, 'cepting bank calendars and harvester advertisements, but when we was in Florence some people told us to go and look at pictures—and you *know*, there's a lot of pictures in Florence; you wouldn't think there'd be so many in one town! We like cows, but there weren't many to speak of—and then, going around, we got so we liked the pictures of a feller named Nabbe. And every day when we was looking at pictures we looked to see if we could find a Nabbe, and sometimes brother'd say to me—'fore we'd looked at the name, 'John, I bet that's a Nabbe!' And we'd go up and look at it, and, sure enough, it would be. We got to feeling right proud."

The sun had come out, and it filled the dingy little drawing-room. Abner, with a glint in his pale-blue eyes, went to the window briskly. Then he called to his brother.

When I last saw the two of them they were hurrying along with mufflers around their throats, and black earmuffs over their ears, with overcoats and goloshes—Abner with a yellow yardstick grasped firmly in his right hand, like a sword, John with a steel tape-measure, the ring and a few inches of tape drawn out for immediate action.

A few weeks later, while engaging passage in a steamship-office in Rome, I found them again.

They greeted me with warmth, with effusion, with affection.

"We're going home," said Abner. "We think we might enjoy sitting around the hardware-store again and telling everybody about the pigeons in Venice that'll eat all the green peas you'll give them, and about the queer things we used to have for dinner in Europe, and about the railroad conductors and the queer money they have here."

"Will you tell them about Nabbe?" I asked.

"We bought a Nabbe," they both exclaimed, and Abner, who usually tried to be spokesman, went on:

"Brother and me talked it over, wondering whether we'd stay a month longer with the money we had, or whether we'd buy something, and we remembered we'd seen a Nabbe for sale in a picture-store in Florence. And so we went back to Florence, and, sure enough, there it was—two cows, and a man with a feather in his hand. And so we're taking it home, to hang in the parlor. Adoniram would think we'd wasted a lot of money, but we ain't just going to tell him how much!"

My friends lingered to chat with me. They were going on an earlier steamer, and I felt that I should never see them again.

"Did you ever find the thirty-inch street?" I asked, as I shook their trembling old hands.

Their faces clouded. "Thirty-one and three-quarters was the best we could do, but we think there must have been one," said Abner. "But when we get home, we're going to haul a lot of stones from up the river and build a wall along the side of the ice-house, *twenty-seven* inches away from it, to remind us of Venice."

A MODERN INSTANCE

BY FRANCIS HACKETT

IT was a carpeted office, with innumerable dusty signed photographs on the walls, uncounted ash-trays, and a general suggestion that hysteria rather than melancholia would be the penalty of its ways.

"You haven't stopped to figure all the money we got to put into it, my boy," the Producer was saying to the Playwright, "but I think we may be able to fix you. Hold on. We ought to call in Sol." A slab pitted with disks was at fat Mr. O'Grady's hand. He leaned over and pressed a disk repeatedly.

A lean man in shirt-sleeves appeared at a side door, where he stood regarding Jim O'Grady with disfavor. "Watcha want?"

"Meet Mr. Quiverlance, Sol."

The lean man came around and gave a cavernous look at the playwright, extending a hairy hand and a hoarse greeting.

"About this play, Sol. Just telling Mr. Quiverlance here we think we may be able to fix it. What do you say? You've read it, 'ain't you?"

"Sure I read it. Tell you frankly, Mr. Quiverlance, I don't see it. It's got a pretty good idea, but it'll take a lot more money than I can see in it now. You 'ain't stopped to consider the investment a thing like this means. It eats up money alive. What do you think we are running, a charitable institution? That cast of yours is a regular Lambs Club. Honest, I don't get your point of view. It's so unnecessary. But I wouldn't be discouraged if I was you. You have lots more talent than lots of people. But this is an impossibility, if you don't mind my being frank."

The Playwright examined Sol with puzzled eyes. Mr. O'Grady saved him the trouble of speaking.

"Lay off, Sol. Easy with the whip. It's all right, Mr. Quiverlance, but you don't realize how these costume plays run into money. We'll come back to that, but first we got to show you where it falls down. How about it?"

Sol pushed out his under lip rather disgustedly. Then he took a chair with his back to the Broadway light. Mr. O'Grady spoke persuadingly:

"Of course you can't hope to get away with this thing as it is. It's utterly im-pawsible."

"Absopolutely," agreed Sol.

"The heroine passes out in the second act. Ain't that right? How about that, Sol? Pretty funny, eh? Drowns herself in the second act! It's certainly something different, but it can't be pulled off."

"Not pawsibly," agreed Sol.

"And the hero—his line of talk to her is awful raw. Why does he turn her down, anyway? What has she done? I don't get it, really I don't. You'll lose all the sympathy if he raises Cain like that. That part's got to be toned down a lot. Why wouldn't something like this be better—? Wait, now. I guess we weren't right. After all, Sol, the ingénue can't fall for one of the other courtiers. But why couldn't he fix it so the climax comes along toward the middle of the last act—after the spat with the father? That's the dope. When she gets wise that he's killed, she passes out—see? Hang it onto that. She ditches herself; and then have her brought in just before the curtain."

Sol Katz champed at the exuberant Mr. O'Grady. "That's one item, but would you take a chance on investing in a play with the kind of characterization this has? Would any audience you ever saw be likely to get that hero? What's he driving at? I may be stupid—half the lines don't make sense, to me. Above all, Mr. Quiverlance, you've got to be clear. Why, I can get twenty plays to-morrow I'd love to produce, but they're not clear. You make this fellow out to be sort of a nut—always talking to himself. He doesn't get anywhere, that is the trouble. He's a failure. Who's interested in a failure? I'll tell you very quickly—*nobody*. 'The Fortune Hunter,' 'It Pays to Advertise'—that's what people want to go and see—clever, bright stuff with a fellow who wins in the end. You get me? This thing here—blaa! When it's all said and done—blaa! What you want is a curtain in the last act—a knockout. I took on this thing as promising, Jim, but, frankly, we hadn't ought to touch it."

"Sol, whatcha talking about? This has class. If Mr. Quiverlance will work with us right we can make a star play out of it. There's one bit I'm not exactly keen about myself. The 'play within a play'—awful stuff. They're all copying it from the movies. The play's too long, anyway, so that can be canned. But I'm for most of it. Very strong."

Sol arose with some impatience and walked to the window.

"I can't see it. I'm highbrow, too, but what's the object of it? People can't be left in doubt in the theater. They *gotta* be entertained. They're tired, they're worried, they're sore. They want to forget it. You know you do yourself. Maybe a man's had a bad year in business, or took a flier, or lost his mother. One night he says, 'Let's forget our troubles and go and have a nice time in the theater,' and he comes to a show like this. What does he get? He gets a fellow on the stage in trouble like himself, just as tired and worried and sore as he is. And what does the fellow say to help him? He acts just simply rotten. He insults his girl. He sticks her father in the gizzard. He makes a mess of everything, and in the end he gets into a scrap in a graveyard and dies. That's a fine scene for Broadway, a graveyard! It's not common sense in the theater business. You pay a million dollars' rent, and then you give 'em a graveyard scene, skulls and gravediggers and a lot of undertaker talk. People won't stand for it. They get all the funerals they want as it is. Frankly, Mr. Quiverlance, I don't seem to see it."

The dramatist had not opened his lips. He had looked from O'Grady to Katz and from Katz to O'Grady.

"How about it, Mr. Quiverlance?" asked O'Grady. "What's your dope on all this?" And he looked at his watch to see if he could make his train. He had seven minutes. "Too bad—got to beat it. Oh, by the way, that title, 'Hamlet'! Seriously, old man, you got to do better than that. How about

'The Father Who Came Back'? Well, think it over."

And Mr. O'Grady bolted for his train.

BALLADE OF THE MODERN BARD

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

THE day has gone of lovely things,
According to the modern bard;
Of dreariness and dross he sings,
And hymns the homely and the hard,
The sweat-shop and the engine-yard:
Of these he makes his doleful tune,
And plenteous slang doth interlard—
I still prefer to sing the moon.

Dry are the Heliconian springs,
And sere is Enna flower-bestarred;
Speak not of Pegasus his wings,
For all such ancientry is barred;
Yea! feathered shalt thou be and tarred
For such old nonsense in thy rune—
By Héloïse and Abélard!
I still prefer to sing the moon.

Nor dare to speak of queens and kings.
Democracy is now the card;
On the fair Past the poet flings
The flint, the pebble, and the shard;
The gospels of the Savoyard
Have wrought this sansculottish boon:
O for some frankincense and nard!—
I still prefer to sing the moon.

ENVOI

Ah! Prince—or, rather, I mean "pard"—
Let's to our lotus and lagoon,
And call for our Pretorian guard—
I still prefer to sing the moon.

THE CLASSICS AND THE "PRACTICAL" ARGUMENT

BY F. M. COLBY

IF I were a classical scholar, I should not rest my case on what is called the argument from practical life. It may be gratifying if one can cite a dozen bank presidents who are in favor of teaching the elements of Latin and Greek, but it is a short-lived joy. Some one before long will surely cite two dozen bank presidents who are against it. I have just finished reading the fifteenth article

published within the last two years in which the writer rounds up in defense of the classics a considerable number of the politically, commercially, and scientifically successful persons of the moment. There are one President, two ex-Presidents, two Secretaries of State, and a handsome showing of administrators, bankers, heads of trust and insurance companies, engineers, mathematicians, electricians, economists, botanists, zoologists, psychologists, physicists, and chemists. This may have been a more bountiful and seductive list than any anti-classical man had produced at that moment, but it is not a more bountiful one than he could produce, if you gave him time. It contains fifty professors of science, both pure and applied. The man who could not within a week produce fifty-five on the other side would not be worth his salt as an anti-classical debater. Then the unfortunate writer of the first article would have to find five more, and thus the debate would resolve itself into a mad competitive scramble for botanists, engineers, business men, and the like, to which, so far as I can see, there would be no logical conclusion till they had all been caught and tabulated. And after this was all done, we should be just where we were when we started. For the success of these successful persons is not a successful test.

If the majority of them knew, what they never could know—that is to say that they presided, banked, administered, engineered, insured, botanized, and psychologized no better for their study of the classics, the question of the classics would still be as open as before. As human beings they were probably engaged during a considerable portion of their lives in doing other things than climbing into presidencies or directing banks or building bridges or organizing other human beings. If not, they were forlorn creatures whom it is not desirable to reproduce. As human beings their leisure was probably a matter of some practical concern to them. Statistics of success cannot decide a question that

pertains to their personal leisure. I doubt if statistics of success can decide any question at all, when the standard of success is the vague, unstable, arbitrary thing implied in these discussions. Nobody wants his own life regulated by the way a chance majority of these successful persons happen to feel about theirs. Still less would he want his children to be brought up only to resemble them. Every plain person realizes that there is a vast domain of thought, feeling, and activity, including religion, music, poetry, painting, sport, dancing, among many other things that subsists quite independently of the good or bad opinion of any motley group of persons picked out by educators as successful at this day.

When they tell you that some railway manager thinks that Latin has helped him in his labors and that he still reads Horace for pleasure, they are telling you nothing either for or against the study of Latin. Even an educator would not be any more eager to have his daughter learn to dance, if he knew that the chief justice of the Supreme Court had danced regularly all through his career for its beneficial effects upon his profession, and was still dancing at almost every idle moment of the day just for the pleasure of it. He does not want the doings of the chief justice to mold his daughter's life in all particulars. He probably would just as lief she did not resemble in many ways that undoubtedly respectable person.

And the question of the classics is in this outside domain, whatever their casual relation may be to a random group of professional, business, and scientific activities. It may be that the best poetry in the English language is detested by the one thousand ablest executives in this country at this moment. Indeed, it probably is. But that has no relevance to a question of its value. Even in the wildest educational articles of the month, you do not find this fact advanced as a conclusive argument from practical life for the promo-

tion of the detestation of poetry. Nobody takes the child aside and says, "Hate poetry and up you go to the very top of the drygoods business."

But perhaps educators do not really attach any importance to this nonsense. They are, no doubt, more sensible than they seem. There is no use in taking the malign view of educators that their personalities resemble their usual educational articles. They probably do not believe any more than I do in a neat hierarchy of success with the better man always a peg above the worse one, or that if you skim the cream of contemporary celebrities you will have a collection of more practical lives than if you had taken the next layer or the layer below that. Practical lives, as led in Germany during the last forty years or so, must begin to seem to them now somewhat visionary. And they can hardly retain a sublime confidence in the standards of success of their own generation, which, though equipped with the very latest modern efficiency tests and appliances, nevertheless reverted overnight almost to a state of cannibalism. They probably would admit that instead of compelling the next generation to resemble the sort of persons that society has often permitted to become uppermost in this, it might be only humane to give it a fair chance of *not* resembling them. When you read the language of educational disputes tradition begins to seem a reasonable thing. Educational debaters argue with an air of mathematical certainty, as if working out an equation, and then produce a solution containing such hopelessly unknown quantities as the value of the opinion of fifty-seven more or less accidentally important persons as to the sort of lives all the rest of the world should live.

And I should take tradition rather than the word of Mr. H. G. Wells in his latest two novels on the subject of education. I believe the classical tradition had more to do with the making of Mr. H. G. Wells than any treatise on biology that he ever read. Mr. Wells has more

in common with Plato than he has with Herbert Spencer, and it is because he writes more in the style of the Phædo than he does in the style of *The Principles of Sociology* that we read him. If Mr. Wells considers Plato a dull old fool, as he probably does, that has nothing to do with it. He has absorbed since his nativity a literature that has been steeped for many centuries in the writings of these old fogies he despises. In a sense they own him, so far as there is anything in him that is worth permanently possessing. Mr. Wells is essentially a very ancient person, but, being strangely incapable of self-analysis, he does not know how he came by a large part of his incentives and suggestions. That is why he has latterly so often moved in circles rediscovering old thoughts that antedate the Christian era, and thinking they were new. If an archeologist examined Mr. Wells, he would find him full of the ruins of ancient Rome, and he is much the brisker writer for containing them. Nobody would be reading Mr. H. G. Wells to-day if he were a mere product of contemporary science. If he could have applied his theory of education to his own bringing-up he would have committed literary suicide.

A more obvious instance is that of one of Mr. Wells's immediate literary ancestors. Samuel Butler in *The Way of All Flesh* is almost as ferocious toward Latin and Greek as he is toward fathers and mothers. He suggests no substitute for Latin or Greek any more than he suggests a substitute for the family, but he implies that all three should be abandoned instantly on the chance that substitutes may turn up. Now I know that the radicalism of Samuel Butler in respect to these and other matters is what mainly interests the modern commentator. But it has nothing to do with his permanent interest. Dozens of more radical writers can be found everywhere who are exceedingly dull. The value of *The Way of All Flesh* is in its texture—the weaving together of a thousand small

things—and not in a few large, central thoughts. Essentially it is in the best tradition of the English novel. Also it is hopelessly entangled with the classics. He has to make his hero take honors in them at the university in order to get the muscle to attack them. He is a prize-fighter who knocks his boxing-masters down to show how little he has learned from them.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE REVIVED

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

"I AM looking for the Lion's Mouth," I said to the person standing in the doorway of a shop, whose sign showed the proprietor to be one P. Rocrustes—or so I read it. Having pronounced the name aloud, before noticing its probable owner, my observation was distinctly apologetic in tone. He whom I should properly call my "interlocutor" assumed a disturbingly ironical expression:

"And why may you be looking for the Lion's Mouth? Are you not afraid?"

I answered, readily: "On the contrary. Why should I be afraid when I have pounds of good red meat to feed to the Lion?"

He whom I must call P. Rocrustes was interested, or affected interest, in this piece of information. "What sort of meat?"

I answered, airily, "Oh, Sensational Disclosures—*Personalia* with Pep—The War of the Highbrows and the Literary Proletariat—"

"Sounds good—sounds good," interrupted the person in the doorway. "I happen to know that the Lion is roaring for something of this sort. But if you will step into my place for a moment, I think I can show you something that will be of advantage to know when you present your offerings."

I did not like the looks of the speaker, but with a curious sense of compulsion followed him into his shop. Empty of wares of any kind, of furniture, even, when my eye had excepted what appeared to be a sort of oblong framework rather high and covered with a dark drapery. To this my unpromising chance acquaintance led me with the air of one who would indulge in no preamble. And this is what he said:

"What is the use of beating about the bush? You are, of course, an author. You are heading for the Lion's Mouth with a wealth of meaty ideas. You have 'pep'—sometimes more pep than solid substance. But you spoil your effects by being too expansive. You should come sooner to the point. Condensation, my little man, is what you need. You are miles too long! But I have here a reducing method which will remedy all that."

I watched him, under a horrid fascination, as he jerked the drapery from the framework, revealing what in some respects suggested an operating-table; in others, a sort of couch.

"Come," he said. "I do my work with neatness and despatch. On you go, my little man, and when you come off—"

He made a motion to grab me, but with an alertness and a speed which we possess only in dreams I fled. And as I fled a quick enlightenment came over my perturbed mind. What I had seen I now know to have been nothing more or less than Procrustes' Bed. I had stupidly misread the letters of the sign over that doorway. I had but stumbled upon an old acquaintance of my boyhood (introduced by Monsieur Lemprière)—the famous old brigand that terrorized travelers in Attica. I have not been in that street since.



EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

IT has been reported that an expedition which some months ago left our shores for the Arctic regions carried a very full moving-picture equipment for the instruction of the Eskimos in the facts of our civilization. The mild savages of the North were expected to be so much interested in the exhibition that they would form the wish for some sort of business connection with us, and trade of various sorts would spring up between the two races to their mutual advantage. For the immediate promotion of the commercial object of the expedition, the steamer which carried it was provided with goods for barter, and with lumber for building houses which the Eskimos might so far prefer to their native *igloos* as to forsake these ice huts for something like the bungalows which we build so readily. Bungalows are not specified, but they are such a favorite with us in our suburbs and countrysides that we have made bold to suppose they would be the first type suggested to the Eskimos.

The visitors, it is frankly stated, expect to trade their goods for the local "gold, copper, and other minerals," but whether they will make any charge for admission to the moving pictures is a point left to the imagination. We hope not; we think this would not be good business; the Eskimos might be repelled from the knowledge of our life unless it was freely offered them. They will be shown how we have our being by means of moving pictures, and possibly these pictures will be not only the reproduction of fact, but also scenes borrowed from the drama of the movie theaters. Many of ourselves are largely acquainted with our own life through these. Our

instruction through them begins at a very tender age; children of five or ten years may be daily seen studying our conditions from them, and probably forming themselves upon the morals embodied in the actions. It is possible that if the Eskimos trusted to them they might imagine us a frontier people armed with revolvers, or holding up our hands at the bidding of those who carry them. The students of our life would see us flinging ourselves into the saddle, and disappearing in the clouds of desert-dust from our flight or pursuit; or in the riot of ball-rooms, which are also barrooms, wildly embraced, with our hats and spurs on, by bare-necked ladies of advanced vampire species, and fox-trotting among tables that reel about us and spill their cards and glasses under our feet. This would be the general character of our life as revealed in the Western drama; and in its Eastern episodes the Eskimos would be invited to see us reveling amidst the splendor of our palaces on the Riverside Drive while the skilled burglar ascends or descends by the rain-pipe outside and leans over to peer at our revelry through the casements, and marks his intended loot on our persons. Or, if it is desirable that the Eskimos should be warned of certain defects of our civilization (for we ought to be perfectly candid with them) the scene may change in a flash to some act of drunken violence in the slums, or to the interior of a Wall Street office where a group of nefarious financiers are concocting a scheme for the wreck of a railroad or the betrayal of some innocent client whom they have induced to dabble in rotten stocks.

We have been imagining that a given Eskimo has been accompanied through-

out by some intelligent boy belonging to the expedition who will have a boy's delight in explaining the scenes as he has mastered their meaning from acquaintance with movies familiar to boys of his age. The Eskimo will be all the better for this boy's inability to explain the more recondite motives of the characters, and perhaps he will be all the better if he does not comprehend every fact of real life presented to him directly from our complex civilization; we understand that it is not solely a wish for the Eskimo's trade that prompts the managers of the expedition. Not only do the explorers hope to barter their cargo for his "gold, copper, and other minerals," but they also wish to enlighten and improve him. They carry him lumber to build houses which he may substitute for his ice hut and learn to live in them something like the life we live in our comfortable farmsteads and village "homes," our summer cottages and suburban bungalows. The improved habitations which the expedition will supply him the means of building in exchange for his precious ores would be nothing without the desire of the uplift which their possession will implant in him.

This desire, as we imagine, is to follow from his study of the "moving pictures of how the white man lives," and a wood-built house with its modern improvements and complex comforts implies. It is not only a knowledge of the physical interior which he is to profit by, but also the moral, the spiritual interior of our homes, and it is this which the expedition will find it difficult, but we hope not impossible, to reveal. Naturally, the more signal events only will have been trammelled in the screen, and matrimony will be chief among them. The ceremony of American marriage, as it is celebrated in the church or in the home, will be seen, but hardly the simpler rite before a justice of the peace. The church marriage may be shown to the exclusion of the home marriage, even, and the Eskimo will see the sacred

interior with the ushers giving the invited guests their arms and showing them to their seats in the order of their arrival or their prearranged priority. In a flick of the screen the savage spectator will see the bridal pair advancing with their bridesmaids and groomsmen (or with whatever more modern companionship) to the altar, where not less than two clergymen will join in the ceremony of making them husband and wife. Then, with another flick they will be shown leading down the aisle to the church door to the music of the wedding-march in "Lohengrin" as rendered by the gramophone.

Another incident which frequently ensues "in the course of human events" among us, may be shown to the Eskimo observer, and he may next see the judge pronouncing a decree of divorce in court and putting asunder the same couple whom the ministers of God had joined together in the church.

The Eskimo would no doubt have an insuperable difficulty in realizing these facts, without explanation, but the management will be sure to have the moving pictures accompanied by a lecture in the Eskimo language. Even with this, and the help of that well-informed boy, some phases of our life may be rather unintelligible. What would the Eskimo make of our society functions, our dinners, our dances, and our costumes for them, the rigid formality of the men's dress and the return to nature in the women's? The native climate would forbid the slightest *décolleté* to an Eskimo lady, not to mention other extremes to which some American ladies abandon themselves. But perhaps the directors of the expedition intend their moving pictures to show only how the simpler life is led among us, even this would be hard enough for the average Eskimo to apprehend, though the accompanying lecture might help considerably.

The terrible catastrophes attending the operation of our lives might be fitly ignored, but could the Eskimo regard without dismay the spectacle of Fifth

Avenue jammed from curb to curb with automobiles and the foot-passengers finding their way through them? Would the sight of an aeroplane sweeping our sky, or a dirigible starting for Europe, inspire him to enter into commercial relations with us? We very seriously question it. If the Arctic populations have been able to resist the appeal of the exploring expeditions of the past in the sail- and steam-vessels which have visited them, it does not seem probable that the wonder of our later inventions will tempt them to embrace the traffic of explorers approaching them with the lure of the moving pictures.

There is, of course, no intention on the part of the explorers to abuse the savage ignorance or the childlike simplicity of the Eskimos, and we do not know just how far they wish to carry their scheme of teaching him how we live. Commonly the primitive man, whether in the arctic or the tropic seas, has too often hitherto been approached by adventurers of European race with articles which appeal to his fancy rather than his intelligence, his business instincts, or the elements of moral and mental uplift in his nature. Bright-colored clothes and cloths, beads of all cheap sorts, sizes, and colors, looking-glasses large and small, assorted pocket-knives, guns and pistols, fish-lines and fish-hooks, all kinds of bottles full or empty, needles and thread, and every variety of simple machines and utensils, with such ruder musical instruments as horns, whistles, and bells, and the countless toys and tools of civilization which the savage can or cannot use. It is to be feared that such adventurers mostly wished to take advantage of the natives whom they visited among their icebergs or coral reefs, and it is of record that some facts of the white man's life taught them by example were not altogether edifying.

We should hope, however, that the influence of the moving pictures employed by an enterprise frankly commercial in its intention will be truly instructive. To this end the pictures should represent

the evil as well as the good of our life. Not only the daily risks and chances of our way of living should be shown in the sort we have suggested, but the crimes which deform it, and the penalties which visit these. The thief is so common among us that he could be readily caught by the film in some offense and his trial in court could follow with his consignment to one of our innumerable prisons; or the murderer captured by the camera in the act of shooting or stabbing his victim and then seen expiating his crime in the electric chair. All this is very dreadful in the supposition, but the facts are so common that they are hardly beyond the scope of the vigilant film.

No student of our civilization can fail to have been impressed by the rapid succession of homicidal atrocities which have usurped in the journalistic record the news of the war lately, filling all the first pages with its headlined-horrors. Among the reflections suggested by this fact, we have been pursued by the fantastic question whether the impression of our daily history may not somehow suffer a change into something sensible to the eye and so be imparted in the film. This will be questioned, or will perhaps be totally denied, but in a day when we are believed to be in communication with those who, having died, are living again, it will scarcely do utterly to reject a phase of the miraculous because it is transcendently marvelous. Why should not the appeal to our consciousness pass by a species of unprecedented metabasis from one mental avenue to another, and become something visible? By this means the worst of our life could be shown to the Eskimos as well as the best and we should have no uncandor to reproach ourselves with. If they should decide not to enter into commercial relations with us it would be after seeing the whole and not merely a part concerning us.

Journalism has taken a vast step toward some such metabasis, or translation of the narrative into the graphic history of the day. The good and the beautiful, the

evil and the ugly, are alike shown as well as told. No phase of any vital event—society marriage or divorce, murder and conviction or acquittal—is ignored. The principal spectators are portrayed to the limits of interest or curiosity; the fathers and mothers of the *dramatis personæ* are summoned to illustrate the incident, their children and their babes in arms are invoked to satisfy the utmost reach of the appetite for the personalized fact. The press is a screen for which our daily life poses; the morning paper is a movie of the same effect on our nerves and tastes as the film.

Of course this collective existence of ours is not our inmost life, and it ought to be explained to the Eskimo, if the reporterized spirit of our press is translated to him in visible terms, that apart from it we all cherish, or try to cherish, a reverent heed to the voice which we hear within us. It has always been there, that voice, there in the heart of man everywhere; the Eskimo himself must hear it and long in his dark soul to heed it, just as we do in ours; and he will be making a great mistake if he accepts the surface tenor of our life as the sole likeness of our veritable life. It will not so much matter whether he accepts or rejects the business opportunities given him by his visitors; but if he goes home to his humble *igloo* from the typical wooden structure where he has seen how the white man lives, and agrees with the young wife on his arm not to take on the civilization portrayed in the moving pictures, he will do well to think a second time in whatever hour of the Arctic night represents the morning when wiser counsels are supposed to prevail with all. He will have been mainly puzzled by the knowledge offered him; but that will not justify him in a total rejection. As he lights his blubber lamp; and his wife rises to put the seal-steak on to stew for their breakfast (very quietly, so as not to waken the children still dreaming in their sleeping-bags), he will do well to exchange with her the thoughts they have turned

over in their minds during eight or ten hours of their six-months' night which has perhaps just begun.

"Come," he may well say; "it can't all be as bad as it is painted. Of course there are certain terrible disadvantages in their system. For instance, there is that danger of fire in their wood-built houses which is simply impossible in our *igloos*."

"Yes," she will assent. "We should have to provide fire-engines from the beginning, and now in our *igloos* we never need them. An *igloo* couldn't possibly take fire. To be sure, a bungalow would be more convenient in some respects; and if *we* should have one first?"

"Of course! But could we afford it? A bungalow, the smallest, would cost us a whole year's catch of seals, working winter and summer, and all the children helping us chew the skins in tanning them. The white people are very particular to have their sealskins flexible, and the children wouldn't have a single holiday the year 'round. Yes, a bungalow would be too dear. We couldn't afford one, let alone the danger of fire."

"I know. But I thought some of the articles for trade were rather cheap. For instance, those blue and red beads and those little mirrors. We haven't a sign of a looking-glass in the place, now."

"I can always tell you how well you are looking."

"Nonsense! And I shouldn't want you to throw away any chance of good business. There are those bits of gold and lumps of copper which have been knocking about the *igloo* for I don't know how long, and the children don't care for them; they would be far better satisfied with a string of beads, or one of those little bells to wear 'round their necks. We mustn't be rash, you know. You have such a good business head, and I'm not afraid those Americans would beat you at a bargain."

"Well, well. We will think it over."

"But not think too long?"

"Oh no, not too long. I sha'n't let any good chance slip."



EDITOR'S DRAWER

PEACE WITH HONOR

BY M. LAPRADE

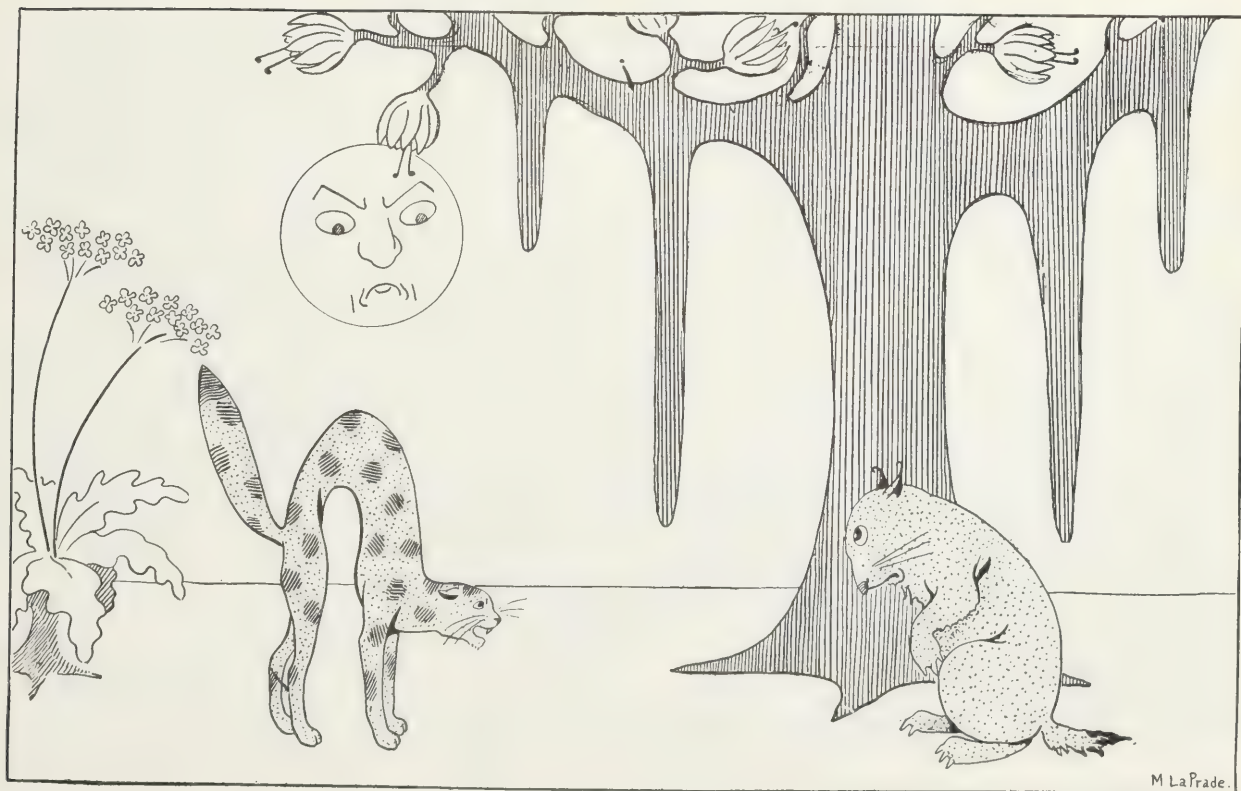
SAID the Tomcat to the Wombat,
By the Marshes of Rangoon:
"Come prepare for deadly combat
'Neath the purple Burmese Moon."

Where the Banyan Blossoms clustered,
Just before the break of day,
Near the waving fields of mustard
They made ready for the fray.

First they curled their long mustaches
And they manicured their nails,
Then with brilliantine and ashes
They shampooed their silky tails.

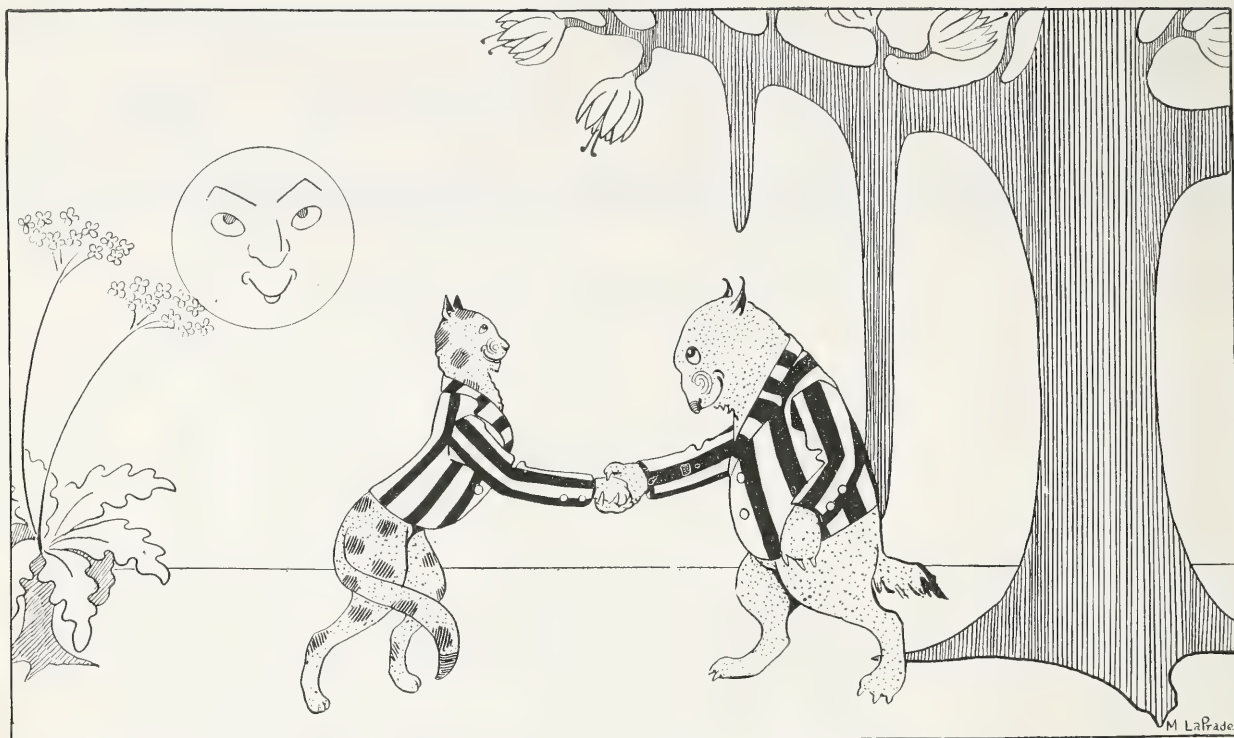
Then they shaved with safety-razors,
Bathed, and brushed their teeth with care,
Clad themselves in striped blazers,
Plaited seaweed in their hair.

Each one studied his reflection
In the streamlet at his feet,



M LaPrade.

"COME PREPARE FOR DEADLY COMBAT"



‘ PERFECT CREATURES ARE WE TWO ’

Viewed with pleasure his perfection
In the water’s glassy sheet.

Then these two complacent creatures
Raised their self-adoring eyes,
And observed each other’s features
With a look of pleased surprise.

Said the Tomcat: “I’m astounded
At the sight that meets my eye,
Yes, I really am dumfounded;
You look quite as well as I!”

Quoth the Wombat, “Oh, my Brother,
Perfect creatures are we two,
Therefore to deface each other
Were a foolish thing to do.”

Spake the Tomcat: “To destroy one
Such as you is out of place.
’Tis more pleasant to enjoy one
With so fair a form and face!”

“Let us then,” pursued the Wombat,
“Put aside our thoughts of strife,
And abandon deadly combat
For an amicable life.”

So they breakfasted together
By the Marshes of Rangoon,
On banana-skins and heather,
’Neath the purple Burmese Moon.

The Danger

WILLIAMS and Wilkins were partners, and it was the custom of their wives, who were great friends, to call occasionally upon their husbands at their office. One day Williams, after their departure, showed signs of anxiety.

"What's the trouble?" asked Wilkins, observing his partner.

"Just see how it rains!" exclaimed Williams. "I feel very anxious about my wife. She's gone out without an umbrella, and your wife has none, either."

"Oh, that's all right. They'll take shelter in some shop."

"Precisely," said Williams. "That's why I'm worried."

Of No Use There

EDWARD, aged five, evinced a determination not to go to school at all. Finally his favorite aunt was called in to use her persuasive powers.

"Surely, Edward," she said, "you want to go to school with your big brother in the autumn."

"No, ma'am," said Edward, "I have decided not to go to school. I can't read, I can't write, and I can't sing. So what use should I be at school?"

A Just Complaint

A COAL-HEAVER'S "feelings were hurt" by the unthoughtful actions of his children.

"Mary," expostulated this man to his wife, "don't I always tell you I won't have the children bringing in coal from the shed in my best hat?"

"Oh, why should you care?" demanded the wife. "You've sp'iled the shape of that hat already, and what can a little extra coal-dust do to harm it?"

"You don't see the point," protested the husband, with dignity. "I only wears that hat in the evenings; and if, while I am out, I takes it off my head, it leaves a big black band 'round my forehead. What's the consequence? Why, I gets accused of washin' my face with my hat on, and it ain't nice, Mary; it ain't nice!"

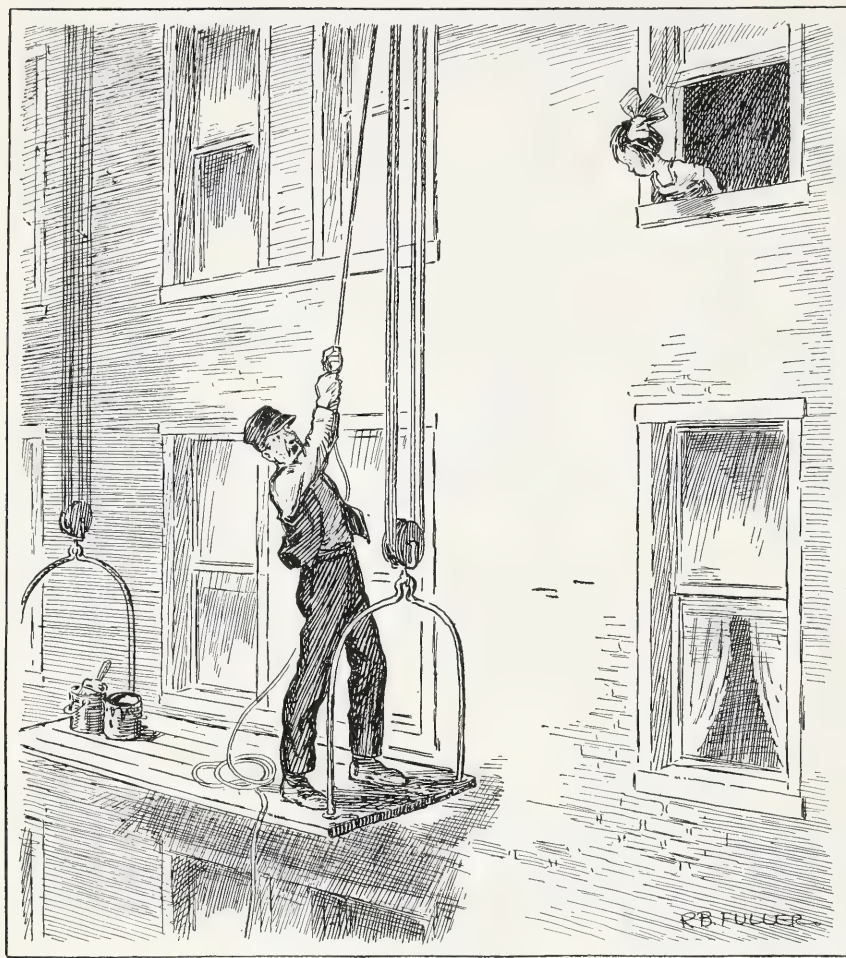
Couldn't Tell

A WELL-KNOWN business man was asked to join a literary club in the Western town where he lives, an invitation which he declined on the ground that he would be anything but a desirable member.

"I have never been strong on literature," he said. "I couldn't for the life of me tell you who wrote Gray's 'Elegy.'"



THE BOY: "I guess I'll take my shoes off an' hide 'em so that when I'm a millionaire they can say 'he entered this town a bare-footed boy an' look at him now'"



LITTLE GIRL: "It's no use coming up, mister, there's nobody home but me"

Father to the Man

IN Congress they tell this story of a certain youthful but successful Representative. This gentleman's self-confidence has always been most marked, a dominant characteristic even of his extreme youth.

When he was about eight years old he decided to take a job during his school vacation, and accordingly sought work in a grocery. After he had been there a week or so his uncle, meeting the old grocer, asked:

"Well, how are you getting on with William at the store?"

"I seem to please him," said the old grocer, with a smile. "I seem to please him."

Far-sighted

THEY had just come from watching the Falls at Niagara and were returning to their hotel when the bride sighed and remarked:

"Just think of it, Henry dear! Fifty years from yesterday will be our golden anniversary!"

Untrue to Life

RUSTLER, the dramatic critic, recently took his wife with him to attend a first performance. As they were leaving the theater, he asked: "Well, dear, how did you like the play?"

"Quite well," said Mrs. Rustler, "but there was one impossible thing in it. The second act takes place two years after the first, and yet the family have the same servant."

His Real Fear

A CIRCUS man tells of a lion-tamer, brave as lion-tamers must necessarily be, but who had his little weakness—a mortal terror of bronchitis. One morning when he came out from a cage containing two half-starved lions, which he had entered with perfect composure, he shook his head gravely.

"Some day," he remarked to a fellow-worker, "I'll get my death in there."

"Nonsense!" said the other. "The lions will never get the better of you."

"The lions?" the tamer exclaimed. "Good heavens! You don't suppose I am afraid of them! It is these confounded cages. They are awful places for draughts!"

The Wisdom of Williams

MR. WILLIAMS, a commuter, had been asked by his wife to purchase a blouse for her in New York.

"These are very pretty," said the shop-girl as she displayed a number on the counter. "What color do you prefer?"

"It doesn't make any difference," was the unexpected reply.

"Doesn't make any difference!" exclaimed the salesgirl. "Why, don't you think your wife would like a certain color?"

"No, it makes no difference what color I get, or what size. I shall have to come back to-morrow to have it changed."

Reminiscent

WILLIAM was celebrating his eighth birthday in a family hotel. The guests liked to pet him, so this was made quite an occasion. Seated at table with older persons, his shrill little voice suddenly broke the stillness.

"I have been wondering," he said, in a solemn manner, "what was the first meal I ever ate. I think it must have been luncheon, for I was born at twelve o'clock and we always lunch at one."

A False Alarm

THERE is a road in a Western state which seems unable to form anything like an intimate relationship between its trains and the advertised schedule. These trains are so proverbially late that there is a mild celebration every time one reaches its destination on time.

Once the word was passed through one little town that No. 3 would get in on time and a big crowd gathered at the station. Some generous citizen provided quantities of red fire and set it off along the track.

"What's the trouble?" the conductor asked when he jumped off the train.

"Train's actually in on time," explained the crowd.

"Put out your fires, you idiots," the conductor snorted. "Don't you know that we're just twenty-four hours late?"

From Her Viewpoint

AN old lady noted for her exceptional gifts as a gossip was conversing with a member of the faculty of a near-by college, a man who is interested in matters sociological, when he chanced to observe, rather tritely:

"After all, Mrs. Muggins, one-half of the world, you know, doesn't know how the other half lives."

"Yes," said Mrs. Muggins, "and isn't it provoking?"

A Danger to Suffragists

A CHARMING and particularly stylish suffragist was addressing some women in the poorer quarter of Chicago, and, it must be confessed, the audience accorded more attention to her gown than to her speech.

When it was ended, she added: "Has any one any questions to ask? I shall be very much pleased to answer them to the best of my ability."

A woman rose at the back of the hall.

"Well?" smiled the speaker.

"Would you please tell me," asked the woman, eagerly, "where you get your corsets?"

Excessive Modesty

THERE is a Washington woman, a writer of some prominence, whose modesty, despite her good looks, is extreme. She once posed for a local artist, but it was some time before her consent to this could be obtained. When at last she was persuaded to do so, the artist reassured her, saying, "Don't be afraid; I'll do you justice."

"My dear friend," the lady replied, "it isn't justice I ask for at your hands—it's mercy."



"He belongs to the cousin of the sister-in-law of that doctor who told ma 'bout castor oil. Let's give him a kick, Willie"



"Where have you decided to go this winter?"

"I can't make up my mind. Two of my maids like Florida and my chauffeur prefers California and the others refuse to leave town."

A Valuable Secret

A CHICAGO clergyman tells of a young couple who came to his house late one evening to be married. When the minister had performed the ceremony the groom took him aside and whispered:

"I am sorry, sir, I have no money to pay your fee, but if you will take me down into your cellar, I will show you how to fix your electric-light meter so that it won't register."

Misunderstood

MOTHER was busy, so she bade little Bobbie to run across the street and "see how old Mrs. Jones is this morning."

It was only a short time before Bobbie returned with this announcement:

"Mrs. Jones says it's none of your business how old she is."

Outrageous

A DENTIST in a Middle West town had had considerable difficulty in collecting a bill which he had sent each month regularly for a period of a year to an individual for whom he had made an especially fine set of artificial teeth.

When he returned home after resorting to another method, his wife asked:

"Well, did a personal call do any good? Did he pay you?"

"Pay me!" repeated the dentist, in a rage. "Not only did he not pay me, but he actually had the nerve to gnash at me *with my teeth!*"

Harmonious Neutrality

AN American who has spent some time in Switzerland has returned with this story:

Some soldiers of a Swiss regiment in garrison at Basel went to a café for refreshments. One of them sat alone at a table. Later a civilian, a German, joined him, and the two began to talk.

"Would you fire on the Germans if they invaded Switzerland?" asked the German.

"Oh no, never," exclaimed the soldier.

"Waiter, something to drink and a beef-steak with potatoes

for this brave man," ordered the civilian.

"And your comrades at the next table," he continued. "Would they, too, refuse to shoot at the Germans if they tried to invade the country?"

"Certainly," was the reply.

"Is that the view generally held in the Swiss army?"

"I don't know."

"But why would you not fire at the Germans?"

"Because we belong to the band."

True Spirit

HE: "So your son did not graduate, after all?"

SHE: "No; Charles has so much college spirit. There are so many graduating every year that it cripples college athletics."

Obedient Oliver

OLIVER was struggling through the story in his reading-lesson:

"It was not a sloop," said the captain; "it was a larger vessel. By the rig, I took her to be a—a—a—" Here he stopped, for the word was unfamiliar in this connection.

"Bark," prompted the teacher.

Still Oliver hesitated.

"Bark!" repeated the teacher, quite sharply.

Oliver's expression was perplexed. However, being an obedient lad, he shouted:

"Bow-wow!"

Local Appreciation

"NO one," says a Louisville man, "can more effectually take the wind out of a fellow's sails than an old-time, leisurely Kentuckian.

"After a fifteen years' absence, during which I had graduated at a university, got my name in the papers a few times, and bought many articles of fine raiment, I went to the little town in Kentucky where I had been a 'poor but ambitious youth.'

"Now it was my expectation that a reception committee would be on hand to greet me, but nothing of the sort happened. Observing the grandeur of my clothes, however, and my generally prosperous air, my old acquaintances came around and shook hands quite cordially, all except old Henry Miles, who kept the general store. Old Henry sat at the back of the stove, handy to the sawdust-box. He seemed not to notice me in the least.

"I was piqued—angry, in fact. I walked up to the old chap and stood right in front of him, so that he could not fail to see me in all my glory.

"Slowly, casually, old Henry looked up from under the flap of his old white hat, and remarked:

"Clarence, you been away somewhere, haven't you?"

A Reducing Process

RAGGED little Tom Brown had been committed to Juvenile Hall, where he was immediately given a bath, clean clothes, had his hair washed and cut short. His old clothes were burned. As his adenoids interfered seriously with his breathing, they were removed. When he had recovered from the operation, the matron noticed that there was an unusually big and disfiguring wart at the end of his thumb.

"Tom," she said, "I'll see that this wart is removed to-day."

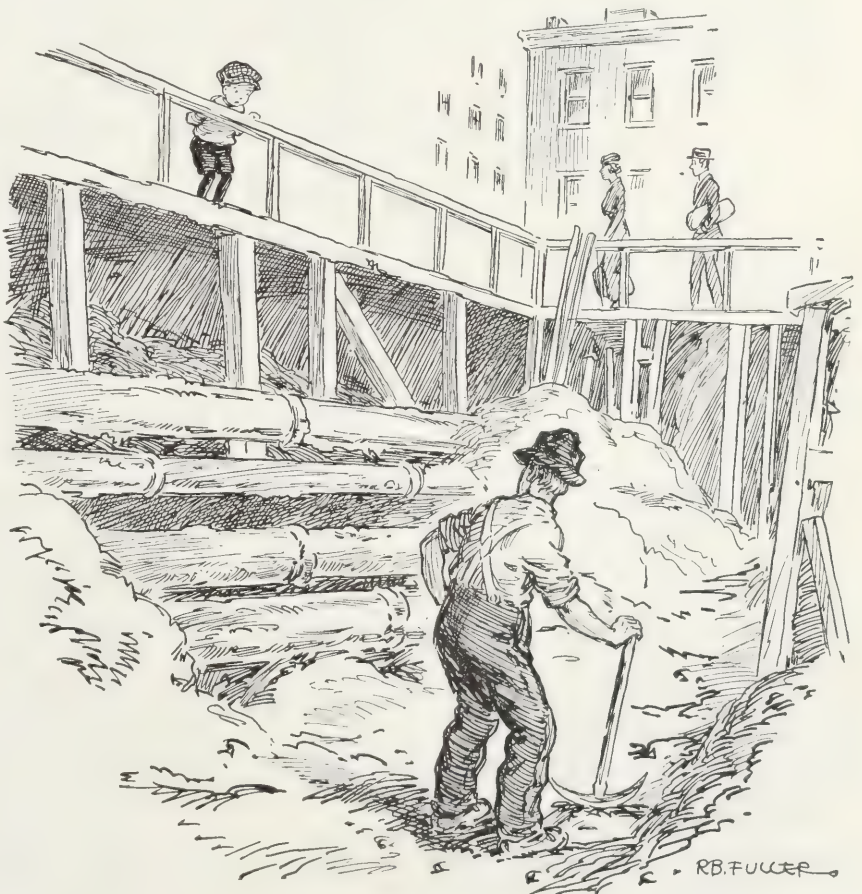
A look of absolute disgust spread over Tom's face. "Gosh!" he exclaimed. "Don't you let a fellow keep *anything* here?"

A Good Guess

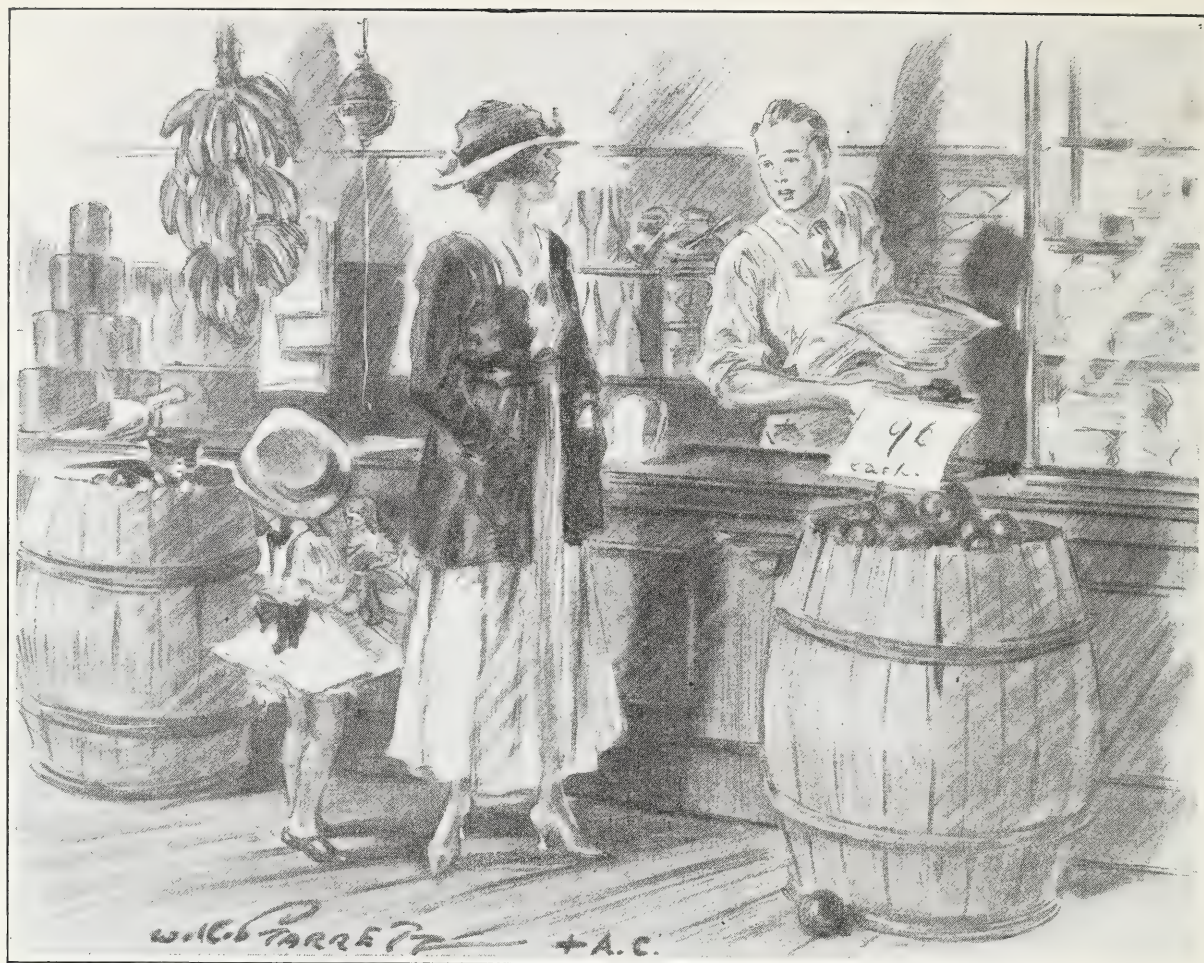
AS six-year-old Harold was walking with his mother in the park, they suddenly turned around a dense growth of shrubbery, and there came upon a young man holding a young lady's hand. Harold's mother grabbed the child by the arm and hurried him along, saying:

"I think we'd better get away."

"Yes," said the child, "I guess we had. He's telling her fortune."



BOBBY: "Are you looking for th' penny I lost here?"



CUSTOMER: "I want a pound of butter, please. How soon can you send it?"

EX-DOUGHBOY: "After your requisition has been O. K'd. endorsed, approved, accepted, countersigned and returned by the various departments, you ought to hear something of it in about three weeks"

THE DISAPPOINTED CENTIPEDE

BY CAROLYN WELLS

THERE was an earnest centipede who
had a purpose firm
That he would join a regiment and be an
army worm.

His soul was patriotic and his courage was
sublime—

(In fact, that's why I made him the hero
of this rhyme).

Well, this ambitious centipede set out, with
heart aglow,
To take his physical exam., and find out
where to go.

He was young and strong and healthy, he
had no ache or ail—

(You see, that's why I made him the hero
of this tale).

Now as he journeyed onward he thought
exultantly

How vigorous and valiant his martial deeds
would be;

He saw himself, in fancy, at some battle of
the Marne—

(And that is why I made him the hero of
this yarn).

The examination over, he listened breath-
lessly

As to what the army doctor's report on him
might be;

They said his heart and lungs were fine,
his thews and sinews strong—

(Which, of course, is why I made him the
hero of this song).

But just one thing the kibosh on his ambi-
tion put—

He had an aggravated case of multiple
flat foot!

And sadly and disgustedly that centipede
crawled home—

(And that is why I made him the hero of
this pome).



Painting by C. E. Chambers

Illustration for "An Honest Man"

ANNETTE WAS PERMITTED TO KNOW THAT THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION WOULD
COME AND FIND MILLIONS READY

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. CXXXIX

NOVEMBER, 1919

NO. DCCCXXXIV



AN HONEST MAN

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

THE first time that Annette, Countess Chudenitz, met Andrew Radin was at a hectic "function" in her cousin's (Mrs. Livingston Dollard's) house. I hardly know how to describe the occasion, for it was of no social *genre*. Radin talked for an hour; New York's *intelligentsia* listened, rubbing shoulders with *débutantes*, bewildered matrons, and glib young women who were officially garment-workers (on strike), but who would have been more accurately labelled dynamite. In positions of vantage sat the clever creatures, male and female, who were running Mrs. Dollard's newest publication—the third and by far the most important that she had yet financed. They were the ones who asked the proper questions at the proper time, and gave Radin a chance to make his points. The *débutantes* were as bewildered as the matrons, but their bewilderment did not—if you will pardon the paradox—bewilder them. They knew that this was the proper atmosphere for them to breathe—Mrs. Dollard said so—and they took their tea from the hands of the second footman without perceiving that it should, logically speaking, have choked them. Radin himself drank tea. So did the garment-workers. So did all the *intelligentsia*. So did every one except Annette Chudenitz, to whom the whole scene was at once incredibly familiar and alluringly strange.

Annette Davidge had married, in the 'nineties, Ishtvan, Count Chudenitz, ornament of embassies and wily Nestor of the Ballplatz. Now, a childless widow, by no means in love with her husband's country, she spent the better part of her time in America. Bertha Dollard gathered in her garment-workers, her socialists (real ones), her Radins, knowing them for queer, priding herself on their queerness, but feeling them none the less sacred—as if they had been a new phenomenon, creatures half-fish, half-divine. She had never seen anything like them, but she believed that they, and they only, knew the truth. The Countess Chudenitz had seen thousands like them; their features took her back to the Styrian countryside, to the ghettos of Pest, to the streets of Vienna on the Kaiser's birthday. But she had never sat next them on chairs before, and her Americanism thrilled within her. Radin held her from the first. She had read some of it before, but she had never been face to face with it—not without the police, in a firm wall, between. This was what her forefathers had done for her; something that Ishtvan's forefathers could not have conceived, much less performed. She could meet Andrew Radin, could talk to him as one human being to another; they could agree or differ, in Bertha Dollard's music-room, as if they

were in naked space. It was not sex that made her ignore the garment-workers, push aside the brilliant young women who helped edit Mrs. Dollard's subsidized but very independent review, and make, with assurance, for Radin himself—forgetting tea, forgetting the spectacle of the social salad before her, which at another time might have intrigued her. Something in her went fearlessly out to meet something in Radin; there was born in her that afternoon one of those bitter passions of the brain which often go farther than any physical infatuation to mark love a disease. Sex never called to sex more imperiously than the quality of Radin's intellect called to what she had of mind.

She was less than woman when she made her way to him and tacitly offered herself. What she offered was her brain, but she did it inwardly with as abandoned a gesture as though it had been her body. If you ask me whether such mental surrender is not one of the known approaches of what folks call love, I can only say that it has never struck me that way, though there is no road which love cannot take. Annette Davidge never had loved; so far as I know, never did love. If she could have loved any man, it would have been Peter Dollard, her cousin Bertha's bachelor brother-in-law. It may be that Radin kept her, in the end, from Peter; but, if he did, it was only by shutting her off for a time from any human interest. Socialism, communism, internationalism, are not human interests—which is why they invoke the New Testament in vain. Not even by calling humanity an organism can you inject the human element into them. Annette Davidge did not know this, though Radin probably did, at the very moment he bent to her. It is no part of my purpose to discuss, even indirectly, any economic or "social" problem whatsoever; only to give you the true tale of Annette, Countess Chudenitz, for its own interest. Heaven and hell shall have become less than names when the irony of fate ceases to be per-

ceived by human nature. Or, rather—let me not plagiarize—

Earth and ocean shall be shadows when Prometheus shall be dead.

All I wish to point out now is that Annette Davidge was, one might say, a discarnate being when she made her way through the crowd to Radin.

I have said that it is not my purpose to discuss theories. This is a story—a raw piece of human life—not, I take my oath, a fable. Nor is it my purpose to analyze Andrew Radin for such as may read. Equally, I can take my oath that about Radin I do not know. I do not, that is, know the whole of that personality—which, though it acted so simply, must have been, with his combined gifts, so complex. Annette Davidge I think I do know; but I trace, Radin chiefly through his effect on her and certain outstanding visible acts of his own. I do not even pretend (though I have shrewd guesses) to be more accurately informed than you as to his origin and his heritage. He was ever a man of mystery and, I believe, chose to be. Otherwise, why doesn't the world know, to this day, whether he was—is, I should say—pure Russian, Galician, Lithuanian, Pole, or German Jew? He was perfectly polyglot, and his blood may have been as mixed as his speech. I confess that it does not concern me much. He was Radin (and may be, again, though he is now as lost to the world as Enver Pasha) and an internationalist. To Annette Davidge he brought a whole new gospel. And yet one hates to call it a gospel, for reasons before stated. A whole new theory of life, let us say. Some of the catchwords she had heard before, and now and then an editorial in *The Life Everlasting*, Bertha Dollard's review,¹ explained to her some side-issue that she had never

¹ I call it Mrs. Dollard's review by courtesy and for convenience. Really, she had given it its head, and had about as much control over it as though she had paid for a tank and sent it into action with her blessing. Eventually, anyhow, it became self-supporting.

understood. But Radin was the fountain-head, and she took her pitcher all the way to him. Radin encouraged *The Life Everlasting* just as he encouraged a strike here, an incendiary lecture there, sabotage somewhere else, a bomb on the other side of the world. I doubt if he ever thought it of prime importance, though he must have chuckled to himself over the type of person who took it seriously. No; I take that back. Radin doubtless thought it quite proper, moderately useful, and not at all funny, that rich, well-educated Americans should lend their money and their patronage to anarchy; should give funds to the socialists and tea to the I. W. W. Radin and his like walk in a queer twilight world, never penetrated by the rays of mirth. Saturn is their sun. Under Saturn there is no such thing as a paradox—or a joke. As Annette Davidge had wit but no humor, she was able to breathe that air.

It was during the winter of 1913-14 that she saw most of Radin. I do not know whether the man was ever known to like any one, but he was with her a good deal—just as if he did like her. She gave him a substantial amount of money for purposes that he seldom did more than sketch for her. She trusted him completely, and, I believe, with reason; in the sense, that is, that the money actually went, every penny of it, to the purposes he had sketched. There was certainly a Slavic vein in that extraordinary man, for he talked to her sometimes for hours on end, over countless cups of tea. (She had come to a samovar, all for Radin.) Nor was it merely master and neophyte, for Annette talked, too. Her altruism was as different from Radin's as grape-juice from vodka, but they called the two by the same name as they tipped their glasses. . . . It was a curious relationship. She believed implicitly everything he said, though all along she found difficulty in co-ordinating his points. He cannot have been interested in her philosophy, for he was adamant, a fin-

ished product, not one inch of him left plastic—not even an Achilles tendon. He asked no more of her reactions than to do what he advised. I cannot conceive that Annette could have furnished him with anything of value besides an occasional cheque. Yet he let her talk to him as glibly as he talked to her. Something in the quality of her mind appealed, too, to the quality of his. Flattery, comfort, money, blind devotion, personal passion even, he could find — did find, doubtless — elsewhere. What he got exclusively from Annette must have been something else. I give it as my theory that his feeling for her partook of the nature of hers for him, though certainly it did not go so far. Annette can never have filled the brain of this busy man as he filled hers. But that curious relationship was mental, and fed on talk of the most impersonal. It was—if you'll pardon the phrase—as if two vocabularies met and interbred. Sex comes into it only by analogy; not by the slightest participation. Radin obviously appreciated these odd facts as well as, or better than, Annette Chudenitz.

We did not talk of Bolsheviki in the spring of 1914. Radin, of course, was a Bolshevik—a complete case. But the tag had not yet been invented; decent people over here had never heard of Lenin and Trotzky; and he passed, in Mrs. Dollard's and Annette's circle, rather vaguely as a socialist, or a communist, or some such thing. The world in which he spent most of his time, and where he was more completely understood and more intelligently sympathized with, was quite unknown to that circle. I doubt if he described those other groups much, even to Annette, except by way of statistics or rotund prophecy. Annette, that is, was permitted to know that the Social Revolution would come and would find millions ready. And since the social revolution seemed, in those days, no more imminent than Gabriel's trumpet-call, many people alluded to it as easily as

church members allude to Doomsday. It was scarcely more than a metaphor, though it had a thrill to it. For the next three years, of course, no one thought of anything but war.

In the spring of 1914, the Countess Chudenitz found it necessary to return to Austria—business of some sort, under her husband's complicated will. She was living in his Styrian stronghold when the Archduke was murdered at Serajevo. The Countess Chudenitz had little sympathy for war; and though she had at Kirchberg no access to the facts, she had distrusted the Ballplatz for many years. It was all that Count Berchtold and his kind stood for, which had driven her back, with avid mouth, to America. Altruism was not their tippie. The mobilization left her well-nigh servantless and tenantless. She found herself surrounded by toothless males and weeping females. From the great terrace that looked down upon the Enns, she saw stretches of empty fields and forsaken vineyards. There was an unnatural number of children in the landscape. . . . All the women in the villages seemed to be pregnant. . . . It was a landscape given over to babes and tears. . . . Or so, in those first changed weeks, she saw it; and her conception of her duty shifted to match the physical change. This was too mediæval, by half, for her to deal with. I neither defend nor accuse her; but I think that if she had ever loved Ishtvan, her husband, flower of chancelleries though he was, she might have seen her duty differently. She might, that is, have adjusted herself to the feudal idea. Or if she had had children. But she was too detached. A European war seemed to her not only frightful, but decadent. She had never liked Berchtold, Aerenthal, any of them, though she admitted Berchtold's charm. Radin had not taught her, certainly, to like Russia. Germany and France—yes, even England—had involved themselves in this uncivilized behavior. She installed a clever cousin of her husband—a crip-

ple from childhood—to co-operate with the aged steward; and after a distasteful week in Vienna (where she was made to realize what she had forgotten, that she was not an American citizen, but an Austrian subject) she left for Rome.

Let us pass over, as briefly as may be, her Roman sojourn. Physically, it might be summed up in a single sentence: months upon months of Red Cross work that led eventually to a breakdown and a rest cure. I think she would have tried to get back to America, but that her American letters were so discouraging. Her ancestral world had, apparently, lost its head over the war. You were hardly safe in New York unless you were pro-Ally. That made New York—to Annette, who was not pro-anything—as unthinkable as Vienna. Even Bertha Dollard did nothing but work for France. The President might recommend neutrality, but the fact was that in America if you were neutral you were called pro-German; if you were a pacifist you were called pro-German. Poor Annette felt homeless indeed, and even her belated copies of *The Life Everlasting* did not comfort her. They lacked something. No, it was a world where, if you were not mad, you were suspect. . . . Even her New York had gone back on her. When Italy went in with the Allies, she, metaphorically speaking, turned her face to the wall. Sonnino and Giolitti were equally bad. No wonder that her nerves weakened, along with her body, and that she took to a lonely little villa in the high hills.

Even in her lonely villa she found much to do, for misery stalked everywhere. But being unorganized, the work was more fitful, less gruelling. She could snatch quiet hours. . . . And in those hours she had leisure to remember Radin. Sentence after sentence of his, page after page, you might say, though it had all been talk, rang through her solitude. Her subconsciousness flung up whole arguments, speeches, perorations of Radin's. It seemed to

her that she had not really forgotten anything he had ever said. She was enabled gradually to forget the interval, to gaze over the bloody battle-field of Europe to a millennial horizon. In her villa she became, as far as she had it in her, what Radin was. There was nothing to distract her from his logic, nothing in the squalid misery about her to contradict his premises. She wondered where he was; but it was two years since she had so much as heard his name mentioned. Mrs. Dollard and her kind had forgotten him; he had been merely one sensation like another. If some of his teaching stuck, that was all he could have hoped for.

When the Russian revolution came, Annette wondered yet more. Had he been sucked into that maelstrom, and would he yet rise on the very crest of some unforeseen and mighty wave? Her memory was solid Radin; she had only in solitude to open it like a huge volume, a thick-printed *magnum opus*. She distrusted Miliukoff, Kerensky, from the start. Annette, without knowing it, was a Bolshevik before Bolshevism entered into the Western vocabulary. She was internationalist, proletarian, all the rest of it, before Kerensky requested the British to let Trotzky through the blockade. She had never heard of Trotzky, but her heart prophesied him. She held her tongue among her hills for lack of any one to talk to. The peasants knew her only as a fitful ministrant to their woes—a silent, handsome *forestiera* with burning eyes, who helped when and where she could and then withdrew herself from the scene. The eyes, as they did not know, were burning for Radin; with hope that somewhere he was in a position to make his philosophy tell, to redeem this war-mad world. Annette Davidge hardly read the newspapers. The Italian press was not sympathetic to her. Her magnificent, right-minded Russia was there treated with contumely and contempt. Meanwhile, her American birth and accent and atmosphere saved her from the

natural consequences of being an Austrian subject. She was watched, but there was nothing to report. Official Americans in Rome held her to be pure American, bar that old accident of her marriage. She got, of course, no mail from Austria, and her American letters were all that was most praiseworthy from a censor's point of view.

No one of American birth was more miserable, in April, 1917, than the Countess Chudenitz. America, too—and all her friends at home triumphant over the sorry fact! Even *The Life Everlasting*—which came very irregularly—seemed to bow down in the house of Rimmon. Yes, the world was mad. She ministered less and less to her people. They offended her with their chauvinism, their lust of vengeance, their tales of Austrian atrocities. Propaganda and counter-propaganda alike made her sick. So much passion spent on the wrong issues! As if it mattered whether the Kaiser or King Victor Emmanuel were victorious! She fixed her eyes more rigidly than ever on the millennial horizon. If she could only be in Russia—the one nation in the world that was concerning itself with fundamentals! A thick veil of censorship and silence hung between her and Russian events, but behind that veil she felt saints and sages to be moving; baffled, opposed, stricken, yet imperturbably bent on saving mankind—not Russia only, but the world. Brotherhood, equality, the rights of man—and in no corrupt or mincing Anglo-French version! After Brest-Litovsk she would not even touch the newspapers. She was convinced that they lied. She withdrew herself into absolute seclusion, walking in her wilderness of a garden with the spirit of Radin. From every point of the compass his words came back to her. They fell into alluring sequences; his formulæ had never been so clear. Small wonder; for this time there was no context to challenge him or distract her mind. She wished she knew where he was, that she might

send him money for his great task of reformation. If she only knew, she would find ways. Countess Chudenitz would stoop to any illegality or evasion to save the world. Almost without realizing why, she lessened her gifts to the *Croce Rossa*. An ailing child, a destitute family, could always wring something from her; but she became niggardly with all official funds. No one wondered: times were hard, taxes unbelievable, her status and her fortune not quite clear in men's minds. Who could have suspected that she was hoarding as best she could in the hope of some day lavishing her hoard on the brothers of Andrew Radin?

There—just there—Annette Davidge, Countess Chudenitz, stood when the armistice was signed.

The rest is narrative of the crudest. We need not dwell on the means she employed, after the armistice, to get back to her husband's country, or the incidents of her progress thither. It was conscience that took her, partly—the sense that she would find duties there which she could not hope to find in America. War paralyzed Annette: in a world at peace she could work as hard as any woman. True, there would still be hatred, but with the war at an end, it was no crime not to hate. It was characteristic of her neutrality, her pacifism, that she felt happier once over the Austrian border; happier, that is, in a defeated than in a victorious land. Besides, was not the emperor in hiding; was not there hope for the empire—hope of revolution, of popular rule, of the sudden end of a loathed régime? She would stand by her husband's "people"; would be their champion in their demands—play Joan of Arc, if need be, to a peasantry on whom the millennial light was dawning. A red republican should lead them; they should find an earnest proletarian in the frowning stronghold. Perhaps she even saw herself presiding over the local soviet. . . . At all events, she blessed the idealism

that had made her withdraw herself, season after season, from her guests, to study and practise the local patois. Annette Davidge was not given to self-praise; but now, for the first time in her life, she felt herself really important. She had never before been powerful where she was right, right where she was powerful. Happy Annette!

She found Nicholas Chudenitz still in charge at Kirchberg, and dismissed him. His tales of hardship, of famine, of vain sacrifice and heart-rending impotence, left her, I fear, cold. Nicholas was a Chudenitz, an aristocrat, unfit for the new times. No doubt he had done his best to feed and doctor the people—as though the Chudenitz estates were the Chudenitz kennels—but the root of the matter was not in him. She was even impatient with his gloom. If you had the right point of view, if you burned with the holy emotions, would not bread be added unto you? She was uneasy until Nicholas—a poor wraith of a man—got off.

Upon the Countess Chudenitz's immediate labors we need not dwell. Every step she took was clogged with the mire of suspicion. Food the people would take at her hands—but nothing else. There was no soviet for her to talk to. All talk stopped when she appeared, except the sullen or whining complaints. Now and then soldiers returned to their villages, and drunken figures would caper all night round bonfires. She could see the fitful lights, far below, from her lonely, stately, grass-and-weed-grown terrace. She came soon to Nicholas Chudenitz's theory—that food was the best thing, for the time being, she could offer them. But her negotiations for food went slowly. Letters were lost, and telegrams seldom delivered. After a month or two of vain, disorganized struggle, she went to Vienna to fight it out on the spot.

But Vienna was, if anything, more discouraging than Kirchberg. It was a city of wild rumors, of occasional riots, of suffering and hatred and menace in

every form; a city where the facts of one day were the fictions of the next; a city that changed overnight, yet always went by some means or other from bad to worse. And—the last straw on the breaking back of Annette Davidge—never had Vienna been so gay: with the hectic gaiety of those, alike, who have everything, and those who have nothing, to lose. Its gloom was as if it mourned for centuries, not years, of death; yet its frivolity had never been so brainless and abandoned. The official folk of Ishtvan Chudenitz's connection were, for the most part, absent or in fateful retirement; she could not go to them had she wished. Even with the new officials it was difficult to deal, for they changed constantly. One Wednesday you won promises from a black beard and a pair of spectacles; and on Thursday you faced a jaunty blond youth who had never heard of those promises and would by no means keep them. She resorted to cablegrams, but got few replies, and those discouraging. The affairs of the world and all the individuals therein, apparently, were to be settled in Paris; and out of Paris came only misleading head-lines of newspapers that altered their "policy" weekly, and went out of business even oftener. Annette Davidge, in her dusty, dismantled sitting-room, knew not what to do. But she had learned enough of conditions to know that Nicholas Chudenitz, whose address she possessed, would be of no use to her, and she did not send for or seek him. She sat waiting for the turbid tide to turn.

Then, one day, the heavens opened. It is impossible to exaggerate the effect on Annette Davidge of the news that Radin was in Buda-Pest. When she learned that fact, she turned, on the spot, to a fanatic. The Light of her World was in Pest. Radin figured to her as that; also, as the measure of all things, and as a positive solution for every difficulty, major or minor. He would tell her what to do; he would guide her on the path of infallible truth;

he would show her how to get food, or else prove to her that her duty was other than food-getting. Annette had been sorely beaten down from her pedestal of importance and beneficence; she did not hope to be the leader of the Revolution; but to work with Radin, under him, within the sphere of his idea, would be to live to the glory of God. Her perplexities were over if she could only get to Pest. She would carry banners, she would work in an office, she would strip herself of every available penny—she would do anything, however conspicuous or however humble, so long as it had Radin's sanction. She did not even ask now to be allowed to save the world; it would be enough if she could be allowed, under Radin, to help save Hungary—to help save even Pest. Pride faded in the immanence of the master. She asked only to be one of the crowd of chosen, a little implement for a mighty hand. She had at the same time a shrewd notion that she could help best with such beastly capitalistic weapons as she did, or could, possess.

Behold, then, Annette Davidge, Countess Chudenitz, in the heart of revolutionary Pest. Her life there is indescribable. Radin—she got through to him at once—used her in many ways. He expected her to take a furnished house in a good street—and she took it. He expected her to have servants, and food and wine, telephone and limousine, for the use of himself and his various committees—and, by superhuman effort, she got them. She was too much a woman of the world not to realize that the leaders must be served, must have their time and energy saved. She gave her drawing-rooms over cheerfully to the muddy boots and muddier manners of Radin's chief henchmen. A villa in the country that Count Chudenitz had owned she turned over to him also. Meanwhile, as she could, she drank in enough of Radin's eloquence to keep her in a glow. Not speaking Magyar, she could not understand most

of the talk that went on in her house; but she would have trusted Radin, though he only mopped and mowed, to be serving the ends of righteousness. She was expected, she found, to be only a landlady and a purse—not to plan or to counsel. But again, her shrewd sense told her that it was eminently necessary that the saviours of the proletariat should have shelter and money. You didn't make even a revolution with bare hands—not in these days. In return, she was protected; furnished with grubby papers that permitted her to go about the city—papers so dirty with much countersigning that the dirtiest Red patrolman bowed down to them, recognizing the signs of his own régime. When she used her car, it passed the most truculent sentinels as being Radin's. The masters of Pest recognized her for a good proletarian; for some one in the counsels of Radin himself, possibly even known to the distant god-head of Lenin. That the hunted remnant of Pest, cowering behind its palace shutters, fitfully raided and fitfully ignored, called her Radin's mistress and somehow (between appeals to Mr. Hoover) blamed America and President Wilson for her unspeakable renegade-ship, she did not, of course, know. Nor would it have concerned her if she had, since never once had she looked upon Radin as a man. Their scandal would have been, for her, only another nail in the coffin of the late Count Chudenitz.

Meanwhile the Reds were making their new laws for Hungary—laws that most citizens might have found unintelligible except for the death penalty. Being uncertain as to what you might do and keep your life, you went further than you conceived it necessary; you did a little more than your damndest. But in early 1919 Annette was privileged. Her car, her house, her personal belongings, went untouched. She was never raided or summoned, or stripped of anything that was hers. It did not go with Annette's sense of fitness to

wear jewelry in these times, but when she saw women handing over their pearls to the appointed officials, she remembered that she had pearls of her own in her unmolested jewel-box, and assumed that the afflicted ladies had been convicted of conspiracy, or hoarding, or smuggling gold to Vienna or Switzerland.

Even in Buda-Pest the Countess Chudenitz was not notorious. Radin was too clever—or perhaps too single-minded—for that. If he drew more freely on Annette's resources than on others', it was because she had more resources than his other allies. She was allowed to realize that there were other houses, other rendezvous, other hospitalities, for him and his innumerable committees, other loyal women besides herself. She knew little of, and cared little for, those other women. It stood to reason that she could not be the only internationalist of her sex. Perhaps her cognizance of other handmaidens to the Cause served to keep her away from meetings. Perhaps, that is, brotherhood was more to her mind, as a slogan, than sisterhood. But let it be put down to Annette Davidge's credit that she was content to satisfy Radin's demands upon her without complacency or jealousy. Her fervor was impersonal; and when the soviet elections drew on, she refused to write herself down house-keeper or stenographer in order to be allowed to vote. Annette Davidge was honest up to the limits of her logic.

Even revolutions do not always have an easy time of it. The Reds had their own troubles, and Radin had need, indeed, to be a clever man. Trolley-cars were running in Pest; shops were open; restaurants, also, that served you next to nothing. All bourgeois were barred from voting; and no one had respect or protection who did not work with his hands. Bela Kun was great in the land. Yet, with all these advantages, Hungary was not happy. These folk did not at once find all things added unto them. Roumania bothered them; the unguess-

able decisions in Paris bothered them; Czecho-Slovakia and Jugoslavia drove them to frenzy. In other words, the sovereign people was irritable and illogical as folk are only when the little money they possess has no purchasing power. Soviet rule did not bring bread; still less, luxuries, which, as every one knows, are an integral part of any millennium. The bourgeois were suffering even more than the populace; but the populace, which from childhood had been accustomed to envy the bourgeois with reason, could not, all at once, see that. And because they were not getting what they wanted, they threatened to take it by force, even if it was not there. At such a time, Red leaders have to make quick decisions. A great many quick decisions were made in 1919. . . . But Radin took the way of his great compeers, Trotzky and Lenin. No one can say, I believe, what his real policy was; how far he directed and how far he was dragged. Even the staff of *The Life Everlasting* cannot really have known. He may have thought that it was better to lead a mob than to leave the mob unled, or led by those without a philosophy. Or he may have believed the things he told the wild torch-bearing thousands in the Freiheits-Platz, that if their peaceful government had not succeeded, because of corrupt remnants and the natural depravity of all but the Reddest, it was time for something more extreme still—time for the utmost humanitarian violence. Certain it is that when Pest became a Bolshevik hell, Radin played Sathanas.

Annette Davidge, Countess Chudenitz, endured that hell for three days. Her faith in Radin—whom she had not seen for a week—did not waver. Her house stood empty, she its sole inhabitant, for those three days. The last night she spent crouched in a corner of the cellar. As a matter of curious fact, her house was not molested. They passed, reeling, screaming, shooting, but they neither fired through her windows, nor applied the torch. Too many of

them had seen Radin go in and out of the great door; they were not sure. Some said (for the people were no nicer-minded than the aristocracy) there was a woman of Radin's in there—better let the place alone. There were plenty of other houses to loot. But the noise and the lurid uncertainty were the same; and on the third day Annette decided that she could bear it no longer. Possibly, she said to herself, the worst element had got out of hand, and Radin was helpless in another quarter. She did not dare trust her passports. It might be that a new party, which would not honor them, had come into power. As she crept up from her cellar in the comparative quiet of early dawn, she saw the light of many fires in the city, and débris unspeakable in the heart of her own street—furniture, empty wine-bottles, a wrecked machine-gun, bodies. . . . It came over Annette, crouching behind her window-curtain, that in the present situation she was quite useless to the Cause. I believe that even then, if she could have felt sure of serving Radin's revolution, she would have crept out into the ruined, smoking street. But to be both useless and in danger revolted her common-sense. If no obvious duty called her, then she would at least try for safety.

The city, having gone to rest well after midnight, waked late; and she had some clear time before her. She made up a parcel of food, a parcel of valuables, and stowed money inside her dress. She clad herself completely, to the very skin, in clothing left behind by her maid, who had grown panicky and fled, the week before, to Vienna. She did not forget the bundle of passports, which might or might not serve her. Then she crept furtively, like an animal wriggling through cover, to the garage. The limousine would have been worse than useless, but a battered Ford had been housed there, and she blessed the chance that had made her learn in Italy to take such a car over rough hill roads. There was enough petrol to start it, and she

knew personally a Jew on the city outskirts who would sell her more. Even Radin's limousine had sometimes chosen out-of-the-way places to stop for petrol, and the Jew in question would, beyond the shadow of a doubt, recognize her. Of how many people in Pest, after all, could she say that, she asked herself.

Again, of Annette Davidge's progress to the villa (property of the late Count Chudenitz) we do not need the detail. She skirted many dangers, but, thanks to the early, listless hour, she escaped them. Her passports served, the only times she was challenged—amazingly few, until you realize that, in the very nature of things, early morning is revolution's slack hour. By eight she was at the villa, where she waked the surly caretakers. The place was shrouded and dismantled, for it had seldom been used, though she had opened it up a few months before for Radin's occasional use. Now and then there were interviews which were better held outside the city. Dust lay thick everywhere, and some of the furniture was stained and broken; larder and cellar were nearly bare; but the garage was water-tight, and the telephone in working order. A cheerless habitation; yet it was peace beyond peace to be removed from the tumult of the last days. She sank into that peace as though wrapped in the innermost fold of a cloud.

But revolutions have their own logic, and the soviet omelet takes a notorious amount of egg-breaking. Annette had found sullenness at Kirchberg on the Enns; here she was to see the fire when it had passed the smouldering stage. The two caretakers (male and female) were creatures of Radin's, not hers—and that had always been sufficient. Now she realized that in a world of strange faces, theirs were almost the strangest. She trusted them for Radin, but she hardly trusted them for herself, though they must know that the villa was hers. Certainly she had never been so insolently served.

The villa was on the outskirts of the

little town, removed from it only by the extent of its own small park. Late that night she sat, fully dressed, by the window of her bedroom, wondering if she had done well. Perhaps, if she had stayed on, that day, in Pest, Radin would have come to her, would have explained. Here, she was more uncertain than ever. The wilderness of shrubbery and trees was darkly alive. There was no light by which she could discern, or count, the forms that crouched, that wriggled, that shook the boughs stealthily and made darker blots upon the herbage. There might be only half a dozen inquisitive marauders—peasantry come up to spy upon the villa. Or, for all her senses could tell her, the people might be investing the grounds in force, furtively but inimically intending—what? Annette was so used now to the strange, scarce-human régime of revolution as to tell herself, without humor, almost without irony, that this invasion, which might mean arson and murder, might equally well be a mere gathering for shrill talk. All the same, it shook her nerves.

She slept the next day only by snatches. She did not dare—she, the friend and helper of Radin to set foot in the streets. Toward night she heard a methodical succession of shots. She was used enough to chaotic firing, yet she noticed this . . . even to her innocent ears it had the rhythm of—execution. At nightfall, she descended and addressed the man, who could speak, with an impossible accent, a little German. His manner, still, and always insolent, was oddly reflective, she thought. Annette, who understood nothing of what was going on around her, who had only metaphors and analogies to define her context with—who could not say “this is,” but only “it is, as if”—felt that he regarded her for once less as an enemy than as an enemy disarmed; as (why not say it at once?) a prisoner. His insolence had told her that he hated her; now leisure and calm

seemed to have entered into his hatred. He was at ease about her; she no longer irked him; she was caught, and could be regarded almost with tolerance. The sense of this, for the first time in her life, personally afraid. In her cellar she had known terror, but only as one fears the lightning, which may strike but may not. There was all the difference in the world between happening to be in a dangerous situation and being directly, deliberately threatened. His contemplative manner frightened her as nothing else ever had done; therefore she held her head very high—not from bravado, but just in order to keep herself going.

For ten minutes they talked in broken, monosyllabic German; she standing, he seated, with a mug of beer beside him. Now and then he drank, and set the mug down to spill over on a gilded table. He wiped his ragged beard from time to time with a bit of Venice point torn from a cushion cover. And it was a world in which Countess Chudenitz could not reprove him. These, she told herself, were the inevitable initial excesses. You cannot have capitalism at night, and smooth-running communism before the day breaks. Even Radin could not put his formulæ through all at once, with no hitches. She thought of Radin's program—but that way lay abstract terms. Annette passed a hand over her aching forehead—spurred herself to her last dreaded questions—got her guttural, illiterate answers—turned on her heel and left the man. For the first time in her life, she was feeling a sex fear.

Because her mind told her to, she dragged herself on tired feet to the garage. Not an ounce of petrol left. The tank had been scrupulously emptied, and the car was a mere useless heap of machinery; as cunning a device, as logical an invention, as perfect in plan, as ever, but deprived of all that gave it purpose and direction. Some such reflection crossed her mind, but she bit off the analogy. She had fed on too many, these latter days. Then she

locked herself into a room on the lower floor, to think. She was afraid to go up-stairs. Up-stairs was too traplike.

The orgies in Pest continued, she had learned—though her uncouth interlocutor had not called them orgies. This little town, virtuously inspired by the example, had determined to do itself proud in another way. The local soviet had been meeting almost continuously, and had decided on a program that had no blemish on its Red purity. Hungary must not be slower than Russia; and if the larger towns would not show the way, the small ones must. The municipality—which meant the soviet—was, of course, self-governing and accountable to none. The man's gibberish had not been elaborate, but she had grasped the gist of the program. The "workmen's and soldiers' council" had, as usual, done the planning. Within their local limits, it was to be thorough and complete. They were very pleased with themselves, she gathered from the intonations of her informant.

For the first time since she had known Radin, Annette Chudenitz translated a "program," completely and without expurgation, into concrete terms; dealt with revolution in plain English. Everything that could be conceived of as property was to be seized and pooled, then redistributed as seemed best to the council, providing always that no one outside the working-classes was to share in the distribution. In order not to be the dupes of capitalistic devices, they had created a kind of "grandfather" clause: no one was to be haloed as a "worker" who had employed labor in any way before the Revolution. That provision took care of those folk who might have been driven to manual labor by the Revolution itself, but had been originally tainted with bourgeoisie. All things were to be held in common, for the good of the community itself, allotted only temporarily to worthy individuals, and resumable at will by the council, should the individual take too

individualistic an attitude towards his new possessions. That, on the other hand, would dispose of the capitalistically inclined of their own class. Children, though they might or might not be left to the care of parents, were the wards of the municipality, and might be transferred to whatever custody the council thought best. Women, of course, were to be nationalized—municipalized, in this case. Works of art, jewelry, objects of luxury, were to be sent to the melting-pot; whatever of their substance, mineral or vegetable, could be removed for useful purposes would be saved, the rest burned in the marketplace. Animals, like children, were wards of the council, and their custody was a matter for determination.

The awkward sentences of the caretaker had made all this plain to her. Her perfect familiarity with the theories of Bolshevism had enabled her to fill in the grinning gaps. When he had sputtered lazily over his beer, "All property in common: cattle—children—women," she knew the program; knew, moreover, who would be eligible to committees and who would not. She knew every twist and turn. Her sole surprise had been to learn at the end that since she had once possessed the villa, she was personally involved in the reforms—a subject of the local council, to be officially despoiled. She had withheld her tongue from mentioning that her legal residence was elsewhere. She could not deny that, in their logic, the villa created for her a legal residence within reach of their tentacles.

The villa! It was nothing to her. But the few belongings she had with her; jewels of her girlhood, her wedding-ring. . . . They took wedding-rings always, she realized; on principle, as much as for patriotic cupidity. She fought with herself a long time before she consented to face the essential fact, the one thing that mattered. But face it she did, and the vision grayed her cheek and brow, her very lips, so that

she looked like a ghost in the twilight as she questioned him.

Annette Davidge was in many ways a strong woman. When she found that there was no petrol for her in the garage, she turned herself aside from hysteria by sheer pluck and main force. She was sure the petrol was merely hidden, and she would have tried to bribe the man to give it to her, save that her common sense told her he would gain more by keeping her there than by aiding her to escape—and that, inevitably, he knew it. There was only one thing in the world to do, and that she must accomplish without delay. She must get through by telephone to Radin. She unlocked her door and sought her keeper. He should stand beside her and hear every word. Therefore she would have to speak German. It might be that Radin was lost to her; but she trusted still in the magic of his name.

Indeed, if Annette Davidge had tried to reach by telephone any place in Pest except Radin's headquarters, she would have been defeated. It took two hours as it was. But she got through to him at last. Her arm ached to numbness by the time his voice answered her. The caretaker was half asleep in his chair, but whenever she raised her voice he shook himself awake to listen. In few words—words she had decided on and learned by heart in her two hours' waiting—she told him where she was, and her necessity for seeing him; the independent action of the municipality, and the danger of her being caught in this backwater, when she belonged with the larger movement outside. She repressed, even in her tone, every hint of her self-pity, her sense of injustice. As a practical matter, would he come and see her, as she could not go to him? It would also, of course, be a great compliment to the soviet. . . . Reluctance, wonder, annoyance, seemed to be mingled in Radin's voice, speaking English at the other end. Yes, he would come, in the first hours after dawn—for an hour. Annette realized, in mid-

gust of her relief, that unless it had been otherwise convenient to him, he could not and would not have consented; that she had virtually appealed to a commanding general in the thick of the hour of battle. She was proportionately grateful; but even so, it seemed natural that he should have made an effort—with the thousands upon thousands he had had from her. Natural—of course. Yet she turned upon the caretaker, who had listened greedily, and ordered—as she would not have dared to do an hour earlier—coffee for herself, in her own room. It was brought.

I have said that there was no hint of sex in the comradeship of Annette Chudenitz and Radin. Yet even Radin cannot have helped noticing that he faced, physically speaking, a woman he had never seen. In her shabby, maid's dress, with her eyes hollowed out by sleeplessness, her face pale by vigil, confinement, and fear, her very voice shaken by the strangeness of her world, their contact lost through the events of their separation, she must have seemed to him different indeed. They breakfasted together in the dirty dining-room. Annette had not been so well fed in many days. She had Radin's presence to thank for that, she knew. Yet her jailers were scarcely more than civil, even to him. She remarked on this to Radin, when the meal was finished. Radin, with the utmost frankness, at once explained. . . .

It was then, after the incredible explanation, that Annette began really to readjust herself. All along, she had known her danger, but she had still thought of Radin, at least, as all-powerful, and all her fear had departed when she saw him enter the hall. Now from his own lips she learned that he was not omnipotent—or, in any case, that he declined to take advantage of his omnipotence. Either he feared to interfere with the local soviet, or—he did not wish to. Either alternative was terrible to her, but she chose the first, and tried persuasion.

"Surely they would not touch me if you took me back in your car?"

"Perhaps — probably — not," he agreed.

"Then—why?"

He spoke very soberly. "It would discredit me."

"Is it possible for you to be discredited?"

"Quite possible. And I am too important at the moment to do anything foolish. It would be a crime. I am very much needed yonder." He jerked his thumb Pestwards.

"Of course you are. But, after all, I, too, have been loyal. Can't you explain that to the committee?"

Radin sat down heavily. Then he looked at his watch. He leaned forward and tapped her knee. "I am very sorry." Nothing had ever been more metallic, more perfunctory than his tone. "It was a mistake for you to come here. For your own sake, you should have stayed in Pest. As things stand—I cannot possibly interfere with the local council. They are within their rights. They are only doing what all communes will presently do. They are naturally proud of their readiness, their thoroughness. If I interfered, it would throw the gravest doubts on my own good faith, and my work would be seriously impeded. If it were a personal matter—but it is not. In fact, there are no personal matters, as far as I am concerned. There is only the Revolution."

Even then, she could not believe it. "I am not asking you to make it a personal matter."

"Pardon me, *tovarisha*" (was it deliberately, or by mere instinct, that he used the reeking Russian word?), "that is just what you are doing. They would say—"

"I do not care what these creatures say about me!" she cried.

"Nor I. I was about to tell you that if I asked for immunity for you, they would say that I demanded privileges, that my program was good enough for others, but not good enough for me and

my friends; that I do not really believe what I teach; that I prefer, in my heart, the old bourgeois régime." He looked her straight in the eyes. "Comrade Annetta, I do not make a revolution only to go back on it. When I tell them in the Freiheits-Platz that there is to be no privileged class, no private property, that they are right to confiscate, to communize, I cannot afford to have some one in the crowd fling exceptions in my face."

"Do I understand you to mean that you yourself are willing, for yourself, to submit to this sort of thing? To be ruled, in every detail of your life, by a soviet?"

"Absolutely, yes. What do you take me for? A charlatan?"

"But you," she replied, sarcastically, "are going back to Pest unmolested, in your automobile. Do you mean that if some mob in the city decides tomorrow to take your car and your freedom away, and to set you to work with your hands, of make you one of a thousand Red guards, you will submit?"

"Theoretically, yes. Why not? But they will not do that," he went on, gravely, "I hope. They need me in another capacity for a time. They need me to direct, to counsel. The people are not yet in the saddle. They need me to set them there, and they know it. Even a revolution must have some one to think for it."

"And you intend always to occupy that superior position?"

"As long as may be. Because"—he spoke with great emphasis, but with no emotion—"the Revolution needs me. Who do you think has brought the Revolution about in Hungary? Bela Kun? Lenin, over there in Russia? By no means. I, Radin." There was not a trace of self-praise in his tone; he might have been teaching her statistics from a book. "Show me any man who can do my work better, and I gladly give my place to him. But the man has not arrived yet."

"I believe you." For that matter,

she did. "And"—she worked carefully for logic—"your services are rewarded by immunity."

"If so you choose to put it. But that is a mere matter of practical politics. If I serve the Revolution best by being free to plan my days and my work, that is right. If my immunity ceases to serve the Revolution—away with it!" He flicked the ash off his cigar.

"You are very sure of yourself."

"I have spent my life in training," he replied, simply.

"I am not questioning your fitness, your value—your supremacy, even," she went on. This was, after all, the presence she had walked with among the Italian hills. "Should I have left Vienna, given all I had, if I had not been heart and soul with the cause and believed you to be the mouthpiece of humanity?"

Radin scanned her carefully. "I think not. I think, as far as you understood, you agreed. But perhaps you could not understand much. Daughter of the American bourgeoisie and widow of Count Chudenitz!"

"You took my money, my houses, my servants, my food. . . ." she cried.

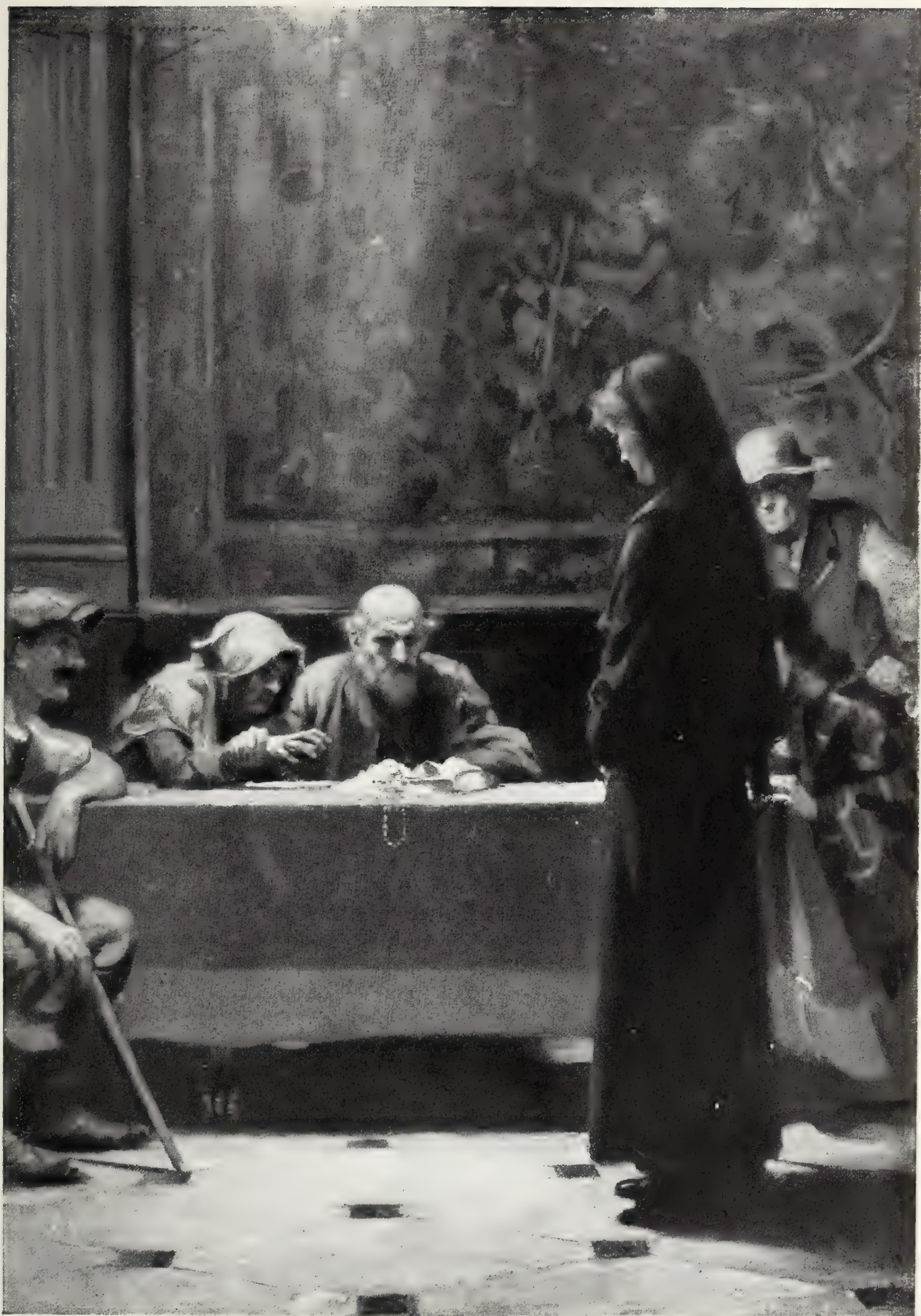
"Again, why not? Would I have taken them so simply if I had not thought it right? You offered the people nothing that did not belong, morally speaking, to the people. Did I ever insult you, or myself, or the Revolution, by thanking you?"

"You never thanked me."

"Exactly. Because I should have considered it quite legitimate for us to take by force, had it been physically necessary, everything that you freely gave. That you gave freely proved you a friend of the Revolution, merely."

"And now that I can do nothing more for you—that my consent is not necessary—I am not to be treated as a friend! No immunity comes *my* way."

Radin rose and stood above her. "Have I ever told you that you were to be immune from the régime you were working to bring about? Did you not believe what you said you believed?"



Painting by C. E. Chambers

THE WOMAN WHO SAT BESIDE THE PRESIDENT SNATCHED AT THE GEMS

You told me you were a proletarian; you gave, I thought, evidences of your sincerity. Did you all the time expect to bring about a rule for others and not for yourself? To be a sort of republican queen? If you wanted to be a bourgeoisie, you should have stayed out of the movement to abolish the bourgeoisie. The smallest logic would have taught you that. Ours, as you well knew, is not a local but a world program."

"I might at least have been treated as a friend, not as an enemy."

"But who is treating you like an enemy?" He spoke as to a child who cannot reason, yet with no show of irritation. "Is any one proposing to imprison you?"

"What they propose is worse than imprisonment, as you well know." Her voice trembled with anger.

"*Tchk!*" He flung out his arms. "All I can say is that I thought better of your intellect. Your sincerity I still do not question. The people are proposing to treat you as they treat themselves. You are, as far as may be, a citizen of the state you professed yourself a passionate believer in. I give you nothing you did not profess to think desirable for your own country, for all mankind. And now you want to play the old game of exceptions! Once a bourgeoisie, always a bourgeoisie! . . . You are not inexorable, Comrade Annetta."

"Certainly, for myself, I do not go as far as they go."

"That is no one's fault but your own."

"Did you ever tell me—in New York when you first instructed me—that I might look forward to having all my belongings stolen, myself . . . 'nationalized' . . ." The word came with difficulty, but she brought it out.

"Did I ever tell you"—he looked at his watch again, not impatiently, but as if forced to calculate—"that I contemplated anything else? Did I ever hint to you that I believed in one law for the masses, another for the priv-

ileged? Did I not explicitly say that the abolition of privilege was the root of the social revolution?"

"Yes. But I assumed that these plans were to be worked slowly—as far as might be without injustice to the individual . . ."

"A revolution that comes slowly is not a revolution. And there is no question of injustice. The injustice would be in making an exception for the individual who objected to the policy of the government."

"You call that orgy in Pest a government?"

"It is on its way to become so."

"Therefore you excuse the excesses."

"If there are excesses, I excuse them on the score of inevitability. But I do not call the plans of your local soviet excesses. They are doing nothing that you did not subscribe to, in theory, some years ago."

"About women . . . I never subscribed." *Oh, rats! A canard!*

"Perhaps that was a detail that we did not discuss. But the least logic would have enabled you to see that the old-fashioned marriage is, in the last analysis, insistence on a property right. In twenty years, every one will take it all quite naturally. The first moment of change is bound to seem violent to some people. When they take your pearls, you will probably consider them thieves. I should not have expected it, but I see that you will. In spite of all your fine talk, you do not see that the council which takes your pearls and sells them for the common good is not a thief."

"Pearls are—only pearls," she protested.

"True; a commodity. And if you proceed logically, you will see that what you would call your 'virtue' is also a commodity. Anything necessary, or even universally desired, is a commodity."

"But"—she reverted to the less distasteful instance—"some one will even-

tually wear the pearls. How can one individual have more right to them than another?"

"Eventually, no individual will wear pearls—so long as their money value is what it is. Only when they become valueless as sea-shells will they be innocent. At present, I do not think any one in revolutionary Hungary will be allowed to wear them. We can sell them to the foreigner for money to spend on necessities."

"I am likeliest to see them on the neck of whatever woman in the commune has the lightest morals," she threw in bitterly.

"Not for long, I think. And the morals of all women will be controlled by the committee."

"We are getting into by-paths. I ask you, once for all, Radin, are you going to turn me over to be the victim of any peasant who chooses to pay?"

He frowned as if in sheer weariness. "You speak over-dramatically. These things will be arranged more calmly than that. You will be disposed of in accordance with the best judgment of the committee. But you will find, I think, that there is more freedom under the Revolution than there was under the old régime."

"Under the old régime I was free not to take a husband or a lover."

"You will find, I believe, that most women prefer the freedom to take one. Assuming that, we say that no woman shall take one without the sanction of the authorities. The production of children is not a private matter. It is of the gravest import to the state. To look upon it as a matter of personal pleasure is obscurantism pure and simple. Because it is fraught with such vital consequences, we must limit and control the sexual relation as we limit and control the money-making power of the individual. . . . But if I failed to make myself clear in New York, when we had time, I cannot make myself clear now when we are all in a hurry."

Radin rose again, and called to the man. Annette rose, too.

"Then you will do nothing for me?" she asked, in a shaking voice.

"I will tell the local committee that you are a benevolent friend of the Revolution and to be treated with the respect due to any good citizen. Can I do more?"

"You throw me into that?" She could hardly shape the words.

Radin turned on her then with the first flicker of irritation that he had shown. "I? I throw you into nothing. You hung on my words in America, and I told you nothing but truth—nothing that I have ever had to deny. If you were amusing yourself, that was your lookout. I thought you sincere. Especially when you came to Pest to help us, did I think you sincere. Many of those men and women in New York, I knew well, had not the brains to see what revolution meant. But I really believed you had thought it out. I talked to you with the utmost freedom. And when you came to Pest to join us, I was sure. I believe in the Revolution; I care only for the Revolution. I would kill only obstructionists. Them I would kill because the people must not be hindered. But I am exactly what I was when we sat over your samovar in Sixty-second Street. I have been perfectly honest from the beginning. If you were not honest, how was I to know?"

He would not even ask her to bear witness to his honesty. As far as he was concerned—this mongrel incorruptible—it stood proved. But had she wished, she could not have denied it. She had been, at some stage or other of the game, a fool; but, even now, she could not say where or when. How could she have been expected *not* to misunderstand?

Radin held out his hand for farewell. "I will recommend you as a good proletarian down yonder—on my way back. If I did that and also tried to smuggle you out of the country, I should not be honest. I am sorry if you have mis-

taken yourself. But you, and none other, did it. The revolution is not a box of toys. Never once have I spoken to you as if it were. I repeat, I am sorry if you have misapprehended. But I could not suffer you to be so much as a pinch of dust to clog the wheels. The fault"—he tapped his forehead—"was apparently with the brain. You adhered emotionally, not with your intellect. I did not realize that."

"And if you had realized"—she poured forth the bitterness of her defeat—"you would still have done the same. You would have used me."

"I would have used you just so much as you were fool enough to let yourself be used, *without my lying to you*. I would not have lied to you for the sake of no matter how many millions of dollars. But if you persisted in thinking I did not mean what I said, I could not have helped that. I told you over and over again that I had no god except the will of the sovereign masses; that your silly democracy meant nothing to me; that I cared only for the Revolution. I stand where I stood then. Good-bye—madame."

"You may pay, too . . ." she flung out.

"I dare say. Human nature is not perfect. But if I do, it will not be because I have misunderstood myself." He passed out of the door, honest as ever.

Annette, Countess Chudenitz, "Comrade Annetta," daughter of John Davidge and cousin of Bertha Dollard, went slowly up to her bedroom. She had decided to make them mount the stairs to find her; not to lessen their journey by one step. It was a pity she had no pistol. Perhaps Radin would have given her one if she had asked. Her torture, like her safety, was nothing he had set his cold heart on. But it was too late now.

Through the afternoon she meditated on the technique of non-resistance. Finally, too worn out for even fear to keep her awake, she fell asleep. When she woke, it was nearly dusk. She was stronger after her sleep, and that she

resented. She hated her own alertness, and would infinitely have preferred the anesthesia of exhaustion. A ray of sunlight struck the dressing-table. She arranged her jewels for the public view. They should not say that she kept anything back. Only her wedding-ring she stowed away inside her clothing, thinking almost with tenderness of Ishtvan. Then she began to hate Ishtvan for bringing her here. . . . But the truth was that Radin, not Ishtvan, had brought her now; and if she had not returned to her own country, she would never have known Radin. Only once did her fear make her ignoble—when she stretched out her hand to her vanity-case. But she drew her hand back; she would make no bid for desire. As she strained her eyes towards the twilight mirror, she saw herself stripped of beauty as of a garment. Better so. For every reason—pride, expediency, what not—better so.

She sat down at the window then to watch the night come on. And with the paling of the west, the brightening of the stars, the darkening of the air, she found things to notice. Again the great evergreens were stirred and peopled. A little later the shrubs, too, came alive. When the moon rose clear, the shadows ceased to be stealthy. They formed in groups. In the end it was the ordered march of confident folk. Lights flared out from the drawing-rooms below, making a broad, yellow path upon the grass. Along that path, several abreast, they approached. She heard the low, staccato hum of their talk. She could better have borne guns and torches, the loose fabric of riot that would offer interstices for escape. This was soberness itself; evidently a meeting of the local soviet to be held in the great rooms of the villa that had been hers. To this had it come; that not even in the midst of red revolution last week had she so sensed her doom as now. Annette Davidge's humor had been a weakling that perished in Annette's own childhood. Her irony had

grown up with her, but it, too—a weak thing—had passed away long since in Pest. Not with mirth, but with prostrating fear, she noted those ordered ranks. Annette Davidge was to meet her fate at a committee-meeting—in a drawing-room—precisely as, long ago, she had met Radin. The two settings were extraordinarily alike. Only this time, if she listened, she would not understand the words; and this time it meant something. Perhaps some of Bertha Dollard's guests, besides Radin, had meant something before; but the tea, the *débutantes*, and the footmen had been there to prove that Bertha Dollard meant nothing. Annette wished—still without humor—that this had been anything but a meeting.

An immense distaste came to her for being summoned by the chairman. She dragged herself up from her post by the window, took her jewels and money in her hand, and went downstairs to the assembly in which she had no vote. Entering the room, her eyes dazzled; but she laid her treasures on the table in front of the bearded man who presided. The woman who sat beside him snatched at the gems, but the president laid a heavy hand on the woman's arm and pushed them to the

front of the table where all could see. Then Annette sat quietly down in a corner; she felt very shabby in her frayed black. The scarves and shawls and petticoats of the peasant women overpowered her. Their eyes raked her—all the eyes present, focusing themselves into one stare, which she felt like a burning-glass. But presently the chairman spoke again, and the heads turned back to him. His hand played with the gold before him. Annette fixed her gaze upon the glinting pile. The strange sounds the man uttered probably concerned her; but she left those strange sounds over there, as she had left her money and her jewels. She refused to have anything to do with it—with any of it. There was something austere in the bearded man's guarding of her valuables. But she was tired of honest men.

Before, in Bertha Dollard's house she had been unaware of her crisis, because she had misunderstood. Now, in spite of her ignorance of their speech, she understood better. Yet she had the luck, a second time, to be unaware of her crisis when it came. For presently, as if really hypnotized by the glint of her own gold, she fainted—so quietly, however, that no one noticed it.

GIFTS

BY ARCHIE AUSTIN COATES

WHEN you gave me little things—
 Carven boxes rich with paint,
 Jades of mystic colorings,
 Ivories grotesque and quaint—
 Then I smiled; my heart was glad
 For the happiness it had.

But with other, nearer days
 When the greatest gift you gave—
 Love like rimless seas ablaze,
 Love that towered burning, brave—
 Then I did not smile, but crept
 To a hidden place and wept!

ZANZIBAR—THE SPICY ISLE

BY WILLIAM ASHLEY ANDERSON

AS the *Aratoon Apcar*—an old acquaintance of the Bay of Bengal—drifted aimlessly into the placid roads, I suddenly learned that my table companion from Mombasa was interested in an attempt to control the sisal crop of British East Africa. So I missed the first expanding view of Zanzibar Town, for Zanzibar was but another port, while sisal is always an adventure.

Eventually we came on deck for a glimpse of the town, congested, inchoate, tumbled like a lot of concrete blocks on the dazzling coral beach and into the limelike waters. The Sultan's palace, as ugly as a Saratoga hotel, obtruded itself near the center, while dirty little alleyways ran down to the beach, where they emptied their filth into the sparkling waters among a flotsam of tattersailed dhows coasting from village to village with cargoes of berities, makanda mats, cloves, coral blocks, and copra. A few broad-verandaed piles hung over the sands, while right and left a sky-line of palms, thrust above a solid dark-green base, indicated the rich and tropical verdure characteristic of this isle of spice and romance.

To seaward some tiny islands were scattered like bits of polished jade upon a tray of ruffled, stained, sky-blue velvet, while in the offing the skeleton of a wreck bleaching on its rack of jagged coral gave the lie to the music of the waves whispering and licking about it.

I looked quizzically at the sisal-man.

"No fear," he said, wearily. "I'm fed up with niggers. I want to see nothing between here and Durban. My soul is satisfied with what it has seen of black Africa. Give me one-quarter per cent. on my turn-over and I'll camp on Jer-

myn Street for the rest of my life. Besides," he added, plaintively, "there's nothing here but spice and pestilence."

Aden, from which I had but recently departed, is a man grown gaunt and rugged in honest strife; but Zanzibar is a courtesan, whimsical, gay, sullen, presenting many aspects. Warm, rich, beautiful, concealing with dissembling art its sinister spots, it lavishes its charms, intoxicates with its beauty, smothers with its opulence; or suddenly, after a smoldering silence, it rends itself with rage. The screaming tornado rips its garments of verdure to tatters, bony-fingered pestilence goes leering down its dank alleyways, fever shakes the life out of its victims. And afterward, the bright sun sparkles upon the rain-washed foliage, and the island smiles again with the innocent radiance of a maiden.

I cleared the customs, pushing my way through a polyglot collection of Oriental and East Coast natives, and, followed by my dazed Lamu boy, shouldering my bag, plunged straight into the maze of narrow, slimy, steamy alleyways that form the thoroughfares of Zanzibar Town.

The great concrete piles of ancient Arab structures bulked overhead, closing together in places to form clumsy arches. Fronds of palms, ambitious shoots, luxuriant creepers, dripping with moisture, struggled upward to the light. The air was heavy with the rich, sweet smell of copra and the spicy tang of cloves. In and out the huge carved doors and along the stone-paved alleys, bland Khojas, wet-looking Hindus, and Parsis, carrying umbrellas and lifting their flimsy trousers or draggling *hodrunks* from the slime, made their way from

office to office on strange errands. Hamal-carts, pushed and banged and bullied along by half-naked, sweating, singing, swearing Swahilis, filled the air with noise and confusion. Bicycle bells jangled as irritable Goanese rounded unsuspected corners; birds whistled and shrieked from the housetops, and the muffled rattle of typewriters added a staccato to the concert. Amid this confusion I came to a black, richly carved door set in a vast moldy wall pierced with iron-barred rifle-ports, and recognized in this my factory and my castle.

A solemn black doorkeeper, in white *kanza* and red *tarbush*, arose at my approach and pushed open the door, and I ascended a long, dark flight of stairs through an atmosphere stifling with the odor of spices. Half-way up, these stairs gave access to my future offices, and higher still to the spacious living-quarters overhanging the coral beach and looking out upon the harbor.

It was a busy day.

From dark, hidden chambers underneath came the sound of rushing feet, bursts of shrill laughter, and uproar of tumbling reed sacks of cloves and copra, the singsong chant of the tally-clerks, panting songs; from the beach, shouts of the boatmen swinging their barges close to the shore; and from the open bay, the distant rattle of winches as the gluttonous ships gorged themselves with spices. The office presented a flurried aspect of scattered invoices and bills-of-lading, perspiring Parsis, and harried Banian clerks bending desperately over typewriters, while the factor, a bland little cockney, hopped about with innocuous energy, playing the rôle of director of the universe.

I gave him my salaams, told him my intentions, and left him to revel in his monopoly of the American spice trade, while I retired to the seclusion of the spacious veranda overlooking the "most costly roof in East Africa," and, with a woven-palm basket of juicy fruit by my side, stretched myself blissfully in a long

Indian chair and smiled at the recollection of parched Aden.

Business did not immediately engross me. Certain events had transpired to fill me with a passing cynicism. But I delighted in watching the ambitious little factor outdoing himself for my edification.

He snatched control of the clove-market; he reeked of copra; he purchased a small fleet of dhows for the navigation of Victoria Nyanza; he conjured tonnage out of empty seas; he even wheedled space from the sea lords of his Britannic Majesty; he went so far as to imagine himself into a fortune based on the sale of *bêche de mer* to the Chinese epicures of New York and Frisco; and at last, bursting with a spasm of secret patriotism, he disappeared mysteriously in a small boat for the mainland, where he assumed the rôle of soldier, serving the king in swamp and jungle against von Lettow's black men. I ran across him a year later, twittering over new plans despite his black-water fever.

He was disappointed at the lack of interest shown in his dramatic departure, but this momentary cloud faded rapidly behind a flash of new interest.

"How many engagements have you been in? I've been in nineteen! And forty goes of fever! They expect me to die, you know!"

I didn't expect him to die. I knew he wouldn't. I hope to hear of him some day cornering the oyster crop to foster the walrus industry of Baffin Bay.

The humorous element in his departure, I must say, had been aggravated at the time by a good deal of irritation at the position in which I was left, for I was obliged to fill in nearly all my time with work, worry, and gusts of giddiness. Ships ceased calling; the "most costly roof in East Africa" converted itself into a sieve; and the little rains came on in great floods, soaking through the roof as though through sugar, and pouring in upon ten thousand bales of precious spices, while a plague of rats gnawed gaping holes in every carefully weighed

sack; and I began to wake to ghostly silences at night, and hear whispers in the chamber, and the waves sneering malevolently on the beach, and the stiff palm fronds cracking their knuckles, and little gusts of rain pattering over the corrugated iron roofs to spit in my face.

This was not good for me. One of my predecessors had gone through something similar, and ended by wincing with physical pain every time a wave broke on the beach, and at every step forward imagined that the earth was caving in before him. Neuralgia succeeded insomnia, and insomnia brought on neuralgia; so eventually they had to send him touring all over the world to find a place where he could sleep.

Suddenly I was tricked with a sense of the ridiculous, and the world grinned back. So I proceeded to become acquainted with my assistants and hamals.

The clove-broker was a black-bearded Khoja, soft in speech, courteous in manner, and very clever in his dealings. He wore a long black coat, soft, floppy, white-linen trousers, sandals, and an umbrella; and he took a fatherly interest in my welfare, dragging me forth to peer in darksome godowns where pungent cloves were heaped in hillocks twenty-five feet high. Breathing mysterious trade secrets and exuding cloves from every seam and fold of his voluminous garments, he drifted into the office like a dark, brooding cloud touched with bits of sunshine, and never came unwanted nor stayed too long.

Ali Bhanji, who scoured the steaming bazaars in the interests of Manchester looms, was also a Khoja, but of a different sort. Ali was bumptious. Ambition boiled within him. Dumpy and Napoleonic (save that he chewed alternately a stained mustache and betel-nut packed in lime), he clattered up and down the stairs twenty times a day, every time presenting a different countenance. Frenzied with some petty anxiety, bursting with pride over some clever stroke, slyly silent over a maturing plan, chuckling at the latest *bon mot* of the

cloth-bazaar, breathing a forbidden rumor with nervous dread and delight, he filled each passing day with novelty and inspiration. Claiming me as his property, he dragged me into the bazaars to smoke sweet cigarettes with Banians, tell fabulous yarns to Khojas, sip coffee with Arabs, and pass the time of day with almost every chance-met Zanzibari. Beaming benevolently, his pock-marked face radiating good will, he would say, persuasively:

"Ah, here is the house of Jan Hansraj! Oh, how many times Jan Hansraj he say, 'You come my house'! What you think, *bwana?*" . . . And in another moment I would find myself steered into the presence of young Jan Hansraj, squatting over coffee, and exchanging compliments and yarns with him.

Now here was romance that most folk would have passed, unknowing, by; for Jan Hansraj's father financed Tipoo Tib, and Tipoo Tib was the great Zanzibar Arab who fought over and conquered, in his search for ivory (white and black), all that vast territory which stretches from the head waters of the Congo and the Nile to the waters of the Indian Ocean between Cape Delgado and Mogadishe. This Tipoo Tib was the chief support and guide of Stanley in his perambulations about Central Africa; and prime factor in the rescue of Emin Pasha, who was reluctantly obliged to abdicate from the inner Sudan when Gordon was awaiting with cynical amusement the fate that finally engulfed him at Khartoum.

So the tales I heard nonchalantly spoken between weaving wreaths of cigarette smoke and over cardamom-flavored coffee of white ivory and black, of piratical dhows and sinister court intrigues, of the seething slave-market around the corner, and the great *safaris* that gathered at Bagamoyo on the mainland across the way and vanished into the heart of the Black Continent for twelve and fourteen years at a stretch—these tales were such as you hear over nargheli amid the babble of the bazaar,

but can never, never remember to repeat in prose.

I saw much of the tangled, slimy, tawdry, teeming bazaar in Ali's company. He was a good tutor, omitting nothing, as might a finicky Parsi, anxious not to offend a sahib's nice taste or corrupt his own. He jibbered and grunted, and nodded his head solemnly, or grinned maliciously, and initiated me in all the mysteries. Once he even took me to look at his sister, though I promised to pretend I saw nothing. Down an alley in the tin-bazaar we passed a certain shop.

"There, *bwana*, look! It is she!"

Squatting on the floor near the door of the shop, with a nearly naked baby, tubby and tattered with tinsel and baubles, tumbling about her, Ali's sister presented a lovely picture. Her complexion was warm and delicately glowing; her hair, black and smooth, seemed to glisten with life; while her large eyes gazed with abstraction down the teeming thoroughfare. There was about her an air of pensive melancholy, of unrest, of suppressed fire, that was tempered and rendered beautiful by the cold cameo fineness of her features, the undisturbed tranquillity of her pose.

Ali twitched nervously at my elbow, no doubt regretting his indiscretion, and I passed on, wondering at the destiny that left such genuine beauty to grow up in darkness in the back alley of a bazaar—to rear brown brats whose whole object in life would be to sell shoddy cloth, bits of tin and sweetmeats, and to haggle shrilly over pice. . . .

Zanzibar Town is the great metropolis of the East Coast. It is Rome to the dusky pilgrim; it is Paris to the reckless wanderers from the Bantu folk of Cape Delgado to the sons of the corsairs of Oman. Its clubs; its coffee-shops; its cinemas; its dark, arched rooms where dusky belles from India, Arabia, the Somali Coast, and Zanzibar giggle and shrill and dance monotonous dances; its spreading mango-trees under whose shelter the torches burn, and the tom-toms

beat the measure of night-long *ngomai*; its shops tumbling with riches of roughly carved ivory and ebony, or hammered Cingalese silver and gems; its bazaars, gaudy with cheap cloth—*kikoyis*, *hondrinks*, *kanzas*—bright with prints of flags and ships and emblems of royalty; the great ships lying in its roads, pouring into the lap of black Africa the increasing luxuries of Europe; the dhows bearing commerce from the Persian Gulf, the Seychelles, and Madagascar—all, all and more, contribute to the renown and lure of Zanzibar.

Whether it is a Hindu wedding glistening with tinsel, colored lights, and mock armor, with frightened boy bridegroom and smug, patronizing sire, or a visit to the great Mohammedan club in a grove of mangoes by a beach on the outskirts of town where adolescent Hindus ape the manners of Eton and Harrow on the cricket-pitch—"Oah, well played, sare! Bowled! Bowled, sare!"—or an expedition with Mohammed, darting in and out among the stately dhows from Muscat, looking over likely bargains in teak-wood tonnage, or some adventurous quest down dark, whispering alleys at night with a companion still rolling on his sea legs—each page contained a new story for me. But always the moral was the same, and the moral was Ixion's, "Adventures are to the adventurous."

The life of the bazaar is a peculiar thing. To the philosopher it is mostly very broad human comedy; but occasionally there is presented some tragic circumstance, violent and inexplicable, that leaves a lingering memory of color and flame and troubled questioning. The inexplicable fascinates but never satisfies.

For instance, one day there was a hubbub in the bazaar—rifle-shots, banging doors, shouts, a loud, rising hum—and this is what occurred:

Two sepoy, coming away from Beytel-Ajaib, the palace of the Sultan, struck by a sudden madness, turned into the bazaar. At the shop of Damoder Jerab they found the inoffensive Khoja mana-

ger sitting on a stool, calm and contented. One of the sepoy's coolly raised his rifle and shot the unsuspecting man in his fat stomach. Instantly the bazaar was in a quivering panic. Shutters went up with a clatter; the brass-studded doors closed with muffled bangs; and all in the alleys scampered to shelter like frightened rabbits. A wet Banian—brother of beasts and bugs, who would have thought it as great a crime to kill a rat as his own grandmother—trying to slip unseen down a dark, moist alleyway, palpitating with terror, was discovered by the sardonic gaze of the sepoy, and a second bullet flew. It struck the Banian in the chest, and knocked him with a faint whimper into a muddied drain.

There were stirrings, whisperings, choked cries, tinkle of silver, and rattle of brasses behind the dank walls. In an instant the narrow wet alleyways were deserted, save for a few old men and women too stunned to move quickly, and some children, lost in the swift panic. Four women, coming to an upper window to look down into the stirring bazaar, made a pretty, colorful picture under a Byzantine arch with a drab background. They were terrified with anxiety for their children, but one of the sepoy's bullets scattered them like bits of bright plumage.

Ali Bhanji, who was of course on hand, saw his child in the street and rushed out to draw him to safety just as another small boy, seeing all doors closing about him, flung himself against Dharsey's great brass-studded portal, crying out:

"Mohammed Ali Dharsey, open the door! Open the door, Mohammed Ali Dharsey! Help me! Open the door!"

While the little fellow beat frantically at the black carved door, behind which the merchants wrung their hands helplessly, the sepoy turned with a flashing smile and shot him.

When the two had expended their ammunition they went on a short distance, conversing calmly together till they came to a convenient *barasa* at the door of a

shop kept by an old woman. They told her to shut her door, and when she had done this and the street was clear, sitting down a short distance apart, they raised their rifles and fired simultaneously at each other, both falling mortally wounded. . . . So these two hillmen, born and reared in some remote hamlet—perhaps on the snowy slopes of the Himalayas—when the blood madness came upon them, found their deaths in the steaming bazaars of Zanzibar. . . .

"Phew!" said Ali, mopping his brow as he finished giving me his version. "How very near you not can able make business to-day! Suppose I deaded! No broker, no *shauri*! Eh, *bwana*? . . ."

And, after consideration, I do think the head office would have been a bit querulous at any unwarranted delay caused thereby.

The man I most liked was Hadji Mahomet ben Ali, a pure-blooded Arab from the Yemen. There was no compromise about the Hadji; he had a solid, downright character, bluff, direct manner, formed his opinions after brief consideration, and acted with decision. He was a hamal contractor, engaged in supplying stevedores, hamals, and women to sort and clean cloves and copra, drag the stuff in carts from end to end of the town, load it in barges, and stow it in the holds of the big ships swinging in the roads. To carry on this work successfully he had to have keen perception, initiative, and a profound knowledge of the native laborer.

Often at night when the "most costly roof in East Africa" suddenly became porous under a beating rain, threatening the destruction of thousands of sacks of cloves, I would send a messenger—old, black, blear-eyed Belalli, in a nightgown, sandals, and red *tarbush*; Belalli, a pensioner, and once about the best ivory expert on the Black Continent—I would send him searching for Mahomet ben Ali, scurrying through the drenching downpour, as anxious over the cloves as a parvenu over a string of pearls.

Presently into the darkness of my room

would come the Hadji, silent and grave, his black beard dripping moisture, his smoldering eyes steady under the sopping turban, the hilt of his dagger gleaming with the wet.

"*Maharabah!*" he would greet me. "What is the trouble now, *effendi?*" . . . And within twenty minutes the big godowns would be reverberating with the shouts and songs of coolies struggling in the glow of huge, blazing lights to clear the threatened cloves.

Whenever I ran into the Hadji at the clove-market I spent many pleasant moments with him discussing the world and its people. Looking through the overflowing godowns out to the open bay where the great three-masted teak-wood dhows congregated from every corner of the Indian Ocean, and the rusted iron steamships, worn with wartime's trafficking, tugged wearily at their chains, and the small battered fishermen's craft and outriggers from the mainland drifted about like chance-blown autumn leaves, we swung our heels under a hamal-cart and let the world pass in review.

We both knew Arab and Jewish traders in Aden and along the Somali Coast, and had dealings with Parsi merchants of Bombay. Mahomet had been a veritable Sinbad.

He indicates a little, weary, homesick group squatting by the shelter of a wall, gazing out to sea or stealing curious glances at the all-important Indians and the black Swahilis shuffling and lounging past. They are Arabs from Oman, three youths and a girl. She is unveiled and has the wild, clean-featured beauty of the desert, with large, liquid eyes, and a skin that is warm and fresh; while the youths, comely and lithe, are plainly anxious to be off again. One glance tells us they have come in a dhow from the Persian Gulf, picking their way among the stars across the waste of the Indian Ocean, trusting to Allah and every chance wind that blew.

Envy rises in me. I, too, should like to sail those seas, master of my dhow

and a plaything of the winds—to take my chance with Kismet on the open waters, while my heart leaped with life.

I suggest this to the Hadji, and he smites his thigh: "Allah! Allah! We will do this, *effendi!* You and I, we will."

But I already foresee my departure in a big, rattling, lopsided transport packed with blacks in khaki, with web kits stuffed with cartridges. But sometime, Hadji, sometime!

Beside these three, there were my insolent black overseer, Adbaraka, always short of money, haughty with the women among whom he imagined himself an Arab, yet proud of his work; and dear old Belalli, shuffling, mumbling, laughing Belalli, gentle and anxious as a grandmother, and loyal as a dog; and Ali, my boy, afflicted with elephantiasis, dragging a foot the size of a gate-post, till I gave him a hut and took on his rogue of a brother in his place; and Eimzi, chief of the hamals, with the body of a Hercules and the good-nature of a puppy, despite a gash across his face from ear to chin—a memento of happy, care-free days in Muscat. They were all good children, and gave sufficient anxiety and amusement to fit every mood.

Never was there a tedious moment from the hour of singing dawn when I awakened to the greeting of the dusky damsels who brought the water for my bath, their broad splayed feet flip-flopping on the stone floor, their eyes rolling roguishly under the dripping vessels poised on their kinky heads, the great red and yellow buttons in their stretched ears gleaming against vast expanses of bare brown skin, their flimsy colored *hod-runks* drawn tight about their swaying bodies, and their betel-stained gums showing in broad grins as each called in turn: "*Jambo, bwana! Peace, master! Jambo! Jambo! Jambo!*" . . . This, and the warm light pouring through the arches, the twittering of the love-birds on the roofs, the distant songs of boatmen



Drawn by George Harding

A POLYGLOT THROG FILLS THE MAZE OF NARROW ALLEYWAYS

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swinging to their oars, the call of bugles across the waters, a banging of doors and bolts, and little bursts of shrill laughter from the women in the godown below; and Ali, apologetic because of his big foot, bearing a tray of pineapples, oranges, bananas, and mangoes, still cool with the dew of night—all these indicate dawn, and another day. . . . And thence onward each hour was filled with its appropriate adventure, until at last night came and crowned them all. Oh, the nights of Zanzibar—wild nights, weird nights, nights full of charm and harmony!

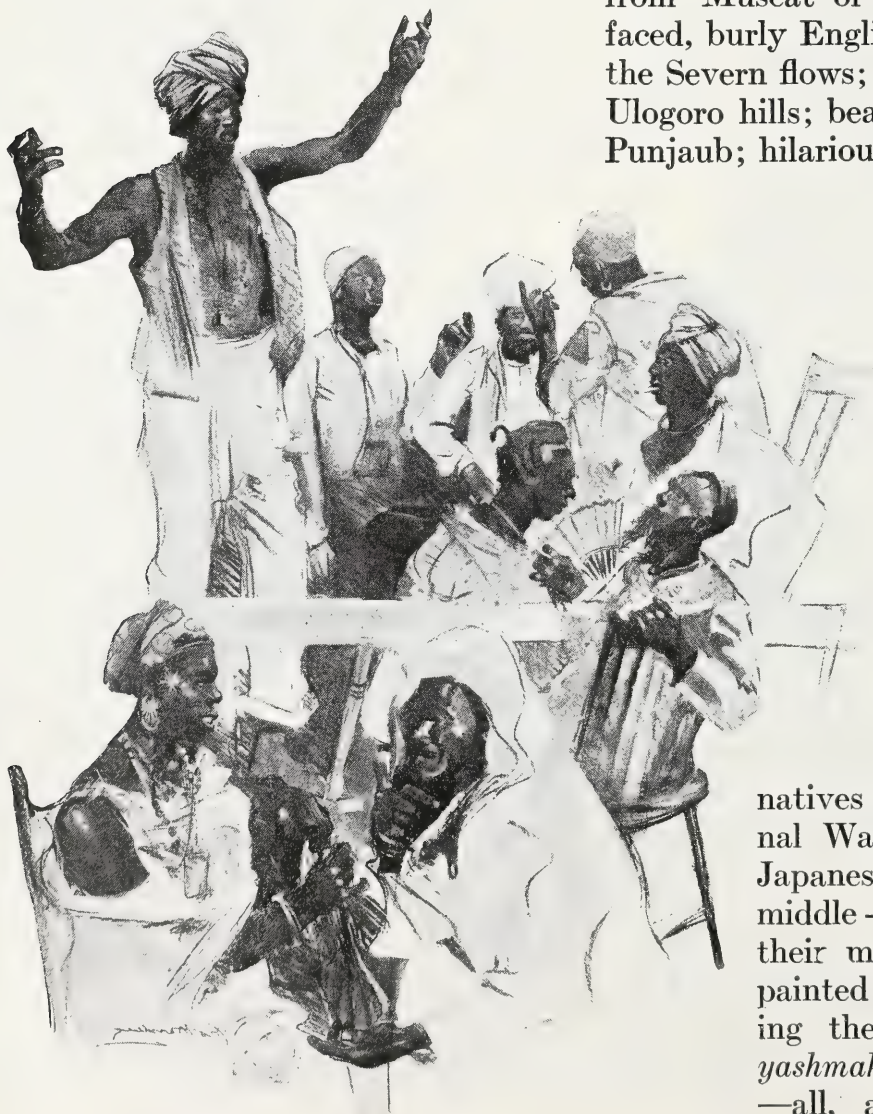
The old days are passing when an adventure in the dark bazaars ended often in the "Hough!" of a dagger struck home, the thud of a falling body, the broken sigh of a defeated soul. It may

still end so; but the intriguing mind finds other distractions, and long-cloaked figures crowned in high red *tarbushes* keep the law—within radius of the glow of arc-lights. Besides, there are sufficient diversions beyond the walls of harems and the divans of the gamblers—the coffee-stalls sell pink and yellow soda-water, bottled by Hindus; electric lights make bright spots about the *sukhs* where farmer and fisherman dump their wares and romance still survives. One day I saw a small fish, which a fisherman had sold for seven pice, retailed for seven thousand rupees because it was discovered that Allah had inscribed its scales with a sacred phrase from the Koran!

On every night within a canvas temple—where gather wrinkled Arab sailors from Muscat or Madagascar, or red-faced, burly English sailors from where the Severn flows; black askaris from the Ulogoro hills; bearded sepoys from the Punjaub; hilarious Tommies from Bat-

tersea, or precise Parsis in linen dusters with round, varnished hats; squatting, half-naked Banians with loin-cloths tucked between their knees; Goanese dressed like mid-Victorians and speaking Portuguese; Swahilis in red *tarbushes* and white *kansas* and immeasurable grins across their black faces;

natives of Seychelles; aboriginal Wahadimu; Khojas, and Japanese—old, young, and middle-aged, their children, their mistresses, and giggling painted ones, coquettishly rolling their eyes behind their *yashmaks* or brazenly unveiled—all, all await with the same emotions the coming of the god. And the high



THE HIGH PRIEST WAVES FOR SILENCE

priest, standing on a chair, waves for silence.

He is sightless in one eye, his cratered face indicating that smallpox was to blame. Old blue-and-white striped pantaloons and well-worn sandals, a discarded tweed waistcoat, a dirty, badly rolled turban, set him off and lend dignity to the impressively raised hands as he makes his announcements in a cracked voice in four languages, ending with Kis-swahili and English:

"Juma-na-moja, walu wote watacuja hopa! Shahli Shaplin!!! Cheka-cheka-cheka! . . . S a t t e r d a y n i g h t, s h e n t l e m e n s w i l l a l l c o m e ! N e w p r o g r a m ! S h a r l e y S h a p l i n ! L l a r f - l a r f - l a r f ! . . ."

And the babel of languages suddenly becomes harmony. Each understands all, and all understand to the depths the great roar that shakes the temple walls when a figure—mainly boots, a stick, a little bowler hat, a mustache, and a vitalizing spark—suddenly appears on the wall, trips, and lands on its chin amid Californian scenery.

This is the common meeting-ground for all the world.

I spent decorous nights at the club, drinking Childs cocktails in deference to a man whom I regarded with whimsical respect—the same who was instrumental in laying ten miles of toy railroad along the coral beach, through the crowded bazaar, and among the palms to the toy village of Bu-bu-bu—but avoiding the bridge-tables where liver patients tested their symptoms; and dined with boastful

little traders, or fed-up soldiers, or blasé administrators; or spent hours over ancient periodicals from London. Sometimes I dined in the uniform of Piccadilly with people of importance and discussed high topics cleverly. More often I followed my natural inclinations and made merry in neighboring messes, or

my own, where, gathered about pianos, we sang sentimental ditties and mournful lays. Our favorite haunt was the home of a man from Detroit.

The first floor of the great barrack where he lived was filled with oil and rare petroleum products. But on the third floor were his rooms, littered with delicately carved bits of ivory on ebony stands, old armor and rare weapons, lace and silk, tasteful pictures, and a piano, while in a neighboring room were all the essential adjuncts to conviviality. According to the occasion, whether a

birthday or one of those fêtes that bring memories of a land obscured by distance, we partook of liqueur cocktails, mint juleps, or champagne punch, and made the starry welkin tremble with songs of long trails and cozy little homes. They were quaint parties.

"Bob" and "Ascot"—the former red-faced and grinning with fresh curly hair tousled over merry blue eyes, the latter tanned and gloomy of aspect, though possessed of a somber devil—both fresh from the rocking bridges of their respective commands, little storm-tossed sister ships, inseparables, who poked their



DUSKY DAMSELS BROUGHT THE WATER
FOR MY BATH

noses in every bay or delta along the Germanee coast, hunting for trouble and finding it; "Catchy Boy," with young and smiling face, quizzical, sun-bleached blue eyes, and hair prematurely gray from nocturnal jungle tête-à-têtes with truculent Germanees, unconverted black men, and inquiring beasts of predatory kinds; the Little Trader with the big voice who, in serious moods, shook the markets on flying visits from Tananarivo in Madagascar to Kisumu on Victoria Nyanza; the Man from Detroit at the piano, smiling, debonair, large of girth and big of heart, with "the latest" (two years old) at his finger-tips—the group of us would hang arm-in-arm about the piano, heads thrust forward, eyes strained to read the words, while "Bob" howled:

"For—just—one—day—an'-one-night
You—were—muh—dream-uv-deelight
Till—you—fay—ded-away
With—thuh—light-uv-thuh-day. . . ."

All heads would come up with a jerk, faces turn raptly to the twinkling sky, mouths gape wide in one simultaneous movement, and a melancholy wail tremble on the balmy air:

"Ohn—Lake—Champlain! . . ."

One such night we spent at the bishop's house. Under a soaring moon, with soft magnolia-scented breezes blowing from the whispering sea, and the Sultan's black band filling the air with the languorous strains of tropic music, the stridency of life seemed to pass away. Drifting across the dancing-space with an attractive, dreamy-eyed damsel resting in my arms, and the notes of "La Paloma," so soft they mingled with the murmur of the waves, and the wind stirring through the palm fronds and laughing amid the waxy leaves of the clove-trees, beating tenderly on my receptive heart—these, I felt, were moments that gave life its sweetness. Piquant thrills were for other times.

Yet as night blew on and raindrops began to spit from a black, heaving sky,

and the crowded frolickers began to vanish in rickshaws and quaint vehicles through the dark shadows of the surrounding groves, there came a cry from out a dark lane. "Catchy Boy" and I, arriving together from different points, discovered an old-fashioned closed carriage ditched in the bushes, with a pair of overturned horses floundering and struggling in their traces. Black terrified footmen in scarlet coats jumped about with flickering link-lights. A beam disclosed a silk-clad leg thrust through the shattered glass of the door; and a charming face, flushed and disheveled, lifted itself from the wreckage, exclaiming, petulantly:

"Damme! This is a pretty pickle!"

"Catchy Boy" and I crossed glances in the dim light, and, struck by the same thought, he drew an imaginary snuff-box and exclaimed, softly:

"Zounds! me lord. Sure, 'tis no proper night for wenches to take the road from Bath without escort."

So we delivered them from the ditch and set them safe upon their way.

Peruque's dance I remember chiefly because of an incident. It was a dance and supper in Victoria Gardens, where the ladies of the Sultan's harem formerly bathed. It was a charming affair, with the sole contretemps of a baby hippopotamus blundering in among the tables and chairs and disporting on the dance-floor until persuaded to leave by fifteen determined natives with ropes.

But the best nights of all were at home, when the babbling city had sunk reluctantly into silence.

My huge old Arab house had the reputation of being haunted. Unfortunately, I cannot prove this; but every night at two in the morning I awakened and lay for many minutes listening to the few faint sounds that tapped musically upon the bell of silence—the everlasting whispers and laughter of the waves upon the beach, the tap-tap-tap of death's-head beetles in the berities of the ceiling, the rustling movement of rats, the clear silver tinkle of ships' bells



Drawn by George Harding

GREAT SHIPS POURING INTO AFRICA THE LUXURIES OF EUROPE



THESE LANES ARE TRAVERSED
BY SWAYING BULLOCK-CARTS

in the harbor, the unexpected rattle of a chain, far off the plaintive shriek of a lemur, the stirring of palm fronds outside my window. Turning my head, I could look out through the porticos across the water, silvery under the moon, with red and white and green lights glowing from the gray shadows of ships. A pale brooding moon sometimes gazed at me from behind a fan of palms; and then ghosts would truly steal about me, tender, ministering ghosts—memories of other days and dim dreams that may yet come true. In their arms I'd sink again to sleep.

Stretching behind the venal town, which is huddled upon a spit of land, the rolling, embowered hills rise high and

higher to the northward upon their coral base, until, near the little village of Mkokotoni at the northern end of the island, an outcropping of genuine strata has lifted itself a thousand feet above the blue seas.

Never have I seen a more beautiful or richer island, except perhaps moody Oahu. Rolling, verdant hills and gentle valleys with sweet, clear water and a teeming wealth of fruit and palm; broad, curving bays upon whose dazzling coral beaches the iridescent waters toss a feathery white fringe of surf—make a setting for the ruins of old castles, smothered under all-embracing creepers, and the deep-arched Arab houses on the *shambas*.

The ruins tell tales of days when the black Zang potentates yielded sovereignty of the seas to the questing Portuguese who rounded the Cape in the fifteenth century; and of the later days of dark, passionate struggle when the Imams of Muscat shattered the might of Portugal from Mogadishu to Kilwa, a small port now, but then a place of many mosques. With the passing of the day of Tipoo Tib *that* power, too, has since passed away, for the present swarthy, black-bearded Sultan, though he smiles sardonically as he rides quietly forth to take the evening air, has no illusions as to the extent of his might. For the power of the Sayids has now passed. "Bob" and "Ascot" and "Catchy Boy" and myself—we now uphold the Raj!

You would not think it to see us spinning along narrow coralline lanes hedged

with groves of coconut and glistening fragrant clove-trees—the Man from Detroit asleep in the limousine, making a pillow for "Bob" and "Ascot," who snore softly, each on a shoulder, lulled by the hum of the motor, the soporific fragrance of the air, the soothing motion of the car as it dips and swerves and soars, and the rush of balminess that pours about us, while the slim Goanese driver keeps his eyes on the road, and I let my dreamy gaze wander afield.

These lanes are traversed only by swaying bullock-carts, sleepy jackasses, white trotting Muscat donkeys, and Swahilis on foot carrying on their heads large green baskets woven with palm and overflowing with fruit. Occasionally striking hoofs awaken echoes, and an Arab, mounted on a blooded horse, comes dancing by, gravely saluting as his steed curvets and rears, maintaining





INSTANTLY THE BAZAAR WAS IN A PANIC SCAMPERING
TO SHELTER

with dignity the ancient principle that the mounted man is the superior man. This is a *shamba* owner—one of the old stock of Arabs who have divided the island into great plantations where they cultivate the clove and coconut, and such things of lesser importance as the aloe. They were great aristocrats in the days of slaves, but, now that the Swahilis are nominally independent, it's a different matter. Greasy Hindus, squatting in the bazaars, advance money on prospective crops—and the Arab, who cares nothing for to-morrow, is gracefully yielding his estates to a more wily civilization.

Along the roads are little villages, clusters of huts with walls of mud plastered on intertwined poles and withes, with roofs of palm thatch. Screens stand about on which hang manioc drying in the sun; and on broad reed *makandas* under the trees the drying meat of the coconut shrinks from the shell to form copra, while the last fragrant pistils of the clove crop are spread on mats near by. By some of the huts are *barasas*, or mud platforms, on which Hindu traders lounge, trading odd bits of tin, beads,

cigarettes, and sweets, for cloves and copra filched by the native from his Arab master.

Naked children, a few chickens and guinea-fowls, a goat or two, and occasionally a bullock, wander about the huts or tumble over one another under the shelter of umbrageous mango-trees littering the ground with succulent fruit. The lanes are lined with trees—mango, banyan, palm (the courtly coconut; the betel, dainty and proud as an aigrette; and the sensible sago), spreading jack-fruit, clumps of bamboo, and groves of clove dotted with pink clusters of aromatic mother-of-clove. Through the clean, dark-green foliage of the cloves, or over gray tumbled walls overlaid with soft yellow, red, and green moss and lichen, deep red-tiled or iron-gray roofs and the curves of deep arches where the Arabs keep their wonted state.

The native Swahilis of the plantations are still only semi-independent, as they depend on the *shambas* for work and wages, while the government regulates their movements. But with a little cash, a machete to cut cane, and a hoe to scratch a patch of soil, they live in

plenty and contentment. Juicy pine-apples and mealy bananas grow wild, and are regarded as weeds on the *shambas*, while the mango drops its fruit broadcast, and orange-trees scatter their golden crop by the roadside.

Over brimming brooks, around emerald hillsides, by the side of dazzling bays, along the edge of bluffs from whose heights we can see the fisher-craft darting about like water-spiders on the calm surface, we come to tempting spots—Mkokotoni and Chwaka, where there are a few bungalows. Here we picnic and bathe. It is delicious water, and to bathe in it is like flinging yourself in the arms of amorous Dawn.

I have often swum at night, too, far out among the vessels in the harbor of Zanzibar Town, every stroke weaving a garment of phosphorous about me, and in the pleasure of the swim forgetting all too soon the lesson I learned from Aden's sand-sharks.

To the glories of this island the European seems blind and indifferent. He plays golf and tennis conventionally at Mnazi Moja, the sports club on the edge of the town; but beyond this, unless he is a soldier and *must*, he will not venture except to picnic for a few hours. He does not seem able to tear himself away from the pathetic prattle and tame delights of the club, or proximity to the Resident, whose favors are like fickle fortune, or, perhaps, the companionship of others of their kind and dalliance among the few white ladies whom the fate of their husbands has drawn to the island.

Argumentatively, I once made this opinion public.

"My dear chap, don't be silly," said the doctor, glaring over a whisky-and-soda. "White men can't stand it—malaria—dysentery—fever—damn rot."

I pointed out that as a soldier I had lived weeks at a time in the country, in its most disreputable and deadly parts, and had grown heavy on it.

"That may be," said a young administrator, "but you forget that this is only a protectorate. We must look after the interests of the present landowners, you know. We can't take their property from them."

"But Hindu usurers may?" I suggested. "No. The trouble is this. You've got a nice little island here, and you all have nice little jobs, and you don't trouble your little heads a single thought more than the exigencies of the service demand. You don't want to popularize the island because you couldn't stand official competition. You've got ice-plants, a ten-mile railroad, soda-water establishments, electric lights."

"Well, dash it! after all, that's something."

"It is," I admit—blandly, I suspect. "But all those things were started by traders, mostly American."

"Well, why don't *you* go in for planting?"

There he had me.

I looked from the balcony out across the bay, at the monitor squatting in the roads, at a black Ellerman freighter unloading into red barges, at a plume of smoke on the horizon, and at the clouds banked low over the African mainland. I was particularly fascinated by that bank of distant clouds. The rumbling of the vessels and the din of the bazaar rose to my ears, filling them with a dull buzzing, while I seemed to smell the heady smell of a ship's hold. Suddenly I knew that in another month this island would be but a memory.

"Ah, well, the island is yours," I said. "There are other things for me to do; and, after all, I am somewhat of a visitor. I have seen it; I know it pretty well, and I like it. But *toujours* there is something else to be done first."

Toujours the open road and a free heel; *toujours* a flowing sheet, and the long slope of the seas.

THE DAIMYO'S BOWL

BY DONALD CORLEY

HIRO-TANI the Potter sat in the door of his shop and pondered as he gazed at the evening sea that lay over the lost city of Thoë. The sun had spilled upon the sea a glaze that swam and splashed and changed with the evening wind. How wonderful it would be to dip a new-made platter into it and catch the glaze! Hiro-tani thought—the glaze that was the sunset of the city of Thoë. . . . The sun went out like a stifled coal and the glaze faded into the quiet water.

This was the burden of Hiro-tani the Potter.

Two days before, a horseman had halted at the door of his shop, bearing a Wish-command from the daimyo whose pleasure-garden lay along the slope of a near-by hill like an embroidered silken fabric upon a woman's shoulder.

TO THE POTTERS OF THE PROVINCE OF SALAN

Make for me a bowl like the moon,
That I may drink rice wine from it.
A green bowl as clear as spring water
And as thin as incense smoke.
A green bowl shaped
As a young woman's breast. . . .
A bowl so strong
That boiling tea will not crack it.
So green as to be the moon
In a darkened room. . . .
So thin that the wind will sing in it
When it is empty. . . .

And to some potters had been granted fourteen days, to some nine, and to some five days, according to their skill, but to Hiro-tani the Potter only three days were given, ending with the coming of the Second Moon of spring.

Of the lesser potters a few had fled the province; some had tried, failed, and

were executed, and their heads impaled over the daimyo's gate. Others had been judged of no consequence.

When the moon hangs like a lantern
Above the Hills of the Haunters . . .
Set the bowl afloat upon the little stream
Beyond my garden wall . . .
That it may come to me in my tea-house
Lighted by the moon. . . .

So ended the daimyo's Wish-command to Hiro-tani the Potter. It was whispered by the horseman that the daimyo wished such a bowl against the maturation of the spring rice wine, which he tasted first, as lord of the province, each year.

The daimyo was all-powerful; if the bowl were not ready for the risen moon, Hiro-tani well knew that his own head would frighten evil spirits from the gate of the daimyo's garden, impaled upon a bamboo pole, and he was the last potter of Salan but the First Potter of the Empire.

Now Hiro-tani the Potter, albeit the son of a Samurai, had been born with the flame-stain of fear upon his shoulder, and for this reason the Samurai, his father, had not scrupled to disfavor him, until by some act he should prove the blood that was in him. And for this he had become a potter, wandering in distant lands, seeking the test of his courage.

And for this he went often by day (though never by night) into the Hills of the Haunters, where none dared, to a secret place that he had found, where fine porcelain-clay oozed from a crevice of the rocks, for the love of his clay-craft was strongest in him; and it was for this that he dwelt upon the sea-edge of the lost city of Thoë, which he had chosen to

be his death-journey when the arid summer of his life should wane. But the fear of death was very strong in him, by reason of his birth-stain.

Since noon the bowl that he had made for the daimyo's wine had been firing in his kiln—a bowl made of the Haunters' clay.

He rubbed his chin meditatively and a little bell tinkled behind him. Some one plucked at his drooping sleeve. It was Han-Mow, his cat, come out of the darkness of the shop to remind him of the approach of evening.

Absently he caressed Han-Mow, his cat, and as darkness fell like a cloak upon the sea, he saw the green gleam of Han-Mow's eyes.

"Your eyes would make my glaze, Han-Mow," he said, aloud.

And Han-Mow, his cat, was frightened, and retreated into the shop.

Hiro-tani followed him, lighting a candle-end at his lantern-stand. As he held it up he saw a shadow on the window curtain—a shadow of a man holding a cup in his two hands, a cup from which he drank.

Now Hiro-tani the Potter was a fearful man. He began to prostrate himself, but he recognized the shadow of his apprentice, Tama-tama, whom he had thought absent in the town.

"What is it that you are drinking, Tama-tama, in the dusk like a thief?" he asked, sternly, from his knees, being still in a dread of the shadow.

Tama-tama let fall the cup that he had drunk, and it was broken in many pieces.

"O Master Hiro-tani," he began, "it

was your rose-glaze that I drank; it is sweet to the taste; it brings me strange visions."

"And who are you that you drink my costly glazes, Tama-tama?" said Hiro-tani, sadly. "Have I not rescued thee from being a coolie, and given thee rice, and a bed of straw, and employment?"

"All these things are true, master," replied Tama-tama, "but the rose-glaze that I drank is like no rice wine. I could not help drinking of it."

"Who told you that rose-glaze was sweet to the taste?" inquired Hiro-tani the Potter, contemplatively, being a man ever interested in curious things. His anger had melted; he had heard his own master in a distant land say that evil spirits oftentimes drank up the glazes left standing at night in jars and bowls, and that sometimes new vessels became possessed of fox-souls, and Haunters, and djinnies, in search of peace.

"One night I came upon Han-Mow, thy illustrious cat, drinking from a bowl," replied Tama-tama, "and after he had drunken he went and walked, as no cat walks, around the little lake in your garden, and his eyes were like two candles burning in a cavern. And I thought that if Han-Mow, your cat, drank the glaze, it must be sweet to the taste, and I drank of it, too, and beheld such shapes in the night as I never saw when there was mist on the sea."

"This is a curious thing," reflected Hiro-tani; but aloud he said: "Go, Tama-tama, my apprentice, and henceforth drink no more of my glaze that is made of peach blossoms and budding



THE DAIMYO WAS ALL-POWERFUL

roses; likewise keep thou the covers upon the glaze-pots, lest Han-Mow, my cat, offend further."

Tama-tama went, with the visions of his glaze-drinking in his eyes, and Hiro-tani, his master, first locking Han-Mow, his cat, away in a closet, took up the jar of rose-glaze that he had made that day, poured some of it into a cup and fur-tively drank it.

For Hiro-tani the Potter, being a thoughtful, inquisitive man, and a diligent potter, reflected that a glaze drunk by a cat who walked about the lake in the garden as no cat walks, and by an apprentice who beheld strange things in the night, might be worth tasting.

The rose-glaze was sweet, just as Tama-tama had said; he held it upon his tongue half fearfully; it was still warm in the cup; it was stranger than any wine . . . and the image of the woman whom he had loved in a distant land came vividly to him—a woman like a little almond-tree, who had eyes like green marsh-fire. She had died while Hiro-tani the Potter had been an apprentice himself, before he could marry her; had died leaving to him only a thread of her hair about a morsel of potter's clay for a death-gift, and a death-letter upon rice paper wound about it, a letter that he had read, and then burned in his kiln.

He had sown the ashes to the sea-roofs of the lost city of Thoë, for it is not wise to keep the writings of the dead about one.

But the death-gift he had kept because it had a thread of Y-sa-nami's, his love's, hair tied about it.

As he drank his rose-glaze the characters of the death-letter burned before his eyes:

Lest Hiro-tani the Potter.
Shall need a bit of clay,
This almond-earth from my garden
Tied with a thread of my hair.

When Hiro-tani, my lover,
Shall leave his fear of death
Like a sandal at the door
His little almond-flower tree
Will blossom in his heart.

And this was the living grief of Hiro-tani the Potter, that he kept hidden in a cranny of his heart; the piece of clay he kept in an ivory box, hidden away beneath a tile of the floor.

He drank again and again of the rose-glaze . . .

and the ghost-self of Y-sa-nami, his love, came and stood upon a disk of moonlight on the floor, moonlight that came through the round keyhole of the door, and Y-sa-nami herself smiled at him and bowed her head three times; and when she was gone a petal of the almond-flower was where she had been, upon the disk of moonlight that lay upon the floor.

Hiro-tani the Potter drew a deep breath and looked about him. He felt again the fire that was of a lover, likewise of a potter. Certainly this glaze was a wondrous and pleasant thing, perhaps a wise thing, but not a thing for cats and potters' apprentices to drink! But in his kiln he found a bowl cracked and blackened, and a despair took hold on him and a dread of the Haunters possessed him.

He came to the window that was upon the quiet sea, and slid the shutter, and looked upon the green moon that dripped and floated and flashed upon the dark mirror of the sea, and he poured more rose-glaze and drank it, and dreamed of the city of Thoë. But his



HAN-MOW, THE ILLUSTRIOUS CAT

diligence dragged his thoughts back to the daimyo's bowl that he must make on the morrow, or else he die.

And a faint cry came from the closet where Han-Mow was put away.

Hiro-tani mused and dreamed in his window; the making of the bowl seemed not so troublous a thing now; he counted the curved crescents of moon that interlaced upon the sea water.

"If I take a flat bowl," he murmured to himself, "and dip it gently into the sea, I shall have a green glaze for my bowl and roof crescents of Thoë for handles."

His eyes wandered along the curving shore and rested on something green shining there, far brighter than the moon—a pebble, he thought.

Hiro-tani kept his eyes fixed upon it, fearful lest it disappear; he leaped from his window and ran down the sloping shore to the edge of the water; eagerly he snatched up the small, green, shining thing, ran back to his shop with it, shut himself in, and lighted all the lanterns that he had.

Then he opened his closed hand to see what it was that could shine brighter than the moon. It was shining still, wet with the sea water; it was like a coal of green fire in the yellow lantern-light.

It was a little carved god of jade, wound about with green weeds.

And as Hiro-tani looked at it, his eye glistened, and he knew it for a wine-god of Thoë, from the purple mark set on the lips. He knew what he should do.

"Tama-tama, my servant, thou hast opened my eyes," he cried, aloud, and the faint cry of Han-Mow, his cat, answered him.

"But thine own eyes were opened by Han-Mow, my illustrious cat," he resumed, and he loosened the door of the closet where Han-Mow was, and drew him forth and caressed

him; presently he set for him on the floor a bowl of rose-glaze to drink.

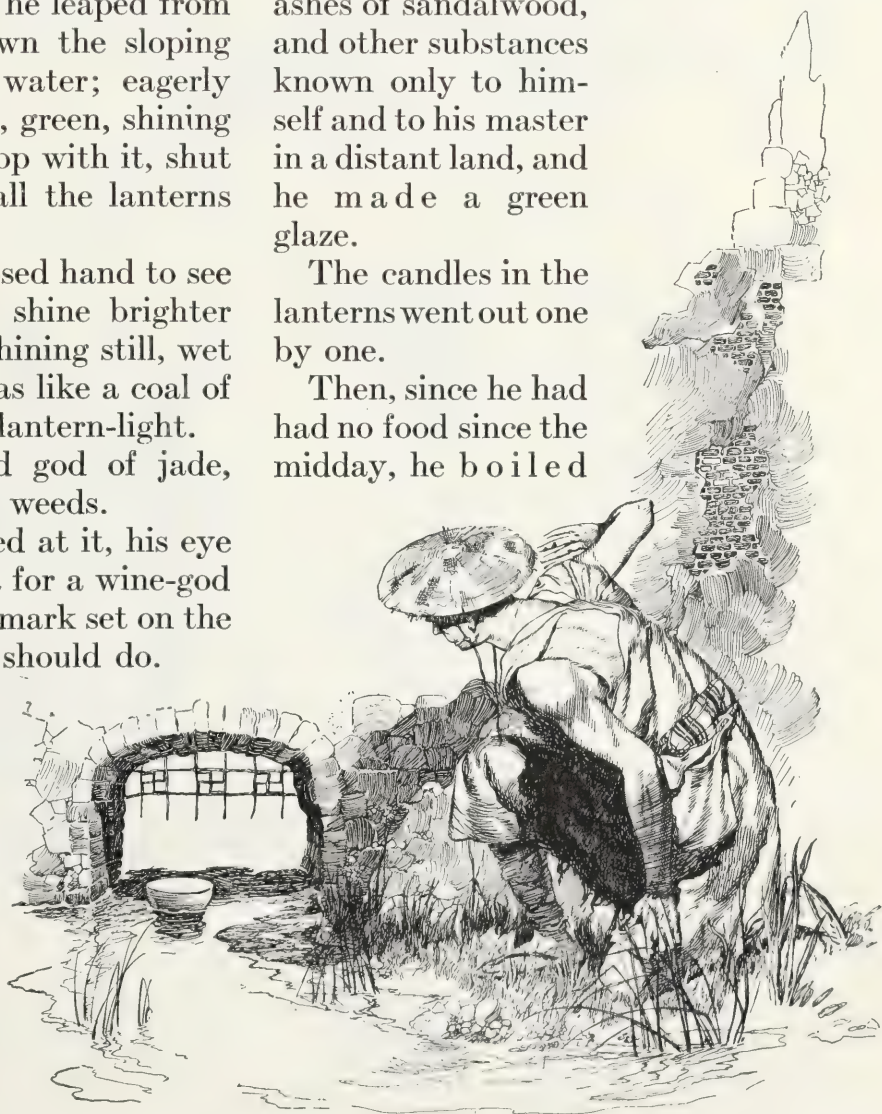
Then, for a fever was upon him, he brought a flat stone with a hollow in it, and a round hammer of bronze, and began to pound the little carved green god, and to break the pieces into other pieces, and yet into smaller pieces, and thus to a fine green powder, finer than sea sand, or rice flour, or ashes of daffodils.

The green stone was very hard, and the hammer was worn and warm to the touch when the powder was made, while Han-Mow, his cat, sat upon his folded fore legs and gazed green-eyed until the work was finished.

Then Hiro-tani lighted charcoal in his crucible, and poured the green powder into it, with wine and precious oil, and ashes of sandalwood, and other substances known only to himself and to his master in a distant land, and he made a green glaze.

The candles in the lanterns went out one by one.

Then, since he had had no food since the midday, he boiled



HE WATCHED IT DISAPPEAR THROUGH THE SMALL GRATING IN THE WALL

rice and ate of it, extinguished the crucible fire with sand, covered the glaze with an old bronze dish, and stretched himself upon the floor with Han-Mow, his cat, in his left sleeve, as the windows were lighted by the dawn.

Hiro-tani the Potter was awakened by a clatter upon the tiled floor. Being still in the daze of little sleep, he rubbed his eyes and beheld Tama-tama, his servant, upon his face, the bronze dish upon the floor, and golden limes scattered about the shop.

"Thou art always letting something fall, Tama-tama," he said, sitting up. His eyes rested upon the crucible, which was empty.

"I came upon you sleeping, O master," said Tama-tama, rubbing his nose

upon the floor, "and took the dish from the crucible to gather golden limes, thinking to please you, and when I returned I found Han-Mow, your illustrious cat, with his fore feet upon the crucible. And he had licked the last drop of the glaze from it. And his eyes were like two green jewels. He jumped through the window, and I was frightened and let fall the dish of golden limes."

"Go, Tama-tama, my servant!" Hiro-tani whispered. "Soil not the floor of my shop again with thy feet. Thou knowest not what thou hast done. But first find Han-Mow, my cat, and bring him to me."

And he bowed his head upon his knees and remained sitting until Tama-tama came with Han-Mow, the cat, bound in



AT THE DOOR WERE TWO SERVANTS OF THE DAIMYO, WITH DRAWN SWORDS



ONE OF THE SERVANTS STRUCK HIRO-TANI TO HIS KNEES

a piece of yellow silk and crying softly. Silently Tama-tama laid him at his master's feet, and sorrowfully he went away.

For a long time Hiro-tani sat bowed, then he took up Han-Mow, his cat, gently, and unbound the yellow silk from him, and looked into his burning green eyes.

But he said nothing, for the eyes were like those of Y-sa-nami whom he had loved in a distant land. . . .

For a long time he looked, and again a fever was upon him.

With his two thumbs he quickly pressed the two eyes of Han-Mow, his cat, and they fell into the crucible, and again he poured into it wine and precious oil and ashes of sandalwood and other substances known only to himself and to his master in a distant land. And he lighted charcoal and sat brooding before his crucible.

Han-Mow, his cat, ran thrice around

the shop, crying in the agony of his blindness, and fled down the sloping shore and into the sea.

It was now noon.

And as Hiro-tani the Potter brooded over his crucible, and beheld the two eyes of Han-Mow, his cat, whom he loved, a tear fell from his eye into the crucible, and was mingled with the wine and the precious oil and the ashes of sandalwood and the eyes of Han-Mow, which presently became a green glaze, as clear as spring water.

Feverishly the potter toiled; he made a fire-mask for the daimyo's bowl; he lifted the tile from the floor and drew forth the ivory box, and he took the clay tied with the thread of Y-sa-nami's hair, that she had left him for a death-gift, and mingled with it the distilled perfume of the almond-flower, until it was soft, and upon his wheel he quickly turned, in the shape of a young woman's breast, the bowl itself . . . and again the

death-letter of Y-sa-nami swam before his eyes. The bowl was thinner than smoke, and so fragile that he took the wheel into the sun that was setting, turning it swiftly to keep the bowl from falling, until the sun had dried it a little.

Then he dipped the bowl into his green glaze and laid it tenderly in the fire-mask, and set it in the kiln. And darkness fell, with only the faint rose light of the kiln in the shop; the moon rose, and Hiro-tani the Potter drew forth the bowl, and it was finished. The first night wind cooled it in the open window.

It was a vessel as transparent as green spring water, thinner than incense

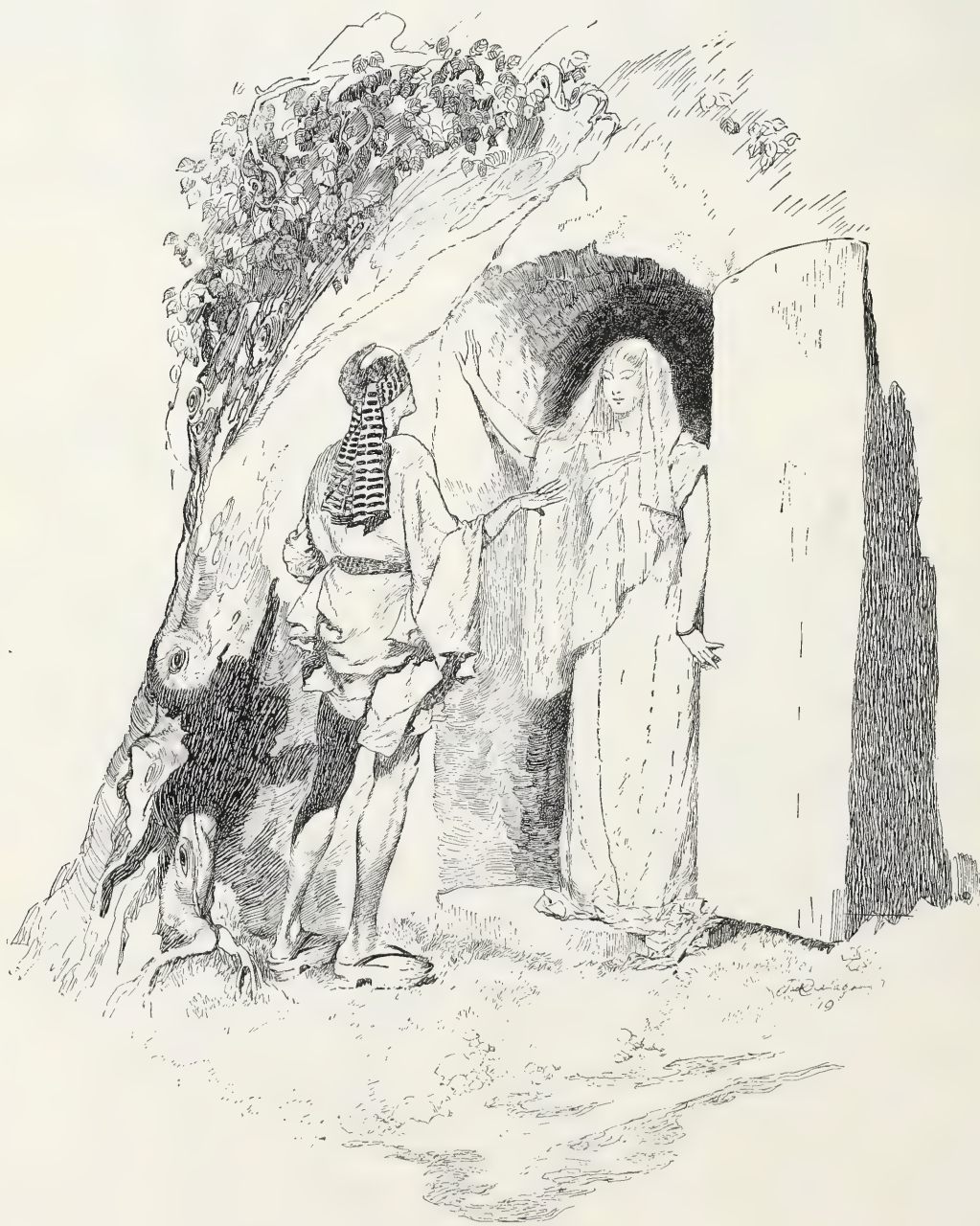
smoke, green as the moon is green, and shaped as moonlight upon a young woman's breast. The night wind sang in it song-legends of the city of Thoë.

And in the bottom of the green wraith-cup was a crystal bubble, as clear as morning rain water.

And this was the tear of Hiro-tani the Potter.

With the bowl in his hands, shrouded in an ell of gift silk, Hiro-tani sped along the highway by the sea and up the hill to where the daimyo's garden lay like an embroidered fabric upon a woman's shoulder.

And in the murmur of the sea and in



THE WOMAN OF THE YELLOW SPRING LOOKED AT HIM

the cries of the marsh-birds and in the whisper of the trees he heard only the cry of Han-Mow, his cat.

In a little wood he found the stream that watered the daimyo's garden, and set the bowl afloat with the tiny petal of the almond-flower, that the ghost-self of Y-sa-nami had left him, in it.

He followed the bowl as it floated gently down the stream, striking small stones now and then, and giving forth a sound that was like the bell of Han-Mow, his cat. And as the bowl came out of the little cypress wood into the light of the Second Moon of spring he saw that the thread of Y-sa-nami's hair had woven itself into the side of it, but it was a character that he could not read.

It was like a reflection of the moon; it was like a lantern buried in deep water; it was like a tear from the eye of the moon.

Hiro-tani followed it until he came to the wall of the daimyo's garden, and from his knees he watched it disappear through the small grating in the wall, left open by the daimyo's command.

He waited a little. He listened. . . .

A cry pierced the stillness as a sword severs a curtain of silk; a cry of admiration, of surprise, of awe—the tribute that comes occasionally to an artist, and once, perhaps, reflected Hiro-tani, to a potter.

And he stole sorrowfully away to the sea, and along the empty highway by the lost city of Thoë, to his twice empty shop, to drink rose-glaze.

He was awakened out of stupor by a knocking. At the door were two servants of the daimyo, with drawn swords.

In silence they led him along the sea and up the hill to the gate of the daimyo's garden.

"Was not the bowl as your master wished?" stammered Hiro-tani. But they answered nothing.

In his tea-house the daimyo sat, and with him his magician, of another country. Three dancing-women crouched on cushions mutely.

The daimyo frowned when Hiro-tani stood before him, and his magician

struck the bowl with his long finger-nail. The bowl gave forth a cry, and it was the cry of Han-Mow, the cat.

"There is a Haunter in the bowl, my master," said the magician.

"There are troubled images in it; there is a riddle in the bowl," said the daimyo, who made a sign to the two servants, who struck Hiro-tani to his knees, and one of them raised his two-handed sword.

"If the bowl be broken," said the magician, "the Haunter will return to the hills and no harm come to this house."

"The bowl is too beautiful to be broken," replied the daimyo, who was a fearless man. "This potter is the Haunter."

But as the sword hissed through the air the daimyo lifted a finger, the executioner swerved the blade, and it was splintered on the stone floor of the tea-house.

"It is an evil to attempt to kill a Haunter," resumed the daimyo.

"There is said to be a woman in the hills who can read riddles and cast out Haunters," hazarded the magician.

"What of her?" asked the daimyo.

"She is called the Woman of the Yellow Spring—the spring that once watered the streets of the city of Thoë," explained the magician, quaking.

"Go thou and fetch the woman," said the daimyo, sternly.

"Would it not be well to send this potter?" the magician argued, at his master's shoulder. "If he be a Haunter we shall have rid this honorable house of him peaceably. If he be only a potter he will be lost in the Hills of the Haunters and never seen again."

The daimyo reflected.

"Blindfold the potter's eyes and let him seek the Woman of the Spring," he said, finally. "If he be possessed, he can venture into the hills blindfolded, and if he is taken, it is of no consequence."

The magician drew a breath of relief.

And the two servants of the daimyo tied cloth about Hiro-tani's eyes, and led

him to the gate of the garden, the magician following.

"How shall I find the Woman of the Yellow Spring?" asked Hiro-tani, as they pushed him through the gate.

"Go up the hill beyond the garden wall," whispered the magician; "follow the stream past seven water-clefts eastways and two windways, and in the roots of a ruined cypress seek a door of ebon wood with a tortoise-shell upon it. Scratch with your finger-nails upon the tortoise-shell, and the Woman will open to you."

And when the potter's steps had ceased to crunch the moon-frozen grass beyond the gate, the servants tied the gate with ropes of black silk, lighted torches of cypress-oil; four fighting-men in dragon-masks of red lacquer beat with swords of bronze unceasingly the gilded wooden eave-bells of the tea-house, hung there to frighten Things, while the daimyo sat reflective, staring at his bowl, and the magician irritably plucked his beard.

Hiro-tani the Potter stumbled and fell and ran, and crept and felt his way through the hills, past seven water-clefts (which he knew by the sound of them) eastways, and two windways, and found a spring that issued from a hollow in the roots of a cypress-tree in the rocks, for he dared not take off his blindfold lest he should see fearsome Things. There was a polished door of ebon wood in the elbow of the rock, with a tortoise-shell nailed upon it. He scratched with his nails upon the tortoise-shell, which made a noise like owls.

"Who calls me?" asked a gentle voice, and the voice was like an echo of Y-sa-nami whom he loved in a distant land.

"Hiro-tani the Potter," he answered, trembling.

The door was opened, and he felt a light through his blindfold. The Woman of the Yellow Spring looked long at him and said, softly, "Why does Hiro-tani the Master Potter come to the Yellow Spring with a bandage upon his eyes?"

"O Woman of the Spring," said Hiro-

tani, "the daimyo of Salan sent me to beg thee to cast out the Haunter from a bowl which I had the misfortune to make for him. If thou canst not cast it out I shall die, and the bowl be buried with me; the bowl is too precious to be buried."

"I will come," said the witch, and her voice was a ghost-memory to Hiro-tani the Potter.

She took him by the sleeve and led him past the water-clefts by turnings of her own, and down the stony hill to the gate of the daimyo's garden.

The Second Moon of spring had bur-nished the Hills of the Haunters; the gilded bells of wood were silenced, the silken ropes sword-severed, as the Woman of the Spring whispered softly at the cranny of the daimyo's garden gate.

The daimyo still sat in his carved chair, contemplating his bowl, but he had not drunk the rice wine that was in it.

It was now first cock-crow.

The Woman came into the tea-house, leading Hiro-tani by his sleeve. At the sight of her, shrouded in a single square of yellow silk, one of the dancing-women screamed and buried her face in cushions.

The Woman took the bowl from its slender stand of teak and looked long into it.

No word was spoken, but the magician coughed.

"There are eyes in the bowl," she said, finally—"the eyes of a god. . . . There is the hair of a woman's head, wrought to be read. . . . There is a secret to be told. . . . A promise is here. . . . There is fear in the bowl. . . . It is a crossing star of life and death. . . . Dead things of the sea and tender things of the moon. . . . Resolve awaits understanding. . . . Faith leads beauty. . . . I can read no more. Who looks into the bowl will find his answer."

"Remove the blindfold," commanded the daimyo.

And Hiro-tani looked into the bowl that he had made, and he *saw* the mirrored eyes of Y-sa-nami whom he loved

in a distant land, but he *said*: "O Han-Mow, my beloved cat, thou didst drink my glaze of jade, and thy green eyes I wrought into this bowl therefor, lest I die, and because of my love for thee a tear from my eye fell into the glaze and I used the death-gift of Y-sa-nami, my love, because of my fear.

"I have no fear!"

And he threw the bowl from him, and it was broken upon the great bronze gong that hung like a winter sun at the right hand of the daimyo. The gong shivered into clangor that shook the tea-house, and the sound of it eddied and tingled into music that was like laughter and crying together, and the Woman of the Spring came out of her veil of yellow silk (that was like a pool upon the floor) and fell upon the neck of Hiro-tani the Potter. She was a young woman like a little almond-tree, with eyes like green marsh-fire, and he looked well upon her, and saw that she *was* indeed Y-sa-nami, his love, come again to him.

And Y-sa-nami, his love, fell at the feet of the daimyo, crying: "This is my lover of a distant land, born with the flame-stain of fear. My death-wish in leaving him was for my bloom-return

in his heart. I became the Woman of the Spring that sea-waters the jade-paved streets of Thoë, but for his fear of death I could not come to him. The breaking of the bowl was the ghost-battle of a wine-god intermingled with a fear, and battle-sung with a cloisonné hair of that Y-sa-nami's head that he loved. His tear of sweet tenderness has exalted my lord's cup! I beseech thy august pardon for him, lord; his blood is Samurai, even as thy own.

"The fear of Hiro-tani was left like a sandal at your door."

"Thou *art* a fearless man, to break a bowl of mine," the daimyo said, and lifted up Y-sa-nami from the floor.

By virtue of his rank he wedded them with two rings of jade from his thumb, while the magician, searching in a corner, found a glittering jewel like a spark of white moonfire. And this he slipped into his master's hand as these two went out of the tea-house into the sea-morning, and down the hill to the potter's house at the edge of the city of Thoë, escorted by servants with two-handed swords.

And the sound of a little tinkling bell, as of Han-Mow, their cat, followed them.

THE VISION

BY GRACE S. H. TYTUS

ACROSS the dreams of years a little hill
Obtrudes its shining outline; very still
The sunshine lies upon it, and wild bees,
Like fairy galleons, sail its heather seas.
We knew the path so well—and then the way
Began to fade a little, till to-day
Our unfamiliar feet on that same sod
Can scarce make out to find the path we trod.
Only our hearts are loyal—for our will
Has always faltered ere we reached that hill!
Can we not stay our feet, lest we forget,
And, thanking God the way is open yet,
Set them, before it is too late, to seek
The old green pasture, and the heather peak?

THE BRITISH CRISIS

BY WALTER E. WEYL

ON the surface England seems unchanged. There are the same well-kept farms, the same gently browsing sheep, the same charming rustic villages. London also seems as usual with its vast stretches of inconvenient houses, its crowded trams and buses, its Underground, with the names of the stations concealed amid advertisements of tea and cocoa and soap. Everywhere are the same obsequious, quick, dull tradesmen; the old courtesy on the streets, the accustomed throngs larger, if anything, than before. London, like the rest of England, tries to keep to its old habits: to cricket, newspaper-reading, afternoon tea, betting on the races. The Englishman might still say with M. Bergeret's dog Riquet, "Everything changes; only I remain."

Look beneath the surface, however (you need not look very deep), and you see that everything essential is completely altered, and that the old England is gone. Everything tells you this—the signs "To Let" on the old houses, rendered uninhabitable by the scarcity of servants; the advertisements in the newspapers, the price marks in the shop-windows; the lack of cabs; the changed attitude of servants, workmen, workwomen; the editorials in the newspapers; the talk on bus and tram and train, in restaurant and public-house; the altered mood of the people, a mood easier to feel than to describe. You can note the change in your own creature comforts. Before the war even a relatively poor man might feel rich in England. It was a land of cheap luxuries. Everybody ministered to the wants of the man with a few gold sovereigns jangling in his pocket. To-day prices are high, com-

modities scarce, servants few and independent, and hotel rooms and apartments as well as modern houses unobtainable. The good gold sovereign, which used to buy so much, has modestly disappeared, and in its place is the flimsy pound note, not much to look at and not worth much over the shop counter. You no longer feel free in England; what with food-cards and police regulations and unpleasant restrictions of all sorts you might as well be in France or Germany. People are spending their paper pounds lavishly as they used to spend their gold sovereigns, but one misses to-day the serene confidence of five years ago. Men talk to you despondently of the loss of British investments abroad and discuss with some anxiety the heavy taxes, the new government expenditures, the fall in exchange, the enormous domestic debt and the great foreign debt, most of which is owed to America. There is a certain envy of the United States, which has borne its lesser war burden so easily, and occasionally one hears a rather ill-natured hint that we in America have prospered by the war at the expense of nations which came more promptly to civilization's rescue. One hears everywhere of the danger of American competition in much the terms, though not in quite the spirit, in which the English used to refer to German competition. The more far-seeing Englishmen realize that England has lost, at least temporarily, a position of vantage that she had held for over a century. The English are worried over coal prices, labor conditions, governmental incapacity, the export situation, the solvency of the nations on the Continent. The outlook is gray.

The more one studies the problem the more depressing it becomes. The financial situation, the general economic situation, the state of the export trade, the temper of labor—all of these, from the point of view of England's ability to hold her own in world competition, are exceedingly grave.

When the war broke out Great Britain was burdened with a debt of £645,000,000. By March 31, 1919, that debt had increased to £7,435,000,000, or to almost \$4,000 for every family in the Kingdom. (An equal per capita debt in the United States would amount to about \$85,000,000,000.) This debt, moreover, is increasing. In the year ending March 31, 1920, Great Britain will have a new deficit of £300,000,000. On March 31, 1919, the floating debt was £1,402,000,000, chiefly in three months' Treasury bills, and great efforts must be constantly made to renew these recurring obligations. Finally there are hundreds of millions of national currency notes, which the government is theoretically obliged to meet on demand. On April 23, 1919, these notes amounted to £349,000,000 and were supported by a gold reserve of only £28,500,000, or one dollar of gold to over twelve dollars of paper. Great Britain is definitely on a paper basis. She is overburdened by an enormous debt, which at only 4 per cent. interest would incur annual charges greatly in excess of the total income of her government in 1914. It is small wonder that members of the House of Lords speak of "the serious condition of the finances," and warn the nation that it is "heading straight for national bankruptcy." To liquidate this enormous debt of over \$35,000,000,000 will strain England's financial ability to the utmost.

Not that there is any likelihood of a rapid extinguishment of this debt. The government is urging, but not practising, economy. The end of the fighting brought little reduction in its vast expenditures. From April 1, 1918, to the day of the armistice Great Britain's expenditures were £7,442,000 per day;

from the armistice to March 31, 1919, they were no less than £6,476,000, a decrease of only about one-eighth. The daily expenditures since the armistice were almost twelve times as large as in the year 1914.

Some of this expense is due to demobilization and is therefore temporary, but much of it threatens to be permanent. The victory over Germany has not lessened the size of the fleet, but increased it, and the military authorities are now counting upon the maintenance of an army of nine hundred thousand men. The Secretary of State for War insists that the peace has increased the commitments of Great Britain and that the country must keep larger forces than ever in Europe, Asia, and Africa. "After depriving Germany of its navy," says *Common Sense*, in its issue of March 15, 1919, "the Naval estimates for the first year of peace are treble those for the year 1914. After destroying German militarism the Army estimates are fifteen times as high as they were when German militarism was intact. After depriving Germany of its airships and aeroplanes, we are to spend 65,000,000 sterling (which is more than double the whole Army estimates of 1914) upon the Air Service alone!" Everywhere are new military expenditures. The campaign against Russia is enormously expensive. Simultaneously new plans for industrial reconstruction and social betterment make vast new demands upon the Treasury at a time when abnormally high prices swell the cost of all ventures. Great Britain's financial situation and outlook is not so desperate as that of France, Belgium, Italy, Germany, Austria, and Hungary, but it is, to say the least, supremely critical.

Of even graver import is the foreign debt. On paper this does not seem hopeless, for, while England owes the United States about a billion pounds, a larger sum is owed to her by her allies and her dominions. On March 31, 1919, this debt to England aggregated £1,739,000,000. But the problem is, neverthe-

less, serious, since England desires to pay the United States and is by no means sure that she will ever be paid in full by her allies. For France to pay will be difficult, since France has lost the larger part of her foreign investments and has been crippled by her losses in men and in material wealth. For Italy it will be even more difficult to pay either interest or principal. The immediate problem of these continental countries is not how to extinguish their foreign debt, but to increase it; to secure new loans in order to feed their populations, replenish their stock of raw materials, and start their machinery again. All these countries are launching out into fresh new expenditures, especially for military purposes, and none of them in the next few years will be able to export as much as they import. Consequently, they will not be able to meet their interest charges except by further borrowing. For the same reason it is doubtful whether a German indemnity will relieve the situation, since Germany also will be importing rather than exporting and her indemnity can only be paid by an excess of export of goods and credits. In the meanwhile, England is faced with her debt of five billion dollars to the United States and with her obligation to pay hundreds of millions of dollars annually in interest charges.

The situation is rendered worse for Great Britain by the fact that she has already disposed of a part of her property held abroad. It was conservatively estimated in 1914 that she held some £3,500,000,000 in investments in her colonies and in foreign lands. To what extent this huge resource has been depleted we do not know. It is certain that England has not suffered as heavily as France, whose investments were largely in Russia, Turkey, and the Balkans, but she has, nevertheless, sold huge blocks of foreign securities. The income from these investments, although greatly lessened, will prove a valuable resource in the present emergency. If she still has ten billion dollars abroad, bringing in a

revenue of five or six hundred millions of dollars, it will help her to return to something like normal conditions and to break the full shock of the blow that she has received from the war.

Notwithstanding this resource, however, her situation with regard to foreign countries is still dangerous. England is an overpopulated land, obliged either to starve or to import enormous quantities of food and raw materials, and to pay for them. In the past she has paid for them by the interest on her foreign investments; by the use of her shipping; by the premiums paid to her insurance companies, financiers, etc.; by her great manufacturing establishments at home; by the expenditures of foreign travelers and residents in England. She not only paid, but had from one hundred to two hundred millions of pounds as an annual surplus to be invested abroad. She managed excellently. Her wage-earning class, though poor, was richer than the corresponding class in other European countries, and she maintained many wealthy people, and perhaps a larger group of non-producing *rentiers* than any country except France. But all these sources of income are now in some measure threatened. Her foreign investments have dwindled and she has become indebted to America. She faces a new and formidable competition in the shipping business, and she has already lost her position as the world's banking center, which formerly brought her a steady profit and innumerable excellent investment chances abroad. Her manufacturing industries must, therefore, from now on bear a far larger part of the cost of paying for her food and raw materials than ever before, and these industries must compete with the industries of highly organized nations on terms which are less advantageous than a decade ago.

Not until we translate these facts into figures do we realize the magnitude of the task Great Britain faces. In the fiscal year 1914 she imported almost \$1,500,000,000 worth of food, drink, and tobacco, and about \$1,150,000,000 worth

of raw materials (wood, cotton, wool, hides and skins, nuts, oils, fats, gums, etc.). To import the same quantities to-day would probably cost at least twice as much. To pay for these, at least in part, she exported coal and various manufactures (iron and steel manufactures, electrical apparatus, machinery, textiles, chemicals and drugs, ships, railroad cars, etc.). Even after effecting these exports she had a visible balance against her amounting, roughly, to \$700,000,000.

Despite her revenue abroad, it was always upon her manufactures that England was obliged mainly to rely in order to pay for her imports. She was forced to manufacture cheaply enough to secure foreign orders. She managed to do this, in competition with Germany, Japan, the United States, Belgium, and other countries by reason of certain advantages which she possessed.

These advantages were in part historical. England was the first country to go over to the modern industrial system and she had therefore been able to establish a good industrial system, a capable national machinery, an effective working-class, and an unequalled prestige. Apart from this historical advantage, moreover, she was in possession of large supplies of coal, iron, and limestone, and she had the further advantage of an excellent network of navigable rivers, comparative freedom from attack by foreign nations, a small army, free trade, and vast supplies of cheap capital. The British manufacturer could borrow at lower rates than could his competitor in the United States or Germany. Great Britain was also favored by her immense merchant marine. Her geographical situation was also advantageous. She stood at the gateway of Europe. She had at her back the vast wealthy continent of Europe to trade with and draw profits from.

She labored under corresponding disadvantages. If the British industrial system was the oldest, it was far from being the most effective or the best or-

ganized. The German manufacturer was more scientific than his British competitor, as well as more modern and open-minded, and the German workman was better trained than was the English workman. If ships helped England, railroads came to the aid of her manufacturing rivals on the Continent. The German government, the German railroads, the German banks, all helped in the development of the German industry, which was more adventurous and self-conscious than the British industry. Year by year British manufacturing, though increasing, lost in competition with German and American manufacturing. Even before the war British industrial primacy was threatened.

It is no longer threatened; it is lost. Germany for a time is out of the running, but in the mean while the United States has advanced at a giant's pace and even Japan has gained at England's expense. Great Britain returns to the world competition more severely handicapped and in a relatively worse position than before the war.

In the first place, many of her best markets are gone. Of all European countries importing British produce in 1913, Germany stood easily first, absorbing over two hundred million dollars' worth of goods. Russia, Italy, Holland, Belgium, Sweden, and Norway, to say nothing of France, were heavy importers. To-day this trade is largely curtailed by reason of Europe's impoverishment. There still remains British India, the largest single importer of British produce, as well as Australia and China. In Asia, however, Japanese competition is cutting into British trade while American competition is making itself felt not only in Canada and South America, but even in Europe. The market for British goods is not as wide as five years ago. The destitution of a great part of the world means a circumscription of British trade.

Moreover, Great Britain no longer produces as cheaply as formerly. In the past England has relied largely on rela-

tively low-waged labor to produce cheap goods. Her labor is no longer cheap. It has become dearer because food has become dearer, and because labor itself has become scarcer, and because there has come about a revolt of labor.

What is happening at the moment is an increasing dependence of manufacturing upon agricultural nations. The nations that produce food and raw materials (the essentials of life) have gained supremacy over those which merely fashion things, for in times of abnormal scarcity it is the primal wants that must be satisfied. This fact gives countries like the United States, the Argentine, and eventually Russia, an enormous advantage over manufacturing countries like England, Germany, Austria, Belgium, and Poland. Industrial nations must pay whatever is asked for the food that they need. The same is true of raw materials (cotton, wool, copper, iron, coal).

Because of the scarcity and dearness of food, wages in Great Britain, as elsewhere, were bound to rise. But wages have risen also because the war has decimated labor. It has killed and maimed millions, and has undermined the morale, contentment, and discipline of other millions of workers. It was habit, even more than necessity, that kept the carpenter to his lathe and the shoemaker to his last. The war has disturbed and in part destroyed that habit of subordination and submission to disciplined work at monotonous tasks. Wage-earners are no longer willing to toil as long as before, nor for as low wages. They are filled with new conceptions of what is due them and no longer wish to go back to their old jobs. The wage-earners of the world—and not least in Great Britain—have become more revolutionary. You cannot talk to them about the necessity for an export trade. They will answer that, export trade or none, their own wants come first. They refuse to be sacrificed, as in the past, to the need of securing foreign markets.

We see this revolt of labor in other

countries besides England, but nowhere is it more menacing than there. The reason is not far to seek. In England manufacturers, as a class, have never clearly recognized that high wages may mean low labor cost. Their approved method of making profits has been immediately to cut piece prices as soon as the men's earnings reached a certain level. The wage-earners have retorted by limiting output, and as a result the product of industry has been smaller than in countries like America with a more enlightened capitalism. The enormous strength of the British trade-unions, moreover, makes a revolt of labor in that country far more difficult to suppress. The wage-earners have the power and seem to have the inclination to give little and to ask much.

This situation has grown very much more acute since the armistice. All through Great Britain wage-earners are restless. They are tired of the overwork, the over-discipline, and the rigid repression of four years. They are infuriated at the profiteers. They are skeptical of the good-will of their employers and of the honesty of Parliament. Fair words and promises they will no longer accept; they are surfeited with promises that have not been kept. Disgusted with the hypocrisy under which imperialists are asking for their blind allegiance, disillusioned concerning the ability and integrity of the ruling classes, beset and tortured by an increasing cost of living that robs them of the fruits of their extra exertion, they are determined to secure their own rights. They will no longer be managed or controlled or disciplined by men not of their own choosing, and they will use their newly acquired power to maintain their own position, whatever employers or politicians say. As a result there are sporadic and seemingly causeless strikes, a growing spirit of insubordination, and an unwillingness to obey even their own leaders unless those leaders agree with the rank and file.

England is thus faced with the neces-

sity of producing more and consuming less at a time when her wage-earners are insistent upon working less and consuming more. There is only one way out of this dilemma. If England is both to satisfy her wage-earners and to re-establish her former position in the world's market, she must completely reorganize her national industry, render it more efficient, and secure a larger production with less effort. It has been claimed by many that she has already made long steps toward the attainment of this greater efficiency and that as a result of the lessons of this war she will now forge ahead of all competitors. As yet, however, there is little indication of such a general improvement. Output diminishes and costs increase. The prices of necessities are higher to-day (July, 1919) than they were six months ago, and, as the currency becomes inflated, money wages go up, although real wages lag behind. In one industry after another employers complain of their inability to compete with the better organized industries of the United States, although American wages are still much higher than those of Great Britain. England, industrially, seems paralyzed, hamstrung. She is afraid to import freely; she fails to produce easily or cheaply; she seems unable to regain her old markets.

The coal situation in Great Britain to-day typifies this failure to maintain output and to make progress. "Coal," says Lord Inchcape, "has been the maker of modern Britain. . . . It has done more to determine the bent of British activities and the form of British society than all the Parliaments of the past hundred and twenty years." The whole industrial system of Great Britain has been built up on large supplies of cheap coal. Coal represents one-tenth of the value of all British exports and seven-tenths of their bulk.

Despite this importance of coal, however, the industry has never been organized scientifically. It is, of course, true that there is a vast difference among coal-mines, many of which are handi-

capped by thin seams, loose joints, soft or broken roofs, bands of stone, sporadic concretions of stone in coal, water, gas, and other difficult conditions. As a whole, the British mines are not so easily worked as are the mines of America. According to evidence brought before the Sankey Commission, however, the organization of British mining has been singularly ineffective. There has been an absence of modern machinery, a lack of scientific management, and an inability to get the best work out of the men. The output of the mines per unit of labor has steadily decreased. From 1886 to 1914 the output per man employed in the British mines fell from 315 to 252 tons, while during approximately the same period (1886 to 1912) the output per man in American mines increased from 400 to 660 tons. In 1886 the American miner got out 27 per cent. more coal than did the British miner; in 1912 he mined 162 per cent. more. The British industry lagged hopelessly behind.

During the war the British coal industry still further declined. While American mines poured out a vastly increased output, the product of the British mines fell off. To-day with the same number of miners at work in Great Britain as in 1913 the annual production has become 45,000,000 tons less. The owners fear, moreover, that with the reduced hours, which came into effect in July, the falling off as compared with 1913 will be no less than 70,000,000 tons. If this occurs, and the output falls to 200,000,000 tons a year, the export trade will be gone and a system of permanent rationing will be fastened upon British industry and upon British home consumers of coal. Already the price of coal has been raised six shillings a ton, and may be raised still higher. The effect of this increase of price and the lessening of output will be to handicap all manufacturers who use coal (ship-builders, metallurgists, textile manufacturers, etc.) and, by raising the cost of living, increase wages and labor costs throughout the Kingdom.

The miners are demanding the nationalization of the mines on the plea that only by so doing can the output be increased. The mine owners, on the other hand, are bitterly fighting nationalization. They believe that the government would run the mines for the miners instead of for the whole community, and that output would be further diminished. Let the miners increase output "and limit their standard of living to compete with other nations," insists Lord Gainford, and "the employers would then be in a position to see how far they could increase wages." A desperate fight is on between the employers and employees of this industry; strikes break out, the output is further restricted, and the mines themselves are endangered, while each side insists upon its own solution.

In the midst of this conflict the government seems to have no policy. It makes all sorts of promises to all sorts of parties and salves its conscience by keeping none. It promised government ownership of railroads and also private ownership, conscription and no conscription, intervention in Russia and non-intervention. In the labor problem it is irresolute. It has plans, but no plan.

This impotence of the government is easily understood. It is the government of a Khaki Parliament elected on issues quite extraneous to those now agitating the public. It is accused by its enemies of being unrepresentative of the majority opinion of Great Britain. Moreover, it is bewildered by the innumerable unsettled problems resulting from the war or left unsettled during the war. It is forced to concern itself with the Peace Treaty, the special treaty with France, the Irish question, the problem of Russian intervention, the Syrian problem, etc. It seems to have neither the time nor the inclination nor the ability to work out a sane, comprehensive plan of action for industrial regeneration.

Its handling of the railroad problem is an illustration of its seeming lack of capacity to grasp these problems as a

whole. During the recent election Mr. Churchill definitely stated that the government had decided to nationalize the railroads, but later, when the Prime Minister was interviewed on this subject by representatives of the National Union of Railroadmen, he was forced to inform them that the whole question was "held over for the present." In other words, the government had no railway policy.

What this means is that the government also has no reconstruction policy. It is urgently necessary to build a vast number of houses in England and to build them in small towns in order to prevent overcrowding, slums, and degeneration. But houses cannot, as a rule, be built in towns where there are no factories to employ the people who live in the houses, and factories cannot be built where there are no houses in which the workmen are to live. Whether or not a new small town can be created or an old one be enlarged will depend upon whether transport conditions permit the small town to compete with the enormous cities of to-day. It is a question of transport rates and transport service. The actual system of a war-time control of the railways will not solve the problem, because this control keeps alive the present sectionalism of the railroad systems and prevents unity. Nor does it provide a stimulus for new railroad development, which is essential if there is to be any true reconstruction in Great Britain. Moreover, there is as yet no grasping of the whole problem of transportation in Great Britain. The railroads are only one part of transportation. There are also the canals, adapted for heavy, slow freight; transportation by automobile, which is likely to be very important in a country of short hauls; the street and interurban electric-railway problem, to say nothing of the shipping problem and transportation by air. What is needed is a coherent, unified plan, a great transportation system by land, water, and air that will meet the requirements of an industrial nation like England. It is necessary to plan.

It is fatal to attempt to muddle through.

As one looks about England to-day and notes one discouraging situation after another, the question arises: What is the way out? Is there a way out?

The answer depends upon how we interpret the question. If we mean how is England to recover the industrial primacy of the world, the answer, I am convinced, must be, she will never recover it. England is an island of great resources inhabited by an intelligent and extraordinarily capable people, but she is, after all, only an island. She cannot hope for an industrial future comparable with that of great continental peoples like the Americans, the Russians, and eventually, perhaps, the Chinese. She has not the basis in natural resources. True, there is the British Empire, in which many Englishmen hope to discover the foundation for a greater national prosperity based on the economic dependence of the dominions upon England. Already the present Parliament has launched out upon a policy of Imperial preference by which the Empire eventually is to be fused into one economic unit. It is a grandiose project, too vast and complicated to be discussed at the fag end of this article. It may be doubted, however, whether the success of this venture will be as signal as its advocates predict. Quite apart from the danger of commercial retaliation, will not the higher cost of labor in England, caused by this policy of Imperial preference, make production more expensive than ever, and will not England as a consequence lose as much in the continental, South American, and North American markets as she gains in her own dependencies? Can England permanently compete with the United States in Canada? Economic union is a matter not so much of political affiliation as of attraction, and attraction depends upon magnitude, wealth, and nearness. In all probability, Canada will become increasingly American in its economic texture. The Ottawa manufacturer or Nova

Scotian mine owner will sell in the best market and borrow in the best. The same is true of Australia, British South Africa, and of all colonies and dependencies.

But even if England can never again become the leading industrial nation of the world, even if she loses her preferred position in banking, insurance, and, perhaps, shipping, as she has lost her pre-eminence in mining and manufacturing, she has, nevertheless, an excellent chance of remaining a wealthy, influential, and industrially advanced nation. To accomplish this, however, will not be easy. She must increase production while at the same time satisfying the just demands of her workers. She must reorganize her industry completely, devoting to that industry intelligent and scientific thought as Germany did before the war. She cannot maintain the largest navy and one of the largest armies in the world, carrying on wars everywhere and at the same time successfully compete with nations bearing a lighter burden. She can no longer trust to prestige, conservatism, laxity, disunity, or muddling in the newer and fiercer competition with which she is faced to-day.

This crisis is one toward which England was already tending before the war, but which the war has brought rapidly nearer. England, like France, Italy, Germany, and Russia, is now learning that no nation can really win a long modern war, and that victory is almost as disastrous as defeat. The war has not only destroyed men, societies, wealth, and habits, but it has cut so deep at the roots of our whole industrial system that our old values are disappearing and we are forced to deal with new values that we do not yet understand. What is happening is a change so vast and bewildering, so inchoate and vague, that we are not yet adjusted to it, are striking blindly at it, are invoking it and seeking to exorcise it by means of old formulas that have lost their meaning. We are caught in a movement which is serious to some nations and perilous to others. Of these latter England is one.

WAR INVENTIONS THAT CAME TOO LATE

BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE

THE war that came to an end with the signing of the armistice on November 11, 1918, differed from previous wars principally in that it was a contest of brains much more than it was a contest of brute forces. Machines counted for more than men, mind for more than muscle. Germany relied on her assumed superiority in applied science as much as she did upon her army to win the war. That the resourcefulness of the Allied scientists and the ingenuity of their engineers could match and overmatch her own technical achievements, Germany did not believe.

Germany was, however, defeated by precisely the sort of technical and scientific ability of which she had long claimed a monopoly; and to this end America contributed even more effectively with the products of her research laboratories and her engineering works than she did even in conflict of troops.

America's entrance into the war may fairly be said to have raised the question whether the traditional "Yankee ingenuity" was merely a tradition, or whether the strain of skill and resourcefulness bred of pioneer necessity persisted in our later cosmopolitan breed. The event proved that the old strain still ran in Yankee blood. It is not belittling the scientific achievements in war of the British, the French, and the Italians to claim that American applied science, expressed in death-dealing devices, had placed at the command of Germany's enemies, when the war ended, means of forcing the Hun to choose between complete surrender and utter annihilation. It is not known how much the Germans knew or had guessed of the resources which America was prepared to bring

into the field against her in the spring of 1919; it is not an unfair assumption that it was the German awakening to the resistless power of the forces about to be unloosed that led to her unexpected plea for mercy last November.

With America's declaration of war there was begun the mobilization not only of an army of combat, but of the scientific and technical skill of the entire nation. University professors were taken out of their class-rooms, put into uniform, and given the chance to apply their scientific knowledge for their country's service; inventors were given *carte blanche* to perfect their dreams; engineers were set problems that challenged their ingenuity. And stupendous and amazing were the results.

With many of these results the public is familiar. The Browning machine-gun, the Liberty motor, the depth-bomb, the submarine-detector, the radio telephone—these and a score of other Yankee devices and inventions which had been perfected and produced in time to be of actual war service have been widely discussed, criticized, and finally accepted in the matter-of-course way in which Americans accept new marvels. But there were even more marvelous achievements than any of these, which we had no opportunity to use before the war ended, but which constitute, in the story of their inception and their development, one of the most wonderful chapters in the history of applied science.

First in the list, not only because in itself it epitomizes the romance of chemistry, but because its discovery has placed forever in the hands of the United States the most powerful weapon of war ever wielded, is Lewisite.

Lewisite is a gas so deadly that it has seventy-two times the killing power of the most deadly gas used in the war. When the armistice was signed the United States had manufactured and on hand enough of this poison to kill the entire German army and was making it at the rate of ten tons a day. The United States, moreover, was the only power that participated in the Hague Peace Conferences that was not bound by the Hague Convention against the use of poison gas in war. Germany, the first to violate this rule of war, had been one of the first to ratify it; America, on the advice of the late Captain Mahan, had declined to bind herself not to use poison gas.

Acting on the principle we had announced in 1900, that the use of gas was more humane than the use of bombs, bullets, or high explosives and infinitely more humane than the torpedo, our government was preparing literally to smother the German army. We were making all of the gases that had been used by any of the combatants, and in addition we had Lewisite. We had in preparation, too, huge mobile guns for hurling shells filled with gas to incredible distances, and, even more wonderful, we had all but perfected and were preparing to manufacture automatic apparatus for dropping containers of this new poison from the air, at a distance of a hundred miles or more from our base of operations.

The chemical secret of Lewisite has not been disclosed. It is the invention of Prof. W. Lee Lewis, who left the chair of chemistry at Northwestern University to serve as a captain in the Ordnance Department and was assigned to duty with the chemists of the Bureau of Mines, who conducted American poison-gas researches in the early stages of our war participation. While on this duty in the laboratories at American University, Captain Lewis put together a chemical compound that had never before been recorded and which, in its peculiarly toxic effects, acts upon the human sys-

tem in a manner different from any known poison.

No secret of all the war secrets was more carefully guarded than this discovery. The substance itself was known in the official records only as "G-34." Curious inquirers were told that G-34 was "methyl," a word that has no relation to the actual stuff. Only a few officers in the Division of Chemical Warfare knew anything about it, and fewer still had any conception of its potency and purpose.

Lewisite is described as "an oily liquid of an amber color and the odor of geranium blossoms." It is highly explosive, and on contact with water it bursts into flame. Let loose in the open air, it diffuses into a gas which kills instantly on the inhalation of the smallest amount that can by any means be measured. A single drop of the liquid on the hand causes death in a few hours, the victim dying in fearful agony. The pain on contact is acute and almost unendurable. It acts by penetrating through the skin or, in the gaseous form, through the lung tissue, poisoning the blood, affecting in turn the kidneys, the lung tissue, and the heart.

When the armistice was signed the United States had on hand one hundred and fifty tons of this stuff, enough to poison half the population of the country if the containers were opened at strategic points. To-day there is none in existence except a few carefully guarded samples in the possession of the Bureau of Mines and the War Department; even the buildings in which it was made and the machinery used in its manufacture have been utterly destroyed.

Lewisite was manufactured at Willoughby, Ohio, a suburb of Cleveland, in a plant called by the men who worked in it "the mouse-trap." Men who went in never came out until the war was over; each of the eight hundred workers signed an agreement of voluntary imprisonment before going to work. They could write letters, but could give no address but that of a locked box in the Cleve-

land post-office; telegrams were cleared through the General Electric Company's works at Nela Park, where Col. F. M. Dorsey, in charge of the plant, had been chemical engineer before putting on khaki. The hours were long, the work hard, the risk tremendous. But in spite of the frightfully poisonous nature of the stuff they were making, not a man was poisoned; the only death in the plant was from influenza. To protect the men while at work there was devised a mask and overall suit that rendered them absolutely immune. Masks that gave full protection against the most powerful German gases were useless against Lewisite.

With the war over, all this labor went for nothing—except to leave in the possession of the War Department the secret of the most lethal weapon of offense and defense yet devised. To keep the secret from prying eyes that might deduce it from the arrangement of the plant, the character of the machinery, or some traces of the substance itself or its components, the entire system of laboratories and barracks was destroyed in less than three months after the armistice. The stock on hand, loaded in cast-iron containers, was placed on a train and sent through on special schedule to the seaboard, a guard of soldiers constituting the whole crew except the engine-driver. At Baltimore the containers were placed on a ship, and, fifty miles out at sea, at a point where the Atlantic Ocean is three miles deep, they were gently lowered overside. Time and rust will release their lethal contents, the chemical action of the sea-water will neutralize the poison, and all that will remain of Lewisite will be the samples in Washington and the sealed formula.

For projecting Lewisite against the enemy two principal methods had been adopted and preparations for their execution were under way. One was by means of eight-inch shells, to be fired from guns mounted on railway carriages. Toward the end of the war it was disclosed that five fourteen-inch naval guns

on railway mounts were in use by the American forces on the western front. It was not known, however, that the army had devised and was manufacturing a quantity of railway mounts for eight-inch guns designed for hurling gas-shells filled with Lewisite and having a range of more than fifteen miles. But our government possessed an even more efficient means for smothering the Germans.

This was the automatic airplane, a device which was kept so secret that even six months after the signing of the armistice only a few of the higher officials of the War Department knew of its existence, and most of them did not understand the principle of its operation. Only one of these machines had been finished, but its success proved the possibility of constructing cheaply and speedily a fleet of airplanes that could be flown without having a human being on board and which could be relied upon to drop bombs of poison gas at a distance of fifty or more miles from their starting-point, and to drop these bombs within half a mile of the point previously determined upon as their objective. The diffusive power of Lewisite is so great that to set it free within half a mile of the enemy is almost as effective as dropping it in the midst of his forces. Half a dozen three-hundred-pound bombs of Lewisite, exploded to windward of the city of Berlin, would have killed the entire population of the German capital. And by the use of the automatic airplane all danger to the attacking forces is eliminated. The worst that could happen would be to have the 'planes brought down by the enemy, who would get the surprise of his life when the Lewisite gas began to circulate in his vicinity.

The principle of the automatic airplane was worked out by Orville Wright at his experimental aviation laboratories at Dayton, and is a development of the automatic stabilizer which he invented in 1913, and by the use of which he flew over a circular course for more than an hour without touching the controls of

his machine. The Wright stabilizer comprises two pendulums, one swinging in a plane parallel to the machine's line of flight and the other transversely. These pendulums are so attached to the wing and tail controls that when the machine starts to rise or descend at a dangerous or undesirable angle, or banks too steeply in a lateral direction, the ailerons and elevators are automatically adjusted to a position that brings the craft back on a level keel.

For military purposes there was combined with the Wright stabilizer a small gyroscope, so connected with a clockwork-timing mechanism that the 'plane could be set to fly over any predetermined course before dropping its load of gas-bombs. Thus, it might be so adjusted as to fly around a mountain that completely concealed two opposing armies from each other and so literally enable the attacking force to "shoot around a corner." Numerous experimental flights proved the entire practicability of this device; the most spectacular of them demonstrated that the machine so equipped has automatic stability in the air beyond anything its makers had dreamed of.

The automatic airplane was sent up at the Wright Flying-field, near Dayton. It had flown but a short distance when a sudden gust of wind caught it and the control mechanism became jammed for a moment. To the alarm of the spectators, the nose of the 'plane pointed straight up into the air. It paused there an instant, as if about to drop into a tail-spin; then, as gracefully as Verdrines himself ever did it, it "looped the loop" and resumed its horizontal course. But in looping the loop the clockwork control mechanism fell out; it had not been thought necessary to anchor it in place. So, instead of coming back, after making a short turn over the neighboring countryside, the airplane swung wide in a great circle over the city of Dayton. Back it came toward the flying-field, and once more around, nearly a mile in the air, its creators on the ground watching

in helpless wonder, as Frankenstein must have watched the monster his inventive genius had evolved.

Four times the uncontrolled 'plane circled over the city and back to the flying-field, until, having traveled more than one hundred miles alone in the air, its gasoline exhausted, it glided earthward and landed with a crash in a nearby field. When Mr. Wright and his assistants hurried to the spot, would-be rescuers were trying to lift the machine off the ground to get at the aviators they supposed were buried in the wreckage. Only the impromptu explanation that the pilot had jumped with a parachute a few miles back prevented the secret of the automatic airplane from leaking out then and there.

Although this device was perfected too late to be used in the war, the fact of its existence gives added weight to General Gouraud's prediction that, brutal and savage as was this war, the next will be even more brutal and savage. It would be difficult, however, to imagine a more potent discourager of the war spirit than the knowledge that the enemy possesses such resources as Lewisite and the automatic airplane.

Without undertaking to discuss the moot question as to whether our airplane record in the war was a success or a failure, it may be pointed out that it was not until after the armistice was signed that there was brought out in America a military airplane that was anything but a copy of European models. This machine, when it did come out, however, was so radically different from anything the Allies, the Americans, or the Germans had used as to be almost revolutionary; in the judgment of aviation experts it has established a standard to which future military 'planes must conform, or at least a point of departure for the designers of such 'planes.

Like Lewisite and the automatic airplane, the Loening monoplane was to have been used in the expected summer campaign of 1919. At once the smallest and the fastest military airplane so far

produced, it combines in one machine the functions heretofore performed by two different types of 'planes. The chief purpose of airplanes in war is to observe the enemy's movements and positions; aerial battles are spectacular, but they are not war; the "ace" fights his air duels solely to protect his own or destroy the enemy's observation-'planes. So the chief aim of every army is to obtain a supply of observation-'planes and only enough high-speed pursuit-'planes to afford these the necessary protection. America had built no pursuit-'planes prior to the armistice, resting our productive efforts on training-'planes and observation-'planes and buying the faster, single-seat "Spad" pursuit-'planes from France. To combine the two functions in a single machine had been thought impossible.

Mr. Grover Cleveland Loening, the young American aviation engineer who, when still some years under thirty, had been chief aeronautical engineer of the United States army at a time when the airplane was still regarded by American military authorities as more or less a toy, accomplished this result. The Loening machine is a monoplane, a return in this respect to the class of airplanes most favored by both the Allies and Germany at the beginning of the war. Prior to 1914 the French had developed the monoplane, a type of airplane almost unknown in America. The famous German "Taube" 'planes, of which so much was heard early in the war, were monoplanes, and so were some of the first British scout-'planes. At the end of the war, however, there was not a single monoplane type being made by any of the Allies or by Germany. The abandonment of the monoplane was due, not to any prejudice in favor of the biplane, but because the latter could be more readily produced in large quantities by comparatively inexpert workmen, with less risk of imperfections that might prove fatal to the flyers. Previous types of monoplane, moreover, had been exclusively single-seated machines, with the pilot so

located that his range of vision was greatly curtailed. No Allied machine of any type, it might be pointed out in passing, equaled the German Fokker-7 in this matter of visual range from the pilot's seat, just as none of them approached it in many other essentials of a military 'plane; superior engines alone gave the Allies an advantage over the Germans in the air, 'plane for 'plane.

The tiny Loening monoplane, 32 feet across the wings, and weighing, with its full military load and two passengers, only 2,608 pounds, made a ground speed of 143.5 miles an hour on its official test; 138.2 miles at 6,500 feet elevation. The French Spad's record is 135 miles at the same altitude; the British Sopwith's, 131; only the Italian S. V., with its 142 miles an hour, exceeds this. The wings of the Loening 'plane are attached to the top of the fuselage and they are cut away so that the pilot, who sits between them, has a clear view through a very large arc, while the observer's vision is almost completely unobstructed. And in this little machine, for the first time, was solved the problem of making an airplane carry a load equal to its own weight; the bare machine weighs but 1,300 pounds. The average carrying capacity of airplanes is about 50 per cent. of the weight of the machine. In the next war America will at least be able to begin with a more efficient type of fighting-'planes than any of the contestants had in the war just ended.

And in the next war another product of American technical resourcefulness will play an important part. This is helium, the gas that makes the dirigible the safest and most useful weapon for aerial warfare. Because of the bringing down of so many Zeppelins during the war, the impression prevails that the dirigible proved a failure. On the contrary, they were in every respect, save that of extreme vulnerability to direct attack, a great success. With two exceptions, every one of the Zeppelins brought down by the Allies during the war was destroyed by being set on fire in mid-air.

Nothing could be more inflammable than the huge gas-bag filled with hydrogen, the most inflammable of all gases. But until Yankee ingenuity discovered a means of obtaining a gas which would answer the same purpose without being inflammable, hydrogen was the one lighter-than-air substance available in large quantities for balloon purposes. This meant that the dirigible balloon, although capable of navigating in storms in which airplanes could not venture, free from the risk of sudden falls, and capable of lifting enormously greater useful loads than any airplane yet devised, was, nevertheless, an extremely perilous craft. A single incendiary bullet piercing the envelope of the military balloon ignites the hydrogen and the craft crashes to earth in flames. Even in peace, a single spark from defective electric wiring or a burst of flame from the engine-exhaust has been known to wreck an airship.

In 1904 Lord Rayleigh and Sir William Ramsay had discovered in atmospheric air a gas previously unknown, to which they gave the name "helium." It is only slightly heavier than hydrogen and entirely non-inflammable. It exists in the air in the proportion of 1 part to 250,000, by volume; that is, in 250,000 cubic feet of air there is 1 cubic foot of helium. It had also been found in certain rare minerals, but its production had been only in the minutest quantities, at a laboratory cost of about \$1,700 a cubic foot. When it is considered that the cubic contents of even a small dirigible are more than 100,000 feet, it is obvious that the price of enough helium to fill a Zeppelin would run into the hundreds of millions of dollars. Shortly before his death, in the third year of the war, however, Sir William Ramsay urged upon the British Admiralty that efforts be made to discover natural sources of helium, expressing his belief that somewhere a supply might be found. When the United States entered the war it had just been discovered that certain natural gases found in Canada contained as high

as a third of 1 per cent. of this useful element.

This gave the clue to American investigators. The problem was turned over to the Bureau of Mines, to find an adequate supply of helium and to devise methods of isolating it economically. In northern Texas, near the Oklahoma line, gases were found that contained more than 1 per cent. of the substance sought. A ten-year lease was taken by the government on the gas-wells in this field. Pipe-lines were laid to carry the gas to Fort Worth, where there were in operation commercial plants which were already extracting oxygen and nitrogen from the gas. The Bureau of Mines built a third plant at Petrolia, Texas, adjacent to the wells. Under the direction of Dr. Frederick G. Cottrell, the chief metallurgist of the Bureau of Mines, a process was developed of liquefying the gas at a low temperature and distilling off the other constituents, leaving the stubborn and inert helium behind. It was found that the cost of production in quantities was not more than ten cents a cubic foot. The R-34 has a gas capacity of 2,000,000 cubic feet, but even the \$200,000 it would cost to fill it with helium would be a small expense as modern war costs go.

Small balloons filled with helium were sent up near Washington and fired at from airplanes with incendiary bullets, which passed completely through without producing any effect. When the armistice was signed there had been produced 147,000 cubic feet of American helium ready to ship to France. A small quantity had actually reached Europe, and only the signing of the armistice prevented the carrying out of the plan to send a fleet of fireproof dirigibles to drop bombs and gas on Germany from a height of five miles.

Not all the surprises Uncle Sam had up his sleeve for the Hun were ethereal. We were prepared to send into the field in the spring of 1919 the heaviest mobile artillery ever placed on wheels. The size of guns that can be used to advantage in

war is limited by the speed with which they can be moved from place to place. What made the French *soixante-quinze*, the famous "75-millimeter" gun, and its British and American three-inch prototype, the most useful of all field-artillery was the ease with which a battery of these guns could dash up to a position, fire half a dozen rounds with almost the effect of a three-inch machine-gun, and then dash away to another position before the enemy could locate the source of the shots. But even the three-inch gun requires six horses for anything like speedy movement from place to place. Motor-tractors of any ordinary type are useful where there are roads, but there are not always good roads on the battle-field; to use anything bigger than a three-inch gun with equally good effects involved the invention of new tractive devices. American engineers who were set to study the problem substituted the caterpillar for horses.

The caterpillar is the one distinctively American contribution to land transport. It is, in essence, a traction-engine mounted on parallel, flexible, endless tracks, enabling it to move over ground impassable to wheeled vehicles; it carries its own road, lays it as it travels, and picks it up after it has passed. Its first war application was in the British "tanks." American engineers took the caterpillar and speeded it up from its farm-horse gait of four miles an hour to nearly twenty, and made of it tractors and mounts for three-inch, six-inch, even eight-inch artillery. At the Aberdeen proving-ground I saw an eight-inch howitzer mounted on a caterpillar traverse deep ravines and then plow its way through a wood, crushing ten-inch trees as it passed through. In the next war guns of this caliber and larger will travel with the armies, moving as fast as the infantry and supply-trains can move in their motors, and eluding the enemy's efforts to silence them by changing their positions after every few rounds of shots.

For that matter, there may not be

any infantry in the next war. We were just beginning, when the armistice was signed, to produce "baby" tanks in the same factory and by the same methods as are used in the manufacture of the ubiquitous Ford car. Mr. Ford has made as many as 4,000 cars in a single day in his plant, which, now that the design and tools have been made, could be converted overnight into a tank-factory capable of turning out every week enough of the nimble little two-man forts to carry a couple of divisions to the front. Here is a miniature engine of war that can almost follow a squirrel track through the woods. It climbs embankments steeper than forty-five degrees, can stand on its nose in a ditch five feet deep and back out unhurt, scoot at twenty miles an hour over plowed ground and stop and turn instantly in its own length. Inside the Ford tank are two men and one machine-gun. The motive power is two Ford engines, one for each of the caterpillar tracks. By running one engine forward and reversing the other the tank can be made to spin like a top.

Merely to catalogue the less spectacular but perhaps equally important devices and processes developed by American scientists and technicians which will have to wait for the next war for their practical applications would consume far too much space. There is the electric control for the fixed machine-gun mounted on the front of the fuselage of an airplane, by which the pilot "shoots through the propeller." Mechanical and hydraulic methods of synchronizing the shots with the revolutions of the propeller, so the bullets would be discharged in the precise infinitesimal fraction of a second when neither of the revolving blades was in front of the gun, worked well when new, but the slightest wear in their moving parts, unless immediately compensated for, destroyed the synchronization and more than one propeller was shot away by the pilot's own gun. The Bureau of Standards had perfected, as the war ended, an electric

synchronizer; the pilot can shoot, while using both hands for the control of his machine, by means of a rubber mouth-piece on which he bites to form the electric circuit that releases the hammer and starts the machine-gun to shooting. Then we had developed and were ready to put into use at the front a shell-detector that depended, not upon the sounds or flashes of the enemy's guns to determine their position, but upon the vibrations passing through the earth as the gun was fired. American inventiveness had greatly improved the original sound-ranging devices of the French and British, making it possible to locate the precise position of a German gun by comparing the records of six microphones transmitting to a single receiving-station the reports of the time when the sound-waves of the gun's explosion reached each of them; 103 guns were located by this means in a single day and destroyed. But the shell-detector which gave warning of the approach of a missile from any of these guns whose positions had been ascertained we did not get a chance to try in service. Experiments concluded just as the armistice was signed indicated that at a range of 4.1 miles this mechanism gave warning of an approaching shell nineteen seconds before it was due to arrive, thus giving ample time for every one in range to get

under cover. Nor did we have a chance to give a fair trial in action to one of the most amazing of "Yankee tricks," the hand grenade made of paper. Instead of relying for its killing-power upon fragmentation, like a shell, its deadly effect was produced by the flame and concussion of the explosion itself. Fragmentation grenades thrown by hands can be used safely only from behind a parapet or from a trench, as the fragments are as likely to fly back and kill the men who throw the grenades as to damage the enemy. The offensive grenade made of paper, however, is sure to kill any man within three yards of the spot where it explodes, but is perfectly safe beyond that distance, and so can be used in open warfare. It is a little cylinder of laminated, paraffined paper, looking for all the world like the familiar container in which one brings home soda-water from the drug-store, having on one end a handle containing the firing mechanism.

The next war, like the last war, will be won by the nation involved that can muster the greatest resources in trained engineering skill, scientific knowledge, and that peculiarly American ability to devise new and effective ways of accomplishing a given result that we used to call "gumption." Germany had all of these but gumption.

"YET I AM NOT FOR PITY"

BY MABEL HILLYER EASTMAN

O NEVER shall I see the purple isles
 Star-set, like Eden, in their golden seas,
 Nor go where pine-trees murmur and gray hills
 Bare their bald foreheads to the fresh'ning breeze,
 And never shall the Orient's fiery moon
 For me flame-tip the Desert sands uptossed;
 Yet I am not for Pity—I have lived!—
 In this dull town have dreamed, and loved—and lost!

TO A VENETIAN TUNE

BY STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN

SPRING had come suddenly to Venice, as love to a maiden, miraculously enhancing the beauty that had already seemed perfect.

It was as if the east wind had wafted over the Adriatic the pollen of far-off lands. Straightway the balconies bloomed with Greek roses and Persian tulips. The flowering bramble burst forth in white spirals round pillars. One would have said that behind every window-hedge of iris a singing-bird warbled from his cage to a sweetheart across the canal. On the streets of water, between the reflections from sculptured walls, the gondoliers hailed one another with lyric cries:

"To-day it is spring for sure!"

But their calls echoed from the palaces in a muffled tone, as though the air was overfreighted with perfume and sunshine.

The sun declined. The city floating on the sea blushed deeply. From the farthest lagoons the fishing-craft, their sails painted with saints and madonnas, stood in toward that show of loveliness as human beings toward some super-human ideal. Then dusk descended; the winding waters multiplied the lamps and the stars.

In Saint Mark's Piazza—that core of Venetian life, as choicely pent in as a mammoth ballroom—an unknown personage raised his hat to me.

"Have you see them, sir?" he inquired, earnestly.

He was tall, middle-aged, robust, almost herculean, with a grave and benevolent eye. He had on a dinner-coat and a hat of soft gray felt; in these he appeared as superb as a monarch in full regalia, or else as an actor playing a

monarch in such a condition. However, as if to say, "Don't confuse dignity with dullness," he carried a cane of which the handle was covered with little round faces, some winking, some laughing, some sticking out their tongues.

"Surely, sir," he persisted, "you have seen them to-night? Byron, Tasso, Goldini, and all the rest of them? They are certainly hereabouts; or at least their essence is. For to-night the sprightliness and tender humor and gay perversity of all the past must have rendezvous in Venice. Shall we look about for it?"

Linking his arm with mine in a grip of astonishing power, grandly, almost theatrically, flourishing his cane, he led me across the Piazza.

The sauntering Venetians and visitors eyed him with admiration. As we passed the cafés, in front of which the pavement was cluttered with tables, waiters sprang forward to dust off chairs for him. There followed us a sibilant rumor: "*Eccolo!* There he is! Sure enough, it is he!" There were even ladies—all eyes and quivering ear-rings and emotional pallor, who looked as though they would like to ask him for a lock of his hair, which had begun to turn gray.

But he continued straight through that fairyland, where on all sides a lace-work of marble, coral-colored or white, seemed to be dissolving in the glow of the lamps.

"Yes," he resumed, "there's something weird in this air. It's a magic made up of all the laughter that has ever resounded here, all the vows that have been exchanged in these balconies and gondolas, all the mystery of masked faces and purposes, indecorum better

than stateliness, folly wiser than learning. This is a night in a thousand, a mystic hour, a chance for alliance with all the forces that war on the commonplace."

We approached a bridge that spanned a bright canal, just beyond Saint Mark's Piazza. A gondola was gliding in alongside the landing-place. From the cabin of the gondola two young women emerged—two charming, long-limbed, dark amazons in exuberant health, discreetly jeweled, clad in those high-neck confections that continental ladies wear when gadding about in the evening. My companion, descending the steps in a manner almost excessively elaborate, handed these fair creatures ashore.

"Are we very late?" asked one.

"Have you waited ages, poor old thing?" asked the other.

"You arrive in the nick of time," my companion assured them. And to me: "I present you, sir, to the Archduchess Vashti of Stara-Planina and to the Archduchess Ursa of Syrmia. These titles, I admit, are questionable for the moment, because of recent events, both Stara-Planina and Syrmia now being infested with soviets. But let us forget such trifles. As for myself," he added, with a gesture of modesty, "you may call me Don Orfeo without giving the slightest offense. And now we shall think of dinner."

Across the bridge stood a classic restaurant. We entered it.

The string-band played a flourish, as if expressly for us. All the other diners craned their necks and whispered together. In that glitter of mirrors and complex glow of colors, a fragrance of sachets, of sauces, of table flowers, was wafted round our noses like incense. We seated ourselves, and the cloth abruptly blossomed with a tribute of roses.

"What shall it be?" inquired Marco, the lantern-jawed waiter, rubbing his itching palms.

Don Orfeo instructed him:

"Let it be something exceptional tonight. A *consommé Aretino*, *petits*

péchés. A *mousse de baleine de Jonas*. Some *ris de perroquet au bon guide*. Perhaps a *chaudfroid des rossignols amoureux*. For a sweet, say a *parfait poisson d'Avril*. Or—pshaw! whatever you see in the larder that has an abnormal look."

A murmur of admiration rose from the tables 'round us:

"Here is some one who knows a thing or two about menus!"

"What genius! What *chic*!"

"Lucullus born anew!"

Rising, laying his hand on his heart, Don Orfeo made a solemn bow in acknowledgment of this homage. A lady tossed him a sprig of forget-me-not, which he reverently stuck in his coat-lapel. He sat down amid general applause.

"And a little garlic, perhaps?" asked Marco, the waiter.

"Why not? Are we tourists, barbarians, prudes?"

"As for wines?"

"Whichever ones, in your opinion, produce the prettiest songs."

"Thank God! here at last is a mess of proper Christians! May no calamities befall you while I am in the kitchen."

But as Marco rushed away, a hollow voice uttered:

"*Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin!*"

Our table stood by a window; the window was open, and out on the pavement, staring at us severely, drooped a bony young man in a slightly damaged straw hat, horn spectacles mended with sealing-wax, and a rumpled Palm Beach suit. It was Beverly Sheepshanks, an old acquaintance of mine—a renegade from wealth, an ardent Bolshevik.

His story was not entirely without interest.

Beverly Sheepshanks was that *rara avis*, a born New-Yorker. Inheriting a fortune in real estate, he had been regarded at first as a pattern for prodigals. One day, however, while he was entering the family mansion on Washington Square, a young female Greenwich-Villager, with bobbed hair and a Russian blouse, bestowed on him a Freudian sort

of smile. In her studio under the eaves, beyond Sixth Avenue, she made him maudlin with coffee and social pity, recited the Communist Manifesto—in short, converted him. Shutting his house, he resolved to live on sixty dollars a month. By a strange coincidence, no sooner had he made this decision than she, the cause of his spiritual awakening, married a wealthy broker who thought that Karl Marx was a wholesale clothing merchant.

Had that perfidy made Beverly Sheepshanks relapse? If not, why was he here, instead of in the neat parlors where, round Chippendale tea-wagons, the *intelligentsia* of Manhattan discussed imagist poetry, Trotzky, the post-impressionists, Kraft-Ebing, class-consciousness, Octave Mirbeau, flag-fetishism, and the Department of Justice?

"Well, Beverly! What are you doing in Venice?"

He gave me a stony look "I am tabulating the effrontery of the privileged classes, the anti-social defiance of joy-riders in gondolas, sniffers of fine bouquets, wearers of Paris dresses, munchers of truffles, flaunters of dinner-coats, swiggers of vintage wines. I am Daniel walking through Babylon, prophesying: 'Thou art found wanting. Beware of the Medes and the Persians!'"

Don Orfeo was gazing at Beverly Sheepshanks with an expression of pleasure.

"See here," he exclaimed. "You must dine with us, young sir. Your researches demand it. Moreover, our consciences need it. I tell you it is your moral duty. Can you refuse?"

The other morosely shook his head. "I have sworn never again to enter the door of a first-class restaurant."

"Very well; climb in through the window."

A light broke on Sheepshanks's face. He climbed in through the window. Don Orfeo presented him to the Archduchesses Vashti and Ursa.

These ladies strikingly resembled each other; one would almost have thought

them twins. Their similar shapely largeness produced a feeling of awe. Both had blue-black hair, Hellenistic profiles, skin the color of honey, large, lustrous eyes that were slightly on the slant. Beverly Sheepshanks pretended, with little success, to regard them indifferently.

The band played a barcarole. The archduchesses grew pensive. In throbbing contralto voices they spoke of their lost domains. They luxuriated in those painful recollections, their nostrils expanding with pride, while their eyelashes shimmered with tears. One easily pictured them in their respective state apartments that seemed built expressly for a race of giants. There, no doubt, in a blaze of candle-light, they had danced some kind of polonaise, or had deigned to accept a pistachio ice from a Balkan prince rigged out in a dolman. As one contemplated their trembling lips, which resembled the pulp of pomegranates, one felt like taking the first express for Stara-Planina and Syrmia, and accosting the soviets of those countries with the words, "A joke is a joke, you know; but it can be carried too far."

Yet those sad reminiscences did not prevent Vashti and Ursa from eating everything that Marco arrayed before them.

As for Beverly Sheepshanks, the air of Venice seemed excellent for his appetite, also.

"Incredible," he mumbled, "that people should subsist on such kickshaws! The physical organism must first be debased, in order to endure it. As Tolstoy said, honest muscular labor produces a horror of *croûte de chameau sucré à la Cléopâtre*. Never mind! Just wait! Some day you shall see French cooks haled before tribunals of moralists, gourmets repenting in sanitary jails, and even these wealthy waiters renouncing their loathsome past."

On these words, Marco, whether from consternation or malignancy, let slip a large shell of ice-cream, which collapsed on the orator's head, gushing rivulets of minced fruit.

And so as not to embarrass Beverly while he was making his toilet, we engaged the lantern-jawed Marco in conversation.

"Come, Marco, you have an interesting face. What are your views about life?"

"Well, ladies and gentlemen, after all, I am only human. I have my likes and dislikes. Above everything, I dislike a Bolshevik. Do you know what those animals want to do? They want to abolish tips."

We sat back and stared in horror.

"Oh, Marco! No!"

"Yes, accidents to them! They wish to ruin me, to put me in rags, give me a tin cup and turn me into a receiver of alms. What's to be done? It would be an easier job to keep the fleas out of all the churches in Venice than to bar the Bolsheviks out of Christendom. While one is watching the door, in they pop through the window. Ah, well, one can only do what one may—what occurs to one on the spur of the moment, perhaps by the inspiration of one's patron saint."

Whereupon Marco went to fetch the coffee.

The diners round us seemed even happier than when we had entered the restaurant. The music was sprightlier; the lights were more brilliant; the air was more fragrant. In the street, the shadows and the moon had conspired to produce a sort of tender mist. The pedestrians, all apparently pairs of lovers, drifted by with a snatch of song or a gurgle of unsophisticated laughter.

"What a night for a little snack of sentiment," breathed the Archduchess Vashti.

"In a gondola filled with flowers," the Archduchess Ursa amended. "Straight up the path of the moonlight."

And their wandering, languorous gazes rested on Beverly Sheepshanks.

Outside the window two voices rose together.

"Flowers of spring?" pleaded a feminine voice.

"A cupid to bring good fortune in love?" the masculine voice suggested.

Then, with a charming surprise and courtesy, those two venders turned to each other, apologized in the manner of strangers, and said at the same time:

"No; you were first with your flowers."

"No, no! After you and your cupids."

His cupids were plaster, and he carried them in a basket. He himself, despite his faded felt hat and shabby nankeen jacket, resembled a young faun in bronze. The flower-girl, on the other hand, small, delicate, and willowy, displayed a translucent pallor which was possibly accentuated by her romantic black shawl. Her tresses, uncovered and simply dressed, were the kind that artists go prowling through Venice in search of, crying out, "Did that rascal Titian invent them?" The red of her lips was startling against her white face; she suggested a pale Venetian wine-glass rosy at the brim. Her arch and pathetic glance she cast over us like a net from which there is no escape.

"Flowers of spring! Wear them while they are fresh. Smell them while you may. See how quickly they fade."

She crushed a nosegay with her fingers, then showed us the petals all wilted.

"Cupids!" the young faun murmured. "Cuddle them to your cheeks, catch laughter from them, listen to their whispers, while you may. They are fragile. A bungle and they are lost."

With a sad smile, deliberately he let a cupid slip from his hand to the sidewalk, where it was smashed into fragments.

"What is your name, my child?" Don Orfeo asked the flower-girl.

"Zulietta, your Excellency."

"And yours?" the archduchesses inquired of the cupid-seller.

"Zorzio."

"Come, Zulietta and Zorzio," said Don Orfeo. "Your wares are all purchased. Your evening's work is over. Our party has gained two ornaments the more."

He rose. We accompanied him to the street. At the foot of the landing-steps

an uncovered gondola awaited us—long, glistening, black, as graceful as a serpent, the prow-blade of speckless steel, the brass-work fashioned like dolphins. Somehow we all arranged ourselves on the cushioned seats meant to hold four persons only. The gondola slipped into the Grand Canal.

On both sides the palaces raised their tiers of fluted pillars, arched windows, and plaques of porphyry. Their doors, corroded by brine, remained shut as if to keep in a perfume of old romance.

But behind and above us, our gondolier burst into a hoarse, melodious song:

"Lean from your windows, flowers amid the
flowers;
Tremble as I pass by, a disdainful fellow:
Rain follows sunshine; cry! you have lost
Otello;
Weep out your little showers between
God's showers.

"There is a fairer maiden, white as a lily;
She the cool breeze from the Alps; I
the sirocco:
See, I have left my coat in the land of
Molocco—
Where the sirocco goes the night is not
chilly.

"Her will I warm and marry, and by the
lagoon,
Under a sky with beautiful secrets
sprinkled,
We will tarry where Tasso's mandolin
tinkled—
Wait and watch for the cherubs that
fly from the moon."

We applauded the singer, whose hair was cut in flakes, whose mustache belonged in an opera, and who wore, with his tight black trousers and black-and-white shirt, the blue sash of the Nicolotto faction of gondoliers.

"Is your name really Otello?"

"*Siorsì!* I am his descendant."

"The Moorish general's?"

"*Siorsì!* And Desdemona's, also. Only, he was neither a Moor nor a general. Do you think that I would be a descendant of Turks? He was a gondolier, if you must know the truth—a great

winner of regattas, and his title was Grand Gastaldo of the Nicolotto faction." Without ceasing to row, he continued: "You've heard, perhaps, of a scribbler named Shakespeare? He has written a fine pack of lies about those ancestors of mine. According to him, Otello was a murderer, and Desdemona his victim without the benefit of clergy. Ah, that Shakespeare! He has done his best to disgrace me. Only let me get him into my gondola some night!"

"Then it all happened otherwise?"

"It never happened at all. Do I deny that they had their little spats? They liked each other all the more for them. They grew old together; her picture was always painted on the sail of his heart; they kissed their grandchildren—it was a life of love. As for that Shakespeare, that donkey, may he die of a colic."

"But if there was no tragedy," objected Don Orfeo, "where is your fame? Abolish the report that your ancestor was his wife's assassin, and how are you better than any other man?"

Otello ceased rowing for a moment in order to scratch his head.

"Well," he vouchsafed at last, "it is true that there was a murder, but the victim was not Desdemona. It was his first wife that he assassinated by stuffing the mattress down her throat, as this Shakespeare, this jailbird, this Austrian, has said. Is that satisfactory?"

"It is a great relief to us," Don Orfeo returned. "For who would willingly deny a good gondolier the comfort of illustrious lineage?"

"True," Otello assented, "I take a certain comfort in the affair. It is not bad to feel oneself better born than other folks."

We floated on between the historic façades. The caged nightingales in the balconies gave us their richest cadences by way of farewell. For, leaving the Grand Canal, we passed into the lagoon. The waters widened—became an inland sea. The lamps marking the channels were like a handful of gems cast over a



ALL THE DINERS CRANED THEIR NECKS

vast silver floor. Far ahead shone the lights of the Lido, a dune that helps to keep the Adriatic from Venice.

Zorzio, the cupid-seller, had raised his faun's face toward the sky. His look denoted the rapture of southern races at the conjunction of nature and art, which in Italy is not only free to all, but comprehended by all. Zulieta, the delicate vender of flowers, her vivid lips parted, was gazing wistfully at Beverly Sheepshanks. Her preoccupation, it seemed, was with the unattainable. For Beverly, oblivious of her gaze, was glowering at the archduchesses—robust twin goddesses shining with beauty, wrapped round, moreover, with the glamour of high descent. Obviously, he feared them because of this complex armament of theirs. Evidently he hated them for this singularity that all the soviets of Stara-Planina and Syrmia had not been able

to deprive them of. All that he lacked, to complete his aversion, was contempt. For a radical who, in his boyhood days, had undoubtedly seen himself as the hero in *The Prisoner of Zenda*, this was as good a way as any of falling in love with the two.

At length he asked them, sternly:

“Are you not ashamed of your past?”

“We are trying to live it down,” the archduchesses answered, in penitent tones. “Was it by our choice that we were born in rooms with gilt ceilings, to salvos of artillery and the plaudits of the populace? Have you no pity on victims of heredity?”

“Dash it!” Beverly confessed, drawing his hand across his eyes, “there is something pathetic in it, after all. I may end by pardoning you.”

At that moment the gondola tipped. A stranger, dripping with water, climbed



WE ENTERED THE CLASSIC RESTAURANT

aboard and rose to his feet on the decking of the bow.

This stranger was tall and angular, with a waxed mustache that hung down despondently from immersion in the lagoon. Though bareheaded, the visitor wore full evening-dress, in the best of taste from his wilted collar and tie to his black-silk socks. His pumps, however, were gone. As he made his bow to us, the water flowed down his coat-tails.

"Do I arrive so early," he asked, in a timid voice, "as to find this party exclusive?"

All of us except Beverly Sheepshanks assured him to the contrary.

"And if he is chilly, there's something under the bow-deck," Otello added.

The well-dressed stranger, refreshed from Otello's stores, spoke as follows:

"My friends, if I may presume to call you so, I stand before you a passionate antiquarian. There are antiquarians who rummage the dusty ruins of Asia Minor, the brick-heaps of Babylonia, and similar dried-up spots. But I concern myself with relics forgotten in the depths of canals and lagoons. It is a life of danger. When coming up for air, I risk being moonstruck. Those moon struck in Venice are liable to attacks of unconventionality. Some evening, no doubt, I shall make an ass of myself."

"Sir," said Don Orfeo, enthusiastically, "at any moment you may at least be taken with a chill. Permit me to replenish your glass."

The well-dressed stranger, after toasting us, resumed:

"To-night, in the bottom of this lagoon, I have examined the weapons and gadgets of the Franks defeated in these waters by the early

Venetians. I have interviewed ancient fish who remember swallowing the ear-rings of medieval ladies—ear-rings which, as the ladies leaned over the sides of their gondolas, plopped into the water, so sharply did those fair ones shake their heads while saying no to gallants in purple tights."

"The ladies have changed since then," sighed the Archduchess Ursa, darting a look at Beverly Sheepshanks.

"The gallants, too, alas!" the Archduchess Vashti lamented, with a peep in the same direction.

Removing from across his nose a ribbon of seaweed, the well-dressed

stranger, as though no unmaidenly remarks had been uttered, continued his discourse:

"Also, in the bed of the Grand Canal, I discovered the white-satin mask of a belle known to Casanova, close by the bracelet of Tintoretto's handsomest model. An agreeable little octopus escorted me to the spot where Tullia of Aragon, while stepping ashore after supper, lost her slipper embroidered with the romance of Cupid and Psyche. I left it there because, by aid of it, all the schools of sardines in the Venetian canals have gained a smattering of the art of the Renaissance—"

He would have gone on, but Beverly Sheepshanks, who had been fuming, interrupted him.

"Why do you not engage in some useful occupation?" Sheepshanks demanded, harshly. "This zeal in archeology improves no social conditions. You rake up the past, a thing that all proper men wish to obliterate. Reform yourself. Become useful to humanity. If nothing else, you can enter a factory and turn out butter-paddles, shaving-mugs, chemical flavors, derby hats, artificial eggs, or hurdy-gurdies. As it is, you are disgustingly non-essential."

The well-dressed stranger, wounded to the quick, drew back, made a gesture of infinite reproach, and, with a sob, plunged into the lagoon. His head did not reappear.

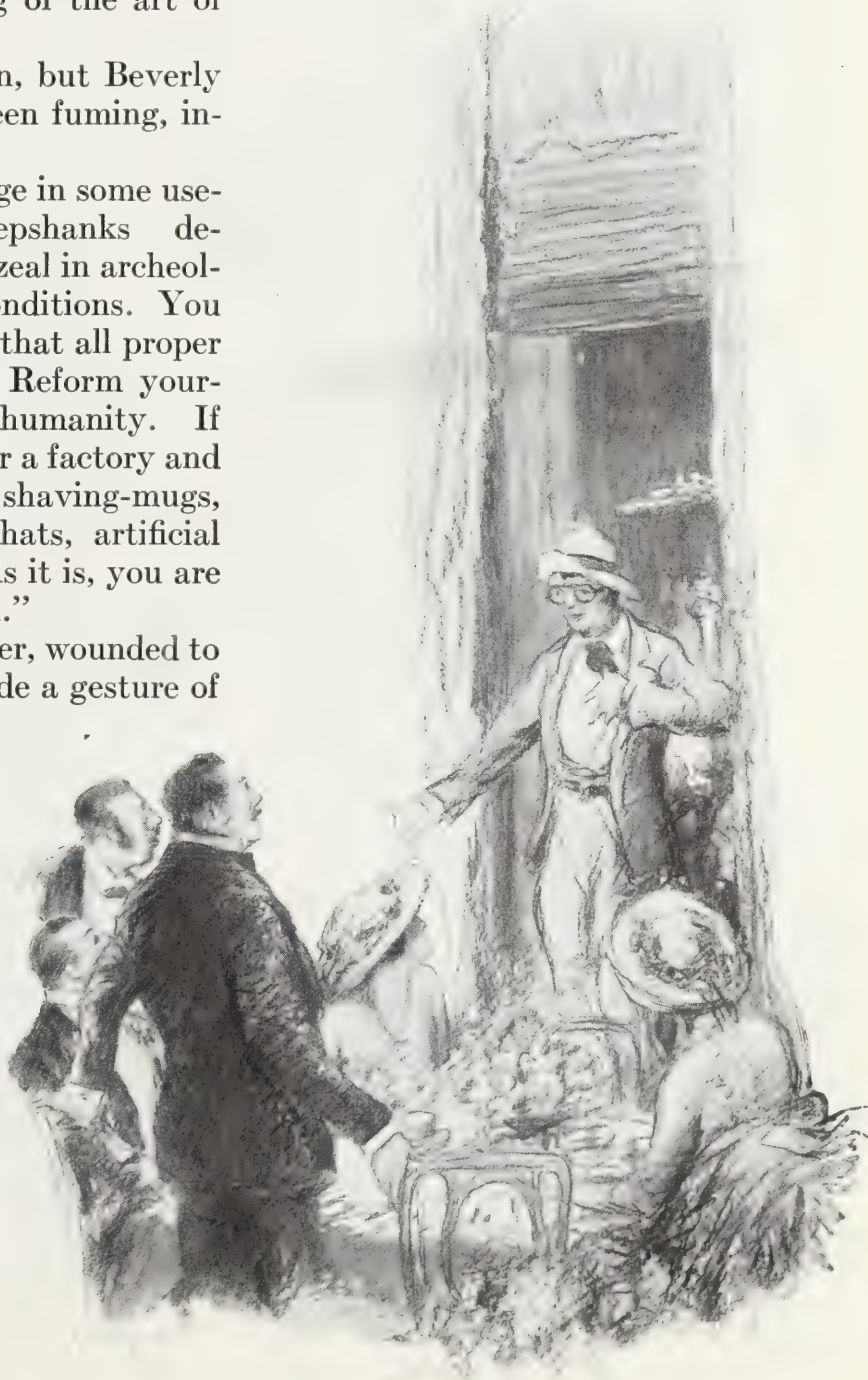
There was a moment of silent regret. Zorzio, the shabby cupid-seller, whispered to me:

"What shall we do with this living emblem of woe, who wants to reduce all of life to a utility basis? I, for one, could not live in his strictly efficient world, nor shall he live long in my happy-go-lucky one. Can you

think of a tidy way to put an end to him?"

We were pondering this problem when Sheepshanks began again. He addressed the Archduchesses Vashti and Ursa:

"Yes, I forgive you both. As I contemplate the shame of your former rank, of your upper-class looks, compassion wells up in my heart. I feel like lightening your disgrace by sharing it with you. I am tempted to demand the right to be your apologist. How long does



DON ORFEO PRESENTED HIM TO THE ARCHDUCHESSSES

it take to put marriages through in Venice?"

"Shall I tell you?" breathed Zuli-
etta, the translucent, flame-lipped flower-girl,
letting her willowy young form sway
slightly in his direction. He gave her a
glance of impatience, then went on
haranguing the archduchesses. Zuli-

"*Siorsi!* Rolled up with chopped pep-
pers, salami, garlic, hard-boiled eggs,
lemon, onions, bread-crumbs, rosemary,
parmesan cheese—"

"*Dio mio!* Here is a girl straight from
heaven! What else do you know about?"

"Artichokes, with mashed anchovies."

"One moment! Let me master my
emotion, or I shall be hugging
you."

They leaned closer together,
a-quiver, as Zuli-etta revealed
those recipes. The rest of us,
our dinner forgotten, began to
feel that we had made a mistake
in not bringing some lunch
along.

"At least," Otello reminded
us, "there are restaurants on
the Lido."

For that was where we were
going.

The Lido lights were clearer.
Ahead of us a rocket soared and
burst in a crimson spray. It
had risen from a canopied barge,
full of radiance and laughter—
one vaguely saw in the distance
a sheen of bright faces and fab-
rics, a blush as if of roses and
cheeks, a gay commotion like a
faery pageant. From this
barge music came to us—the
thrum of guitars, the cry of a
violin, and a tenor voice that
sang:

"A sea of fishes;

What baits shall I use?

A thousand wishes;

What mates will they choose?

Soft! Luna is fishing:

But what are they wishing?

"He dreams of blond girls:

A brunette will catch him.

He longs for fond girls:

A coquette will snatch him.

Bah! We are all green

When Luna is queen."

And there followed a chorus in voices
both soprano and bass:



"CUPIDS!" THE YOUNG FAUN MURMURED

etta's lips quivered. Her ruddy head
drooped forward. But when Zorzio's
hand closed comfortingly 'round hers,
she was not indignant, but grateful.

And presently I heard them murmur-
ing to each other:

"Can you cook?"

"Well, nothing fancy, of course—"

"Describe your masterpiece."

"A blanket of beefsteak stewed in oil
and tomato paste. But first it must be
rolled up."

"Bless your heart! Must it be rolled
up?"



Drawn by George Wright

AT THE FOOT OF THE LANDING-STEPS AN UNCOVERED GONDOLA AWAITED US

"So love is our sad fate, in brief:

Let us add our tears to the sea.

Do you think that a squeeze would bate
our grief—

Would comfort you and me?

Let us struggle above our dreadful distress
At being in love—in so dismal a mess—

By a kiss or two, or three."

Giggling sounded; a second rocket rose into the sky, and the barge drifted away through a different channel of the lagoon, trailed by a string of gondolas that had emerged from the shadows at the first note of song. The lights of the departing barge still dappled the water as if with yellow rose-leaves—an overflow of beauty.

"Shall we follow them, Excellency?"

"No, Otello," said Don Orfeo. "Tonight, for once, let us not admit that

the other boat is pleasanter than ours."

Otello rowed on. The barge was lost in the moonlight. We came to the Lido. Beyond that strip of land lay the Adriatic Sea.

"Hello, old sea!"

"Where are all your sirens?"

"You, too, have an unessential look, you watery wretch!"

"Let us give this drone of a sea an excuse for existence."

So we went in swimming.

The bath-house keeper assured us that our bathing-suits had never been worn before. Indeed, we could hardly imagine any one else complaisant enough to wear them. Mine was a tight pink costume that threw the company into spasms of laughter. Don Orfeo's was pale blue,



AS HE MADE HIS BOW, THE WATER FLOWED DOWN HIS COAT-TAILS

with a species of skirt, as became his dignity, dangling to the knees. Beverly Sheepshanks had chosen a radical red. Zorzio, in light green set off with magenta polka-dots, insisted on tying a sun-bonnet over his head as protection against the moon. But we knew that no spectator would give us so much as a glance, with Vashti, Ursa, and Zuletta to look at. From the first one had suspected them of perfection; the fact was now patent.

Otello sat on the sand, refreshing himself from his wine-flask.

"Good-by, Otello. We're off for Fiume."

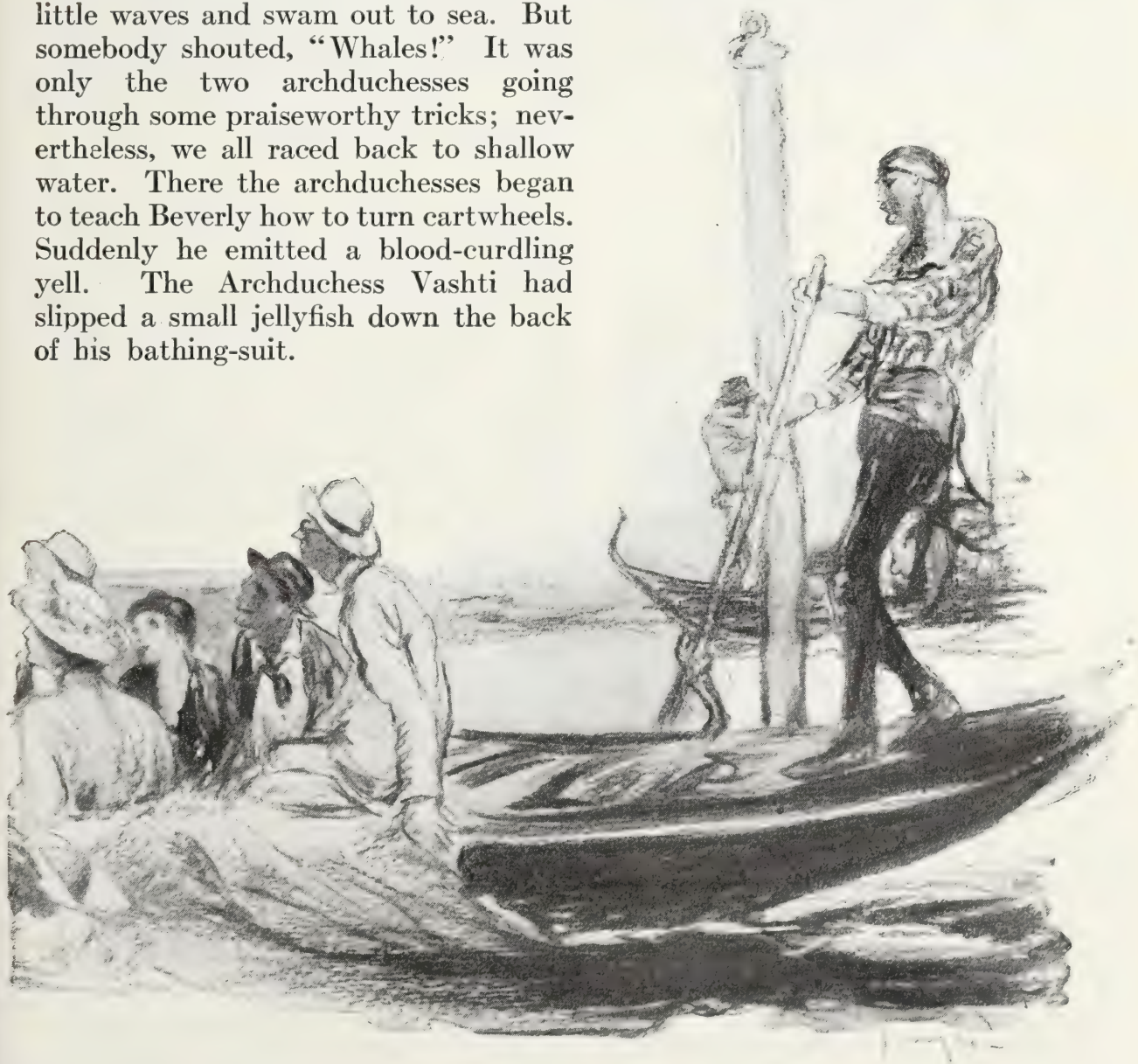
"I know it. Nothing that you do will surprise me. I am a gondolier of Venice."

We splashed through the Adriatic's little waves and swam out to sea. But somebody shouted, "Whales!" It was only the two archduchesses going through some praiseworthy tricks; nevertheless, we all raced back to shallow water. There the archduchesses began to teach Beverly how to turn cartwheels. Suddenly he emitted a blood-curdling yell. The Archduchess Vashti had slipped a small jellyfish down the back of his bathing-suit.

"What a vile form of coquetry!" he bawled, repeatedly leaping into the air and shaking his legs.

But he had to forgive them when each discovered sand in her eyes. After dipping their faces in the water, they asked him, tremulously, "Is it all out?" And, since the moonlight was so diffuse, and his spectacles were covered with brine, he had to lean very close, while peering into the lustrous orbs first of Ursa, and then of Vashti, and then of Ursa, and then of Vashti again. In the end he became dizzy, reeled round, and with a splash sat down on his spectacles. Promptly seating themselves beside him, the archduchesses gazed sentimentally toward the Balkans.

In fact, we all sat down with them,



AT THIS MOMENT THE GONDOLA TIPPED



WE SPLASHED THROUGH THE ADRIATIC'S LITTLE WAVES

up to our ribs in the water. I observed that Don Orfeo, despite his gray hair, had the arms of a Sandow. He had picked up an iron ship's-bolt, which he pensively bent double between his hands as if it had been a candle. But he straightened it only at the third attempt.

"Heigh-ho!" he mused. "I am getting old, it seems."

Zorzio's arm encircled the waist of dainty Zuliatta. And nothing could have been prettier than the pretense of those two, that Zorzio's arm was not there.

Again they fell to whispering:

"Zuliatta?"

"Here I am."

"Do you know what those little bright things are, that come to us twinkling from every part of the sea?"

"Yes, I do. They are little bits of moonlight."

"No, they are all the kisses that I shall have to give you."

"As many as that?"

"We are young. We have life before us."

Closing her eyes, Zuliatta laid her head on Zorzio's shoulder.

"How the past rises up before me as I look toward the Balkans," quavered Ursa, feeling about as if for her handkerchief. "I remember the last court ball. I recall my entrance, in which at each step the court chamberlain rearranged my train. I see the *quadrille d'honneur*, under crystal chandeliers, reflected in mammoth mirrors framed in curlicues of gilt. I feel again the longing to dance with some one not noble, but sympathetic."

While uttering these words, did she not press Beverly's left hand, under the water?"

"Courage!" protested Vashti. "All that must begin again. The proletariat cannot do without us. For their own sakes they'll give us back our palaces, which will become academies for instructing them, in ways that they could not themselves perfect in less than a thousand years, how to show their superiority to the bourgeoisie. And when that day comes, our heinous past will be

excused by our services to the new aristocracy."

While speaking, was she not holding Beverly's right hand, under the water?

Just then we saw emerging from the deep, and wading ashore, a tall, angular figure in a wilted dress-suit.

It was the submarine antiquarian.

Bowing before us, his waxed mustache more despondent than ever, he ventured:

"Is it, as it seems to be, a question of weddings? Out there, under the waves, I have located all the rings with which in the old days Venice was periodically wedded to the sea. The mermaids have no use for them, since their ceremony of marriage consists in coming to the surface upside-down and waving their tails three times at the Campanile. I admit that by such practices they confess themselves to be heathen. Who's for converting them? I am ready to lead a proselyting party to their haunts. Besides, in this age no chance should be lost to extend the industrial market. When once we have civilized them, we can sell them all sorts of things, from bathrobes to chewing-gum. It is more than a moral duty. It is an economic imperative."

He looked pathetically at Beverly Sheepshanks, as much as to say, "This time I have touched your heart?" But the latter only retorted:

"Be off with you! A betrothal of the utmost importance to the aristocratic world is about to take place, but not with your sordid commercial chatter as an obligato. If my court chamberlain were here, it wouldn't be the arrangement of a lady's train that I should require of him; it would be a summary readjustment of your coat-tails."

The well-dressed stranger sadly turned his back on us, moped into the sea, and took to swimming. We called after him; but he disappeared in the shimmer of the moonbeams.

Zorzio and I withdrew to the beach for conference.

"How is it to be done?"

"I understand that drowning is not only painless, but pleasant."

"Who said anything about a painless end?"

"Otello, how does one do away with folks in Venice?"

"Without leaving a trace?" asked Otello, drying his operative mustache.

But before he could enlighten us, the others came up.

"Oh," the Archduchess Ursa protested, "such a question isn't so easily arranged as all that!"

"Which question?"

"Whether we are to marry this gentleman," the Archduchess Vashti replied, demurely nodding at Beverly Sheepshanks.

Don Orfeo announced:

"I for one am against it. And I speak on his behalf as well as on yours, my dears. It seems that he has suddenly turned reactionary, while you are just after talking in a most radical manner. From both points of view it would be a misalliance. I must refuse my consent."

"And I mine," cried Otello, in horror. "What! Are we Mohammedans? If such villainy is to be done, you may find yourselves another gondolier."

"Yes," Vashti remarked to Sheepshanks, "it seems to be quite a bother."

"Perhaps this old gentleman can settle it," Ursa suggested.

Before us stood an aged wretch all in tatters, his visage wrinkled like a handbag of alligator-skin, his mouth toothless, his chin bedecked with some wisps of whitish hair. Holding his hat in his hands, he gave us the stare of an experienced goat.

"What name, sir?" Don Orfeo asked him, courteously.

"Fortunato," croaked the ancient.

"No doubt you are here absorbing the poetry of the sea?"

Fortunato emitted a cackle of contempt. "Why should I not, for once, treat myself to the luxury of truth? I am here to absorb the small coins of the zanies who find the sea poetic. In a longish life devoted to profiting by the

idiotic moments of others, I've learned that nothing loosens the purse-strings like sentimentalism. Moreover, there's nothing like a moonlit sea for making people muzzy. That's why, on these moonlight nights, I beg on the Lido."

"But you, yourself, do you not regard the sea with some affection, then?"

"Affection? The sea?" snorted Fortunato. "To the devil with the sea! Is it wine? Can we drink it? What is it good for? To rush every now and then through the ports into Venice, and flood all the doorways where I am accustomed to sleep. The sea! No greater nonsense could be imagined than the making of it."

"But without the sea, what should we do for fish?"

"There is another piece of tomfoolery. The fish could just as well have been equipped with legs, to run over the land. A silly world! With half an hour's thought I could make a much better one."

"Then perhaps you can settle this delicate question of ours."

"At least, I will warble you a song."

And Fortunato, lifting his wrinkled muzzle toward the moon, produced, in a dreadful howl, the following:

"All little girls are pretty girls,
And big girls they are pretty, too;
And two are prettier than one,
And three are prettier than two:
Don't frown upon my ditty, girls;
For I have scarce begun.

"A garden full of tamarisks,
Wistaria, pomegranate-buds—
Yes, Venice is a garden fair
For young men in their Sunday duds:
He stares and stammers, 'Damn the risks!'
O rash young man, beware!

"The priest will not agree to it
That you should wed the pack of them;
And if you could, how soon would you
Pray heaven for the lack of them!
For one and all they'd see to it
That you were black and blue.

"So if you cannot pitch on one
From all of them to be your wife,

Leave each of them a legacy:
Your sash to Zanzi, and your knife
To Marietta; which, all done,
Go jump into the sea."

As Fortunato finished this doggerel, a gondolier of the Nicolotto faction presented himself to Otello.

"Otello, dost thou know that thy gondola is gone?"

"My gondola? Gone? In what way?"

"It seems that a tall, wet gentleman in evening dress has rowed it off, with no mean talent, to Venice."

Otello, his features unrecognizable, slowly came to his feet, raised his hands above his head, and howled:

"My gondola! My sweetheart! My jewel! Oh, the great tadpole! The son of a Turk! Stealer of holy candles! Falsifier of lotteries! Campanile-wrecker! Spy! Collector of cigarette-butts at church doors! Namesake of a saint that never performed a miracle! Spoiled oyster! Countenance of a pig!"

Screaming these words and others, he made for the lagoon. The rest of us ran to dress. Five minutes later, we all, Fortunato included, set out at full speed for Venice in a launch.

We rushed across the lagoon in a whirl of spray. The delicate Zuletta grew frightened at the speed of the launch; brave Zorzio protected her in a tighter embrace than ever. The archduchesses, their cloaks floating out behind them, resembled Amazons speeding to a battle in which no male warrior would have a chance for his heart. The beacons of Venice rose higher into the sky.

"Cheer up, Otello. We will find it again."

"My gondola! My treasure! My all! Her stem and beams were of oak, her ribs of cherry, her decks of walnut. Her prow-blade was an heirloom, which I rubbed every night with tallow. Promptly every month she went to be scraped and smoked. No one else knew her temperament. All her darling little ways and whims—who else could master them?"

"Just fancy," said Don Orfeo to

Beverly Sheepshanks, as an aristocrat to another, "even one of the people represents expropriation."

But it seemed that Beverly was now a Bolshevik again.

"Otello," he replied, in a menacing way, "is not the only one who must be educated. You, too, will have to see the light, and assent to my expropriation of these ladies, whom I am determined to marry. If not by persuasion, in another way."

"Terrorism!" squealed Ursa and Vashti, those exquisite honey-colored giantesses, apparently torn between fear and curiosity, and trying to look as helpless as possible.

The aged Fortunato, rolling up his ragged sleeves, announced:

"Young man, if this is the revolution, count me on your side. I have nothing to lose, and all the world to gain. Shall we throw everything and everybody overboard except the wine, the diamonds, the watches, your fiancées, the money in these gentlemen's pockets, and a pair of their stylish suits? The only question is, when we have done so can you run this launch?—for I can't."

However, since we remained eight to two, despite Beverly's efforts to convert Otello, Zorzio, and the engineer of the launch, we were all aboard when the Grand Canal closed round us. On the left, we perceived some pale, impalpable domes; on the right, the alabaster sheen of Saint Mark's Piazzetta; ahead, the bejeweled channel of a myriad songs.

We sped furiously on, setting all the other craft to rocking and bobbing, so that there followed us the maledictions of many gondoliers. As we passed the ferry-stations we shouted for news; but here, too, all we got was bad words, while those on the landings ran to escape the wash of our launch. Leaving the Grand Canal, we forged through the smaller waterways, where the upper stories were coated with silver, the doorways steeped in gloom. High shutters painted in orange, blue, and scarlet

banged open; nightcaps appeared; and a natty cavalier, scraping a mandolin below a curtain of honeysuckle, fell out of his gondola with a squawk of indignation.

But Otello gave the quick-stop cry, "*Sciar!*"

We hove to before a wine-shop that stood half a dozen steps above the canal, its open front embowered in rambler roses, its cavelike interior filled with gondoliers. It was a rendezvous of the Nicolotto faction.

At Otello's hail, they came crowding down the steps, still clutching their tumblers and their platters of eels and sardines. But Otello got no chance to unfold his tragedy. Beverly Sheepshanks addressed the gondoliers:

"Which is your leader?"

A swarthy, massive, majestic gondolier of uncertain age replied:

"I am the Grand Gastaldo of the Nicolotti."

"Then, comrade, I inform you that the mystic hour has struck. No more classes, ranks, rich idlers, or special privileges. That being understood, I depend on your active assistance. There are persons in this launch who, because of aristocratic prejudice, wish to prevent me from marrying—"

The Grand Gastaldo of the Nicolotti, with the air of a man accustomed to being obeyed, raised his hand for silence.

"What do I hear?" he asked. "There are no more special privileges? The historic privileges of the Nicolotti are abolished? There is no more rank? I am not a Grand Gastaldo? No more rich idlers, to give us their custom? And possibly you wish to equalize our guilds with the world at large, make every one our peer, so that a gondolier is not to be distinguished from other people? General of the devils! Protégé of an assassin! Come nearer. Let me twine my fingers round that nose of yours."

The Grand Gastaldo, in fact, was still urging Beverly to come within arm's-reach when Otello hissed:

"There! He has just rowed past, the

thief of my gondola. Look at him yonder, slipping away in the dark!"

The gondoliers dropped their tumblers and plates in horror.

"Thy gondola, Otello?"

"Stolen?"

"By one of those repulsive amateur gondoliers?"

"Here is sacrilege!"

"Here is a case for revenge!"

"Death! Damnation! Blood!"

Forthwith, the Grand Gastaldo leading, they all leaped aboard our launch, and perched themselves everywhere as we set out in pursuit.

Ahead we discerned the coat-tails of the well-dressed stranger, who was rowing as if for his life. He looked back, saw us gaining, and made for the nearest steps, which chanced to be the steps of a nice little palace. Springing ashore, he beat on the door with his fists. As our launch reached the steps, the door opened inward. The well-dressed stranger bowled over a footman in a coat of garnet plush and knee-breeches of peach-colored satin. We saw the fugitive bound up a flight of marble steps flanked with statues of the nymphs.

"We have him!"

Gaining the top of the staircase, we found ourselves in a spacious hall, the floor of marble, the walls covered with yellow brocade, the ceiling painted all over by Tiepolo. On pedestals here and there were classic busts. Between candelabra hung trophies of Turkish armor. All the lights were blazing; the vases were filled with sprays of syringa, and, on a snowy table, a cold buffet was arranged in front of a phalanx of bottles. The gondoliers caught the well-dressed stranger as he was climbing out of a window.

He allowed them to drag him forward without a struggle. His clothes were nearly dry. He had found the time to give his mustache a jaunty upward twirl. His face wore the beatific look of a martyr.

"What shall we do with him?"

The prisoner was still shoeless; this

prompted the suggestion, of course, that he be well tickled on the soles of his feet. But the Grand Gastaldo, after a glance at the cold buffet, decided:

"For the present let us tie him up, so that he may be tortured by watching us eat this supper. There is plenty of time to sentence him when all the food is gone."

So with curtain-cords they tied the well-dressed stranger into a large arm-chair, then turned to the cold buffet.

"This fish in mayonnaise has an exciting look."

"A jellied cutlet for me."

"A bit of chicken, please. Just a wing and a spoonful of aspic."

"What will you have to wash it down with?"

Beverly Sheepshanks turned to a clump of man-servants, who, in their garnet coats and peach-colored breeches, stood gaping at us, dumfounded.

"Look alive, will you? Open a few of these bottles."

"Is the host here?"

"If so, common decency demands that we pay our respects to him."

With that obligation on their minds, they stuck their heads round some doors, explored the window-curtains, peeped under the piano. As no host revealed himself, there was nothing to do but return to the repast.

The archduchesses, confessing that their swim had made them peckish, consumed between them a chicken, two plates of white truffle salad, a mold of blanc-mange, six tarts, and a frozen custard. Zulettia and Zorzio preferred the cold mullet in a lavender sauce; they supped from one plate, so that they could sit closer together. As for Fortunato, that hoary rip was trying to pocket some forks, when the gondoliers chased him down-stairs. They then sat down on the handsome sofas in gingerly attitudes, their plates on their knees, their glasses between their feet, eating and drinking discreetly, and favorably criticizing the mythological ladies on the ceiling. Don Orfeo, the Grand Gastaldo,

and I, pacing the marble floor, discussed melancholia and the means for preventing it.

The well-dressed stranger, trussed up in his chair, still watched us with a smile of beatitude.

But we were not yet done with Beverly Sheepshanks.

He planted himself before the two archduchesses. Side by side on a yellow divan, more exuberant and vital-looking than ever after their snack, they smiled at him as Circe would have smiled at Ulysses, if there had been two of her. All at once their patrician resplendency broke his will. Tears gushed from his eyes. He sank down on one knee before them, and stuttered:

"Forgive me! Only, accept me!"

Don Orfeo, in a commiserating way, patted the suppliant's head, and volunteered:

"Poor fellow! Speaking *in loco parentis*—in short, as their father—for that is what I am—I must tell you that these marriages cannot be."

Pallid with rage, Beverly Sheepshanks rose to his feet. "For the same old reasons?"

"No; it has just occurred to me that they are already engaged."

At these words, the archduchesses gave a start and looked at each other strangely, as though to say:

"How in the world did that happen to slip our minds?"

Beverly Sheepshanks uttered a hideous laugh. "To a pair of grand dukes, no doubt! To a couple of wretched popinjays all covered with gimcracks and baubles!"

"No," said Don Orfeo; "to the most redoubtable wrestler, and the most eupeptic weight-lifter, in Europe."

Every one rose, approached on tip-toe, and made a circle round the yellow divan. Don Orfeo continued in his courtliest manner:

"Apparently it is time for our masquerade to end. Neither my daughters nor myself can claim any patents of nobility other than those bestowed on

us by nature. Who are we? We are the Missolonghi Family, whose business it is to reacquaint the world with the physical idealism of ancient Greece. Our palaces are painted behind the footlights. Our subjects are the theater-going public. Our conquests are over the admiration, alone, of new countries. Last month we laid imperial Rome at our feet; to-morrow night we expect to subjugate Venice. I must write you all some passes."

For an instant, did not a cloud cross the faces of Vashti and Ursa—a shade of regret that they were persecuted archduchesses no longer?

"Acrobats!" gasped Beverly Sheepshanks, falling back a pace.

Don Orfeo returned, with simple dignity: "Do not confuse us, pray, with the general run of music-hall posture-masters. Since the beginning, each art, like every other occupation, has had its aristocracy, as no formula has yet been adopted by which people may be born all equally proficient."

"And we took you for a philosophical altruist," I told Don Orfeo.

"It is because I am a philosophical altruist that the Missolonghi Family is unique. As I have hinted, it has a mission higher than mere entertainment. By revealing, on the stage, human forms as they ought to be, we present an ideal, incite mankind to physical perfection, and so work for a grander race. It is true that when every one is as shapely and strong as we, our drawing-power will end. Never mind; we make that sacrifice cheerfully for humanity's sake."

"And this has been your life-work?" I asked him, in awe.

"At first I had other thoughts. I intended to abolish humanity's ignorance. With that in mind, I mastered the history of the world—geographical, ethnological, political, emotional, economic, artistic, amatory, and scientific. It then occurred to me to become, instead, a missionary of good taste. For this purpose I began by delving into the esthetics of dining, but soon acquired a

waist-line that alarmed all my friends. One morning, while doing my calisthenics, I seemed to see before me a flaming legend, *Mens sana in corpore sano*. That day I went forth to rescue the bodies of mankind, which seemed to me a preliminary to all the rest. If I was wrong, why have I gained this precious reward—namely, the gift of laughing even at myself?"

"Sir, if you are as fine an athlete as you are idealist—"

By way of reply he beckoned to Ursa and Vashti.

The three ran lightly into the middle of the hall. Quicker than the eye could follow, Vashti swung herself up on Don Orfeo's shoulders, and Ursa soared up over Vashti. For a moment they towered three-high, then began to tip forward like a falling column. Cries of alarm arose. But just as all three seemed about to dash themselves against the marble floor, each turned a somersault in mid-air; and they stood erect, wafting kisses in all directions.

"Feats of Hercules!" roared the delighted gondoliers.

With a deprecating smile, Don Orfeo murmured:

"It is nothing—a trivial gesture to amuse you. If you have some packs of cards, my daughters will gladly tear them in two, or bend a few coins with their fingers."

Beverly Sheepshanks blenched, retreated, and bumped into Zuietta. While apologizing, he seemed to see that lissom, pale, Titian-haired damsel for the first time.

"Maybe," he stammered in her ear, "I've made a little mistake? A while ago, when I spoke of marriages in Venice, you offered to tell me something?"

Once more Zorizio had the chance to encircle, with his shabby nankeen sleeve, Zuietta's black shawl.

"We, too," he announced, "have a confession to make. All this evening Zuietta has been my wife and I have been her husband. Would you like us less if I told you that to-morrow morning

we shall resume our titles of Principe and Principessa di Lunazzurra?"

"A prince! You are not a peddler of cupids, then?"

"A princess! You are not a flower-girl at all?"

"Let me explain," the faunlike Zorizio besought us. "Because we have the misfortune to be noble and rich, that doesn't mean that we have no hearts at all. Tormented by our idle lives, shamed by the accusations of the radical press, we decided, at first, to live for one month in the year in the manner of common peasants. We sailed to England, leased a small farm—which the English call a manor—and raised for the London market some roses and hot-house grapes, which we clipped with our own hands. But the Spanish *chargé d'affaires*, who was visiting us, discovered us engaged in manual labor, wrote home about it, and stirred up all our relatives in Spain. Nevertheless, we were still determined to earn our bread, at least one day a year, in a humble and decent manner. We met you while doing so. And we call this night to witness that all good impulses bring their pleasant rewards."

"Can it be," the Grand Gastaldo inquired, in dismay, "that this is now your Excellency's palace?"

"No, it is not," said Zorizio. "We are staying at the Hotel Superb. In fact, we are not Venetians at all, but Neapolitans. We came here yesterday, because, as you can see, it would hardly do for the Prince and the Princess of Lunazzurra to peddle cupids and flowers along the sidewalks of Naples."

"That is easily understood," the Grand Gastaldo assured him. "All the same, it would be interesting to know who is the present lessee of this palace of ours."

"I am the guilty person," a happy voice caroled behind us.

It was the well-dressed stranger, still trussed up in his chair.

"You see before you," the well-dressed stranger informed us, "a poor fellow whose one idea is to carry diver-

sion to a humdrum world. Three times to-night I did my best to amuse you; twice I was repulsed, but at last I conquered you. Oh, joy!" he cried, looking up at the chandeliers and beaming in ecstasy. "I have lured all these people to an hour of whimsy under my humble roof. I have tasted the bliss of bestowing happiness. Do your worst to me now. You can't undo my triumph!"

In a jiffy the well-dressed stranger was released by Otello himself.

"Shall we dance?"

Our host clapped his hands. Musicians appeared and began to play a waltz. The Grand Gastaldo danced with Vashti, Zorzio with Ursa, our host with Zulietta. The gondoliers cheerfully waltzed with one another. Fortunato, who had returned when nobody was looking, did a species of folk-dance by himself in a corner, a bottle of wine in each paw.

Don Orfeo and I retired to a balcony.

This side-canal was flooded by the moonlight. In the pink dwelling across the way the emerald shutters were closed. But below, on the narrow stream, lay a flotilla of gondolas, attracted by our music. Inevitably among those moths there was a violin; the musician, catching the key, began to follow the waltz. Soon there rose a sound of humming voices, which harmonized with the melody indoors.

Said Don Orfeo, nodding toward the festive scene within:

"There, at least, is a momentary Utopia—the submergence of conflicting prejudices in amiable give-and-take; the equality in happiness that idealists hope for, that realists say can never be attained. Let us confess that there's something touching in the fact that it is a mirage of the night, and must fade with the sunrise. Alas! why must that be so?"

A voice beside us croaked, "That is easily explained."

It was Fortunato, who had tottered out to the balcony to cool his fevered brow. Lolling against the jamb, wagging

his finger at us, the old vagabond declaimed:

"I am admittedly tight, while you gentlemen, apparently, are not; for that reason I feel myself more capable than ever of instructing you. Shall I tell you the trouble with all of us? We are human beings, not angels. Each gains and holds what he can. Each covets what he lacks. But I do not wish to reduce you to despair. I would not have you break down and weep before me. So I admit that this state of things will end. It will end when no gondolier is tickled to be thought the descendant of Otello, when no ladies enjoy being taken for arch-duchesses, when no princes, after a night of peddling, return to the Hotel Superb, when nobody insists on being a Grand Gastaldo. In fine, the whole mess will end when we are not humans, but angels."

"You paint a black picture, Fortunato," Don Orfeo sighed.

But Fortunato did not hear him. He was asleep, half over the end of the balcony, his face in a clump of flowering bramble. Don Orfeo slipped a banknote into the old rascal's pocket.

The music still kept the air throbbing. Amid the gondolas below us an improviser had fitted words to our waltz:

"Eyes are shining, fingers twining,
Music playing in languid measure;
Lips are smiling, sighs beguiling,
Figures swaying up there, my treasure;
Our answer hums below their wall;
We catch the crumbs of songs that fall
Through the fragrant night,
From the feast of light—
From the house of the Prince of Pleasure."

Waving his hand toward the gondolas below, Don Orfeo remarked:

"He is right in this, that we are all drawn toward that which shines just beyond our reach."

"But to-night is a magical night," I reminded him. "This is the hour when the unattainable, as you have seen, may be attained."

"True," Don Orfeo assented. "And

for that reason, why do we not tell our host of all these pathetic folk below his windows? If we do, he will ask them in, and the mirage will be complete."

So he did. There were some pretty

girls among them, and the party became a ball. The music went on and on and on; for, happily, the swallows that herald the dawn in Venice were still asleep in their nests.

IVORY

BY ETHEL M. HEWITT

OH, what are you selling where market ways narrow,
'Neath windows of fate through their yashmaks agleam?
Pearls for princesses, paints for the wanton?
Muslin of moon-webs, or damascened dream?
Ivory! Ivory! Cry my brave ivory!

Crosses and rosaries, wan with the pallor
Of penitent lips that their pureness have pressed;
Fair, carven caskets, by sandalwood haunted,
Safe and secure for a secret at rest.
Ivory! Ivory! Cry my pale ivory!

Ivory that still has the tusk in it, ruthless—
Scimitar-shaped to a blade swift to rend
Leaves letting light in on love that is lasting—
Proof on the script of a treacherous friend.
Ivory! Ivory! Cry my sharp ivory!

Buy of me dagger-hilts, ear-rings, and trinkets—
Quaint battered flotsam from China's far seas;
Mandarins, chessmen, fan-handles, mirrors—
Will you not buy of me treasures like these?
Ivory! Ivory! Cry my rare ivory!

Go your way! Sell your wares! Fate send you fortune!
The road to the Dream from the market is long;
I have built me a lodge in a garden of lilies—
A tower of ivory, matchless and strong!
Ivory! Ivory! Cry my fair ivory!

EXPANDING JAPAN

BY ARTHUR BULLARD

TALK of war with Japan has recently been heard in our Senate. Just as we were relaxing from the great effort against Germany, this old bugaboo has been raised again. The ostrich policy of ignoring danger never prevented any war. "Drift" is what we have most to fear. If we want peace, we must prepare to prevent war. We must think about it.

An important element in our relations with Japan is relative size. Not only in mileage is our country larger than the Japanese Islands; in almost every sense it is more spacious. Masses of statistics could be marshaled to emphasize this contrast. The most impressive have to do with the food-supply. This subject is treated ably in King's *Farmers of Forty Centuries*. He was an agricultural expert, and just as Ruskin saw nothing in Venice but works of art, so King's sole interest in the Orient was the marvelous farmcraft, the infinite capacity for taking pains, by which these ancient peoples have wrung a living from their meager fields.

If we made a graphic chart, with one square representing the amount of land per capita of our farmers, and another on the same basis for Japan, it would look like the socialist diagrams of the unequal distribution of wealth in capitalistic society. Our share is almost ten times theirs. They have an appalling number of mouths to feed for every acre of arable land.

This terrific overcrowding influences the whole structure of their society. A sparse frontier community can get along with informal lynch law, while a dense population requires detailed legislation and rigid traditional customs. There is no need of a food administrator where

there is plenty to eat, but in a beleaguered city it is necessary to ration all the means of life. Formal, careful manners, control—discipline—are needed in a crowd. So not only in our acreage, but also in our habits of thought, we are more favored than Japan.

We have grown wastefully rich in peace. The New Era in Japan began with the imminent threat of foreign aggression. The first task of the Japanese "Reorganizers" was to imitate the militarism of Christendom, which menaced them. Their achievements have been marvelous—but very expensive. They are still burdened by the heavy debts of the Russian War and their army budget in times of peace has been excessive. In the war crisis we sent to France one man for every fifty of our population. The Japanese have kept a larger percentage of their manhood in arms continually. They have not only had to make every acre yield more food than we do; they have had to stretch every gold coin much thinner.

The effect of these contrasts, between our large-scale farming with tractors and the intensive hand labor of their rice-fields, between our easy wastefulness and their intense thrift, is felt in every branch of life. It might be summed up by comparing our sky-scrapers with their cloissoné vases. The grand design *versus* the intimate detail.

There is much antagonism, instinctive, unreasoning, in this contrast—the background of our relations. We may wax enthusiastic over the precision and haunting charm of their minutia—but to most of us it seems a bit moribund. They may be thrilled and somewhat awed by the great sweep of our concep-

tions—but we seem to them grandiose and gross. Much more important than any “incidents” at Tientsin or Magdalena Bay is this fact of background. We do not like the same things.

However, there is no reason for a clash over this difference in scale. If there is to be a fight, there must be an “issue.” The sword-wavers are trying to make one out of Japan’s tendency to expand at the expense of China. It is a serious matter for us, for under some circumstances it will surely lead to war. But first let us try to state the “issue” clearly.

However threatening Japanese ambitions may be to us, they have to face a worse menace at home. They have a baby-peril, more dangerous than Oriental immigration ever was to us. Each new child born to them increases the desperate pressure of over-population. And no workable Exclusion Laws against babies have yet been devised.

Famine. Emigration. Industrial Expansion. There are no other choices for Japan. The first will never be accepted as a governmental policy. We forbid emigration to the districts where the pressure on the food-supply is less. If ever *force majeure* controlled the destiny of a nation, it drives Japan to expanding industrialism. If her factories can produce what the overfed nations of Christendom will buy, she can feed her people—not otherwise. But goods, exchangeable for food, cannot be manufactured out of thin air or pious wishes. The demand for imitation antiques or modern lacquerware is scant. The graceful products of her soul will not keep Japan alive. Her string of rocky islands is not rich in the raw materials of modern industry. The resources of metal and fuel are limited. The crops of wool and cotton and silk are not large enough to keep her looms busy. And every day there are bigger crowds at the factory doors begging for work.

Germany, under circumstances similar—but less pressing, for her emigrants were welcomed everywhere—

drew the sword to hack her way through to a place in the sun. The economic situation of Japan is as black midnight compared to our sunny noontide. To check the development of Japanese trade and industry is to push her to suicide—gradual death from famine or such a spectacular climax as has overwhelmed Germany.

This is a new problem for Japan. It is a misleading custom to translate “Mikado” as “Emperor.” There was nothing imperial about the Old Japan. They never had a Cæsar or a Bonaparte. They were always fighting feudal wars among themselves, but they left their neighbors alone. They never subjugated alien peoples—which is the very essence of Imperialism. Foreign dominion is as new an idea to the Mikados as steam-engines. It is only since Perry lifted the lid from this Oriental Pandora’s Box, that the traditional policy has been reversed. Faced by the threat of foreign aggression, the Japanese suddenly developed internal unity, eliminated civil war, modernized their armament. They fought and defeated their two neighbors, annexed Formosa and Korea, and drove industrial stakes into widely separated parts of China. There is no indication of a fall in this rising curve of expansion. In fact, all the conditions have the opposite implication.

Japan’s great change in the middle of the last century had very little democratic intent. The masses took no part in the movement. It was a quarrel among the clans. The warrior chieftains who led the Reconstruction were not interested in our religion nor in our theories of government. What impressed them and stirred their emulation was our war-ships. With marvelous ability and energy they set about copying our armaments—to defend themselves from us with our own fire. But they seem to have been blind to the chance that success in this project of self-defense would gravely affect their social status and change the entire basis of Japanese life. When they discovered the inevitable by-

products of their enterprise—industrial development and all its political results—most of these innovators became reactionary. Progress has been too rapid to suit the old generation of the Samurai. But the factories, which they had encouraged for the production of weapons, grew apace and could not be stopped. It is this industrial development, which pushes Japan to expansion. The drive back of her foreign policy comes from this force rather than from the throne.

The Japanese have tried to meet their need for raw material—just as in so many other cases—by close imitation of the Christian Powers. They have developed a colonial policy; they have annexed territory, against the will of the inhabitants, where they hoped to find the things they needed.

Their first venture was Formosa. There they were after tropical products. But the military expenses incurred in “educating” the head-hunters has wiped out any profit from the enterprise. With this experience to guide them, they did better in the administration of Korea. They have tried in many ways to benefit the “natives.” One thing, which all tourists notice is the elaborate program of reforestation. The barren and denuded hills of Korea are growing up to a new wealth for the profit of future generations.

Enlightened Japanese were more hopeful about Korea than Formosa. It was very expensive, but rich in promise. However, the present Independence movement is rolling up staggering expenses. They feel about Korea very much as we did about the Philippines, when Aguinaldo was noisily insisting that we were not wanted there. In those days the Spanish priests filled the European press with indignant letters about our brutality to the Filipinos, just as our missionaries are now writing home unpleasant truths about Korea.

The Japanese colonial administrators—in their small way—have had to face their share of “Sepoy Rebellions” and “Insurrecto Movements.” They have

met such unpleasant crises just as Americans and Europeans have done. They are just as likely as we to lose their tempers, just as quick to suppress the “seditious,” who want to be free, just as bitter in their “race prejudice” against the people they have subjugated.

The tragic—and humiliating—thing is that so little colonial history is pleasant reading. It is the shame of Christendom that it has not developed a decent morality in such matters. The recent news from Korea is sickening. But we have similar news from Egypt and the Afghan border. The French and Spanish are campaigning against native rebels in Morocco, the Italians in Tunisia. Our Marines are on “active service” in San Domingo and Nicaragua. The Japanese are not claiming any “racial superiority.” The gravest criticism we can bring against their colonial policy is that they have too closely followed the practice of Christendom.

But these colonies, at the best, would furnish but a drop in the bucket of Japan’s need. Her hunger for raw material can only be satisfied on the mainland of Asia.

In China, Japan does not profess to seek colonies. She wants “spheres of influence.” Perhaps this results from her own experiences, her not too successful experiments in colonization. Perhaps it is pure imitation. France is the only one of the European Powers which has carved a colony out of the body of China. It has been more fashionable to grab a “Treaty Port” and secure economic concessions. The dangers involved in “dismemberment” are apparent to the Japanese, and they are probably as sincere as the other Powers in their renunciation of colonial ambitions in China. But economic penetration is a different matter, and they insist that it is their manifest destiny to share largely in the industrial development of China.

We, of the West, have not even attempted to write anything into the Law of Nations which makes such demands illegal. The other nations, to whom

China appeals for protection, cannot with equity hem in Japan with rules they themselves do not respect.

A few questions will clarify some of the possibilities before us. Will Japan seek her place in the sun by diplomatic negotiations, or will she appeal to arms? Will she insist on political sovereignty over the sources of needed raw material or can she be satisfied with soundly guaranteed economic concessions—as France was at last in regard to the Saar Valley? If she gets assured access to the coveted fuel and minerals, will she try to close the door on rivals? Will she ameliorate the hideous conditions of her workers at home or will the only people to profit be her mushroom millionaires? To these questions you can find contradictory answers in the parliamentary discussions of Japan. They have not made up their minds on such matters. But there is no dispute about one thing. Their factories must be fed or their people will starve.

Now that the war is over we do not need to muddle our thinking longer by the pretense of sacred union. Of course it was only a figure of speech—a war-time necessity—to talk about nations as units. It is no longer a patriotic duty to concentrate all our hatred on the Kaiser, and we have promptly rediscovered most of our old, local animosities. It is not even sound to speak of any class in the nation as united in political aspirations. We have people, just as undemocratic in their pride of birth as the Samurai, but they do not vote alike. Our industrial magnates are divided into “malefactors of great wealth” and those who contributed adequately to Mr. Roosevelt’s campaign funds. Our working-class does not unite in one party. Japan is just as much torn by internal politics as we.

Modern industry has developed a Third Estate in Japan, much as it did in France a dozen decades ago. Feudalism is being ground up in the factories. The magic of machinery has produced rich men, with a wealth more dazzling

than that of the nobles, with more powerful retinues of bourgeois-minded lawyers, engineers, and journalists. It is a growing class—immensely stimulated by war conditions—active, enterprising, reckless. The Samurai may disapprove and despise, but they cannot compete. The ancient clans are giving ground to the political parties. For the first time in their history, a Commoner, a man of this new Third Estate, Hara—chosen by the Diet, not an appointee of the Throne—is Premier. It is a momentous change for them, a great advance in constitutional government.

But it means little to the bulk of the people. The great mass of them still live on the land, their conditions of life changed very little since the Great Buddha was erected at Kamakura. They hear the rumble of distant trains and see the glow of arc-lights, but they take little interest in premiers and politics. A small, but rapidly growing, section of the coolies has been caught under the Juggernaut of the Industrial Revolution—as hideous and merciless as it ever was in Leeds or Manchester. The living conditions in the shacks about the factories are appalling, the wages pitiful, women and children are being ruthlessly sacrificed to the modern Moloch. Highly explosive material here. Mr. Hara has promised to introduce a law to permit labor-unions.

The war has quickened economic processes everywhere; it has turned Japan into a vortex of complicated strains. The old feudal control is weakening. The munition business has made many new millionaires. And the cost of rice has gone up. There is immense strain in the conflict between the immemorial customs of the coolies and the desperate new efforts to which they are spurred by the rising cost of food. There have been rice riots in Japan.

That all these internal strains and new adjustments will cause some change in foreign policy is probable, but it would take a very bold prophet to forecast its effect on Japan’s relations to us. Mr.

Hara's plebeian Cabinet may be less subservient to the General Staff, less hungry for military glory, but it may well be more industrially minded, more influenced by commercial greed. It may prove only a change from the frying-pan of militarism to the fire of capitalistic imperialism. This old world of ours has suffered as much from one as from the other. But of one thing we may be sure. This new mercantile element, which has control, will be more intent than ever on securing access to raw material for the factories. They are face to face with Japan's labor problem—the feeding of the masses.

Another thing is sure. The attitude of America is more important to Japan than ever before. No other country has watched our military development more intently. None has been more impressed, few more surprised.

The Japanese jingoes have not been original. Their program was "made in Germany," based on the theory of the Grosse Generalstab that a nation of shopkeepers would not fight. They did not propose to conquer the United States, but to grab a coast town, now and then, and hold it for ransom. Easy wealth had sapped our vitality, robbed us of "honor," and we would pay tribute rather than fight. We have not won any love from the Japanese by our war record, but we have gained a new respect. We have silenced those of our enemies who used to preach that war with us would be easy and profitable.

Now that Russia and Germany are impotent and the other nations exhausted, America is the only country to stand in the way of Japanese ambitions. They are giving us a great deal of thought. The new element, under the leadership of Hara, want "to do business." They need many American products and want to sell to us, but they also want the raw material of Asia and we have always resisted their expansion in China. They are a hard-headed people. Our co-operation would be very valuable, our enmity dangerous. If they

could come to terms with us, their future would be more hopeful. There has been much talk of late of a new "American orientation" in foreign policy.

Britain was the first Christian nation to recognize the political equality of Japan. Since she introduced the Japanese to the circle of the Great Powers by the Alliance of 1902, her Embassy has been the center of diplomatic gravity at Tokio. The only serious rival of the British ambassador was the representative of the Kaiser. Strongly reinforced by the friendship of Japanese officers, who in the military academies of Prussia had learned a great reverence for "*Eisen und Blut*," supported by the business enterprise of his countrymen, who were subsidized to underbid their English competitors, the German ambassador grew more and more important.

From 1914 to 1917 the struggle between the British and German influence in Japan became furious. The "enemy" Embassy was closed, but the many friends of Germany—some in high governmental position—continued active. Their principal attack was on the hitherto sacrosanct "Anglo-Japanese Treaty"—was it worth renewing? What could England do for Japan, compared to the services Japan was expected to render? Newspapers which had previously raged at American race prejudice began to turn their attention to similar "incidents" in the British Empire. Speeches by Mr. Hughes of Australia on the "Yellow Peril"—quite as insulting as the senatorial output—were featured. Hindu revolutionists were allowed to air their grievances in public.

In the long, indecisive first years of the war it was inevitable that the British prestige should suffer. The facts seemed to fit the theory of Berlin that a loosely organized mercantile democracy could not fight. This theory was very congenial to the junkers of Japan. After the collapse of Russia, most educated Japanese decided—sorrowfully or gladly—that Germany had won, and that their alliance with Britain had been bad policy.

Very few Japanese took our declaration of war seriously. We also were mercantile and democratic. But the news from America was always in direct contradiction to the German theory. The telegrams about our military preparations through 1917 were discounted as bluff. But the news of Château-Thierry and St.-Mihiel could not be ignored. Our friends in Japan began to talk louder and louder of an "American orientation."

As the tide began to turn against Germany we fortunately had in Tokio an ambassador worthy of the post. Mr. Morris's position was immensely strengthened by the bulletins from the front, but even before things began to look so hopeful he had achieved a brilliant result in the matter of ship-building. The efforts of the British ambassador to get the Japanese to build ships for the Entente had failed. They did not have enough steel to keep their own fleet in repair. They were reluctant to use their scanty raw material for the benefit of others. But our embargo was already making itself felt. Unless we relaxed it on their behalf, their commerce would be strangled. They sullenly expected a hard Yankee bargain. But Mr. Morris said to them: "How much steel do you need to round out your own building program? First of all, we'll meet your requirements and then we'll see what you can do for us."

It was a very successful policy. Instead of forcing the Japanese to turn over their insufficient mercantile marine, as they had feared, he gave them the chance to attend to their own business and offered them a profitable enterprise besides. For the first time the Japanese shipyards began to work at full capacity. Also, it was a very sharp object-lesson in commercial geography. The British might have liked to deal with them equally generously, but they did not have the spare steel and could not deliver such help if they had had it. The diplomatic center of gravity in Tokio began to swing to our Embassy.

It was humanly inevitable that the British diplomats in the Far East should suffer keenly from this loss of prestige, resent the rise of our influence, and strive to regain their old position of dominance. The battle-fields of Europe were very far away and the diplomatic jousts of Tokio very near and much out of proportion.

"What's the use of this tremendous effort to defeat Germany," some Far-Eastern Britishers said, "if the only result is to put the Yankees on top?"

A close analogy is offered by the British reaction to our ship-building program. They were as near unanimous as a nation could be in wanting us to build ships with all the speed we could muster. But English shipping interests were less enthusiastic. "What's the use," they said, "in driving the Germans from the seas, if all it means is a new and more dangerous rival across the Atlantic?"

What the attitude of the Cabinet in London was toward the developments in the Far East we shall not know till the day of "Memoires" arrives. They were probably too busy at home to give much attention to the diplomatic intrigues of Tokio. But when the Japanese government refused the suggestion of isolated action in Siberia and decided to wait for America's approval and co-operation, the resentment of the British officials in the Far East toward our growing influence was obvious.

In order to regain their lost prestige, in order to revivify the alliance, which was becoming moribund, there was an obvious, if shabby, policy for such British diplomats. They must show the Japanese that Britain would help them realize their ambitions, while America would surely oppose. They must arrange "incidents" where they could pose as loyal friends of Japan, supporting her in the face of American hostility. At times they encouraged annexationist appetites in Siberia, at times in China. They were not scrupulous about what they suggested, so long as it set the stage for their little comedy of St. George

rescuing the Japanese maiden from the Yankee dragon.

There was an equally obvious play for the Japanese Imperialists—military and commercial. If Britain and America were at odds, neither could coerce Japan; but if we united on a Far Eastern program, they would have to submit. The more sand they could throw into the machinery of Anglo-Saxon co-operation the better.

So the Japanese junkers proceeded to stake out claims. They filled Eastern Siberia with troops, doubled their garrisons in Manchuria, and bribed and bullied Peking into accepting the infamous "Twenty-one Demands." They did not hope to bring home all this loot. But it is the classic technique of European diplomacy to ask for more than you expect to get. Sometimes the Japanese outstrip their teachers in such guile. But it is hard to be indignant about it—they are so unoriginal, they play their cards so precisely "according to Hoyle." In this case the amount of the spoils they could keep obviously depended on the degree of unity with which Washington and London viewed the venture. The more distrust and enmity they could engender between the two English-speaking nations the more they could hope to cash in.

This, of course, was a policy of extremists. The majority of Englishmen would have repudiated these disloyal intrigues of their representatives. In fact, some of them, out in the Far East, did protest. And there was a great deal of outspoken opposition in Japan to the exaggerated pretensions of their annexationists. But there were many of these extremists on both sides. From British sources there was a constant stream of gossip about Japanese duplicity, and Japanese "friends" were continually arriving with tittle-tattle about the sinister anti-American game of the British.

In Tokio, our State Department is faced by a bizarre triangle. It is a three-party affair. British diplomacy is jealous of American-Japanese co-operation, and

the Tories of Tokio have everything to gain by making trouble between Washington and London.

The development of the Anglo-French Entente gives comforting assurance that war is not the only way to liquidate such "issues" as now stand in the way of an accord with Japan. When Colonel Kitchener peremptorily ordered Colonel Marchand to haul down the French flag at Fashoda, those two countries were very much nearer war than we have ever been with Japan. There was a tremendous upflare of hostility. But common sense overtook the two governments long before it quieted the passions of the people. The Cabinet in London and the Council of Ministers in Paris decided that war would be foolish and set themselves to a give-and-take reduction of the causes of friction. There were numerous dangerous issues at stake; the most important was the rivalry in North Africa. Britain wanted a "free hand" in Egypt; France had a "manifest destiny" in Morocco. Each party had to pay for what it wanted. France sacrificed the "legitimate interests" of her citizens in Egypt and Britain withdrew support from her nationals in Morocco. The diplomats shook hands and a new era of cordiality between the two governments began.

But popular clamor did not die down for years. In London a "Morocco Society" was formed by merchants who suffered from the new policy, by chronic French-haters, by politicians who wished to embarrass the government. A corresponding *Comité* sprang up in Paris to protest against the betrayal of French interests in Egypt. They both kept up a bitter propaganda against the Entente until the outbreak of war in 1914.

"Incidents"—uncontrollable, exasperating—take place generally on the periphery of the circle where conflicting interests clash. "Accords" are achieved by statesmanship at the center of the circle. The French and British residents of North Africa hated one another cordially, partly from memories of Agin-

court, partly from trade rivalry. If their advice had been listened to—the famous “advice of the man on the spot,” “who knows the real facts”—the Entente would never have been signed.

So, in our relations with Japan, there is every prospect of long-continued and unpleasant “incidents” out on the periphery. In the Far East our traders and diplomats meet in rivalry. The bases of an understanding will not be discovered by competing Japanese and American merchants in Siberia and China. The student of diplomacy will be more interested in the developments at the center of the circle. The “Lansing-Ishii Agreement” shows that an effort is being made to reach an accord. It is quite possible that this beginning may—in spite of the jingoes in both countries—develop into a new and more fruitful *entente cordiale* for the Pacific.

But this is dependent on our attitude toward Japan's policy of expansion. The destinies of nations are not decided on precise dates. Definite decisions, clear-cut crises, are the rarest things in history. But ten years hence we will probably be able to look back on the decade following the Great War and tell how a policy—gradually and with many hesitations—took shape. The oscillations of discord will be damped to a point manageable and insignificant, or the vibrations will increase in violence till the structure of peace is wrecked.

No one in America wants war. Most of us want a real friendship with Japan, but some of us would like the spoils of war, without fighting for them. This is the dangerous element on our side of the problem. If a desire for unfair commercial advantages determines our policy, we cannot hope for decent relations. Japan may be too weak to fight us. Like the government of Bogota, her fear of our strength may overshadow her hatred. But such a “peace” is little better than war. If we want friendship we must not use pious phrases to cloak a commercial *real-politik*, which would strangle Japan. We must help her to

find some solution for her problems, which are very real and very pressing.

We have come out officially for the Open Door in the Far East. We will insist—and rightly—that no door of commercial opportunity opened to others shall be closed to us. We must—if we would be fair—insist that no door open to us in China shall be closed on Japan.

If we decide to enforce this rule both ways in China, it means a very real commercial advantage to Japan. We are far from this market, unfamiliar with its language and customs. We have many other markets to interest us. The Japanese will center their efforts in Asia. The Open Door means their commercial predominance in China. If we try to close the door on the Japanese there, because it profits them more than us, if our policy is motivated by commercial jealousy, we will lose all moral force in the argument. If we veto projects of theirs in China, which are similar to those we launch there and elsewhere, we shall be the veriest hypocrites.

However, American opposition to some of Japan's ambitions does not have rise in commercial motives. Very few of us have mercantile interests in Siberia, but we are opposed to Japanese annexations there. There is very general protest among us, based on more respectable motives than greed, against some of the “Twenty-one Demands.” It is too much like stealing pennies from a child. The best excuse which the authors of these demands have yet offered is that they did not expect to get all they asked for. It is a weak excuse. The moderation they now profess seems too closely associated with the storm of protest their proposed brigandage has raised.

It is not jealousy of financial profit which stirs us in this matter, but simple sympathy for the victims that Japan has bullied. It is just as important for us to be fair to China as to Japan. This is sound ground on which to make our stand. We had better remobilize and go to war at once, rather than acquiesce in

such despoiling of China. But Japan does not intend to insist on all of these demands—now that public attention has been called to them. And some on the list are not at all shocking, according to the accepted standard of international morality.

What rule shall we use in judging Japanese expansion? Our unrealized ideals of perfection? Or accustomed practice? A gentleman tries to observe a higher standard himself than he demands of others. The "accustomed practice" ought not to satisfy us in our own enterprises, but we can hardly expect a higher morality from others.

A thoroughgoing reformer, wishing to arrange a perfect world, could not be content with a mere change in human nature. He would have to undertake geographical and geological reforms. There will be no perfect justice so long as some people are congested in barren districts and others are "chosen" to monopolize the lands flowing with milk and honey. Why did not the Children of Israel—to take an unnecessarily ancient, but still potent, precedent—respect the "political sovereignty and territorial integrity" of Philistia? They might have stayed in the desert.

Nature has been "unjust" to the Japanese. And the monotony of their increasing hunger is not relieved by any miraculous showers of manna. We might somewhat right this natural wrong by sharing our plenty with them. We might encourage them to find an outlet from their misery in the undeveloped regions under our control. Until we do, we cannot—in the name of Justice—ask them to develop perfection and consent to starve in pious peace. We have refused to recognize their "racial equality" and so cannot expect moral superiority.

We could greatly relieve the pressure on China if we were unselfishly willing to allow Japan to expand in our direction, to our detriment. But this is hardly "practical politics." Unless we want to "smash" Japan, we must facilitate her commercial access to China.

There is a workable distinction between political and economic penetration. If the "Twenty-one Demands" were submitted to the Hague Tribunal, there would be unanimity in dividing most of them into one or the other category. A few of the demands lie too close to the dividing-line for unanimous decision. But it was for just such cases that arbitration was invented.

Without any attempt to apply to Japan a rule we refuse to recognize when applied to us, we can insist on the fulfilment of her various pledges to respect the political sovereignty and territorial integrity of China. A sound policy for us is to veto all of the demands which infringe on the political rights of China and so violate formal agreements with us. But such action is negative, and to be equitable requires positive support of the economic projects which are necessary to Japan's industrial life, which are similar to those enjoyed by us and other nations in China and elsewhere.

That such a policy has its dangers goes without saying. The Chinese have reason to "view with alarm" the covetousness of other and stronger nations. Economic concessions wrung from weaker nations have generally been the prelude to political absorption. The French *pénétration pacifique* of Morocco, the British action in South Africa are classic examples.

But in neither of these cases was there any outside control, any "organized major force" to see justice done. As the League of Nations develops this impartial overpowering force, it will find plenty of work—not only as between China and Japan, but in a hundred other corners of the globe. If the League fails, China will not be the only weak nation left to the mercy of the strong.

China refused to sign the Treaty of Versailles because she did not get all she wanted. The teeth and claws of her recently acquired "hereditary enemy" were not pulled. Japan was not punished for being stronger and better organized. But, in spite of her protest,

China's gains from the Peace Conference are considerable. Her distressing dialogue with Japan is over. While the Japanese have not promised to set us all an example in international righteousness, they have, by adhering to the Covenant of the League, pledged themselves to accept the standard which the Christian nations have evolved for their own guidance. And a very real step in advance was made at Paris. The custom, which allowed the strong to define their own "rights" in relation to the weak, was outlawed. If the League gains strength, it will be impossible to "localize" such disputes, as Austria wished to do in her affair with Serbia. The more people concerned in any agreement, the better chance it has to live.

We have a right to insist that Japan respect her pledges. But we haven't a leg to stand on, in any attempt to prevent the purely commercial expansion of the Japanese in China. Their Foreign Office knows a great deal more about our mercantile ventures in Central America than most of us do. We cannot pretend to protect the Chinese from commercial exploitation by the Japanese, when we are unwilling or unable to protect our nearer neighbors from the greed of our own capitalistic interests.

We may not be conscious of making up our minds in this matter, but within a decade or so all the world will know that we, as a nation, have decided to befriend Japan or bully her. It is hard to conceive a middle course.

To-day the browbeating would be rather easy. In every way we are so much the stronger. We could probably veto every one of Japan's projects of expansion, by the mere threat of war. It would be wiser for her to submit and

continue to starve—until she could find allies.

It would be difficult to enlist a corporal's guard in America for a frank campaign to strangle Japan. With practical unanimity we want peace. Peace in Europe. Peace on our southern border. Peace on the Pacific. But it will take hard work, consistent effort—eternal vigilance—to realize the dream. The friendship of Japan is a necessary element.

We, like all the world, are somewhat saddened by the Treaty of Versailles. We are not satisfied. What we really wanted was a comfortable assurance that everybody was as fine as we should like to have them—as fine as we should like to be ourselves in our better moments. We have come down to earth, to a realization that an eloquent formulization of our new ideals of International Organization is not enough. Before we can get them generally accepted, we must patiently and persistently demonstrate them. We must bring our practice up to our professions. We must test every proposal we make by its application to ourselves.

We cannot win the friendship of Japan with words. We must deal justly with her. We must co-operate with her in working out plans for her national well-being which do not depend on the old method of brutal domination, which we want to see discarded—on the kind of diplomacy, which she learned from the practice of Christendom. If we want Japan to be more considerate to her weaker neighbor than other nations have been—or are—we must give her active and cordial assistance. There is no other policy for us, if we wish the Pacific Ocean to deserve its attractive name.

THE UNIVERSITY—THE BULWARK OF CIVILIZATION

BY A. LAWRENCE LOWELL

President of Harvard University

IN the heart of ancient Rome, by the side of the Via Sacra, stood the shrine of Vesta and the house of the Vestal Virgins. Here for centuries they kept the sacred fire perpetually burning day and night. They were treated with high public honors; for them a special place at the Colosseum was reserved; their privileges and precedence were maintained from the early days, through the Republic, and the commotions which darkened its fall, into the period of the Empire that ruled the whole known world. They were, in fact, the guardians of something constantly needed by the civilization of their time. Fire was a necessity of life, but difficult to produce, and it was essential to have a place where it could always be found.

Centuries later, in the Middle Ages, another kind of institutions arose in Europe which has also shown a marvelous permanence. These institutions were the universities. One of them was founded on the banks of the Seine, at what was then the small, medieval, walled town of Paris. Unbroken, it witnessed the change from feudal times to the centralized monarchy, the wars of religion, the strife of the Fronde, the upheaval of the Revolution, the tyranny of the Empire, and the oscillations of the political pendulum in the nineteenth century. It not only survived all these shocks, but has kept abreast of the growth of human thought and maintained, even enhanced, its position and its influence. In the same way, Oxford and Cambridge passed through the Wars of the Roses, the convulsions of the Commonwealth, the Restoration and the Revolution in the seventeenth century, and later, the gradual

evolution of the older forms of government into the democracy of the present day.

These are merely striking illustrations of the permanence of universities. They have endured for the same reason as the Temple of Vesta, because they kept alight a sacred fire needed by men. The light they guarded was that of knowledge, and constantly they added fresh fuel to its flame. Without the light shed by scholarship and science, men would be in the dark; or rather, although the light shines around them, they would not see. Sir Isaac Newton, in discovering the theory of gravitation, opened from his rooms in the great court of Trinity College, Cambridge, the eyes of men to see the structure of the universe, and illumined the human understanding. Earlier still, Harvey, in discovering the circulation of the blood, made possible a wholly new departure in the knowledge of medicine. In our own day, Pasteur taught the world to see bacteria, or rather to see their presence and operation, to which it had hitherto been blind. The countless lives that have been saved, the vast amount of suffering avoided by making men perceive the effects of these microscopic forms of life, is known to every one. Chemistry, at first the plaything of the curious, has in a little more than a century grown until it has given us control over the powers and resources of nature. Such secrets are revealed to-day mostly in the universities, and almost wholly by men trained within their walls. Nor is there any reason to suppose that, so long as these institutions maintain their vigor, the streams of new light will become less. On the contrary, with the

expansion of knowledge, the starting-points for fresh discoveries are greatly enlarged.

Physical Science offers the most obvious examples of the growth of knowledge and the light it sheds on man's life upon the planet; but the service of institutions of learning is not less important in those matters which deal with human relations. We know little of the foundations upon which those relations rest, and of the laws that govern them. We are apt to think the condition with which we are familiar is natural and necessary, until disturbances, such as have accompanied and still more have followed this war, reveal its insecurity. Neither order nor progress in the organization of society can be solid unless built upon solid foundations, and it is important, therefore, that those foundations should be constantly examined and their condition reported to the inhabitants of the house. But in order to understand the condition of the substructure we must know how it was built.

Physicians tell of strange cases of men who lose suddenly all recollection of their previous lives, and who in consequence either become senile, mere automata, or wander away, leading strange, unnatural lives, until something brings back the memory of their previous existence. A man who should forget his past would become either an immutable creature of habit, or go off wildly at a tangent. Without his own experience, life would be to him chartless. Now what experience is to a man, the knowledge of its past is to a people. Without that, it becomes immobile or unstable. The barbarous races that have no scholars are unchanging, unprogressive; those more civilized, who disregard them, have tried political and social experiments that have rarely, if ever, endured.

The main subject of a general education is, and properly ought to be, what the race has been and thought and done; and the wider the conception of the race and its doings, the broader and more profound the education. For want of a better word, these are commonly called the humanities, because they are directly concerned with man. From their nature, they furnish the chief landmarks, or points of departure, for navigating the unknown sea of the future. The knowledge of these things is stored in books. Libraries are its great depositories. But he is a rare man who can use a library, who can really get at its stores of information, without having been taught to do so; and it is the institutions of higher learning, the universities and colleges, that possess the key and can teach its use.

The wide-spread belief in a coming change of greater or less magnitude in social relations is not a reason for neglecting the study of man and of his experience in the past. On the contrary, it should be an incentive to a more profound examination and a wider diffusion of the knowledge of these things. So long as a mariner keeps within sight of land his longitude is of less importance to him; but when he puts out to sea he ought to be sure of the exact point from which he sails. In times like these, our people cannot know too much or too accurately about where they are and how they got there.

Universities do two things. They teach men to open their eyes and they discover new things for men to see. The first is essential for a civilized, and the second for a progressive, people. Without seers to show them what to see, men can perceive little. What is it worth while for a community to do for a man or an institution that can open the eyes of the blind—and all men are born mentally blind?

SURE DWELLINGS

BY MARY ELLEN CHASE

WHEN it was proposed in Dorset Village to raise the minister's salary from five hundred to six hundred dollars in recognition of forty years of faithful service, not a few parishioners were frankly and noisily skeptical. Miss Drusilla Means, salary solicitor, led the opposition. She declared the project preposterous.

"Fifty dollars would be unheard-of," she asserted to every pursued and captured listener, "but a hundred's nothin' short o' sacrilege! Haven't I collected in this village for nigh onto twenty years? Don't I know to a cent what each one 'll give? If my conscience would allow, couldn't I tell of them that haven't paid their last year's signin', and the one before that? Don't I know if it wa'n't for rusticators, we'd go without the gospel in Dorset? And comin' right now just after Mis' Harriet Norton's left all she had to the Maine Missionary Society instead of to the church! I declare, I don't know what they're thinkin' of!"

But Miss Drusilla and her followers, still objecting and unconvinced, were obliged to give way before the forces of organized labor. The Ladies' Circle proudly reported forty dollars' surplus from the last August sale; the Lookout and Social committees of the Christian Endeavor Society, inspired by the enthusiasm of a recent convention, pledged twenty-five dollars to be raised by socials and ice-cream sales; the Ladies' Social Library heroically promised ten, trusting to an increase in the demand for "shares"; the Odd Fellows, of which organization the Rev. Phineas Holt was an honored member, came forward with a promise of fifteen; finally the Village Improvement Society, breaking all

precedent, voted, after a secret session of the executive committee, to patch up the old flag and complete the hundred dollars.

Miss Drusilla, seeing in part the actual funds, and bound to respect the reliability of those to come, intrenched herself behind the bulwark of the future. Hopeful as was the prospect of the first hundred, how about those to come? But Dorset, in the main, refused to be anxious. Tacitly understanding its own village psychology, it knew that, although individuals might decline to sign subscription-sheets, they could be lured indefinitely to ice-cream sales, socials, and red-hash suppers. Moreover, it received reassurance in the added knowledge that the years of the Rev. Phineas Holt were already well beyond threescore and ten. Even if, "by reason of strength," they should become fourscore, the time was not far off when a younger man would ascend the Dorset pulpit at a minimum salary. The village, therefore, glorying in its triumph, wrote its pastor by the hand of Mrs. Tobias Blodgett, president of the Ladies' Circle, and looked expectantly forward to an exceptionally social year.

The Rev. Phineas Holt, with his wife Abbie, was working among the perennials in the front yard when young Enos Blodgett brought his mother's letter. The minister, leaning on his garden rake, read it, passed his hand across his eyes as though to clear his bewildered vision, and read it again. Abbie, busy among the larkspur with early witch-grass, that infester of New England gardens, and thinking the communication but a notice to be read from to-morrow's pulpit, did not see his agitation. When she

arose to straighten her tired back Phineas had gone. She found him in the study, staring stupidly at the pink oxalis in the window-bracket, and fumbling among his pockets for a handkerchief.

While her astonished eyes attempted by several readings to absorb the contents of Mrs. Blodgett's letter, his memory swept the long road of his forty years in Dorset, whence he had come after his course at Bowdoin College and the seminary at Andover to preach the gospel at an annual salary of five hundred dollars, to be supplemented by the parsonage, his firewood, frequent invitations to Sunday dinners, and an occasional donation party. In the earlier years of his ministry there had been "calls" to larger towns, and once a splendid opening in the church at Belfast; but his growing family and the consequent expense of moving had advised—indeed, had almost seemed to dictate, his remaining in Dorset, where living was less expensive and social demands few. Later, when they were struggling to help the boys at college, it would have been folly to abandon surety for uncertainty. Finally his heart anchored him to Dorset. In lieu of salary increases, he accepted the appreciation of his congregation, and the respect accorded him by the "summer people" who sojourned on the outskirts of Dorset. For years he had believed himself the most fortunate of men, even without this unlooked-for avalanche of good fortune.

Abbie, as might be expected of a woman whose capacities for "making over" had never been exhausted, had acquired a distinctly utilitarian and pragmatic tinge to her attitude toward life. A modern category would place her in the list of "efficiency" experts. Her mind, trained in a persistent school, now at sixty-five instinctively co-ordinated. While Phineas, vaguely conscious of a cataclysmic change, still stared at the oxalis, she, with a hundred dollars extra, had unlocked and swung wide the gate into hitherto forbidden territory. Her husband started suddenly as he saw her

on her knees before the Franklin stove. With a pink slip folded carefully in the palm of one hand, she was tearing into pieces the remaining contents of an envelope and throwing them into the grate.

"I'm tearing up your letter to the Tylers, Phineas," she explained, in answer to his startled, unasked question. "As I see it, the last reason why you can't go is gone. Now this hundred dollars that we've never reckoned on is coming next year, we're perfectly able to pay a supply for two Sundays. I don't feel exactly right about their sending the check for traveling expenses, but I understand 'tis customary under some circumstances. I declare, I don't dare begin to reckon how long it's been since you left this town except to local unions. I believe, on my soul, 'twas when Phineas, Junior, graduated; and how you've kept from getting mossgrown is more 'n I can see. To-day's Saturday. You can announce it to-morrow and leave Thursday morning after midweek prayer-meeting. That'll give you two Sundays, anyway, and for one Wednesday night I guess we can get along on prayers and testimonies. If we can't"—Abbie paused for a moment to experience a strange and pleasurable thrill of unaccustomed opulence—"if we can't, we can get the minister from Petersport."

Finding her husband pliable, if uncommunicative, Abbie left him in the study and went up-stairs to "go through" his clothes in preparation for the New York visit. No less important pastime could occupy her thoughts on such a day. From time to time, as she bustled about, opening and shutting drawers with a vigor and energy which seemed somehow necessary in view of existing circumstances, she called downstairs to Phineas. His Prince Albert was in excellent condition, which discovery was fortunate, as it would doubtless be his chief wearing-apparel in New York.

"Seems almost as if I was guided, Phineas," she called over the banister,

"when I insisted you wear your second-best black in last winter's pulpit."

He needed a new shirt, she told him, suggesting a black-and-white stripe. His underwear would do. Once she asked him, half-querulously, how it happened that so many of his handkerchiefs were daubed with ink.

To all of her questions and comments Phineas returned no replies, or, at best, unintelligible ones. It was only when, a half-hour later, she came down-stairs to proffer a suggestion which demanded immediate proximity, that he returned uncompromisingly to the present.

"Phineas," she said, "something's just come to me. I always knew the time would come when your work on 'Immersion' would be appreciated. There's not a question in my mind but what there'll be a call for it at that conference of New York ministers that Doctor Tyler wrote about. Where he's so high up in the ministry himself, there's sure to be a chance for you to read it, even though it may be too late to have it on the regular program. At all odds, you best copy it. I don't believe it's been touched since you and Reverend Otis used to argue the matter. If not, it's on the third shelf of the book-case behind Jonathan Edwards. I never change it from spring to spring."

That afternoon, in the intervals between callers, lured to the parsonage by an irresistible curiosity, Abbie attacked her laden mending-basket, while Phineas scratched away busily at his desk, transcribing on many clean sheets of paper a treatise entitled "Immersion—A Doctrine without Scriptural Basis."

Sunday morning marked a mile-stone in Dorset. Not for years had there been read from the pulpit two announcements of such consuming interest as those which preceded the morning's sermon. The first was not unexpected. In fact, the atmosphere of the church was pregnant with an anticipation which found satisfaction in the grateful, broken expression of the minister's gratitude. But

the way had not been prepared for the second. Abbie, alive to latent dramatic possibilities, had guarded the secret from callers of Saturday afternoon and evening, and it burst upon the Dorset congregation with all that dazed poignancy of an extra thrill when one is surfeited already. That their minister, through the generosity of the Reverend Doctor Tyler and through their own recent kindness which rendered a "supply" possible, should be enabled to spend a fortnight as the guest of the Tyler family, which, with the various accoutrements of the obviously wealthy, had for years sojourned on the outskirts of Dorset, was an announcement calculated to stimulate all the dormant pride and imagination of his congregation. Abbie, from her seat in the choir-loft, whence she had gone to superintend a new boy who was pumping the organ, congratulated herself that she had encouraged Phineas to neglect the last rehearsal of his sermon in the interest of Immersion. It was clear to her practised eye that few were listening.

In the interim between Sunday morning and the minister's departure on the Thursday-morning stage one might, with all due justice, term Dorset conversation circumscribed. Contributions as to the Tylers' mode of living and their status in New York society were accepted from all sources with more regard for interest than for veracity. Miss Drusilla Means, anxious to escape the recent anathema of "wet-blanket," answered Dorset's puzzled inquiry as to how a minister could possess both wealth and social prestige by announcing that the wealth belonged to Mrs. Tyler, whose father was the Governor of some Western state—she surmised Ohio. As for Abbie, secure in the knowledge that Phineas's clothes were ready for the suit-case (which had been willingly lent by the preceptor of the Academy), she dwelt in that state of blissful anticipation which can be enjoyed only when details are over.

The minister left on Thursday—May 21st, observed Miss Drusilla, as she marked the date on her calendar, after watching the last cloud of dust mingle with the sunlight. Abbie, waving with her apron until the stage rounded the corner, felt suddenly glad that she had left the ironing for Thursday. The tone with which she replied to Mrs. Tobias Blodgett, who, as befitting her position, had come to say good-by, was, however, distinctly matter-of-fact. Mrs. Blodgett had expressed regret that Abbie had not accompanied her husband.

"Women haven't any means of covering up what they haven't got in the way of clothes. Style is kinder to men. If it wa'n't, I'd have been slow to let Mr. Holt go."

Throughout the seven-mile drive to Stetson, while he sat, wrapped in coat and muffler beside Simeon Small, the stage-driver, the Rev. Phineas Holt attempted vainly to grasp the idea that he was going away. Try as he would to reach New York, he could not get beyond the East Dorset post-office, where they stopped to sort the mail, or the pink sheep-sorrel which smiled against the gray rocks of numberless pastures punctuating the woodland stretches.

Once on the train, he gave up trying, and dedicated himself exclusively to the present, stifling any vague notion of future self-consciousness which not infrequently assailed him. He chatted pleasantly with a school-teacher who shared his seat, and who was finishing the spring term in the Academy at Athens. He deplored the passing of Greek, recalled the days when Homer was construed in every Maine academy, and cautioned her against the neglect of Latin and ancient history. When she left to change trains, he welcomed the overflow from a large family of children who crowded the seat behind him; and at supper-time he was so fortunate as to share the remainder of Abbie's sandwiches and crumpets with a fellow-minister homeward-bound from a Sunday-school convention. When the lamps were

lighted and he was alone again, he turned to "Immersion" as a refuge from his thoughts.

It was nearly midnight when he reached New York. The noise and bustle of the great terminal climaxed the bewilderment which had swept over him since the city lights began by thousands to slash the fast-moving darkness outside his train. Following the crowd, so sure of itself, he reached the great rotunda of the station, where he halted, as he had been told to do by a letter from his host. There some one was to meet him. Standing under the great lights, his suit-case in one hand, his big umbrella and precious portfolio containing "Immersion" in the other, he became vaguely conscious of having forgotten something. He looked at his luggage, holding it out carefully and at arm's-length to see what was missing. It was all there. Then his confused brain remembered. He had forgotten Abbie's last injunction to remove the muffler!

Before he could make up his mind to drop his belongings in order to attend to the offending muffler, a clean-cut young man in a gray suit and cap hurried up to him, quite as unerring in his aim as though the number of persons about were twenty instead of hundreds.

"Doctor Tyler's guest, sir?" he asked, touching his cap, while his other hand reached for the baggage. Then, as though a reply were unnecessary, he led the minister, who had tremulously insisted upon carrying the portfolio, through the crowd to the outside of the station and into a waiting automobile.

A partial return of self-confidence came to the guest as he stuffed the muffler into his coat pocket and sank back upon the cushioned seat. After an interval of a few moments, not wishing to appear uncommunicative, he reached across the space between him and the seat in front, and tapped the astonished driver on the shoulder with his umbrella.

"I trust the family is well, sir?" he asked.

The smiling driver believed it was.

They stopped in a brilliantly lighted street before a brownstone house, at the door of which the guest was delivered into the charge of a black-clad, obsequious individual, who presented the compliments of Dr. and Mrs. Tyler. They had been unavoidably detained. Would he please to await them in the library?

It was after one o'clock when the old man, who, in spite of himself, had been dozing in a great chair, felt a hand upon his shoulder. He started and stared sheepishly. For an instant he thought that Abbie had caught him napping over his sermon. Then he recovered himself and sprang to his feet to greet his host and hostess, who, in apologetic tones, deplored the sudden need of their absence on the night of his arrival. They asked about Dorset, the people there whom they knew, the church, whether there had been an early spring and much winter sickness (Mrs. Tyler wondered at the close what else there would be to ask) before calling the black-clad person who showed him to his room. There, in a high-posted mahogany bed, whose white counterpanes and sheets had been fortunately prearranged for his occupancy, he fell at last asleep to dream that Abbie and Mrs. Tobias Blodgett had fallen out over raising the price of circle suppers to twenty cents.

A habit of fifty years awoke him at six o'clock, though breakfast, he had been told, was served at nine. He stayed in bed as long as he could, impelled by the desire to be strictly in keeping with his new environment. At six-thirty he was assailed by the remembrance that he had left the key to the study clock in the pocket of his every-day vest; at seven he pictured Abbie taking out the ashes, realizing suddenly that he had forgotten to tell her about the handle of the pan, which was loose and uncertain; at seven-thirty he could remain in bed no longer.

He felt a boyish desire to try the tub, in his private bath, but was deterred partly from a fear of awaking others in the house, partly from a diffidence tow-

ard experimenting so early in his visit. He bathed, therefore, in the manner prescribed by Dorset necessity, dressed in his second-best black, and sat down with a tablet and pencil from his portfolio to write to Abbie. He smiled with a sudden flash of humor when he hesitated as to how to address the envelope. When the letter was finished, addressed, and stamped, he discovered, upon an exploration tour of his room, a quantity of stationery ready for his use in the mahogany desk, whereupon he laboriously copied his letter on heavy mottled paper, topped with the Tyler crest, and engraved with the New York address.

At breakfast he consoled himself in the midst of his ill-concealed confusion with the thought that this strangeness which enveloped him, this choking sensation which came upon him at frequent intervals, must be of short duration and would soon pass away. But it clung to him persistently, and followed him even into the automobile, which, breakfast being over and the various members of the family dispersed to meet again at dinner, came to take him and the doctor on a sight-seeing trip. When, in the early afternoon, they met Mrs. Tyler and a volunteer social worker in horn-rimmed glasses for luncheon at the Waldorf, he had obtained a dazed impression of the city, from the gray mist of which certain memories shone in clearer light—Grant's Tomb, the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, and a confused corner at the juncture of crowded streets where a great sign recalled to him evenings in which he and Abbie had studied a pictorial catalogue for prices of underwear and stockings.

Luncheon over, they went to the conference in which Abbie had placed so many hopes. Acting upon her injunction, he had carried with him his portfolio in case there might be a request for some "remarks" from him. There was no such invitation, and, had there been, "Immersion" would not have served. For after two hours of the conference he became conscious, as though a sudden

light had hurt and blurred his vision, that immersion, with many another gospel tenet still in vogue in Dorset, was here distinctly out of date. It might do as a subject for discussion between him and the Rev. Rinaldo Otis, Baptist minister of Petersport, as they ate their sandwiches at some county Sunday-school picnic, but here it was a non-essential. Indeed, the conference had been opened by a prayer of thanksgiving that all such non-essentials of doctrine had faded away in the light of clearer vision, and that they had met together as one man, dedicated to the civic welfare of the city. That evening, before he put on his Prince Albert for dinner, the minister hid the portfolio beneath a pile of clothing in the preceptor's suit-case.

Dinner was an ordeal upon which he had never reckoned, and the glamour of which, so enjoyed in imagination by the ladies of Dorset, faded before the choking sensation which again attacked him. There were guests who, from the vantage-ground of culture and social position, tried honestly, if ineffectually, to go back and meet this "quaint old gentleman" at their hostess's right. He, in his turn, vaguely conscious of the chasm, strove to push himself forward. But they could not meet. Seeing them, one might recall the shades who, from the banks of the Styx, extend never-touching hands to those reaching in vain from the opposite shore.

Saturday—another day of sight-seeing and of puzzled hours at the conference—there was a letter from Abbie. Phineas read it eagerly, sitting by his windows which looked out over other brownstone houses. She wrote of the Ladies' Circle. It had been the usual success. Elvina Osgood was a good entertainer. Deacon Stover was not prepared to say grace, as he should have been, knowing of the minister's absence, and blundered considerably. Abbie dreaded the "supply" on Sunday, and hoped the choir would not disgrace itself. She was well.

"Where did you put the almanac, Phineas?" said a postscript. "There's a

dozen inquiring about the weather for Memorial Day."

The minister folded the letter and put it in the envelope. Then he drew it out, unfolded it, and read it again. Finally, when he dressed for dinner, he transferred it from his second-best black to his Prince Albert. Remembering vividly last night's experience, he realized his need of tangible help.

It was at breakfast on Sunday that his host invited him to make the morning prayer in the pulpit of his Fifth Avenue church. The Rev. Phineas Holt, somewhat more at home than before in the less hurried, guestless atmosphere, and anxious to compensate Abbie for her disappointment over his failure to win honor by "Immersion," accepted the invitation, and hurried with some trepidation to change his black tie for a white one. With far greater trepidation, an hour later, he preceded the Rev. Doctor Tyler from the door of his study into the pulpit of the great church, and looked out over the heads of hundreds. His host had proffered a robe, and he had donned it, more for Abbie's sake than for his own.

When the time came for the morning prayer, his heart was in Dorset. He was wondering how the "supply" was getting on, and hoping that the people had turned out well to hear him. The words of his host broke like an intruding wedge into his reverie.

"My friend, the Reverend Phineas Holt of Dorset, Maine, will offer the morning prayer."

The New York congregation, Presbyterian in doctrine, was Episcopal in attitude; and when the Dorset minister, stumbling a little in his robe, reached the pulpit and raised his hands in blessing, he looked out upon a host of bent or kneeling figures. The sudden and unaccustomed change in posture confused him, and he hesitated. Conscious that somehow he lacked the source of supply, his eyes still swept the congregation. He was looking for inspiration as he had looked unfailingly for years; but no

Miss Billings, teacher of the Dorset grammar-school, suggested from the front pew a prayer for the minds of children; no well-known, vacant seats called to mind the sick of the parish, no familiar face recalled some village tragedy, not yet healed. Baffled and self-conscious, yet aware that his hand was at the plow, he began to quote from the prayers of others, verses of Scripture, meaningless snatches of hymns. The conference coming to his aid, he asked for the betterment of living conditions, for nation-wide prohibition, for cleaner politics, for the Governor of New York. His voice fumbled among the unaccustomed phrases, and there was no anxiety in his petitions. They were as formal and meaningless as the words that clothed them, and Abbie would have noted an unmistakable tone of relief in the Amen.

When he had once more regained his seat, he was conscious of a kind of surrender to himself. He no longer strove against the sinking weight, which baffled diagnosis, in the region of his heart, and the choking sensation which seized him whenever he thought of Dorset. Recognizing both as his superior adversaries, he yielded the field with no final struggle. But with the recognition and surrender there came sweeping relentlessly over him the realization that retreat was impossible. Could he be so ungracious as to frame an excuse to his host and hostess—his fear for Abbie's rheumatism in the recent damp weather (and it must be granted that in hours past such an excuse had slyly encroached itself upon his consciousness)—could he thus ungratefully terminate his fortnight's stay, he would not for Dorset and for Abbie, who was so glorying in this New York visit. For ten days more he must wander by the waters of Babylon, as out of place as a single untutored Israelite in the courts of Pharaoh. He did not hear a word of the Reverend Doctor Tyler's timely sermon, to which Abbie had so charged him to listen. At the close of the service he stood dutifully by the doctor

and shook hands with scores of personages who, as they hurried to waiting automobiles, told one another what a "dear, funny old fellow" he was.

Tuesday, which came dragging on the heels of reluctant Monday, saw him in the Zoological Gardens at the Bronx, whence Mrs. Tyler had suggested, in desperation, that he go in company with the youngest Tyler boy, less sophisticated and particular as to his associates than his older brothers. There, for the first time during his stay, he met himself, and found him the former pleasant associate. Returning just before dinner, he found Abbie's letter, and carried it hastily to his room with all the eagerness of forty years before. As he read it, there came before his startled, bewildered eyes the vision of Paul and Silas and their broken shackles in the prison at Phillippi.

The letter was brief and to the point.

"The supply will not be here next Sunday," Abbie wrote, "but we can get along, of course, even if the church hasn't been closed a Sunday morning for forty years."

In his eagerness Phineas almost omitted the postscript in which Abbie had known all along they would ask him, if not to preach, at least to pray in the New York church. He felt like one who, following for hours a circuitous footpath, comes suddenly upon the freedom of open country. Then something seemed to come rushing back to him—a mighty force, banishing embarrassment and vague discomfort, and transfiguring mere relief at the means of escape. It was his own identity, returning with the blessed knowledge that he was needed in his own place. His host and hostess were astonished at the briskness of his step on the stairs and the light in his eyes when, quite unembarrassed, he greeted them at dinner and explained to them why an earlier return to Dorset was necessary. They demurred at Wednesday—Friday would give ample time; but he reminded them of a sermon to be prepared, adding, with a gift of geniality

which amazed even himself, that he, they must remember, was no silver-tongued New York preacher.

Abbie met the Wednesday-evening stage with a surety born of forty years with Phineas, of the ability to read between the lines of his daily letters, and of some practical reckoning as to just when he had received her message concerning the "supply." As she helped him with his baggage and followed him into the parsonage, she was strangely aware of something escaping from her, like a child who tries to hold sunlight within his closed fingers. But she heroically maintained her reserve, fortified by custom and by the knowledge that she must play a difficult part before Phineas's certain questions. In the pantry, whence she had retreated to take up the biscuits, she wiped her eyes surreptitiously with her apron, but stopped when she heard her husband's step in the kitchen. He followed her back and forth as she put supper on the table.

After a tremulous grace, Phineas, feigning surprise tinged with indignation as a safe vehicle for expression, asked about the supply.

"It's strange—his backing out," he said. "What was the matter?"

Abbie bent over a teacup to remove an imaginary speck.

"I asked no questions, Phineas," she answered. "He won't be here, that's all.

"How about 'Immersion'?" she asked, in her turn. "You never mentioned it in your letters. How'd it take with the conference?"

Phineas cleared his throat, as he added to the supply of jelly already on his plate.

"They were very busy at the conference," he explained. "They didn't—get to it, Abbie."

Reading his face, she stifled the disappointment, touched with indignation, which she felt, as one loses all but

tenderness with a child who has been hurt.

"Well," she returned, briskly and encouragingly, "there's sure to be another time. Now you and Doctor Tyler are such good friends, he'll doubtless want to hear it this summer. I'm glad it's ready when the call comes."

Sunday morning they walked to church more slowly than usual. Phineas seemed prone to pause and look at things—the bursting buds of Miss Drusilla's lilacs, the shadow of a columbine on the sunlit road, the promise of daisies and butter-cups in the lengthening grass. With his cane he called Abbie's attention to the summit of the hill where a tree, laden with apple-blossoms, seemed to touch a blue sky.

Once in his accustomed place behind the great mahogany pulpit, he looked forth upon his congregation. Here there was no fear that he would lack inspiration for his prayer. Miss Billings was there in the front pew. Behind her and two pews to the right sat Mrs. Nathan Pendleton, whose only son had been lost years ago off the Banks. It was for her he always remembered those "that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters." The unknown trouble which some months ago had sent Miss Hope Davis home from Boston impelled him to pray for those whose sorrows are hid in secret. Young William Prentiss, sitting with his father on the center aisle, would enter college in September. He needed prayer, as did all boys and girls who must go away from home.

The swift shadows of passing swallows fell aslant the Bushrod Hinckley window as he rose to read the morning lesson.

"The palaces shall be forsaken; the multitude of the city shall be left; . . . and my people shall dwell in a peaceful habitation, and in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting-places."

ACROSS GERMANY BY RAIL AND AIRPLANE

BY HARRY A. FRANCK

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MY Bavarian tramp ended at Weimar. Circumstances required that I return to Berlin at once. Trains are never too certain in war-time, however, and I decided to leave the delay-provoking earth and take to the air.

There was a regular airplane mail service between Weimar and Berlin, three times a day in each direction, with room for a passenger or two on each trip. The price—450 marks—was high, but it would have been several times more so for those unable to buy their marks at the foreign rate of exchange. A swift military automobile called for me at the hotel next morning, picking up a captain in mufti next door, who welcomed me in a manner befitting the ostensible fatness of my purse. On the way to the flying-field, several miles out, we gathered two youthful lieutenants in civilian garb and slouchy caps, commonplace in appearance as professional truck-drivers. The captain introduced me to them, emphasizing my nationality, and stating that they were the pilot and pathfinder, respectively, who were to accompany me on my journey. They raised their caps and bowed ceremoniously. The pilot had taken part in seven raids on Paris and four on London, but the biplane that was already fanning the air in its eagerness to be off had seen service only on the Eastern front. It still bore all the military markings and a dozen patched bullet-holes in wings and tail. The captain turned me over to a middle-aged woman in an anteroom of the hangar, who tucked me solicitously into a flying-

suit, that service being included in the price of the trip.

Flying has become so commonplace an experience that this simple journey warrants perhaps no more space than a train ride. Being my own first departure from the solid earth, however, it took on a personal interest that was enhanced by the ruthlessness with which my layman impressions were shattered. I had always supposed, for instance, that passengers of the air were tucked snugly into upholstered seats and secured from individual mishap by some species of leather harness. Not at all! When my knapsack had been tossed into the cockpit—where there was room for a steamer-trunk or two—the pathfinder motioned to me to climb in after it. I did so, and gazed about me in amazement. Upholstered seats indeed! Two loose boards, a foot wide and rudely gnawed off on the ends by some species of *ersatz* saw, teetered insecurely on the two frail strips of wood that half concealed the steering-wires. Now and then, during the journey, they slipped off at one end or the other, giving the ride an annoying resemblance to a jolting over country roads in a farm-wagon. One might at least have been furnished a cushion, at 225 marks an hour!

The pathfinder took his seat on one of the boards and I on the other. Behind me was a stout strap, attached to the framework of the machine.

"I suppose I am to put this around me?" I remarked, as casually as possible, picking up the dangling strip of leather.

"Oh no, you won't need that," replied my companion of the cockpit, absently. "We are not going high; not over a thousand meters or so." He spoke as if a little drop of that much would do no one any harm.

The silly notion flashed through my head that perhaps these wicked Huns were planning to flip me out somewhere along the way, an absurdity which a second glance at the pathfinder's seat, as insecure as my own, smothered in ridicule. There was no mail and no other passenger than myself that morning. *Regular* service means just that, with the German, and the flight would have started promptly at nine even had I not been there to offset the cost of gasoline at two dollars a quart. We roared deafeningly, crawled a few yards, sped faster and faster across a long field, the tall grass bowing prostrate as we passed, rose imperceptibly into the air and, circling completely around, sailed majestically over a tiny, toy house that had been a huge hangar a moment before, and were away into the north.

Like all long-imagined experiences, this one was far less exciting in realization than in anticipation. At the start I felt a slight tremor, about equal to the sensation of turning a corner a bit too swiftly in an automobile. Now and then, as I peered over the side at the shrunken earth, the reflection flashed upon me that there was nothing but air for thousands of feet beneath us; but the thought was no more terrifying than the average person feels toward water when he first sails out to sea. By the time Weimar had disappeared I felt as comfortably at home as if I had been seated on the floor of a jolting box-car—the parallel is chosen advisedly. I glanced through the morning paper, scribbled a few belated notes, and exchanged casual remarks in sign language with my companion.

The roar of the machine made conversation impossible. Whenever a new town of any importance appeared on the animated relief map far below us,

the pathfinder thrust a thumb downward at it and pointed the place out on the more articulate paper map in his hands. The view was much the same as that from the brow of a high mountain. I knew a dozen headlands in the Andes below which the world spreads out in this same entrancing entirety, except that here the performance was continuous rather than stationary, as a cinema film is different from a "still" picture. To say that the earth lay like a carpet beneath would be no trite comparison. It resembled nothing so much as that—a rich, Persian carpet worked with all manner of fantastic figures; unless it more exactly imitated the "crazy-quilt" of our grandmothers' day, with the same curiously shaped patches of every conceivable form and almost every known color. Here were long, narrow strips of brilliant green; there, irregular squares of flowery purple-red; beyond, mustard-yellow insets of ridiculously misshapen outlines; farther off, bits of daisy-white, and between them all velvety brown patches that only experience could have recognized as plowed fields. I caught myself musing as to how long it would be before enterprising mankind took to shaping the surface of the earth to commercial purposes, advising the airman by the form of meadows to "Stop at Müller's for gas and oil," or to "See Smith for wings and propellers." All the scraps of the rag-bag had been utilized by the thrifty quilt-maker. Corn-fields looked like stray bits of green corduroy cloth; wheat-fields like the remnants of an old khaki uniform; the countless forests like scattered pieces of the somber garb cast off after the period of family mourning was over; rivers like sections of narrow, faded, black tape woven fantastically through the pattern in ridiculously snaky attempts at decorative effect.

We had taken a rough road. Like all those inexperienced with the element, I suppose, I had always thought that flying through the air would be smoother

than sailing the calmest sea known to the tropical doldrums. Experience left another illusion ruthlessly shattered. It was a fitful, blustery day, with a high wind that rocked and tossed us about like a dory on a heavy sea; moreover, at irregular intervals averaging perhaps a minute apart, the machine struck an air current that bounced us high off our precarious perches in the cockpit, as a "thank-you-ma'am" tosses into one another's laps the back-seat passengers in an automobile. The sickening drop just beyond each ridge in the air road gave one the same unpleasant sensation of vacancy in the middle of the body that comes with the too sudden descent of an elevator. Particularly was this true when the pilot, in jockeying with the playful air-waves, shut off his motor until he had regained his chosen altitude. There may be nothing more serious about a faulty carbureter a thousand yards aloft than on the ground, but the novice in aërial navigation is apt to listen with rapt attention to anything that ever so briefly suggests engine trouble.

Yet none of these little starts was caused by fear. There was something efficient about the ex-raider who sat at the controls with all the assurance of a long-experienced chauffeur that would have made fright seem absurd. I did get cold feet, it is true, but in the literal rather than the figurative sense. After a May of unbroken sunshine, early June had turned almost bitter cold, and the thin, board floor of the cockpit was but slight protection against the wintry blasts. Every now and then we ran through a rain-storm, but so swiftly that barely a drop touched us. Between them the sun occasionally flashed forth and mottled the earth-carpet beneath with fleeing cloud shadows. Now the clouds charged past close over our heads, now we dived headlong into them; when we were clear of them they moved as does a landscape seen from a swift train—those near at hand sped swiftly to the rear, those farther

off rode slowly forward, seeming to keep pace with us.

We landed at Leipzig, girdled by its wide belt of "arbor gardens," theoretically to leave and pick up mail. But as there was none in either direction that morning, the halt was really made only to give the pilot, who had neither seen nor heard us since our departure from Weimar, time to smoke a cigarette. That finished, we were off again, rolling for miles across a wheat-field, then leaving the earth as swiftly as it had risen up to meet us ten minutes before. Landing and departure seem to be the most serious and time-losing tasks of the airman, and, once more aloft, the pilot settled down with the contentment of a being returned again to its native element. As we neared Berlin the scene below turned chiefly to sand and forest, with only rare, small villages. One broad strip that had been an artillery proving-ground was pitted for miles as with the smallpox. To my disappointment, we did not fly over the capital, but came to earth on the arid plain of Johannesthal, in the southernmost suburbs, the sand cutting into our faces like stinging gnats as we snorted across it to the cluster of massive hangars which the machine seemed to recognize as home. My companions took their leave courteously but quickly and disappeared within their billets. Another middle-aged woman despoiled me of my flying togs, requested me to sign a receipt that I had been duly delivered according to the terms of the contract, and a swift automobile set me down, still half deaf from the roar of the airplane, at the corner of Friedrichstrasse and Unter den Linden—as it would have at any other part of Berlin I might have chosen—just three hours from the time I had been picked up at my hotel in Weimar.

Two or three days after my arrival in Berlin I might have been detected one morning in the act of stepping out of a wobbly-kneed *Droschke* at the

Stettiner Bahnhof soon after sunrise. In the northernmost corner of the Empire there lived—or had lived, at least, before the war—a family distantly related to my own. I had paid them a hurried visit ten years before. Now I proposed to renew the acquaintance, not only for personal reasons, but out of selfish professional motives. The exact degree of war suffering would be more easily measured in familiar scenes and faces; moreover the German point of view would be laid before me frankly, without any mask of “propaganda” or suspicion.

Memories of France had suggested the possible wisdom of reaching the station well before train-time. I might, to be sure, have purchased my ticket in leisurely comfort at the “Adlon,” but for once I proposed to take pot luck with the rank and file. First-hand information is always much more satisfactory than hearsay or the dilettante observation of the mere spectator—once the bruises of the experience have disappeared. The first glimpse of the station interior all but wrecked my resolution. Early as I was, there were already several hundred would-be travelers before me. From both ticket-windows lines four deep of dishevelled Germans of both sexes and all ages curved away into the farther ends of the station wings. Boy soldiers with fixed bayonets paraded the edges of the columns, attempting languidly and not always successfully to prevent selfish new-comers from “butting in” out of their turn. I attached myself to the end of the queue that seemed by a few inches the shorter. In less than a minute I was jammed into a throng that quickly stretched in S-shape back into the central hall of the station.

We moved steadily but almost imperceptibly forward, shuffling our feet an inch at a time. The majority of my companions in discomfort were plainly city people of the poorer classes, bound short distances into the country on foraging expeditions. They bore

every species of receptacle in which to carry away their possible spoils,—handbags, hampers, baskets, grain-sacks, knapsacks, even buckets and toy wagons. The evidence of the scarcity of soap was all but overpowering. Seven women and at least three children either fainted or toppled over from fatigue during the two hours in which we moved a few yards forward, and they were buffeted out of the line with what seemed to be the malicious joy of their competitors behind. I found my head swimming long before I had succeeded in turning the corner that cut off our view of the pandemonium at the ticket-window.

At eight-thirty this was suddenly closed, amid weak-voiced shrieks of protest from the struggling column. The train did not leave until nine, but it was already packed to the doors. Soldiers, and civilians with military papers, were served at a supplementary window up to the last minute before the departure. The disappointed throng attempted to storm this, only to be driven back at the points of bayonets, and at length formed in column again to await the reopening of the public *guichets* at noon.

From noon until one the struggle raged with doubled fury. The boy soldiers asserted their authority in vain. A mere bayonet-prick in the leg was apparently nothing compared to the gnawing of continual hunger. Individual fights developed and often threatened to become general. Those who got tickets could not escape from the crushing maelstrom behind them. Women were dragged unconscious from the fray, often feet first, their skirts about their heads. The rear of the column formed a flying wedge and precipitated a free-for-all fracas that swirled vainly about the window. When this closed again I was still ten feet away. I concluded that I had my fill of pot luck, and buffeting my way to the outer air, purchased at the “Adlon” a ticket for the following morning.

A little episode at my departure suggested that the ever-obedient German of Kaiser days was changing in character. The second-class coach was already filled when I entered it, except that at one end there was an empty compartment, on the windows of which had been pasted the word "*bestellt.*"

In the olden days the mere announcement that it was "engaged" would have protected it as easily as bolts and bars. I decided to test the new democracy. Crowding my way past a dozen men standing obediently in the corridor, I entered the forbidden compartment and sat down. In a minute or two a seatless passenger put his head in at the door and inquired with humble courtesy whether it was I who had engaged the section. I shook my head, and a moment

later he was seated beside me. Others followed, until the compartment was crowded with passengers and baggage. One of my companions angrily tore the pasters from the windows and tossed them outside.

"*Bestellt*, indeed!" he cried, sneeringly. "Perhaps by the Soldiers' Council, eh? I thought we had done away with those old favoritisms!"

A few minutes later a station porter, in his major's uniform, appeared at the door with his arms full of baggage and followed by two pompous-looking men in silk hats. He began to bellow in the familiar old before-the-war style.

"This compartment is *bestellt*," he vociferated, in a crown-princely voice, "and it remains *bestellt*. You will all get out of there at once!"

No one moved; on the other hand, no one answered back. The porter fumed a bit, led his charges farther down the train, and perhaps found them another compartment;

at any rate, he never returned. "Democracy" had won. Yet through it all I could not shake off the feeling that if any one with a genuinely bold, commanding manner, an old army officer, for instance, decorated with all the thingamabobs of his rank, had ordered the compartment vacated, the occupants would have filed out of it as silently and meekly as lambs.

At Spandau there lay acre upon acre of war material, of every



THE AUTHOR DRESSED IN FLYING COSTUME,
READY FOR THE TRIP TO BERLIN

species, reddening with rust and overgrowing with grass and weeds. The sight of it aroused a few murmurs of discontent from my companions. But they soon fell back again into that apathetic silence that had reigned since our departure. A few had read awhile the morning papers, without a sign of feeling, though the head-lines must have been startling to a German, then laid them languidly aside. Apparently the lack of nourishing food left them too sleepy to talk. The deadly apathy of the compartment was quite the antithesis of what it would have been in France; a cargo of frozen meat could

not have been more uncommunicative.

The train showed a similar languor, due perhaps to its *ersatz* coal. It got there eventually, but it seemed to have no reserve strength to give it vigorous spells. The station we should have passed at noon was not reached until one-thirty. Passengers tumbled off *en masse* and besieged the platform lunch-room. There was *ersatz* coffee, *ersatz* cheese, watery beer, and war-bread for sale, the last named only "against tickets." I was not supplied with bread-coupons, but a fellow-passenger tossed me a pair of them and replied to my thanks with a silent nod. The nauseating stuff seemed to give the travelers a bit of surplus energy. They talked a little for the next few miles, though in dreary, apathetic tones. One had recently journeyed through the occupied area, and reported that "every one is being treated fairly enough there, especially by the Americans." A languid discussion of the Allies ensued, but though it was evident that no one suspected my nationality, there was not a harsh word toward the enemy. Another advanced the wisdom of "seeing Germany first," insisting that the sons of the Fatherland had been too much given to running about foreign lands, to the neglect of their own.

Where I changed cars, four fellow-travelers reached the station lunch-room before me and every edible thing was *bestellt* when my turn came. With three hours to wait I set out along the broad, well-kept highway. A village hotel served me a huge *Pfannkuchen* made of real eggs, a few cold potatoes, and some species of preserved fruit, but declined to repeat the order. The bill reached the lofty heights of eight marks. Children playing along the way, and frequent groups of Sunday strollers, testified that there was more energy for unnecessary exertion here in the country than in Berlin. The flat, well-plowed land, broken only by dark masses of

forest, was already giving promise of a plentiful harvest.

The sun was still above the horizon when I reached Schwerin, though it was nearly nine. There was a significant sign of the times in the dilapidated coach which drove me to my destination for five marks. In the olden days one mark would have seemed a generous reward for the same journey in a spick-and-span outfit. The middle-aged woman who met me at the door was by no means the buxom matron she had been ten years before. But her welcome was none the less hearty.

"*Bist du auch gegen uns gewesen?*" she asked, softly, after her first words of greeting, "You, too, against us?"

"Yes, I was with our army in France," I replied, watching her expression closely.

There was regret in her manner, yet, as I had foreseen, not the faintest suspicion of resentment. The German is too well trained in obedience to government to dream that the individual may make a choice of his own in national affairs. As long as I remained in the household there was never a hint from any member of it that the war had made any gulf between us. They could not have been more friendly had I arrived wearing the field gray of the Fatherland.

A brief glance about the establishment sufficed to settle, once for all, the query as to whether the civil population of Germany had really suffered from the ravages of war and of the blockade. The family had been market-gardeners for generations. Ten years before, they had been prosperous with the solid material prosperity of the well-to-do middle class. In comparison with their neighbors, they were still so, but it was a far call from the plenitude of former days to the scarcity that now showed its head on every hand. The establishment that had once been kept up with the pride of the old-fashioned German as for an old family heirloom, which laughs at unceasing labor to that end, was everywhere sadly down-at-heel. The house was shedding its ancient paint;

the ravages of weather and years gazed down with a neglected air; the broken panes of glass in the hotbeds had not been replaced; farm-wagons falsely suggested that the owner was indifferent to their upkeep; the very tools had all but outlived their usefulness. Not that the habit of unceasing labor had been lost. The family sleeping-hours were still from ten to four. But the war had reduced the available helping hands and the blockade had shut out materials and supplies, or forced them up to prices which none but the wealthy could reach.

Inside the house, particularly in the kitchen, the family had been reduced to almost as rudimentary a life as the countrymen of Venezuela, so many were the every-day appliances that had been confiscated or shut off by the war-time government, so few the foodstuffs that could be obtained. Though other fuel was almost unattainable, gas was available only from six to seven, eleven to twelve, and seven to eight. Electricity was turned on from dark until ten-thirty, which at that season of the year meant barely an hour. Petroleum or candles were seldom to be had. All the better utensils had long since been turned in to the government. When I unearthed a bar of soap from my baggage the family literally fell on my neck; the only piece in the house was about the size of a postage-stamp, and had been

husbanded for weeks. Vegetables were beginning to appear from the garden; without them there would have been little more than water and salt to cook. In theory, each adult member of the household received 125 grams of beef a week; in practice they were lucky to get that much a month. What that

meant in loss of energy I began to learn by experience, for a mere three days without meat left me weary and ambitionless. Those who could bring themselves to eat it might get horse-flesh in the markets, without tickets, but even that only in very limited quantities. The bread, "made of potatoes, turnips, and God knows what all they throw into it," was far from sufficient. Though the sons and daughters spent every Sunday foraging the countryside, they seldom brought

home enough to make one genuine meal.

The effect of continued malnutrition seemed to have been surprisingly slight on those in the prime of life. The children of ten years before, men and women now, were plump and hardy, though the color in their cheeks was by no means equal even to that of the grandfather, sleeping now in the churchyard, at the time of my former visit. Of the two granddaughters the one born three years before, when the blockade was only beginning to be felt in these backwaters of the Empire, was stout and rosy enough; but her sister of nine months



MY GERMAN AVIATOR WHO HAD BOMBED
PARIS AND LONDON

looked pitifully like the waxen image of a maltreated infant of half that age. The simple-hearted, plodding head of the household, nearing sixty, had shrunk almost beyond recognition to those who had known him in his plump and prosperous years, while his wife had outdistanced even him in her decline.

Business in the market-gardening line had fallen off chiefly because of the scarcity of seeds and fertilizers. Then there was the ever more serious question of labor. Old women who had gladly accepted three marks for toiling from dawn until dark ten years before received eleven now for scratching languidly about the gardens a bare eight hours with their hoes and rakes. Male help had begun to drift back since the armistice, but it was by no means equal to the former standard, in numbers, strength, or willingness. On top of all this came a crushing burden of taxation. When all the demands of the government were reckoned up they equaled 40 per cent. of the ever-decreasing income.

The hardships of the past four years

was not the prevailing topic of conversation in the household, however, nor, when the subject was forced upon them, was it treated in a whining spirit. Most of the family, like their neighbors, adroitly avoided it, as a proud prize-fighter might side-step references to the bruises of a recent beating. Only the mother could now and then be drawn into specifying details of the disaster.

"Do you see the staging around our church there?" she asked, one morning, after I had persisted some time in my questions, drawing me to a window, "They are replacing with an *ersatz* metal the copper that was taken from the steeple and the eaves. Even the bells went to the cannon foundries, six of them, all but the one that is ringing now. I never hear it without thinking of an orphan child crying in the woods after all the rest of its family have been eaten by wolves. Ach! What we have not sacrificed in this fight to save the Fatherland from her wolfish enemies. We gave up our gold and our silver, then our nickel and our copper, even our smallest pots and pans, our alumi-



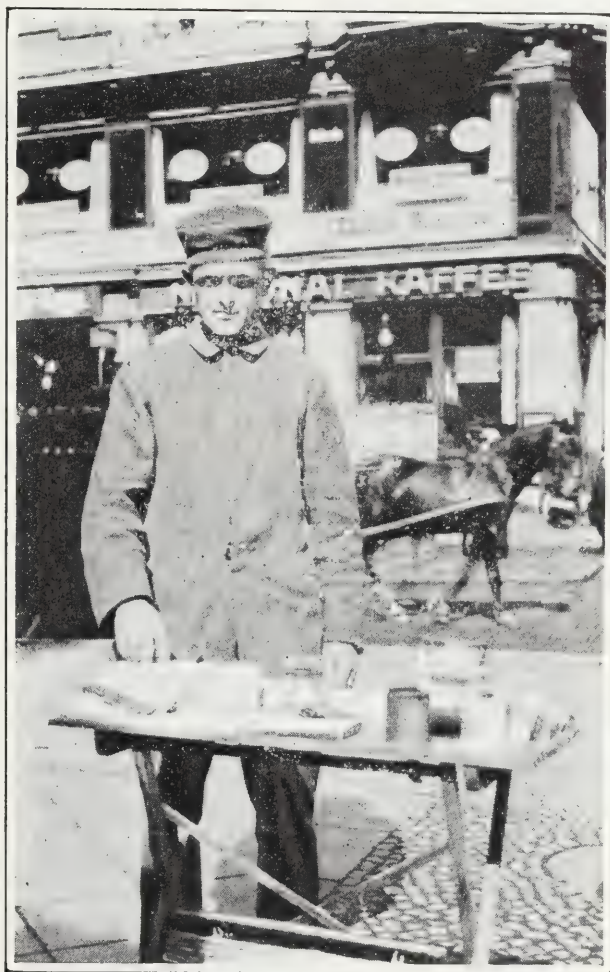
LABORERS ON THE MARKET-GARDEN ESTATE

num and our lead, our leather, and our rubber down to the last bicycle tire. The horses and the cows are gone, too—I have only goats to milk now. Then the struggles I have had to keep the family clothed! Cloth that used to cost fifty pfennigs a meter has gone up to fifteen marks, and we can scarcely find any of that. Even thread is sold only against tickets, and we are lucky to get a spool a month. We are far better off than the *poor* people, too, who can only afford the miserable stuff made of paper or nettles. America also wants to destroy us; she will not even send us cotton. And the wicked *Schleichhandel* and profiteering that goes on! Every city has a hotel or two where you can get anything you want to eat—if you can pay for it. Yet our honest tickets

are often of no use because rascals have bought up everything at wicked prices. If we do not get food soon even this *Handarbeiter* government will recommence the war against France, surely as you are sitting there. The young men are all ready to get up and follow our generals. The new volunteer corps are taking on thousands every day. Ach! The sufferings of these last years! And now our cruel enemies expect our poor brave prisoners to rebuild Europe. But then *I* have no right to complain.

At least my dear boy was not taken from me."

The son, whom we will call Heinrich, I had last seen as a child in knickerbockers. Now he was a powerful, two-fisted fellow of twenty-one, with a man's outlook on life. Having enlisted as a *Freiwilliger* on his sixteenth birthday, at the outbreak of the war, he had seen constant service in Russia, Roumania, and in all the hottest sectors of the Western front, had been twice wounded, twice decorated with those baubles with which princes coax men to die for them, and had returned home with the highest non-commissioned rank in the German army. What struck one most forcibly was the lack of opportunity offered such men as he by their beloved fatherland. In contrast to the positions



GERMAN SOLDIER SELLING AMERICAN CIGARETTES

that would have been open in America to so promising a youngster, with long experience in the command of men, he had found nothing better than an apprenticeship in the hardware trade, paying forty marks for the privilege and bound to serve three long years without pay. Like nearly all the young men in town, from grocery clerks to bankers' sons, he still wore his uniform, stripped of its marks of rank, not out of pride, but because civilian clothing was too great a luxury to be indulged, except on Sun-

days. I was surprised, too, at the lack of haughty pride which I had fancied every soldier of Germany felt for his calling. When I made some casual remark about the gorgeous spiked helmet he had worn, with its Prussian and Mechlenburger cockades, which I took for granted he would set great store by to the end of his days, he tossed it toward me with, "Here, take the thing along, if you want it. It will make a nice souvenir of your visit." When I coaxed him outdoors to be photographed in his two iron crosses, he would not put them on until we had reached a secluded corner of the garden, because, as he explained, the neighbors might think he was boastful.

"I should gladly have died for the Fatherland," he remarked, as he tossed the trinkets back into the drawer full of miscellaneous junk from which he had fished them, "if only Germany had won the war. But not for this! Not I, with no other satisfaction than the poor fellows we buried out there would feel if they could sit up in their graves and look about them."

There were startling changes in the solemn, patriarchal attitude toward life which I had found so amusing, yet so charming, in the simple people of rural Germany at the time of my first visit. The war seemed to have given a sad jolt to the conservative old customs of former days, particularly among the young people. Perhaps the most tangible evi-

dence of this fact was to see the daughters calmly light cigarettes, while the sternly religious father of ten years before, who would have flayed them for sneezing in church, looked idly on without a sign of protest. They were still at bottom the proper German Fräuleins of the rural middle class—though as much could not be said of all the sex, even in respectable old Schwerin—but on the surface there were many of these little tendencies toward the *leichtsinnig*.

When it came to discussions of the war and Germany's conduct of it, I found no way in which we could get together. We might have argued until doomsday, were it fitting for a guest to badger his hosts, without coming to a single point of agreement. Every one of the old

fallacies was still swallowed, hook and line. If I had expected national disaster to bring a change of heart I should have been grievously disappointed. To be sure, Mechlenburg is one of the remotest backwaters of the Empire, and those laborious, unimaginative tillers of the soil one of its most conservative elements. They would have considered it unseemly to make a business of thinking for themselves in political matters, something akin to

accepting a position for which they had no previous training.

Here again it was the mother who was most outspoken toward what she called "the wicked wrecking of poor, innocent Germany." The father and the children expressed themselves more



A ROSY LITTLE MAID UNHARMED BY WAR

calmly, if at all, though it was evident that their convictions were the same. Apparently they had reached the point where further defense of what they regarded as the plain facts of the situation seemed a waste of words.

"I cried when the armistice was signed," the mother confided to me one day, "for it meant that our enemies had done what they had set out to do many years ago. They deliberately planned to destroy us, and they succeeded. But they were never able to defeat our wonderful armies in the field. England starved us, otherwise she would never have won. Then she fostered this *Bolshevismus* and *Spartakismus* and the wicked revolution that undermined us at the rear. But our brave soldiers at the front never gave way; they would never have retreated a yard, but for the breakdown at home."

She was a veritable mine of stories of atrocities by the English, the French, and especially the Russians, but she insisted there had never been one committed by the Germans.

"Our courageous soldiers were never like that," she protested. "*They* did not make war that way, like our heartless enemies."

Yet in the same breath she rambled on into anecdotes of what any one of less prejudiced viewpoint would have called atrocities, but which she advanced as examples of the fighting qualities of the German troops. There again came in that curious German psychology, or mentality, or insanity, or whatever you choose to call it, which has always astounded the world at large. "Heinie" had seen the hungry soldiers recoup themselves by taking food away from the wicked Roumanians; he had often told how they entered the houses and carried away everything portable to sell to the Jews at a song, that the next battle should not find them unprepared. The officers had just pretended they did not see the men, for they could not let them go unfed. They had taken things themselves, too, especially the

reserve officers. But then, war is war. If only I could get "Heinie" to tell some of the things he had seen and heard; how, for instance, the dastardly Russians had screamed when they were



A GERMAN SERGEANT-MAJOR SELLING
NEWSPAPERS

pushed back into the marshes, whole armies of them.

I found more interest in "Heinie's" stories of the insuperable difficulties he had overcome as a *Feldwebel* in keeping up the discipline of his men after the failure of the last great German offensive, but I did not press that point in her presence.

"No," she went on, in answer to another question, "the Germans *never* did anything against women. Those are all English lies! Heinie never told me of a single case"—"Heinie" was, of course, no more apt to tell mother such details than would one of the well-bred boys of our own Puritan society, but

I kept the mental comment to myself. "Of course, there were those shameless Polish girls, and French and Belgian hussies, who gave themselves freely to the soldiers, but . . .

"Certainly the Kaiser will come back," she insisted. "We need our Kaiser; we *need* princes, to govern the Empire. What are Ebert and all that crowd? *Handarbeiter*, hand-workers, and nothing more. It is absurd to think that they can do the work of rulers. We need our princes, who have had generations of training in governing. *Siehst du*, I will give you an example. We have been *Handelsgärtner* for generations. Hermann knows all about the business of gardening, because he was trained in it as a boy, *nicht wahr*? Do you think a man who had never planted a cabbage could come and do Hermann's work? *Ausgeschlossen!* Well, it is just as foolish for a *Handarbeiter* like Ebert to attempt to become a ruler as it would be for one of our princes to try to run Hermann's garden.

"Germany is divided into three classes: the rulers, the middle class (to which *we* belong), and the proletariat, or hand-workers, which includes Ebert and all these new upstarts. It is ridiculous to be getting these distinctions all mixed up. Leave the governing to the princes and their army officers, and the Junkers. We use the nickname 'Junker' for our noble gentlemen—von Bernstorff, for instance, who is well known in America, and all the others who have a real right to use the 'von' before their names, whose ancestors were first highway robbers and then bold warriors, and who are naturally very proud"—she evidently thought this pride quite proper and fitting. "Then our army officers are chosen from the very best families and can marry only in the *gelehrten* class, and only then if the girl has a dowry of at least eight hundred thousand marks. So they preserve all the nobility of their caste down through every generation and keep themselves

quite free from middle class ways—the *real* officers I am speaking of, not the *Reservisten*, who are just ordinary middle-class men, merchants, and doctors, and teachers, and the like, acting as officers during the war. *Those* are the men who are trained to govern, and the only ones who *can* govern."

I knew, of course, that the great god of class was still ruling in Germany, but I confess that this bald statement of that fact left me somewhat flabbergasted. It is well to be reminded now and again, however, that the Teuton regards politics, diplomacy, and government as lifelong professions and not merely as the fleeting pastimes of lawyers, automobile-makers, and unsuccessful farmers; it clarifies our vision and aids us to see his problems more nearly as he sees them.

I took train one morning back to Berlin. At the frontier of Mecklenburg soldiers of the late dukedom went carefully through passengers' baggage in search of food. The quest seemed to be thorough and I saw no tips passed, but there was considerable successful smuggling, which came to light as soon as the train was well under way again. A well-dressed merchant beside me boastfully displayed a twenty-mark sausage in the bottom of his innocent-looking hand-bag, and his neighbors, not to be outdone in proof of cleverness, showed their *caches* of edibles laboriously concealed in briefcases, hat-boxes, and laundry-bags.

"The peasants have grown absolutely shameless," it was agreed. "They have the audacity to demand a mark or more for a single egg, and twenty for a chicken." In other words, the rascals had turned upon the bourgeois some of their own favorite tricks, taking advantage of conditions which these same merchants would have considered legitimate sources of profit in their own business. Wrath against the "conscienceless" countrymen was unlimited, but no one thought of shaming the smugglers for their cheating.

CLAY AND THE CLOVEN HOOF

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—II

SYNOPSIS OF PART I.—*Robert Ives, a student of law, but secretly trying to become a sculptor, engages Victoria, a negro cook from the West Indies, who imagines that the busts in Ives's studio are intended for Voodoo practices. Following an altercation with the ice-man, she attacks and breaks the left arm of a clay figure of the ice-man which Ives has been working upon. Ives himself destroys a bust of Doctor Failing which he is dissatisfied with. He discovers next day that the ice-man has met with an accident and broken his arm, and, alarmed by this coincidence, he calls upon Doctor Failing, only to find that the doctor has disappeared. Mentally upset by these extraordinary occurrences, he sets to making a bust of Kyle, his rival in the affections of Eleanor Ironwall, with the intention of revenging himself upon it.*

THE next day was Sunday. It was just as well no one saw Mr. Ives that day, shaken as he was by the peculiar exhaustion which follows any wild indulgence in the occult. He remained indoors all day, pacing from room to room, or pausing for minutes at a time to gaze out of a rear window (with a strange lassitude) at the new, faint swelling of the turf under the lilac-bush by the stoop.

It was Victoria who, taking matters into her own hands, had buried there the broken clay of young Kyle, knowing, as the good woman did, that if this be done immediately and under cover of the night, then the earthly envelop of the victim himself, no matter where his strange ruin may have overtaken him, is not likely to be found by any police constable that ever walked the earth.

This, to Victoria, was almost an axiom of her calling. That Mr. Ives affected to be unaware of it puzzled her. That he was a practitioner of standing she could not question; she had known many in the islands, and had heard of other and more epic ones at the lips of her grandmother, who had come from the backlands of the Ivory Coast, but the authority of this cold-country white was beyond anything her experience had yet

touched. And this made his incomprehension in minor phases of his profession seem only the more appalling.

As for Mr. Ives himself, now that it was all over, he had the oddest feeling about young Kyle. Young Kyle was not so much forgiven as forgotten. By evening it was almost as if the assistant cashier at Mr. Ironwall's bank had never been. In an imaginative-digestive way, he did not "go so far" as Doctor Failing had. No meat will ever taste so sweet to the tiger as it tasted to the cub.

By noon of the Monday, had it not been for one thing, he would have been quite himself again—not, of course, his *old* self, as the public schools of Paragon Heights and the house of the immaculate Geraldine White had known him. But to all outward seeming, had it not been for one thing—

The one thing, in short, was the wife (or shall we say the widow?) of Doctor Failing. Had Daisy come straight in that afternoon; had she taken him by storm; then he had a feeling he could have faced her—even that he could have faced her *down*. After all, she was only a woman. . . . It was this growing sense of an assault by irresolution, this half-shrinking beleaguering of his home, which was too much for him. When he

had seen her coming up the walk, faltering at the steps, turning back, retreating almost in headlong panic—when he had seen this for the third time through a crack in a front window-shade, I say, he began to take a really serious view of the matter.

"I wonder—! By Heavens!"

Turning, he found Victoria behind him, a question smoldering in her small, close-set eyes. He had an impulse to tell her all, to blurt out who it was that hovered so before the house, to confess that he *had* talked, precisely as the woman called the Harris woman, for whom the boils had been set on the cable-agent's wife, had talked—*most* indiscreetly. He had the impulse, but he mastered it.

"It is nothing," he muttered. "She is nobody, nobody. She'll go away presently." Avoiding the eyes, he turned to roam again.

"But by Heavens!" he considered, with growing conviction, "that's precisely what's happened. Daisy has allowed this thing to work on her mind and she's got herself into a stew and gone running to the police—The police! Yes, that's what the maid said the other night—'Something about the—the—*police!*'"

It must have been the humidity again, for, although the thermometer outside the bedroom window stood at a bare sixty, yet he found himself beginning to perspire freely.

"And now," he broke out, bitterly—"now, to salve her conscience, she feels that she's got to let me know what she's done. And yet—yet she's afraid to face me. A pretty pickle, a pretty pickle!"

He drew himself up a little straighter and folded his arms.

"After all," he announced in a firmer tone, "there is no law in the country to prevent me from destroying a work of art, done by me, still remaining my property, in my possession, and not covered by insurance. Nor is there any law to prevent my burying it in the back yard if I feel like it. Or in the front

yard, or the cellar. My position is impregnable."

Mopping his brow, he went on tiptoe to have one more peep through the curtain crack. Daisy had not gone away. She was there at the very top of the steps; in fact, her eyes fixed with a despairing fascination on the door, her hands pressed to cheeks on which the white of fright did battle with the rose of shame. This time she was coming in.

"My position," Mr. Ives repeated, hoarsely, "is impregnable."

And, turning, he fled. He went by the kitchen way and the secret cemetery of the back yard, speeding light-footed in his red morocco slippers. Red morocco slippers! He became aware that he was hatless, too, that his hair was mussed, and that a man as white as a saint could hardly afford to be seen about town in a long house-gown of horizon blue and old gold. Heavens! Faltering, he groaned yet more deeply at sound of a door-bell creeping out of the house behind him. Come what might, then, he had to go. He laid an impulsive hand on the alley gate. The following instant he withdrew it, as if the gate had been hot, and, with his eyes protruding slightly from their sockets, stared at the man who seemed to have arisen from the ground on the other side.

The man had on a golfing-cap. This fact impressed itself upon Mr. Ives, as also the fact that the man seemed polite—polite enough, at any rate, to shield with one hand a somehow introductory cough.

"Ah—Mr. Ives?"

Mr. Ives found himself unable to speak. Evidently taking silence for affirmation, the man in the cap went on to make himself known.

"My name is Barleyplanter, Mr. E. G. Barleyplanter. I always like everything open and aboveboard, Mr. Ives, and so I'll tell you right off that I'm connected with the Metropolitan District Police, and—" his eyes, from under their somewhat heavy lids, weighed the effect of every falling word—"and I just thought we'd have a little talk. Eh?"

The time had come now when, in simple justice to himself, Mr. Ives had to open his mouth.

"My position," he announced in a strengthless voice, "is impregnable."

"Oh, no doubt, no doubt!" Mr. Barleyplanter rubbed his hands in the jolliest way. "No doubt in the world!" Getting inside the gate, he went on in a loud tone: "Shall we talk here? The neighbors—"

"Oh no, no—" Mr. Ives had hold of his elbow. "Do come in!"

He had forgotten Mrs. Failing. He was to remember her presently, however. Piloting the police agent through the kitchen and into the living-room, he became aware of her there, a vague, pale silhouette against the dimity curtains of a window. She wheeled with a nervous cry at sound of their entrance and flung out a hand.

"Robert, who is that?"

"That?" he echoed. It was fortunate, after all, that she had come, for now he could be angry—angry at her who as a girl had been his friend, only as a woman to betray his trust, his advice, and himself. And anger gave him a strength which he could have found, perhaps, in no other quarter. "That?" he echoed, with a poisoned sarcasm. "Now I suppose you haven't the *vaguest idea*, have

you? Allow me, then, to introduce to you Mr. Barleyplanter—of the Metropolitan District *Police*."

If a word escaped her, it was inaudible; if shame flooded her face, it was hidden by her hands. She actually ran, out of the room and out of the house. Mr. Ives would have run after her, a parting shot trembling undelivered on his lips, but Mr. Barleyplanter had somehow got in his way at the door, where he murmured something about its being very interesting, and all that. He was getting a notebook out of his pocket.

"You know, of course, Mr. Ives, why I am here?"

Mr. Ives took a chair and pressed his temples between the thumb and forefinger of his right hand.

"I know nothing," he said.

Mr. Barleyplanter took a chair, too. He began to slap his thighs by way of good-fellowship. He had

dealt with such cases before.

"Come, come; look here, old man, I like you too much to want to see you do yourself harm by playing 'possum. I might as well tell you, straight off—Well, here's the proposition I'll make. If you want to make a clean breast of it and tell us exactly what you know—"

"I know nothing." Mr. Ives stared sullenly at a flower in the rug.



HE WENT TO HAVE ONE MORE PEEP
THROUGH THE CURTAIN

"So! Flatly deny all knowledge, do you? You'll be able, then, no doubt, to explain your actions—"

"Actions?"

"You were seen with the man."

"Seen with him? Well, I like *that*! Can't I be *seen* with a man without being accused of—of—"

"Of what?"

"Of—of whatever I'm accused of. . . . And, besides," he rushed on, letting loose the floodgates of speech, "the man was drunk. I give you my solemn word, Mr. Barleyplanter, the last I laid eyes on him was at the Ironwalls' gate. It was a dark night, I tell you, and if he started home across-lots, with all those open drains and cellars and everything, why, anything could have happened to him, *anything*! And he had been drinking—heavily!"

"Drinking?" The other pursed his lips with a trace of impatience. "That's a new point. I didn't know he drank."

"Well, he does—that is, did—does, I mean. Ask his wife!"

"Wife?" Mr. Barleyplanter's impatience grew deeper. How could they expect a man to do the work if they failed to give him the data?

"They never told me he *had* a wife."

"Why, *that*—" Mr. Ives waved a wild hand toward the door. "*That* was his wife!"

"Oh? So-o-o?" Mr. Barleyplanter pursed his lips still tighter and shot a sidelong glance at Mr. Ives. This did put another face on the matter. "Tell me, has Mrs. Kyle been in the habit—"

"Mrs. *Kyle*?" Amazement lifted Mr. Ives bodily from his seat.

"Not *Kyle*!" he shouted. "I thought all the while you were talking about—about—" An eleventh-hour realization that he was getting in deeper than ever sealed his lips. But then he couldn't be quiet. What if the detective insisted upon knowing of whom he *had* been thinking?

"As to Kyle," he stammered, "Kyle—about Kyle, now—"

"Yes, Mr. Ives; about Kyle?"

"About Kyle—I—I know nothing. Absolutely nothing!"

Mr. Barleyplanter began to lose his air of jollity. He drew his chair closer, placed a finger on Mr. Ives's knee, and eyed him sternly.

"My friend, that won't do. That won't go down. You ought to know by this time that Mr. Ironwall is nobody's fool."

"Ironwall? Mr. Ironwall? What's Mr. Ironwall got to do with this?"

"I've a suspicion you'll know what he's got to do with it before you get through with him. . . . But now, look here; let me help your memory a little bit. What did you do on the day before the night of Kyle's disappearance? I'll tell you. You took the three-fifty train down from Paragon Heights. Why? You didn't go to the city. You got off the train at Bloomsbury. Why? At Bloomsbury you had a meeting with this Kyle. Why? It's an interesting fact that not even your closest friends had the slightest idea you were well acquainted with Kyle. You had pretended, I believe, even to dislike Kyle. If you can explain, then, this prearranged meeting at Bloomsbury—"

Mr. Ives's face was growing moment by moment more purple.

"It was *not* prearranged! And I can explain *nothing*!"

"I'm afraid there'll come a time when you'll find that you can. And you'll also be able to explain just what occurred in the time between four-thirty-five, when you left Bloomsbury in Kyle's car, and five-twenty-five, when you were seen by Mr. Ironwall at his place in Paragon Heights. . . . And, another thing," he added, presently, "and that's why you've been acting so strangely of late."

Mr. Ives turned a gaze of suddenly deepened bitterness. "Did Elean— Did Miss Ironwall tell you that?"

"Miss Ironwall doesn't enter into the question, Mr. Ives. The person we have to deal with in this matter is Miss Ironwall's father."

"*Damn* her father!"

Mr. Barleyplanter bent over his little book and for a moment nothing was heard in the room but the faint scraping of his pencil. When he got up he took his cap out of his pocket.

"That is all, then, Mr. Ives, that you care to say?"

"I tell you, I've said nothing."

"Very well." At the door Mr. Barleyplanter hesitated. "By the way, I suppose I can count on you to stay here quietly till you're wanted? Otherwise, of course, I shall have to take steps—"

"Oh yes, yes—you can count on me—quite—"

Mr. Ives stared straight ahead of him at a cold space on the wall. "And, besides," he added in a weak, thick voice, "my position is impregnable." He remained seated precisely as he was for some time after the door had slammed in the wake of the agent of police.

And then, quite of a sudden, he jumped up. He went in haste to his room, his clothes-closet. He went to the closet in the hall by the bathroom. He got his suit-case, his clean shirts, his night things. He took stock of available moneys. There was six dollars and odd change in his clothes, twenty dollars in a drawer, a fifty-dollar bond certificate of the Fifth, or Victory, Loan tucked under the blotter on the desk. It made a pitiful stake on which to face a new world, and to face it, moreover, a fugitive. But the rest of his moderate possession was in the bank, and the bank was Mr. Ironwall's. . . . He got his hat. He got a light coat.

He took the precaution to peep before he tried the front way, and he was glad of this, for, although he could not be

sure, it seemed to his heightened senses that the vague, penumbral shadow of an invisible watcher lay across the strip of door-step he could see. . . . He tried the back way; tried it at something almost like a rush.

And there again he was brought up short. It was no hidden shadower that



"I'M CONNECTED WITH THE METROPOLITAN DISTRICT POLICE"

halted him this time, but the spectacle of another fugitive in the act of stealing out of the kitchen door. At sight of her it passed quite from his mind, once and for all, that he was a fugitive himself.

"Victoria!"

She turned with a start. She had had trouble with the police before. Her austere detachment had gone sour; in her eyes, habitually dark with introspection, whiteness made narrow rims; on her tight black head a hat of black straw with a poppy was set awry, and in her hands she bore the striped box in which the hat had come, a cotton um-

brella, and a brown-canvas suit-case exuding the hasty ends of things.

She made an effort to straighten her hat. "Yes, sir; quite right, sir?" she defied him in a sullen tone.

"*You!*" was all Mr. Ives said. "*Even you!*"

He had never touched the depths of bitterness before. The poisoned iron entered his soul. For the first time in his life he understood how a sinking ship must feel when the rats begin to leave.

The rat herself stood erect under her wild burden. "But surely Hi have a right, sir. The lady at the employment place said, sir, if Hi was not satisfied with the position—"

Mr. Ives interrupted her with a sneer. "And while she was telling you all that she didn't drop so much as a hint, I suppose, about a little thing called a 'week's notice'?"

If she answered he did not hear. Bitterness had made way for a stronger wine; the anger of the avenger engulfed him.

"Never mind!" he cried. "Go! Go your way!"

She did not go. Instead of that she turned to search his face with eyes of a curious, submerged alarm.

"And what, sir, might be the meaning of *that*?"

A note of laughter came out of his throat, high and brittle.

"No! Go! Just go on where you will and leave me here alone—alone with my clay and my memory. I'm anxious to see how far you'll get with that peculiar lower lip of yours and that high cheek-bone sloping down at an angle of about ten degrees into the lower rim of those rather deep, close-set eye-sockets of yours. Yes, go! Ha-ha-ha!"

He reeled a little as he turned away, leaving that awful note of mirth hanging in the air over the colored woman's head.

The die was cast. Definitely he had set his face against the world. Coming to the living-room, he fell to roaming up and down like a panther, his ears attuned

to the sounds of a renewed and furious domesticity in the kitchen, the penitential rattling of stove things, the propitiatory banging of pans and kettles, the swish of a frightened broom. That he had done a thing which ten thousand thousand men and women have tried to do and failed was nothing. That, simply, as if it were offhand, he had hit upon the only adequate solution of the servant problem; this fact, stunning as it was, was scarcely more than a straw in the wind of his personal triumph. He roamed in circles. He was drunk with a drunkenness given to few, and the more insidious by ten times, coming, as it did, upon the empty stomach of fright.

"Touch me, will they? Lock *me* up? I'd like to see them!"

He almost wished Victoria had persisted in going. Gazing at the closed door of his studio, thinking of the clay beyond it, the waiting, hungry clay, he began to think it would have been rather splendid to have had her flee, like a fish at the end of a diabolical line. While he was at the figure he could have put in the bag, and the cotton umbrella, and the straw hat with the poppy, all awry on the clay topknot. That would have been funny; screamingly funny. . . .

As for that man Barleyplanter, the preposterous upstart—

As for Mr. *Ironwall*—

Thinking of Mr. Ironwall, an unhealthy pallor crept over his face, and the fingers of the hands clasped behind him knotted a little. What business had Mr. Ironwall meddling in *his* affairs? Using *his* name? Bandyng it about with the *police*? As all the indignities he had suffered there piled up in memory to this culminating indignity his face grew cold and hard.

"Uncle George," he broke out, hoarsely. "Damn you! Damn you, I say, for an overbearing, intolerable, meddlesome—"

"Why, Robert Eggleston *Ives*!"

It would be false to say that he was not startled by this exclamation coming out of the shadows of the room which he had considered empty save for himself.

A week ago he would have turned perfectly crimson at being caught with such an expression on his lips, especially by Eleanor; he would have wished to die, or at least to sink through the floor. But now, save for the first sharp intake of breath, there was no perceptible breach in the wall of his contained and icy anger.

"Eleanor," he demanded in a level tone, "how did you come here?"

"The front door was unlocked. I walked in."

"How long ago?"

"About ten minutes, I should say."

He continued to peer at the wing-chair in the corner and the dim loom of the girl half hidden in its shadows. It was not odd that he had failed to notice her before. Dusk was coming on, and with it the added pall of an autumnal storm. The weather, which had failed so signally in the way of portents on the day of Victoria's arrival, was not to be caught off guard again. It grew wild and dark to the dark wildness of that night which was even now beginning to close down over the life of Robert Ives.

It was curious to think that once this girl could have been in love with the man that he had been.

"Why?" he murmured, by and by. "Why did you come?"

"Because I had to know, Robert. I can't go on in this terrible, terrible cloud, listening to what they say. . . . I want *you* to tell *me*, Rob. *What has happened to Sterling Kyle?*"

"Happened?"

"Where is he?"

"Why do you want to know?"

"Because I shall go crazy if I don't know what you know."

Mr. Ives lifted his hands ever so slightly, laughed with a low, sardonic indulgence, and turned away to gaze out of the rear window where leaves were blowing over the softly mounded turf. The moan of the wind came muffled to his ears; his soul drank of the storm; a dark disdain touched the corners of his lips.

"I suppose you'll be asking me next where Doctor Failing is."

"Doctor Failing? I didn't know he was anywhere—in particular. And besides, what's Doctor Failing got to do with Sterling Kyle?"

"Absolutely nothing. . . . Except that they both happen to be gone, and that neither of them will ever be found. That's all."

"How do you know they'll never be found?"

"How do I know?" A burst of unbridled laughter rose to his lips, but he stilled it to a chuckle. "How? Ha-ha-ha!"

There was no word further from the wing-chair, but he heard soft footfalls coming toward him. Her voice sounded behind his shoulder.

"Robert, I don't understand you. I used to know you, and now, somehow, I don't know you any more. I used to—"

"—to love me," he supplied in a steady tone.

There was something in the gasp behind him that aroused a diabolical aggressiveness in his soul. Wheeling, he grasped her wrist.

"Yes, and even now," he cried. "Even now! What if Kyle *was* in my way! He's no longer in my way! What if another man—"

It was hard to say what was happening, but there was a noise in the kitchen, mingled of ruffled protests, threats, bangings, and trappings. It was as if a wind blew through the house, a heavy wind of anger that swung back the door into the living-room with a sound of roaring.

"*Is my daughter here?*"

In the gloom which had now grown really profound the figure of the banker could be discerned, bent forward and rocking a little on half-crouching limbs. One could see he was not himself.

"Robert, you hound, don't try to hide. Is my daughter here?"

In the tone, even more than in the words, there was a quality of domineer-

ing brutality to which the other's venom leaped as a flame to vapoing wax. The devil had him now. He walked slowly half-way across the room and snapped on the overhead lights, flooding the room with a spacious, incandescent glare.

"Your daughter, as you may see, Mr. Ironwall, is here."

"You—you—*criminal!*"

"And being here," Mr. Ives went on, ignoring the epithet with an easy scorn—"and being here, what of it?"

The banker's face was growing purpler all the while.

"I'll talk to *you*, young man, at the proper time. . . . And now, Eleanor—" His eyes, slightly bloodshot, went to the corner where the girl, dazed by the sudden irruption of noise and light, stood with her hands pressed to her whitening cheeks. "Come, Eleanor!"

Seeing that in her bewilderment she had not moved, he repeated it in a shout:

"*Come!*"

He moved toward her, almost menacingly. But Mr. Ives was in his way.

"Just a moment, if you please. Just a moment!"

This sort of thing, to Mr. Ironwall, was more than incredible; it was impossible. He was the president of a bank.

"And by the way," the other filled up the blank in a voice that was now almost a purr, "by the way, aren't *you* going to ask me some questions, too? I thought everybody—"

The banker had got his breath back.

"The *police*," he roared, "are paid to ask questions of *your* sort. Personally, I don't care to soil my lips with any further words. . . . It's enough, God knows, to realize that I once looked upon you almost in the light of a son—"

"Or perhaps a son—*in-law?*"

"*W-h-a-t?*"

"Why do you ask 'what?' I think you heard."

For a space of seconds, in which Mr. Ives maintained his pose of punctilious, if disdainful, attention, silence lay in the room. And then Eleanor's voice was heard, scarcely more than a whisper husky with imploration.

"Don't, father, don't! Can't you see he's sick? Oh, oh, don't!"



"NEVER MIND!" HE CRIED. "GO YOUR WAY!"

"Please!" Mr. Ives bade her in a sharp aside, without removing his eyes from the anatomy of her father's face. The word served only to draw upon himself the girl's despairing plea.

"No, Robert, no! Think! Look, Robert! Can't you see he's not himself?"

"I am only waiting for his answer," he said.

Mr. Ironwall broke out in a sudden, loud, thick, furious tone. "My answer is—*that!*"

Mr. Ives rocked slightly on his feet from the blow of the other's open hand. On his left cheek, white as dough, the pattern of palm and fingers came out in a crimson stain.

"*Thank you!*" he said.

The man's calm was cataclysmic. Had it not been for that mark on his cheek, only the faint heliotrope of his lips, the scarce-seen dilation of his nostrils, and the extraordinary, studying intensity of the gaze he fastened upon his assailant's head and shoulders would have betrayed the flame that devoured him flesh and bone.

His voice was even lower, softer, than before.

"Thank you," he repeated. "That makes it easier. . . . Now all I ask you to do is this. Remember! Just for an instant, Mr. Ironwall, when you begin to feel the queerness coming on, kindly have the goodness to remember what you have done. It will be too late, of course—but—*remember!*"

It was evident that the banker, after his act of violence, could not trust himself to deal further with the obviously mad. He averted his eyes, which began to bulge a little, and beckoned his daughter. She went with him, her head drooping.

"Oh, father, father, couldn't you see—Rob, oh, Rob, but couldn't you see that father isn't himself—at all—"

Not once on his way to the door did Mr. Ironwall look back. Not once, with that crimson sign-manual flaming high on his cheek, did Mr. Ives stir

from where he stood beneath the hanging lamp, or open his cold lips, or remove his gaze, extraordinarily concentrated, from the back of the banker's head. . . .

He began on the back of the head, holding it still vividly in his mind. . . . Walking into the studio at a deliberate, almost somnolent pace, his chin in his neck, his eyes curiously clouded, he got out his clay from the cracker-box, piled it about the armature on his stand, and began to shape it roughly, from the vivid back toward the front.

It is fair to say that he didn't know what he was doing. For the time being his hands worked mechanically, not mechanically in the way of a drowsy garment-worker or a veteran bricklayer, led by habit, but with the divine, careless, perceptive authority of the subconscious. If he felt anything it was only the clinging, cool caress of the clay, like the devil's kiss on his hands. If he heard anything it was only the rising majesty of the gale, the thick, dark, tragic moan of the night that came to wrap him about, stand his guard and pay him homage—the wind and the dying leaves that whispered against the clapboards, or lodged, rustling, in remote, high gutters of the house. If he thought of anything it was of his past life—pityingly of his boyhood, which for some queer reason had been much like the boyhood of other men who had later become engineers, ministers, and furniture dealers. He thought of his young manhood, far off and incredibly commonplace. . . .

He was a little ashamed of it all. His eye, roving over the clay company of his old acquaintances and friends, despised them. Even their huddled shadows, distorted by the angles of the wall on which they fell, were not yet sufficiently distorted to make them seem anything but human vegetables, unmoved, unmoving, unfantastic. They might all be blotted out of the world of genius, and not for so much as an eye-wink of time would there be—

Vast projects of annihilation floated through his brain. Suppose he should take them all in a lump! But no, hardly that! With a small, internal start, he found himself gazing into his own eyes. He had quite forgotten that portrait of himself; the one he had not thought good because it failed, somehow, of being *him*.

And now he made a bizarre discovery. It *was* he. Not as he had been then, but as he was now. The creative subconscious in him, working sullenly against his will, had made a prophecy. He had thought the face too hard, too ruthless. It *was* too hard. He had imagined there was a strange curve in the upper lip. There *was*.

It was all most fascinating. He moved it nearer to the working light and studied it. He had been trying to mold the likeness of a young man who, when he had ordered a pound of steak cut for him at the butcher's shop, accepted a pound and nine ounces meekly and went away. And his stubborn, visionary hands had wrought the face of a man who could stand unappalled before a world in arms; who, with a sense in him of the myriad-footed law closing in upon him through the night, could yet move forward the ordered processes of vengeance without haste, full of a large, philosophical disdain.

Without haste, yes; but swiftly. For all this while those bond-servants of inspiration, his hands, had never faltered. None but the artist will know the joy of the hour when the thing begins to create itself, when all the worry goes out of work, when by some obscure miracle it becomes impossible for anything at all to be wrong.

Ironwall? This was Ironwall, never fear. The first ear, emerging scarcely handled from the dead mass, was Ironwall's ear. Young Kyle he had done by a sheer *tour de force*, in the rage of his heart and the sweat of his brow. With Ironwall it was all different. Ironwall grew to his doom under the caressing fingers of an exquisite hate—even the

epicurean fingers. Your epicure knows not only what to eat, but he knows how to bide his time till the eating shall fulfil the finest accumulated desire. So it was with the fingers. Touching into life an ear, rounding forth the nose, there would flit across his mind the sudden, starry thought: "This ear now; with one twist of the hand—!" Or, "This nose; just a simple, quick jerk now—and how would he feel—how would he look up there in his house on the hill? Mr. G. J. Ironwall, the banker, without any nose, any nose at all?"

"Ah, but no! Wait! Wait a little while! Wait!"

It grew late. His shadow, working, working, sprawled monstrous and fantastic over the shadows of all those un-fantastic creatures of unimaginative clay. The room grew close. Beyond the door and across the dark space of the living-room the clock was striking its little bell.

It was midnight, and it was as if something mysterious had come to keep tryst with the mysterious hour. Mr. Ives discovered it quite suddenly and with surprise. Stepping back a pace, he perceived that the thing was done. The clay was Ironwall.

"Ironwall!" he cried aloud. His voice shivered. The hour that had come was too sheer, too naked. "Ironwall, look at me! I asked you to remember. *Do* you remember? Now? *Now?*"

He felt his hands rising above his head, the fingers knotted into fists, higher, higher. *He* remembered. Over the whole of him, to the crown of his head, to the soles of his feet, to the marrow of his bones, he was conscious now of the burning pain of a vast, ignominious slap. It is curious that the long hours had not dulled it. The psychologist may explain perhaps why, seeming to go quite away, it had in reality only lain and grown in abeyance, gathering its poisoned self against that moment—

"Now, Ironwall, damn you! *Damn you and ruin you forever and ever. Amen!*"



"YOUR DAUGHTER, AS YOU MAY SEE, MR. IRONWALL, IS HERE"

A mist swam before his eyes. He felt the awful, inexorable weight of his descending hands. . . . He tried to stop them. Biting his lip, he tried. Praying, he tried. He tried and tried, and, as if by a miracle, they were stopped, a bare two inches short of their mark. And a groan burst from his throat. . . .

Mr. Ives was not a bad man. Perhaps it will be hard for the reader to believe, but it is a fact that up to this instant he had never actually realized what he was doing. Murder? No! Does any one ever truly and seriously condemn the soul of the Queen of Hearts, waddling about to the tune of that everlasting "Off with his head!" Well, that was precisely the sort of thing. And people like that never have any real, vivid idea of the harm they do. Almost like killing flies....

But now, in that hanging fraction of a second, the light fell, and in the light he saw himself. The murderer! The slinking, secret murderer of Doctor Failing—of Kyle—of—of—

But no, no! Not of Ironwall! As a

drowning man will recall the scenes of his past life, small, bright pictures flickered across the retina of his brain. He saw himself astride a fiery steed on the road to Salem, by way of Boston and of Lynn, and the horse was a knee, and in the sky above him hung the kindly face of "Uncle George." He saw "Uncle George" at a grammar-school graduation, sitting in the front row, clapping longer and louder than any one else when Robbie Ives had succeeded finally in getting the remnants of the Light Brigade through that never-to-be-forgotten blunder. He walked arm in arm with "Uncle George" up the elm-shaded way to the old Law School....

"My God!" he whispered. He hid his dilated eyes with his soiled hands. "God in heaven, what have I—what am I—"

All the strength drained out of his limbs. He reeled. He felt himself falling, and to save himself flung out an arm. And this time it did not fail of its mark. It struck. In his ears sounded the crash of an inexorable ruin.

It was fate. He had repented, but repentance had come too late. Given over, wrapped about, dragged along by a dark and hungry destiny, no tiny gesture of his could suffice to halt its majestic progress. The thing was done, hideous, black, irrevocable. Swooning with horror, his eyes still blinded by his hands, he staggered to the door. . . .

In the blackness of the outer rooms (for she never seemed to turn on any lights) the exiled priestess had been moving without sound, or, for minutes at a time, standing erect and motionless in the attitude of the listener.

She knew. Ah, yes, trust the woman Thwaite! She knew what it was that went forward in that closed room. If you ask how, say how the wild goose steers northward in the spring, or the pigeon finds her cote. And knowing, it did a strange thing to her; held her with a strange authority. It made her forget the police; it made her forget the menacing tether which held her here when she would have fled. At moments, let us believe, she even forgot quite where she was; this alien and inhospitable cold air was gone, and over her came pouring the warm wind of island jungles, heavy with the heart of hibiscus, wound with the silken whisper of serpents, the far bell-note of a bird, the imponderable kiss of bare soles on the grass. . . . Perhaps she saw them again, the dark, sleek figures of the devotees silhouetted against the farther fire-glow; perhaps in her dreaming ears hung the phantom of a barbaric croon, rising and falling to the beat of goatskin drums and the rattle of gourds.

In the cavern of the living-room her tall form rocked with a scarcely perceptible motion, like an inverted pendulum; from her lips issued a sound. It was not loud, but about it it had this curious quality: it went away from its source without diminishing; it passed into the other chambers and hung there, a slumbrous throb of sound. And all

the while the tall, lithe form went on rocking, rocking in the dark.

Not one step did she take in the direction of the closed door. She had committed one breach of professional ethics the first night she was there in a moment of passion; she would not commit another. One does not intrude upon a colleague's practice; and, flee his presence as she would have done that afternoon—flee it again as she would at first sign of the waning of his ominous power over her—still, after all, he was her colleague. It was hers, she felt, to play the acolyte, and, swaying in the blindness of the antechamber, to keep that somber incantation hanging undiminished through the house.

It was a long time. Ten struck, and eleven. The measured count of midnight lingered in the air. . . . The wall on the studio side was broken by a shaft of light. The door swung back, not as if pulled by a hand, but as if blown by some gust of outer wind in that windless quietude. The croon died on the woman's lips and she stood motionless, studying with a vague uneasiness the silhouette of the master swaying brokenly in the doorway.

"Victoria!" he called in a shattered voice.

He came out as she approached and let himself down in the morris-chair near the door. In the penumbra cast by the inner light his face had the look of ivory. The woman spoke in a whisper, wary of the ears that walls have.

"Shall Hi fetch the shovel, sir?"

"Shov-v-vel? *Ohhhhhh!*" The gasp went down into the bottom of horror. "Oh, but no—no—*not that!*"

Victoria peered at his working face, her uneasiness increasing with her mystification. She heard him groan.

"What have I done? What have I done? I've killed him; murdered my oldest friend! In cold blood, Victoria! *Cold blood!*"

"Hi am at a loss, sir." The colored woman, reconnoitering, hesitated. "Might Hi ask, sir, would it be the

gentleman—this evening's gentleman, sir—as had the audacity to strike you?"

"Oh, let him strike me again! Only let him slap me again, box my ears, a hundred times, a thousand times—"

Victoria, craning, peered again into the studio.

"But Hi say, sir, surely, sir, there's been some mistake, you know.

Now *that* gentleman—"

"What?"

A galvanic and impossible hope lifted Mr. Ives from his chair. Brushing the dusky acolyte out of his way, he burst into the studio. His eyes met the cold, calm eyes of Iron-wall. . . . There on the untroubled dais of the modeling-stand stood, or sat (or whatever one does with one's bust), the complete banker, the unmarred man of affairs.

"Thank God!"

It did something incredible to the soul of Mr. Ives.

"Thank God!" he continued to mumble with a husky joy. "Bless you, 'Uncle George,' bless you!" He almost patted the cold head.

"But who, then—" His eyes, shifting, interrogated the other smashed wooden pedestal and the ruin of clay scattered on the floor. "But who, then—who *was* it?"

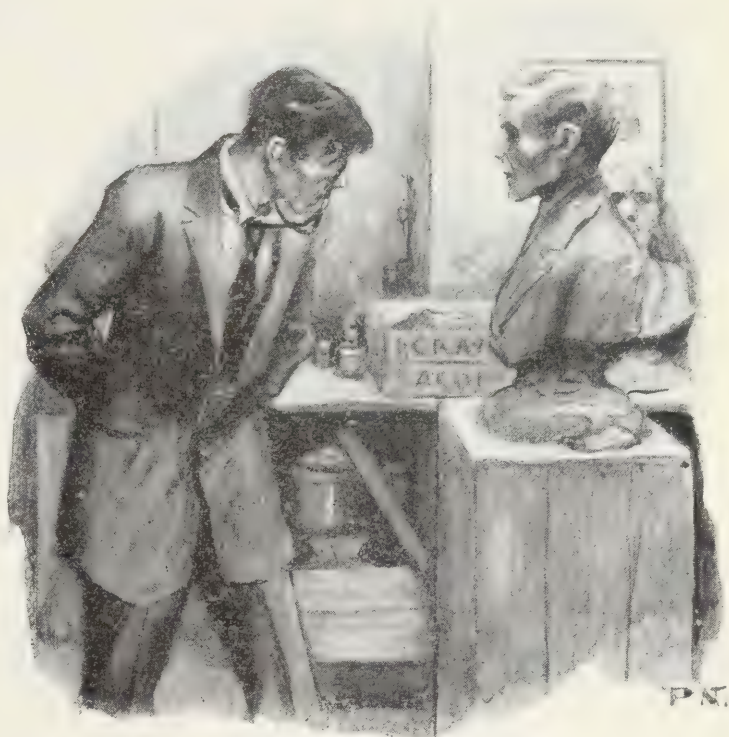
Misgiving cast a shadow over his joy. His oldest friend had been saved, true enough, and thanks be for it. But *some one* had suffered, all the same. And who? Could it be Mr. Harrison, the Congregational minister? No better man ever walked on earth; and to be struck down so, without warning or reason, in the innocence of his prime—

But no; there was Mr. Harrison in the shadow behind Mr. McLeod, the coal dealer. And so it couldn't be Mr. McLeod, either. Mr. Ives's glance was fairly darting now, canvassing the list of survivors. There was a growing tightness in his lungs. Perspiration

started from the pores about his temples and trickled down the sides of his nose. . . .

"Hemenway? No, there's Hemenway. And the Hemenway hired girl."

Victoria's glance had been darting, too; in her, too, misgiving deepened. But in her it was more knowing, coming



AND NOW HE MADE A BIZARRE DISCOVERY. IT WAS HE

more directly toward the truth. And in her there was mingled with the horror of discovery the strain almost of a diabolical relief—release. Its echo was in her voice.

"But, sir, and where is *that* one—you understand me, sir—"

Mr. Ives's brain, leaping to the urge of her voice, touched the truth.

"Me?"

His voice sank to a wandering whisper, "M-e-e-e?"

Yes, he remembered now. Yes, that curiously prophetic portrait of himself; there it had been standing, communing with him at his work.

He seemed to reason, yet he was not reasoning at all. He even laughed. The small, pale, ghastly mummery of mirth went and hung among the shadows

of the mocking images. . . . Victoria's eye dwelt upon him. He had a sense of them far off, analyzing, pathological; he felt them keeping track of his every turn and quiver with a catlike attention, horrible, brilliant, and very hard.

He made an effort and tore himself away. Turning, he walked out unsteadily into the dark living-room. He put a hand to his side.

"It doesn't amount—doesn't mean—anything! It's all a—a kind of joke. The idea of a clay figure having anything under the sun to do with a—a—a *person!* The *idea!*"

Behind him he heard the soft-footed following of the watcher. He wheeled on her with a fragile anger.

"Stop hounding me about, will you? You, and all your tomfoolishness. You're nothing but a dull, simple, ignorant woman, and I tell you so to your face."

She remained silent, an inscrutable shadow against the light.

"And I *don't* feel queer, anyway! There! I hope that's settled once and for all. Not the least queer in the world!"

Both hands were pressed to his abdomen; the breath whistled sluggishly in and out of his lungs.

"But it hasn't anything to do with *that*, though. I—I am an educated man. I—it's just something—any good doctor could tell me in a wink what was wrong—just some little thing—"

He loosened his knees and let himself down in a chair. But in place of easing it, the new posture seemed only to speed the growth of the vast, vivid, localized discomfort within him.

("Just for an instant . . . when you feel the queerness coming on"), the ironic echo winged across his brain ("it will be too late, of course—but—*remember!*").

He tried to stifle the groan that would come out of his lips.

Where was Victoria? Where had that limb of the living devil taken herself? The nimbus of light knew her

no more; released from bondage by the knowledge that the withering hand itself was withered, the destroyer himself destroyed, she lost no time in slipping back into the sanctuary of her native element, the dark. He felt her everywhere about him, watching him with her black vision, counting off the seconds pulsing in his heart. . . .

Light! He must have light!

He tried to find the wall-switch, but his feet stumbled over the vales and precipices of the rug and his groping hands had lost the instinct of direction. . . . His mind swam blind in a blind sea. . . . Pain became an obsession. . . . He felt himself breaking in two, impossibly, inexorably, in the middle. . . .

He had missed his way. He was no longer in the living-room. He was in the kitchen. His nerveless fingers struck the wall where the switch happened to be; light sprang out around him. His eyes were dazed; they blinked and blinked at the little circle of floor where they chanced to be fastened, and in it lay a shovel—the coal-shovel!

That was too much. Wheeling, he fled—out of the back door, down the back steps, across the hideous, peopled turf of the back yard. He got out of the back gate, he couldn't say how. He ran, where he didn't know; how far, how long he couldn't have told. . . .

About his flight there was a bounding motion; at each step he seemed to leave the dark earth far behind and beneath him. Somewhere in the obscure channels of his consciousness lay the idea that if he could only speed fast enough he could outdistance that doom of pain. He had the illusion once or twice that he had; once for a whole dazzling block on Pleasant Avenue he seemed to have left it hopelessly in the rear, only to find it waiting to pounce upon him under the arc-light at the corner, like the kick of a hundred cannon. . . .

Lights came and went across the disordered firmament. Faces more rarely, faces of brief amazement turning to follow the flight of that kobold creature

streaming a blue - and - yellow robe athwart the night. Once there was the face of Mr. Barleyplanter, of the Metropolitan District Police. The eyes were round; the lip hung. But he presently turned to give pursuit, albeit the fact meant nothing in Mr. Ives's life. . . .

In an odd way the storm lost character. Something of dignity went out of it; there came indecision, a changed wind, thunder. Rain fell in large, revolving drops. Lightning ran over the sky.

Mr. Ives was in a really serious condition. He had gone past the possibility of wonder, and so it did not occur to him to be amazed at finding himself in his own alley again, hanging on for what dear life was left him to his own alley gate.

There was lightning. It may have passed in an instant, but to Mr. Ives's untrustworthy brain it seemed to endure for a long, long, white moment. All things were vivid, edged, and hard. . . . He perceived the form of Victoria Thwaite in the middle of the yard. She had on the black hat with the fugitive poppy; the cotton umbrella, open, lay beside her on the grass, as did the brown-canvas suit-case exuding the ends of things. On the other side of her he saw the yellow basket in which clothes-pins were kept. But there were no clothes-pins in it now. It harbored a more ghastly burden—the wreck of Ives.

He watched her because he hadn't the power to get his glazed eyes away. She was so busy, so indefatigably and horribly busy, her lean form swaying with a sickening rhythm over the coal-shovel in her hands!

"Oh, but *no!* My God, not *that!*" Mr. Ives's lips moved with dry, mute cries. "*No, no, no—I tell you no—not in the ground!*"

In his heart he knew it was vain. As the blackness swept down again out of the rocking sky, he felt the coming of the end. He tried to keep hold of the gate with his nerveless fingers, but they began to slip. They slipped. He felt

himself going down and down. . . . It's queer to feel yourself going down and down . . . breaking in two in the middle and going down in pieces . . . into the black, bottomless pool of space.

It couldn't have been quite the end; or else, perhaps, passing over, he still lingered for a while in the borderlands along the river where the ghosts are. He had a dim, inchoate sense of being almost aware of Presences. Shadowy faces passed him by on the primeval tides of space. . . . His soul groped back to the time of his innocence, and, strangely, the wraith of his virgin victim came to bear him company. He couldn't say how he knew it was Doctor Failing—but it was Doctor Failing. And on the diaphanous face there was a look—

How long he had been wandering this frontier land he did not know. He opened his eyes in heaven. It was almost dark in heaven. Perhaps it wasn't heaven; perhaps it was hell. . . . All his frail sight could give him was the foot-rail of an iron bed and the brief passing of a white-robed being with a spoon. Then it *was* heaven, after all.

He was tired, being new-born, and he closed his eyes and slept.

It was quite bizarre; when he awoke again Eleanor Ironwall was in the room. It was just for the merest instant, and then, seeing him in his senses, the figure in white had "shooed" her out. . . . He was still tired, and decided, wisely perhaps, not to engage with the Problem. . . . Perhaps she had not been there at all. . . .

He saw her again, though. It was dusk. Eleanor was on her knees beside his bed. She had hold of one of his hands, and the hand was moist with inexplicable tears.

"Oh, Rob, I didn't—neither of us knew—that is, I knew you weren't well—but I *didn't* know how *terribly* sick you *were*. . . ."

His eyes rested upon her, inert, detached. The thought which gripped through the remnants of his mind was this: "Sweet, pure, innocent girl; she, of all, should not be touching *that* hand with hers. . . ."

"And father," she was going on with a kind of penitent rush, "father will never forgive himself! Never! We didn't know till next morning, but when Doctor Failing 'phoned us—"

"Failing?" Mr. Ives found somewhere the strength to get himself up on a startled elbow. "F-f-failing? You mean—D-d-doctor Failing?"

By the blankness in her eyes he knew she did. He relapsed slowly on the pillow. Canvassing the realms of impossibility, he hit upon a wild hypothesis. It must have been all a dream, a prolonged, vivid, and abominable nightmare. He had read stories that ended that way, that being the easiest way. He turned on her an eye of last appeal.

"Not—you didn't say Doctor *Failing*!"

"You're tired," she murmured. She started to smooth his brown arm with a

pitying, gentle hand, and then she withdrew it in guilty haste, for the doctor himself was in the doorway. Mr. Ives received him with dilated eyes. The doctor's own eyes were for the moment fixed upon the girl. She arose and retreated, covered with confusion.

"But he seemed so—so much better," she stammered.

"*Seemed!* By Heavens! I wash my hands! Let the man go on and die if you've *both* made up your minds to it." He turned his attention to the patient, and in a lighter tone:

"Well, so here we are, eh? I suppose, first off, you'll never be content till you see it. They're always that way."

"What?"

"I've got it in a bottle. I give you my word, Ives, I don't know what you were about, going around with an appendix like that inside of you all that while. If I'm any judge you were in a very, very bad condition for a good many days—weeks even—and probably the suppression of it had something to do with the little brain-storm they



ELEANOR WAS ON HER KNEES BESIDE HIS BED

tell me you pulled off on them. I give you my word, Ives—”

“Doctor!” Mr. Ives felt himself getting farther and farther to sea, and he was not strong. “Doctor, tell me one thing. Were you, or were you not, here in the Heights all the time?”

Color touched the doctor’s cheeks, and in the old signal of perturbation his fingers crept to his dark, silken mustache. He glared uncertainly at Eleanor, who had held her hesitant ground in a corner.

“Miss Ironwall, how many times must I—

If she went out grudgingly, it was yet in haste. [He closed the door after her, came to the bedside, and spoke in a lower tone.

“See here, old man, I want to thank you for sticking tight and keeping mum as long as you did, and I suppose a word to the wise is sufficient, eh—for the future, you know. Now I’ll tell you how it was. I was just a little—well, ‘off,’ you understand, that evening at old Ironwall’s. He has a good stock. Well, when I left you, I was all set for some more. I found some more, all right, but where I landed up, some queer how or other, was in the ‘Cure’ at Portgate; and a good job it was for me. Honestly, I believe they fixed me up for good. But the poor little wife. Well, you know! Anyhow, I managed to get word to her the third day, and then after that she was scared pink that you would go and make a mess of things by getting the police on the job. Pink! Honest! I’ve asked her why she didn’t just tell you everything. She says she was ‘embarrassed.’ But she did try one evening, and the maid couldn’t get you. And the other time she tried you’d actually got a detective to the house. I don’t know whether you were going to tell him or not—”

“Oh, Doctor”—Mr. Ives waved a weak hand—“oh, I assure you—”

“Well, anyway, all’s well that ends well, and now between the three of us, I suppose, no one need—”

“Oh, I—Doctor—I— Take my word for it, Doctor!”

Mr. Ives’s brain felt its way through cloud-dust. “And Kyle,” he implored. “Wh-what happened to Kyle?”

“Oh, Kyle!” The doctor laughed. “I don’t know much about it, but I’ve heard they got Kyle dead—”

“Dead!” The invalid groaned, and the miracle began to fade.

“Yes, dead to rights. Isn’t that so, Mr. Ironwall? . . . Here’s Mr. Ironwall, Ives. He can tell you more about it than I can.”

The banker was in the doorway, genial enthusiasm in every line of his face.

“Well, I should say. Caught him in a boarding-house in Utica, with the suit-case under his bed and only two out of the hundred and ten thousand gone. Thrifty lad, eh?” He approached the sufferer, his expression sobering. “Rob, my boy, believe me when I say I’m glad to see you looking alive. I tell you I’ll never forgive myself for acting the way I did. I suppose it’s no excuse, but I was upset—terribly upset. I trusted that young fellow—and then to find out he’d been laying the wires all the while to make his get-away the minute I gave him a place where he could get at the funds— Well, I *was* upset. I’ll confess it; I went wild. I suspected everything, everybody. I know now why you’d been acting queer; you were sick. But the way I was, I jumped on that. And then you wouldn’t deny it, you know. Look here, you’ll laugh, but I got it into my old fool head that night that you’d received the boodle and had it hidden somewhere in the house. I couldn’t sleep. I got the police first thing in the morning and took them down and went through your house from top to bottom—”

“Oh-h-h!” breathed Mr. Ives, with an abrupt recrudescence of shame.

But still another expression had come on the banker’s face now—a light of penitential enthusiasm.

“Rob, my boy, I’ve got to confess

another thing, and that is that I've been misjudging you. I used to think you had it in you to do big things in the world, but of late years—of late years—But *now!* Rob, when I came into that little room and found what you'd been keeping from us all this while—do you know what I did? I sat down and told myself in plain words just what I was. That one of *me*, Rob—"Something like awe crept into the speaker's eyes. "That one of *me*, Rob—well—you'll just have to forgive me—us—that is, I—they—the directors, you know—they're having it cast in bronze. I—they wanted it, you know, for the—the bank. . . . I'm not much on artists, as a rule, but when it comes to *genius*—"

"Please, please!" Mr. Ives wagged imploring hands. "Please, Uncle George, don't talk about *that!*"

"Oh, yes, I will. Do you know what I said to myself? I said to myself, 'That boy there can have anything *I've* got to give; on my word of honor he can!'"

"Do you *mean*—"

He got no farther. Eleanor, running

the gantlet of the doctor's eye, had somehow got back into the room, and Eleanor was there on the other side of the bed, squeezing his nerveless hand. He appealed incredulously to her eyes, his own blurred by a mist of rose.

"Victoria has gone," she argued, with an absurd sobriety. "And you'd have to hunt up another housekeeper, *anyway!*"

"Oh, Eleanor—Eleanor—" Tears of weakness and of joy stood in his eyes.

"And we'll get the nicest little house," she went on, and her whisper was more than ever music, "with the coziest little studio—"

Mr. Ives actually sat right up in bed. He clung to her hands with a strength that made her wince.

"Not a *studio*. No—no—don't say —*studio!*" An *office!*" He was a weak man, and all he wanted to do was to forget. "But, Eleanor—Uncle George—Oh, everybody—Eleanor—" His voice had in it the indefinable thread of a wail. . . . "I—I—I want to be a *lawyer!*"

Isn't that just like life?

THE LITTLE HOUSE

BY HAZEL HALL

OFTEN I said a little house
Would do quite well for me;
I'd dwell among the happy things
As happy as could be.

I've built my house and stocked it well
With precious, little things—
Yet here I stand within the door
And dream of shining wings!

EASTERN NIGHTS—AND FLIGHTS

IV.—A GREEK WAITRESS, A TURKISH POLICEMAN, AND A RUSSIAN SHIP

BY CAPTAIN ALAN BOTT

Author of Cavalry of the Clouds

AT half past eleven of a scorching morning every Britisher at Psamatia (a suburb of Constantinople) marched from the prison-house. As a result of the furore that followed the escape, twenty-four hours earlier, of my fellow-conspirator, Captain White, the Turks were sending us into the interior of Anatolia. About fifty Tommies, with a detachment of guards, left first; and we—the fifteen officer-prisoners—followed twenty yards behind them. In the rear was the Turkish officer in charge, with a screen of six guards who showed fixed bayonets, loaded rifles, and smiling ferocity.

Three of us—Fulton, Stone, and myself—had made up our minds to slip away, or, if needs be, dash away, before the party entrained at Haidar Pasha, on the Asiatic shore of the Sea of Marmora. The Turkish officer rather expected somebody to make an attempt, but knew not whom to suspect in particular. A little deduction might have told him, for, except F., the “do-or-die trio”—as the others had named us—were the only officers wearing civilian clothes; and one would as easily have suspected F. of an ambition to become the sultan’s chief eunuch as of an ambition to escape.

Some of the Tommies were disabled or still sick. As they trudged through the hot streets, oppressed by heavy packages and the relentless heat, their backs bent lower and lower, and they began to straggle. Finally one man fainted. While he was being carried into the shade the officers obtained permission to relieve the weakest Tommies of their kits. Once again the Turks ought

to have discovered the escape-gang; for the others saw to it that Fulton, Stone, and I should not be burdened with the parcels. Meanwhile the midday heat grew more intense and the Tommies more exhausted. It became necessary, every half-mile or so, to rest for a few minutes on the shady side of the street.

The “do-or-die trio” looked to these halts for their opportunity; but always the guards hemmed us in too closely for any chance of a break-away. A combined effort seemed impossible, so that the three of us accepted the maxim of each man for himself. Even to talk with one another on the march was imprudent, for earnest conversation, like earnest looks, must have attracted attention.

The first move was made by Fulton. We had halted on a narrow pavement, in the suburb of Yeni-kapou. There followed a short interval of lounging repose, during which we sipped at water-bottles, while the Turkish officer did his best to fraternize. Turning ’round casually, in a search for possible opportunities, I saw Fulton sliding into a little booth of a shop, and then, with head bent over the counter, looking at post-cards. As far as I could gather, none of the guards had noticed him. He killed time by calling for more and ever more post-cards. Five minutes later the order to continue was given. We rose and arranged our packs, while M. stood in front of the shop-window, so as to hide Fulton. But a Turkish sergeant counted us, and, finding the number of officers short by one, became excited and aggressive as he wandered around and

checked his figures. Fulton's discovery was then inevitable. He made the best of things, when observed through the window, by choosing and paying for several post-cards, and leaving the shop indifferently, as if he had entered it with no ulterior purpose. The Turkish officer looked his suspicion, but made no comments.

Stone's turn came next. At Koum-kapou we rested below the wall of an old palace. When, as he thought, nobody was looking, Stone slipped through a side entrance and sat down against a doorway in the left-hand corner of the courtyard. A guard darted after him and dragged him back. The Turkish officer saw the commotion and wanted explanations, whereupon Stone complained that, although he went into the courtyard merely to find shelter from the sun, the guard had hustled him rudely. The watchful guard was reprimanded for want of politeness.

We passed from Koum-kapou to Stamboul, where crowds of befezzed men and veiled women gathered at every crossing to gaze their dull-eyed curiosity. Here, in the mazed streets of the Turkish quarter, I again petitioned Providence for some sort of a diversion, under cover of which we might run. But nothing happened. The guards surrounded us as if we had been wayward pigs being driven to the slaughter-house, and handled their bayonets suggestively. At one point we could see Theodore's down a side turning. We moved along the tram-lines toward the big bridge. Then, after a moment's delay at the toll-gate, we passed over the Golden Horn.

Three-quarters of the way across the bridge, the Turkish sergeant leading us switched the column-head to the steps descending the ferry-stage for the Haidar Pasha steamboats. The Tommies were placed at one end of the wooden stage, with a separate group of guards, while the Turkish officer, who since the beginning of the journey had shown a desire to make himself pleasant, took the officer-prisoners into a little café for cooling

drinks. We talked idly to the Greek waitress who served us; but at the moment I was too preoccupied to notice anything about her, except that she was plump and obliging.

Later we were grouped some distance to the left of the café, in a corner of the ferry-stage opposite that occupied by the Tommies. There we remained for nearly an hour in the broiling sun while waiting for the steamer which was to take us from Europe to Asia. People surged on and off the ferry-boats that moored opposite us from time to time, but never once did the guards relax enough to allow anybody to fade into the crowd. The chances were made even more desperate by some German soldiers who leaned over the bridge-rails above us and watched the changing scene.

"Our ship comes," announced the Turkish officer, at last, pointing out to sea in the direction of Prinkipo Island. In five minutes' time, I knew, the party would be on board that steamer; and, once aboard it, I should have left behind all hope of escape from captivity in Turkey. Only five minutes! Had the gods left *no* loophole? I searched among the crowd in every direction, ready to take advantage of the wildest and slimmest scheme that might suggest itself. I heard Father Mullen and Fulton asking the Turkish officer if they might return to fetch some kit which had been left in the café. The Turk nodded and sent them away, escorted by his sergeant. I also had left some kit, I claimed on the spur of the moment, just as Father Mullen and Fulton were leaving us.

"All right," said the Turk; "follow your comrades."

In full view of the rest of the party, I walked after Father Mullen and Fulton, and, while keeping close to the sergeant, as if to show I was under his wing, took care to remain behind him, so that he himself should know nothing of my presence. The little group entered the café, first Father Mullen and Fulton, then the sergeant, and finally myself.

Inside the doorway was the plump

waitress, who smiled affably. I strayed near her while the other three passed to the inside room where we had been seated earlier. I fingered my lips warningly, and in soft-spoken French asked where I could hide.

The waitress gave no answer, but, without showing the least excitement or even surprise, half-opened a folding doorway that opened on a passage to the kitchen. I planted myself behind it, while she entered the inner room and talked to the Turkish sergeant. A minute later I heard the three of them—Father Mullen, Fulton, and the guard—tramp past my doorway and out to the ferry-stage. Just then the arriving steamer hooted.

"Now," said this waitress-in-a-million, "they have gone, and so must you. The Turks may come any moment, and if they find you here I shall suffer more than you."

"Good-by, and a million thanks," I said, fervently, and walked into the open. Without even turning my head to see whether the disappearance was known, I swerved to the right and, taking great care not to attract attention by walking in haste, passed up the long line of steps leading to the bridge. I continued to look straight ahead; but I could sense the presence, only a few yards away, of the German soldiers who loitered by the railings. Fortunately, several other people were moving up or down the steps. Dressed as I was in a civilian suit obtained from the Dutch Legation, the Germans paid no more attention to me than to them. I reached the pavement and, still not daring to look behind, crossed the tram-lines to the opposite side of the bridge. Then only did I turn 'round to find out if I were followed.

Everything was normal. Not one of the idlers who lined the railings had noticed me, the usual traffic and the usual crowds ebbed and flowed across the bridge, the sun shone. I lit a cigarette and walked eastward. Having crossed the circus of streets at the Galata

end of the bridge, I turned to the right and made for the Rue de Galata. At the corner I looked back again. To my very great relief, I was still not followed.

I was conscious of an intense exhilaration as, free at last, I rubbed elbows with the crowd of nondescript Levantines. It was the first time for months that I had ever walked the streets without the burden of an oppressive consciousness that a yard or two to the rear was an animal of a Turkish soldier. That sense of always being followed and spied upon and menaced and held on a leash had weighed so much on my mind that I had come to look upon a guard in the same light as an old-time convict must have looked upon the lead ball chained to his foot. The sense of freedom from this incubus was glorious.

I was worried about my chances of meeting the unknown Russian who had agreed to hide Captain White and myself. According to the plan detailed some hours earlier by our intermediary, the Russian prisoner, Vladimir Wilkowsky, he was to wait for me in a German beer-house from two o'clock to four. I had been unable to escape in time for the appointment, and it was now four-twenty. Nevertheless, hoping that the Russian might have lingered over his drink, I decided to carry out the same arrangements as if I had arrived in time. These, I remember thinking as I strolled along the Rue de Galata, studiously unconscious of *gendarmes* and soldiers, were suggestive of a Deadwood Dick thriller, or of some sawdust melodrama at a provincial theater.

Having entered the beer-house (named *Zur Neuen Welt*), I was to pass down the main room until, on the right-hand side of it, I reached the piano. I must seat myself at the table next to the piano, order a glass of beer, put a cigarette behind my left ear, and look around without showing too much anxiety. Somewhere near me I should find a man whose left ear, also, was adorned with a cigarette; or, if not already there, he would arrive very

shortly. He would occupy the table beyond mine—that is to say, the next-but-one to the piano. On no account must I speak to him in the beer-house, although to make his identity doubly clear he might ask for a light, speaking in German. He would remain until I had paid my reckoning, then pay his own, leave *Zur Neuen Welt*, and walk toward Pera. I was to follow him not too closely, always taking care to be separated by a distance of at least twenty yards, so that nobody might observe how my movements depended on his. Arrived on the fringe of Pera, he would unlock a door, leave it open, and disappear; whereupon all that remained for me was to follow him into this retreat, where I should find Captain White already installed.

It was four-twenty-seven when I entered the *Bierhaus Neuen Welt*, a low-roofed, close-atmosphered café in the Rue de Galata. The customers inside it were few; but some of them caught my attention at once, for they included a group of German soldiers and a Turkish officer of *gendarmérie*, who was talking to a civilian. The table next to the piano was vacant, as were those surrounding it. I sat down, casually placed a cigarette behind my left ear, and ordered a glass of Munich beer.

As I sipped the beer I looked around the room for the man of mystery. Nobody paid the least attention to me. Plenty of cigarettes were held in the hand or the mouth, but none in the cleft behind the left ear. Still, with a faint hope that the Russian who was to hide me might return, I ordered a second glass of beer and made a study of every man present, in case one of them might be he. But nothing had happened, and nothing continued to happen. The officer of *gendarmérie* kept his back toward me, while the German soldiers grew boisterous over repeated relays of beer, and over mandolin-strummings by a red-faced *Unteroffizier*. The proprietress, a German woman of an especial corpulence, dragged her fleshy body from table

to table and finally arrived before mine.

"You seem hot," she said, in German. "You must have been walking too fast."

"No; I have merely been out in this atrocious sun."

"German?" she asked—at which I was delighted, for it proved that my accent, acquired many years before as a student in Munich, was not yet too rusty to pass muster.

"No, madam; Russian," I replied, hoping hard that she could speak no Russian.

"So! Plenty of Russians come here since the Ukraine was occupied and the boats began to arrive from Odessa."

Now, although the fat proprietress had paid such a compliment to my German accent, I remembered the five years since I had spoken the language continuously, and was frightened that in any word she might detect an English accent. I grew more and more frightened and anxious, for it was very unlikely that the man with the cigarette would arrive now. I looked at my watch, and found the time to be five-twenty-five. Finally the tension of trying to think clearly while answering the German female's questions was more than I could stand. I paid my bill and returned to the Rue de Galata.

By now, I judged, the guards must have discovered my escape. Probably they were searching the streets for me, and probably the *gendarmérie* in Galata, Pera, and Stamboul had been instructed to look out for a European in a gray civilian suit and a black hat. I stopped at the nearest outfitting shop, bought a light-gray hat, and left the black one lying on a chair. Deciding that the water would be safer than the land, I made my way back to the bridge, with the intention of chartering a small boat for a trip up the Bosphorus.

Then, crossing the open space facing the bridge, I was horrified to see Mahmoud, one of my old guards. He revolved undecidedly and peered among the crowd. Obviously he was looking for some one, and the odds were a hundred

to one that the some one must be me. I edged away from him without being observed, and dodged into the fruit-bazaar among the quay-side streets to right of the bridge.

This bazaar was one of the dirtiest in Constantinople. Millions of flies drifted over and settled on the baskets of tired fruit. The very stalls seemed ready to fall to pieces from decrepitude. The people, venders and buyers alike, were dusty and ragged. A few loiterers squatted on the cobbled stones and sucked orange-peel. It was inevitable that in such a place my more or less smart legation suit and my newly bought hat should attract attention. A policeman, of the "dog-collar" species seemed particularly interested in them. I was leaving the bazaar by a narrow street that looked as if it might lead me to the subway station of Galata, when he barred the way and said something in Turkish, while holding out his hand expectantly. I failed to understand most of the words, but one of them—*vecika*—was enough. *Vecikas* were the Turkish passports with which every honest, or rich but dishonest, civilian had to provide himself, if he wished to remain at liberty. They might be demanded at any time in any place by any *gendarme*.

Naturally I could produce no *vecika*. But I had the next best thing. That same morning I had discussed with Vladimir Wilkowsky the possibility of being stopped in the street by a policeman. His advice was that if it happened I must claim to be a German officer. I remembered being photographed in civilian clothes when at Gumush Souyou hospital; and before leaving Psamatia I gave myself a useful identity by signing one of the copies with a German name. After searching an inside pocket, I now handed to the *gendarme* a photograph which went to prove that I was Fritz Richter, *Oberleutenant in den Fliegertruppen*. Speaking in fluent German, interspersed with a few words of broken Turkish, I protested violently that I was a German officer in mufti, and that he

would get himself into trouble for having presumed to stop a German officer. And never was I more frightened than when uttering that bombast.

Half convinced and half browbeaten, the *gendarme* took the photograph, looked at it dubiously, and consulted a stallkeeper from among the curious crowd that circled us. This man, it appeared, claimed to know German. I understood little of the conversation, but, as far as I could gather, the policeman asked if I really were a German officer; and the stallkeeper, reading the signature laboriously, informed him that it proclaimed me to be a Supreme Lieutenant of the Flying Soldiers.

"*Pek ěe, effendi*," said the *gendarme* to me. He returned the photograph, salaamed, and apologized. He then went away. So did I.

I returned cautiously, through a combination of side-streets, to the bridge-head, and was relieved to find that Mahmoud had disappeared. From the quay I chartered a rowing-boat, and ordered the Turkish *kaiktsche* to row me up the Bosphorus.

"Are you Russian, *effendi*?" he asked.

"No; German," I replied, surlily. At that his conversational advances ended.

The train of thought started by the word Russian led me to decide that I had better spend the night aboard the Russian tramp steamer on which White and I were to travel as stowaways. Vladimir Wilkowsky, in fact, had told me to make for it if I failed to reach the hiding-place on shore, and to ask for M. Titoff, the chief engineer. Its name, I knew, was the *Batoum*, and most of its officers were in the conspiracy to help us, in return for substantial payment. I knew that the ship was moored in the Bosphorus, but of its appearance or exact position I knew nothing.

"*Russky dampfschiff 'Batoum,'*" I ordered the *kaiktsche*, using the polyglot mixture which he was most likely to understand. But his voluble jabbering and his expressive shrug showed that he, also, was ignorant of where it lay.

"*Bosphor!*" I commanded, pointing higher up the Bosphorus, and thinking I would find the name *Batoum* painted on one of the five or six ships that I could see in the distance, moored in mid-stream.

But, having rowed up the Bosphorus and already passed Dolma Bagtche Galace, I found no ship labeled *Batoum*. Most of the craft seemed to use only numbers as distinguishing marks. What was worse, the majority flew the German flag, although two of the masts sported a yellow-and-blue standard which I failed to recognize. Certainly none flew the Russian eagle.

Our only chance of finding the *Batoum* was to ask directions. We visited several lighters near the quay, but the *kaiktche's* questions to Turks and Greeks were unproductive. As a last chance I told him to row close to a larger steamer, on the deck of which I could see some German sailors.

"Please tell me where I can find the Russian boat *Batoum*," I shouted in German, standing up while the *kaiktche* kept the little craft steady with his oars.

"Don't know the *Batoum*," said a sailor. "There are no Russian ships now. They've become German or Austrian."

"And those two over there?" I asked, pointing toward the craft with the yellow-and-blue ensign.

"Ukranian."

"Thanks very much," I called as we sheered off. My mistake, I realized, had been in forgetting for the moment the existence of that newly made-in-Germany republic, the Ukraine. Any vessel from Odessa not flying the German or Austrian flag would now be Ukrainian; and the yellow-and-blue standard must be that of the Ukrainian Republic. One of the pair flying this flag proclaimed itself to be the *Nikolaieff*. It followed that the other, which was marked only by a number, must be the *Batoum*.

Having made the *kaiktche* take me to the bottom of its gangway, I climbed to the deck. At the top of the gangway

was a tall man, made noticeable by a bristling mustache and a well-pressed uniform of white drill. Obviously he was a ship's officer, and as such he must be one of the syndicate whom White and I were bribing. If so, he would know of Wilkowsky.

"*Russky vapor 'Batoum'?*" I asked, in Pidgin-Russian.

"*Da.*"

"M. Titoff?"—pointing at him by way of inquiry into his identity.

"*Niet.* M. Belaef."

"*Droug Vladimir Ivanovitch Wilkowsky?*"

He gave me a long look, smiled, and said, under his breath, "Yes, meester."

These were the only English words known by Ivan Michaelovitch Belaef, first mate of the Ukrainian tramp steamer *Batoum*, from Odessa. And for the moment, at any rate, I was safe among friends.

Michael Ivanovitch Titoff, chief engineer of the tramp steamer *Batoum*, proved, to the dissatisfaction of Captain White and myself, that he was a thief, a mean cheat, a cunning liar, a cringing coward, and a rat. Apart from these aspects of his altogether despicable character, he was not a bad sort of fellow. The officers and crew of the *Batoum* were scoundrels almost to a man. Except Titoff and one or two of the crew, they were likable scoundrels, however, and applied an instinctive sense of decency to their rogueries. For example, Andreas Kulman, the Lettish third mate, would cheerfully cheat the Turkish merchant who had chartered the vessel, and cheerfully smuggle drugs from anywhere to anywhere; but I never knew him to cheat a friend or a poor man, or to take advantage of a stranger in difficulties. To White and myself, as prisoners escaping from Turkey, he showed many kindnesses. If we had been penniless, he would have been willing to take us from Constantinople without payment. The other mates were of the same type, if a trifle less obliging.

The second and third engineers—Feodor Mozny and Josef Koratkov—were among the very few of our shipmates who could not be classified as rogues. They transgressed only to the innocuous extent of smuggling moneyed stowaways and contraband goods. They, also, showed White and myself many kindnesses, as did the second engineer's wife, who voyaged with her husband. Several evenings she spent in the stuffy heat of the frowsy little engine-room, washing our only underclothes, while we sat in Josef's cabin, clad in nothing but the tunic and trousers of our Russian-sailor disguises.

We wore these disguises for the benefit of visitors to the *Batoum*, and not to throw dust in the eyes of the crew. That was needless, for, except the captain, every man belonging to the ship soon knew of our presence. The marvel was that, with so many people privy to the secret, it never leaked to the Turkish police. In pro-Entente circles on shore our presence on the *Batoum* was widely known and widely discussed; and I count it a debt to Providence that the news was not carried to the Ministry of War by one of the city's many police spies. The crew were unlikely to betray us knowingly, for every man of them must have been concerned in something which might wither in the strong light that a police investigation would cast all over the ship. Besides, they were tolerant of the British, while disliking the Turks even more than they disliked the Germans.

The captain—a white-bearded, bent-backed, ancient Greek of about eighty—seemed incompetent and well on the way to senile decay, but withal harmless. This voyage was to be his last before enforced retirement. He was as wax in the cunning hands of Titoff, who kept him from the knowledge that two escaped Britishers were aboard. Had he known, he would have either insisted on our removal, or, more probably, demanded a large share of the passage money. It was not difficult to keep the

old man in ignorance, for apparently he knew less than anybody else of what happened on his vessel. Titoff assured us that should the captain see us in our disguise of Russian sailors he would remain unsuspecting, if we took care not to speak. His declining mind had become too feeble to remember offhand even the numbers of the crew, without question of their faces. Once I brushed by him closely, outside Kulman's cabin. He passed without a glance at me, looking on the ground and muttering into his beard.

The crew were a dubious mixture. Many—in particular the firemen—had been Bolsheviks of the most violent type until Austro-German forces landed at Odessa and Sevastopol and temporarily crushed Bolshevism in south Russia. Others, ex-members of the collar-wearing bourgeoisie, who were unable to make a living on land under present conditions, had become temporary seamen by the grace of friends connected with the shipping company that owned the *Batoum*.

Among the whole shipload of rogues, the only man who victimized us was Titoff, the chief engineer. When we first came aboard he demanded twelve dollars a day for our food, which, being stolen from the ship's supplies, cost him nothing. At the instigation of the second and third engineers we reduced the payment to six dollars a day. He blustered, but gave way and tried to make up the difference by cheating us in the matter of tobacco, cigarettes, newspapers, and other things bought on shore. He paid twenty-four dollars for a revolver, and tried to sell it us for thirty-six, as being the cost price.

The days and weeks passed, and the *Batoum* remained in the Bosphorus, anchored to Constantinople by heart-breaking delays. Our stock of money ran low, until at last it was insufficient to pay the fifteen hundred dollars which Titoff was extorting as passage money. This happened at a time when three other British officers—Yeats - Brown, Fulton, and Stone—were recaptured

while hiding in the house of Theodore, the Greek waiter. The news of the disaster reached the *Batoum*, and the current report in the bazaars added that Theodore was to be hanged. Thereupon Titoff, mortally afraid of his own neck, wanted to get rid of White and me. He made our shortage of funds an excuse to order us ashore, although we hoped to cash further checks on our good friend, Mr. S. White and I declared that we had grown too fond of him to part company, and that if we did leave the ship it would be to give ourselves up to the police, with the request that our friend and colleague Michael Ivanovitch Titoff should accompany us to prison. Thereupon Michael Ivanovitch protested that, out of the kindness of his heart, he would take us to Odessa, whether we paid the full amount or only part of it.

We had left behind us in Psamatia a store of clothes and tinned food, which was to have been smuggled on board by the Russian prisoner, Vladimir Wilkowsky. As the days passed and nothing arrived we suspected Wilkowsky of having either failed or fooled us. Then, at a party in Titoff's cabin one evening, I saw inside a cupboard some tins of biscuits and cocoa, of the kind that were sent to aviator prisoners in Turkey by the British Flying Services Fund. Titoff could not—and in any case certainly would not—have bought them in Constantinople; for English cocoa and biscuits, if obtainable at all in the shops of Pera, fetched fantastic prices.

Although the mere sight of the tins was insufficient proof, the inference was that Wilkowsky had sent our belongings and that Titoff had stolen them. We delayed investigation and accusation until we should be safely out of Turkey and in possession of revolvers. Some time or other we meant to make Titoff suffer. Meanwhile we were forced to wait until our moment came.

Titoff was head of a syndicate of ship's officers which might have been named "Stowaways Limited." He was

the schemer-in-chief, and the others, while disliking him heartily, were content to rely on his superior cunning. Besides ourselves, the syndicate undertook to carry across the Black Sea a Greek, a Jewess—both wanted by the Turkish police—and four passportless prostitutes, all of whom, to the extent of some hundred dollars apiece, wished to leave Constantinople for Odessa.

Most of the crew, also, were smuggling men, women, or material across the Black Sea. It included four Russian soldiers who had escaped from prison-camps in Turkey and were passing themselves off as seamen. The bo'sun's particular line of business was a woman thief, who brought with her a heavy purse and a trunk full of property stolen from a merchant who had been her dear friend. Katrina, the kitchen girl who brought us our food, invested in a well-to-do Turkish deserter.

As for the non-human contraband, it was stowed in every corner of the vessel—cocaine, opium, raw leather, tobacco, cognac, and quinine. Prices were extravagant enough in Constantinople, but in Russia they were colossal. The difference in the price of drugs, for example, often amounted to hundreds per cent. The demand for cocaine as contraband was so great during the week before we actually sailed that by the end of it the chemists of Pera and Galata would sell none under five hundred dollars a kilo; but in Odessa, we heard, one might dispose of it without difficulty for a thousand dollars a kilo. Even White and I became infected by the contraband craze, and, with Kulman as partner, gambled on a consignment of leather, in the hope of covering some of our escape expenses.

At dusk, when we left our home in the wireless cabin and paced the shadowed portion of the deck for exercise, we often saw a rowing-boat creeping toward whichever side of the *Batoum* happened not to face the shore. Somebody in it would exchange low whistlings with somebody on deck, the somebody often

being Titoff. When the boat had been made fast to the bottom of the gangway a figure, or two figures, would climb to the deck and disappear. Sometimes they brought and left a package; sometimes it was a visitor himself—or herself—who did not depart with the rowing-boat.

With all this illicit traffic in men and goods there were some restless half-hours during the last few days of our stay in the Bosphorus. Trouble was caused by the bo'sun's woman-thief, whose presence among us the Pera police suspected. Five times they searched for her. The bo'sun detailed a man to watch the shore, and whenever a police launch appeared this lookout would blow a whistle. All the stowaways then scurried to their various hiding-places.

White and I, being the most dangerous cargo, were given the safest—and certainly the dirtiest—hiding-place of all. This was in the ballast-tanks, at the very bottom of the ship, underneath the propeller-shaft. The entrance to them was through a narrow manhole, covered by a cast-iron lid, about twenty yards down a dark passage leading from the engine-room to the propeller. The alarm having been given, Feodor, the second engineer, would lead us along the passage by the light of a taper, remove some boards, raise the lid, and help us to wriggle into the black cavity below. Our feet would be covered by six inches of bilge-water, while we crouched down, so as to leave him room enough to replace the iron cover and relay the wooden boards that hid it. Then, one at a time and with our knees squelching in the water, we crawled from tank to tank, toward the Kingston valve.

Half-way along the line of tanks were two that contained small mattresses, which the second engineer had placed in position for us. After the first day they were sodden with the bilge-water; but, at any rate, it was better to sit on them than in the water itself. The limited space, however, made it impossible for us to be seated in any but a very cramped position, with hunched-up

shoulders rubbing against the slime that coated the sides of each tank. Standing was impossible, and lying down meant leaning one's head on the wet mattresses and soaking one's feet in the drain of bilge that swished backward and forward, with every motion of the ship. Complete blackness surrounded us. The air was dank and musty, so that matches spluttered only feebly when struck, and the light from a taper was hardly strong enough to chase the darkness from the half of each small tank.

When, after each search, the police returned to their launch we would hear the heavy boots of the second engineer tramping along the passage overhead. As we listened to the nerve-edging noise that accompanied the removal of the boards and the iron lid we crouched into the best-hidden corners of our respective tanks, not knowing whether a friend or a policeman was at the entrance. We scarcely breathed until there came, booming and echoing through the hollow compartments, the word, "*Signor!*"—Feodor's password denoting that all was clear and that we might return to the engine-room.

The 22nd of August was the final date fixed for the departure. At six-thirty in the morning Josef roused us from our sleep on the floor of his cabin and invited us to the ballast-tanks; for, as the police and customs officers would be on board most of the time until we weighed anchor, we must remain hidden until the *Batoum* left Turkish waters. Since we expected to be hidden for about twelve hours, we took with us a loaf of bread, some dried sausage, and a bottle of water. After a last look through the port-hole, at Seraglio Point and the cupolas of Stamboul, I passed below, hoping and expecting that when I next looked to the open air we should be clear of Turkey.

For a long while nothing happened to take our thoughts from the cramped space and the foul air of the tanks. We breakfasted sparingly, and allowed ourselves one cigarette apiece. More we

dared not smoke, because of the effect on the oppressive atmosphere.

Then, at about ten o'clock, we heard from above a succession of three thuds—the signal to all stowaways in the region of the engine-room that the police were on board. We made ourselves as comfortable as possible, and took minute care to make no sound.

We waited in frantic impatience for the noises from the engine-room that would denote a getting-up of steam. At half past eleven there began a continuous, rhythmic spurting which we took to be the sound of the engines in action. Soon afterward a grinding and scraping on the deck convinced us that the anchor was being raised.

"Put it there, old man," said White, thrusting his hand through the hole that linked our respective tanks. "We're leaving Turkey at last!"

But not yet were we leaving Turkey. The noise from the engine-room was merely that of a pump preparing the pressure. After three-quarters of an hour it quieted as suddenly as it had begun. Soon after noon, came the real music for which we had waited so anxiously. The telegraph from the bridge tinkled, a fuller and more throaty rhythm came from the engine-room, loud grinding and rattling from the deck testified that the anchor had parted company with the bottom of the Bosphorus. A few minutes later we felt the ship swinging 'round, and a swishing and rushing of water told us that this time we really were away. In silence we shook hands again.

For long hours we remained in the slimy tanks, crouched on the sodden mattresses. But it was no longer purgatory. The swish-swish of the screw chased away all sensation of discomfort, and there remained only the realization that we had left Constantinople and soon would have left Turkey.

By early evening, we had calculated, the *Batoum* should be leaving Turkish territorial waters and entering the Black Sea. Just before six there came the shock

of a bitter disappointment. The captain's telegraph clanged, the engines subdued to dead slow, the vessel swung 'round into the tide and seemed to remain almost stationary for a quarter of an hour. We had expected a last search by the Turkish customs authorities at the outlet of the Bosphorus, and surmised that this was the reason for the slackened speed. But a repetition of the whirring and clanking on deck, followed by a loud splash, showed that the anchor was in action again, and that something more important than a mere search was on hand. For two hours longer we remained in the blackness, unenlightened and very anxious. Then, after the usual removal of the boards and the lid, there floated through the tanks a low-voiced, "*Signor!*"

Feodor, candle in hand, was waiting for us. He whispered a warning to make as little noise as possible, because two Turkish officials were on board. Having reconnoitered to make sure that the way to Josef's cabin was clear, he led us there. The delay, it appeared, was because the Turkish merchant had left some clearance papers at Constantinople. He had gone to the capital by automobile, and meanwhile two of the customs police would remain on the *Batoum*.

We slept in the cabin, and at dawn descended once more to the ship's bowels. We spent five more hours of purgatory in the ballast-tanks. The *Batoum* remained motionless during three of them, but the last two were enlivened by the swish-swish of displaced water racing past the flanks of the vessel. Finally we heard, for the last time, the blessed signal, "*Signor!*"

"*Fineesh Turkey,*" said Feodor, as he smiled and helped us through the manhole. Gone was the Bosphorus, and in its place we saw the leaden waters of the Black Sea. From the port-hole of Josef's cabin we could distinguish, many miles west of us, the coastline of the country in which White had spent three years of the most dreadful captivity.

(*The end.*)



THE LION'S MOUTH

IN REGARD TO BACKGROUNDS

BY F. M. COLBY

I HAVE been snubbed so long by cultivated people that I have learned how to snub myself, and I believe I could be almost eloquent in rebuking the sort of vulgarity that I am about to confess. I hate the self-improved, traveled American whom I meet in books and periodicals. I hate him for what seems to me the servility of his spirit in the presence of other people's past. I dare say it may be because I envy him his superior travel and refinement. That is what the cultivated person always implies, and he wonders how any one, in view of the national crudity, can have the heart to find fault with these missionaries of taste from a riper culture who have learned the value of artistic *milieux* and literary backgrounds. After all, he says, what Henry James would call the "European scene" may still be commended to Americans, and surely it is just as well that they should be reminded now and then of what Prof. Barrett Wendell used so admirably to term their "centuries of social inexperience." As he goes on I not only feel that I am coarse, but I like the feeling of it.

I have never been in Poughkeepsie and I have never been in Venice, and so far as direct esthetic personal consequences to myself of golden hours of dalliance in the two places are concerned, I am therefore unable to offer a comparison. But during my life I have met many returned travelers from Venice and from Poughkeepsie, and I have read or listened to their narratives with as much attention as they could reasonably demand. Theoretically I accept the opinion of enlight-

ened persons that Venice is superior, in respect to what educators call its "cultural value," to Poughkeepsie. Practically, and judging merely from the effects upon the respective visitors, I am all for Poughkeepsie. I have never met a man who returned from Poughkeepsie talking like the stray pages of a catalogue, of which he had a complete copy before he started. Poughkeepsie never took away part of a man's mind and replaced it with a portion of an encyclopedia. Nobody ever came back from Poughkeepsie damaged as a man and yet inferior as a magazine article. For the careless person I should recommend Venice; for the culture-seeker, Poughkeepsie. Overstrain, that misery of the conscientious self-improving man, with its disagreeable effects upon other people, could be avoided in Poughkeepsie. Out of the essays on Venice that I have read, nine were written by fish out of water who might have swum easily and perhaps with grace in the artistic currents of Poughkeepsie.

A self-improved American delivered an apologetic discourse the other day on the American deficiency in backgrounds. Culture cannot take root, he said; families float; everybody dies in a town he was not born in; art bombinates in a vacuum; literature gathers no moss; manners, when they exist at all, are accidental; history is clean gone out of our heads, while every Englishman is familiar with Bannockburn; poetry cannot be written, and it is foolish to try on account of the dearth of venerable circumstance; no traditions, no memories, no inheritance—in fact, no past at all; not even a present of any consequence, but only a future; and into this future every man, woman, and child in

the whole foolish country is moving—though it is not through any fault of theirs; the unfortunate creatures really have no other place to go to.

I bear no grudge against the author of this discourse as an individual, but only as a type. Indeed, I am not sure that he is an individual or that I have reported him correctly, for no sooner does any one begin in this manner than his words run into the words of others, forming a river of sound, and I think not of one man, but of strings of them—all worrying about the lack of backgrounds, like the man who cast no shadow in the sun. I deny that it is any one's voluntary attitude; it is a lockstep that began before I was born, and I have no doubt it will continue indefinitely. Seven centuries after Columbus's injudicious discovery they will still be complaining, with a Baedeker in their hands, of the fatal youth of North America. For they live long, these people, because, as in certain lower orders of animal life, apparently, there is hardly any life worth losing, and the family likeness they bear to one another is astonishing. The very ones that George William Curtis used to satirize as shining in society are still to be found among us at this moment, but they are engaged for the most part in contributing to the magazines. In one respect they seem more the slaves of other people's backgrounds even than Mrs. Potiphar was. Mrs. Potiphar only believed that the right sort of liveries were not produced in this country, whereas they swear that the right sort of literature can never be produced in this country—or at least not till our backgrounds are ever so many centuries thicker than they are now. I am unable, looking back, to see any value whatever in these decades of sheer sterile complaint of sterility, because no ruins can be seen against the sky, because no naiads are dreamed of in the Hudson or mermaids in Cape Cod Bay, and because most people who are born in Indianapolis seem glad to get away from it when they can.

For one sign that we have changed too fast I can produce two signs that we have not changed half fast enough. If there is no moss here on the walls of ancient battlements there is plenty of moss in our heads, and, so far as tenacity of tradition is concerned, I can produce a dozen United States Senators who are fully as picturesque, if only you will regard them internally, as the quaintest peasant in the quaintest part of France. Backgrounds are not lost here just because we move about; backgrounds are simply worn inside, often with the ivy clustering on them. Who has not talked with some expatriated Boston man and found him as reposeful, as redolent of sad, forgotten, far-off things, as any distant prospect of Stoke-Pogis? In fact, it seems as if these pale expositors of backgrounds had merely visited the monuments they praise—*inside some Boston man!*—and that, I confess, is the most irritating thing to me about them. They have never really looked at anything themselves, but only learned from others what they ought to seem to see. And it is absurd to tax us with a lack of memory, when in some of our most exclusive literary circles there is notoriously nothing but a memory to be seen. There is too much Stoke-Pogis in a Boston man, if anything, in proportion to other things. Even the casual foreign visitor has noticed it.

Now I have great respect for the religion of the Quakers, whose name, I understand comes from the phrase of a founder about quaking and shaking in the fear of the Lord. And if that is the real reason why they quake I believe they are justified not only in their quaking, but in trying to make other people quake. But these Delsartean literary quakers correctly tremulous in the presence of antiquity, these "cultured" minds, not only palsied by their own advantages, but intent on palsying others, bring back no good report to anybody in regard to the good things in the world. Any one had as lief be stung by a gymnotus, as affected as they

are by the contemplation of a masterpiece.

I do not know whether a poet, like a sugar beet, requires a soil with peculiar properties; and, in regard to the poet, I do not know what the peculiar properties ought to be. Zoning of verse, comparative literary crop statistics, mean annual density of ideas, ratio of true poetry to square miles and population within a given period, are all outside my limitations. The theory that bone-dust fertilizers are the things for poets does not always seem to work, even when the bone-dust is that of the Crusaders, and I have read lyrics from cathedral towns which, though infinitely more decorous than the brass band of my native village, were equally remote from literature. Still there may be something in it. But I do know, even better than I wish I did, two generations of writers on the theme, who have been saying, with hardly any deviation in their phrases, that this is the land where poets cannot grow; and I know them for the sort of persons who, if by chance a poet should grow in defiance of their theory, could not tell him from a sugar beet. They are unaware of any growing thing which stands before them unaccompanied by bibliography. Unless there were antecedent books about an object they would not know that the object was a poet.

ON BEING CHEERFUL BEFORE BREAKFAST

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

I LIVE in a house which admits of less privacy than is desirable and decent before breakfast. As a result, I was recently restrained only with difficulty from committing murder. We had a guest, an otherwise estimable female, who rose cheerful. On the very first morning of her visit she turned on the bath and an aria from "Aïda" at the same moment. I am a reasonable being, and I do not object to cleanliness before coffee, but I am also human, and I do object to cheerfulness. To sing

while dressing is a sign either of pathologically good health or a vacant mind. In either case, there is no punishment to fit the crime unless it be to arouse the criminal from the depths of that delicious morning drowse by the loud singing of hymns, and compelling him (or her) to remain awake by listening to a recital from the pages of a "glad" book.

Breakfast itself is an odd meal, and the laxity allowed is an admission of the normal state which precedes it. "Luncheon at one," or "Dinner at seven-thirty," we say. But, "Come down to breakfast any time you feel like it." At luncheon or dinner, too, a guest is expected, and expects, to eat what is placed before him. Not so at breakfast. His individual tastes are carefully consulted, and no two ever concur. One has tea, another coffee. One has cereal, another never touches it. Some quaint appetites demand meat. Now and then comes a kindred spirit who understands the delectable art of dipping doughnuts into a coffee-cup. But, one and all, must, at breakfast, be allowed to get into a rut of habit, as if the day could not be started unless that initial track were taken—as, indeed, it probably could not be. Once, when visiting, we ourselves ate steak and buckwheat cakes for breakfast, and all that day we moved as in a dream!

Why, indeed, should it not be so? To spring lightly out of bed, wide awake and cheerful, is done only by characters in stories, and the pathologically healthy in real life. Not even in childhood does the normal person spring lightly and happily out of bed. What task is more difficult than getting a small boy up in the morning—unless it be getting him to bed at night? Even he, without a care in the world, with no consciousness of his stomach, is cross and snappy before breakfast, or drugged with the opiate of dreams. As for us adults, when we rise with sleep still heavy upon us, with yesterday's fatigue not quite gone from our muscles, with the insistent morning

void in the pit of our modern, hyperacidulous stomachs, with a dull, half-conscious realization that here is another day to put us by so much nearer middle-age, what wonder that we are not cheerful, that we want to be left alone, to drink our coffee in silence, and, by filling the aforementioned void, and slipping thus pleasantly into the chains of habit, to resume at last our wonted way? To eat breakfast is to pick up again the job of living, after a vacation in dreams. It is not lightly to be undertaken.

It is not a lack of hospitality which makes me dread the coming of visitors; it is the fear that some of them may be sincerely, or politely, pleasant before breakfast. What is harder to endure than the guest who comes beaming down the stairs with a cheery, "Well, how are you all this lovely morning?"—unless it be the guest who actually goes out-of-doors before coffee, and comes in to tell us how perfectly heavenly everything is with the dew fresh upon it—as if it were not much fresher at eight o'clock the previous evening! Even the guest who discusses bolshevism at breakfast is preferable to this variety, because nobody is cheerful on the subject of bolshevism, either pro or con. Argument is better than amiability, at any rate.

I have a friend, a plump and pleasing person, a charming and thoughtful hostess, who has had the courage to solve the problem in her country home. Prominently displayed in the upper hall is a neat sign, reading as follows:

GUESTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO BE
CHEERFUL BEFORE BREAKFAST

It is surprising to some, who have not given the matter thought, to find how many people are almost pathetically grateful for this brave abolition of the social tyranny of politeness before the morning meal. For all of us, in this matter, have been keeping up a painful pretense on all our visits, all our lives. Tell us, at last, that we can be as cross or as glum or as taciturn as we like, and we are almost cheerful at the prospect.

This, to be sure, is more especially true of men. When a woman is visiting, she wouldn't feel quite natural if she weren't a bit unnatural.

They will deny this, of course.

A BOOKMAN'S BALLADE

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

HAVE you, as I, O Reader kind,
Sometimes before your bookshelves
stood,

Seeking in vain some book to find,

The proper and peculiar food

For some *un je-ne-sais-quoi* mood?—

In other words, you know not what—

May I advise, yet not intrude,
Dickens, Dumas, or Walter Scott?

With all fair fruitage of the mind,

The beautiful, the wise, the good,

Your shelves luxuriously are lined;

And yet, O strange ingratitude!

They bring you no beatitude,

The charm they had this day is not:

Try, then—if I were you, I should—

Dickens, Dumas, or Walter Scott.

For idle "vapors" undefined,

For sickly Thought's distempered brood,

Throw "psycho-analysts" behind

The fire, and be all such eschewed:

Let simple laughter stir your blood,

And plot, and breathless counter-plot,

And all Life's moving multitude—

Dickens, Dumas, or Walter Scott.

ENVOI

Yea, gentle Reader, if we would

Forget ourselves, our cares forgot,

None else can equal, by the Rood,

Dickens, Dumas, or Walter Scott.

AMERICAN-FRENCH

BY C. M. FRANCIS

AN American college president broke the academic peace some months ago by an attack on the prevailing methods of teaching the French language. As I am myself a victim of those methods, I take a private pleasure in all attacks upon them, but aside from that I found this one interesting for two reasons. In the first place this college presi-

dent was not inclined to an eccentric or a radical view in regard to any sort of established thing. On the contrary, he was one of the least violent-minded members of a profession celebrated for its lack of violence of mind. In the second place, his university was considered by many the best in the country in respect to the teaching of French and he was in close and presumably friendly relations with the best French teachers. Hence it was natural to suppose either that he would let the subject alone, or if he did criticize that he would at least do so with the blandness and ambiguity peculiar to college presidents when they criticize. For, as has been often observed, it is the rule among college presidents that the mental disturbance following any of their remarks shall be almost as imperceptible as if the remarks had not been made. A mind that is not only calm itself, but the cause of calm in others—that is the true college presidential ideal, and as a rule it is realized, especially on public occasions. The standard of repose is lofty and the tact displayed in maintaining it is enormous, hence the contrast offered by this instance. For this college president was not only immoderate, he was disagreeable. He insulted every American professor of French in the country.

He said American professors of French were unacquainted with the language; that they were not even on speaking terms with it; that if you put them in any French-speaking group they would be helpless, and that if you put them in a group of educated Frenchmen they would be idiotic. He implied that several hundred thousand American doughboys after six months in France not only had a firmer hold on the French language than the students of these American professors of French after six years, but that they outshone in that respect the professors themselves. He did not, of course, deny that the professor knew more about the Hôtel de Rambouillet than the doughboy did or that the doughboy was incapable of

lecturing on Romanticism or annotating the "Cid" with anything like the professor's exactitude. But he implied that the doughboy's mind, forlorn as it might seem in its philological and literary destitution, could nevertheless perform a feat that the professor's could not achieve. It could in a sort of way meet the mind of a living Frenchman, and this achievement, though apparently slight, was nevertheless prodigious when compared to the results attained by the unfortunate victims of American instruction in French. And he demanded such a change in the system as would enable a careful student, after seven years or so of plodding, to face an actual French person without stuttering, without wild and groundless laughter, without agony of gesture, and without gargling his throat. I have not reported him exactly, but these are the inferences I drew from his remarks.

I gathered also that it was his opinion, as it is mine, that no man is qualified to teach a living language by a mere tombstone acquaintance with its literature, and that any student after seven faithful years should be saved from the sort of embarrassments he now undergoes and the sort of barbarities he now perpetrates. He ought not to be obliged, for example, to leave a house by the fire-escape because he cannot ask his way to the door; he ought not to be served four times to potatoes because he cannot say, "*Je n'en veux plus*;" he ought not to go about insulting people whom he has no desire to insult; he ought not to use language to his hostess which he finds afterward to have been highly obscene; he ought not to tell a story in a mystic tongue, known only to himself, compounded of the ruins of two languages, or in the deaf-and-dumb alphabet supplemented by gymnastic feats, or in words so far apart that everybody in the room listens to the ticking of the clock between them.

I will reproduce as accurately as I can the table-talk of a serious and by no means unintelligent man, a finished

product of the present system. He begins, of course, almost invariably by telling the French person that sits next to him that he is a woman or that he is not a woman. He will then say that he is in the rear because a long time ago he was held underneath the city; that he filled the soil of his office slowly; that he did not jump till six o'clock, though he usually jumps at five; that he likes cats and oaks and that he had a cat and an oak once who would eat in the cup together; that his aunt had a cat who killed six smiles in one day; that he had dropped a piece of bread on the ceiling; that it is a good time though the paper promised tears; that he swims better in dirty water than in cool because it throws him up in the air. And he will ask for the following objects, all of which he believes can be found on the table or easily obtained: A saddle—he wants to put some of it in his soup; a hillside; a little more of the poison; a pear-tree; a bass wind instrument full of milk; the hide of any animal; a farmer's daughter of shameless character; and a portion of a well-set, thick, short-backed horse.

Now this sort of thing may happen not only to almost any student under the present system, but to the majority of the teachers themselves, and as a rule they do not know that it is happening. Many Americans will talk French at intervals all through their lives without ever finding out that they are not saying anything in French; so great are the powers of divination among the gifted people with whom they hold converse. And again and again you will see persons who have not emerged from the condition of the young man whose conversation I have quoted chosen as French teachers in institutions of learning. It is compatible with present standards of scholarship. One may behave in this manner and publish an intelligible monograph on the *Félibrige*. One may curl up in some corner of Romance philology where he will never be disturbed, or range through five centuries of French literature, putting authors in their

places, or make those unnecessary remarks beneath a classic text which constitute the essence of foot-note gentility; in short, one may be Teutonically efficient all around and about the French language—over it and under it and behind it—and never once be in it, never once be able to enter into the simplest human relation with any one who uses it.

And if he is a true product of the system he will be perfectly satisfied. He will say that chattering with French people is only a pleasant accomplishment, after all, and can easily be acquired at any time by living with them; that it has nothing in common with the aims of serious scholarship; that it is not to be compared in importance with the ability to read and appreciate books; that there is no room for it in the present system and that it would not be desirable if there were. He will add lightly that some time he means to brush up his French conversation. He will say this without a qualm, without a trace of pity for the people he means to brush it on. He does not know that an American brushing his French in a room bears the same relation to any peaceful conversation that may be going on in it at the time as is borne by a carpet-sweeper in action. He does not know that an American when brushing his French ought to be kept out of rooms. He does not know that if in the future the relations between this country and France should unhappily become strained it will be largely due to these merciless American brushings. The system not only withholds from us the means of understanding the French language; it encourages us to misunderstand. It fills us with the assurance that we are doing easily what we are not doing at all. It seems as if American instruction in French were designed for the frustration of civilized intercourse.

I cannot really blame that French lady who, after long association with the American functionaries in Paris recently, pronounced the opinion that at their best Americans are children and at their

worst they are brutes; nor can I altogether blame the Americans. I have no doubt that a large part of the unpleasantness was linguistic. It is possible that every one of those Americans was trying to say something very agreeable to the lady, but when put into language it turned out the other way. It is possible that some of them actually cursed the lady and never knew.

THE FAIRYLAND OF FINANCE

BY C. A. BENNETT

THERE was a time when I never even glanced at the financial sections of the newspapers—those pages given over to market reports, stock quotations, and the rest. I should as soon have thought of seeking interest and entertainment in a table of logarithms. It was all so baffling and remote for one who did not know exactly what a stock or a share was, who still less had ever owned one. I left these abstruse matters to those who were interested in them—to the people who would get really excited if they saw a notice, "Gold Debentures at par," or something of the kind, and to the men who bought up the entire cotton crop for 1933 and then sold it in a moment of pique at the first touch of frost. But that is all changed now. To-day I am exquisitely diverted, nay, sometimes even transported, by the market reports. The way it happened was this:

One evening my brother-in-law, a knowing enough fellow, looked up from his paper and exclaimed:

"By Jove! wheat's gone to two and a quarter!"

"Good Lord!" I said. "Shredded?" . . . I realized then that I had given myself away. I abandoned my pretension to knowledge and said, humbly, "Tell me—why has it gone to two and a quarter?"

"Well, they say here that it's because of the way the elections are going in Japan."

I saw at once that it was no good asking any more questions—outwardly,

at least. But, inwardly, I could not help wondering what on earth the elections in Japan could have to do with the price of wheat. As an election approaches do the Japanese voters suddenly become seized with a passion for wheat? Is this a sort of inevitable accompaniment of violent political emotion in the Orient? Or is it that American farmers become so absorbed in watching the progress of Japanese elections that they forget to spray the wheat against the boll weevil? Or what?

I got no answer to these questions then; but my interest was roused. I began to study the financial section from time to time. My perplexity increased. It was amazing. I would come across a statement like this: "Home Rails showed violent fluctuations during the early hours, but under the influence of reassuring reports from Paris later became much steadier." Now that didn't mean anything; and even if it meant what it seemed to mean it wasn't true. If it had been I should have noticed it. But I had come in on a New England local that very morning and my train was half an hour late and there was no room in the smoker. In fact, everything was going on just as usual. There was not the faintest sign of a fluctuation. Besides, even supposing that one could imagine what the news from Paris might have been, how could it have acted as a sort of sedative on Home Rails? No. There simply wasn't any connection between the two events. I was sure that there must be more in this than met the eye. I read on a little farther. "The market showed a distinctly bullish tendency." Now, I ask any man, what is one to make out of that? I have never had much to do with bulls, but I imagine that a bullish tendency must be rather a formidable thing. One associates it with steaming nostrils, a flamboyant tail, and thunderous hoofs. But one can't conceive of a market—an abstract, elusive thing like a market—behaving in that way. I tried again. "The unaccountable depression in steel was again a feat-

ure of the day's transactions." Depression—that is such an extraordinary word to use about steel. But, then, it was not any more extraordinary than to talk of a Home Rail fluctuating. These people, I began to perceive, spoke a language of their own.

And then, suddenly, the truth broke on me. This was not fact at all. It was fiction; nay, more, fairy tale. Home Rails and Copper and Steel and Bethlehem Preferred—these are not real beings, but figures of legend and story, creatures of fantasy whose endless adventures nourish day by day the imagination of the tired business man. And at once I saw the explanation of the reassuring news from Paris and of the strange effect of the Japanese elections. You had only to throw yourself into the mood of the reader of fairy tale and all these things became plain. Aladdin rubs the lamp and the genie appears. Lord Dunsany's centaurs shout to one another across the open meadows—in Greek. Are these things absurd? Not if you have accepted the wild logic of that world. Then it all appears natural and inevitable. Reassuring news comes from Paris and, hey, presto! Home Rails cease to fluctuate. Why, *of course!* So with the depression in steel. My mistake lay in supposing that real steel, the stuff they make battle-ships out of, was what was meant. Now I know that Steel is a giant, the fascinating story of whose changing moods I can follow week by week. And American Tel. and Tel.? Why, it is like Little Claus and Big Claus, Jack and Jill, Mutt and Jeff.

And so when I hear lamentations about the gross materialism of the tired business man I do not let them vex my soul. I know better. I know that the eagerness with which he turns first to the financial section is the same as that with which the child seizes upon a new fairy tale, and that while he seems absorbed in the sordid traffic of buying and selling he is feasting his imagination on the latest adventures of old Home Rails and the rest. And I have become so enthusiastic about these tales that I have even tried to write one myself. Here it is.

"Butter opened firm, but following the news of the continued heat wave in Kansas lost its stability and by afternoon there was considerable liquidation. American Canned Meat showed a distinctly bullish tendency. The market slumped badly when the news of Lenine having broken his eye-glasses first became known. Heavy buying by Western interests did little to restore the needed tone; but later, on the report that the glasses had been mended, considerable optimism pervaded the market. Home Rails especially recovered some of their pristine *élan*, and Zinc displayed an irresistible *espièglerie*. Western Eggs opened very strong. There were few purchasers. Copper was sullen and bearish and did not rise all day. Mexican Oil, with shortage of sales, fell off a couple of points in a nasty gale, lost its earlier buoyancy and went ashore, but was later floated off with the Argentine loan. In spite of the rise in temperature, brewery issues are no longer absorbed."



EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

THERE was once an aged author, mainly a novelist, who lived in a dream of wide, if quiescent, recognition. He was fearful that modern editors and their public did not want him, and that the general reader's generalship did not extend to his novels and other things, but he soothed his sense of isolation with the belief that if people did not know his work they knew about it. He had abundant proofs of this, which need not be alleged here, but which may be readily imagined by those who knew that he had published, in former times, some hundred books, big and little. His name was in all the encyclopedias, anthologies, and Who's Whoses, with the titles of many of his many works, and he rested fairly content with the state unto which he seemed to be finally called, when one day the morning's mail brought him a letter which cruelly burst his dream of wide, if quiescent, recognition. In the superscription his name was correctly spelled, and the address was without that postal evidence of wandering from town to country which his letters often bore. When opened, it proved to have come from a "Home Correspondence School," for the culture of students in the arts and sciences, and within he was informed in very neat typewriting that there had just come to his correspondent's desk a letter from a pupil of one of the school's instructors, bearing the glad news that the writer had just sold to a leading magazine a short story framed upon this instructor's theory of short-story writing and the teachings of his forty-lesson course. "At the same time," the Home Correspondent added, there had come "a letter from another pupil reporting

the sale of over thirty stories to various magazines. These things are of daily occurrence," the Home Correspondent remarked, and "Although you have not yet enrolled, I am taking it for granted that you are interested in keeping in touch with the progress that we are making, and I am hoping that we shall shortly have the pleasure of welcoming you to membership in our school. As a special midsummer inducement, I am pleased to renew our offer of our old rates, *provided your application is received on or before* As you have doubtless noted, there are three courses in Story Writing outlined in our catalogue. I imagine that it is Professor Ampersand's regular forty-lesson course that you will probably wish to take. The introductory course is intended for young pupils and for those who are otherwise poorly prepared. Only a few of Professor Ampersand's pupils, even of those who are most successful in selling, take the advanced course, which is strictly post-graduate. The regular forty-lesson course is complete in itself. It will not only give you a mastery of every point of short-story technique, but your talent will be greatly cultivated and your selling ability tremendously increased. Beginning with about the fifth lesson, you will be occupied with the actual writing of stories or parts of stories."

The aged author's breath was quite taken away by an invitation which would have been so winning if it had been given to a novelist under his years and not widely recorded in the encyclopedias and anthologies, or formally known to the readers of polite literature, if he might believe the well-remembered

favorable notices of other times and the flattering returns of royalties from his publishers. Something better than his vanity, we hope, was wounded in him by that proposal of the Home Correspondent to renew the offer of those old rates for the regular forty-lesson course in short-story writing, which it was surmised he would wish to take. It is true that the proposal carried with it a brevet of eternal youth, in assuming that he was a beginner of fiction, but this could not soothe the pain it gave. Had he, then, been writing fifty or sixty years and piling story upon story so much in vain that he could be seriously offered a chance at that forty-lesson course as if he were starting in literary life? Or was it all a joke, a sorry joke, a bitter gibe at the cost of a dotard who had outlived himself? He had almost rather it were that; he would still, in that case, be well enough remembered to form the target of mockery, and that would be better than oblivion.

After duly suffering in this question, he turned from it and began to wonder what that course of forty lessons for his instruction in short-story writing could be. If he were the beginner he was imagined, could he really learn a branch of the literary art from it? Would he profit by it in some such sort as the students who frequent the *atelier* of a great painter and draw from his model under his criticism of their sketches? The aged author did not quite see how the method could be applied to literary art; but he did not deny that it could; and he asked himself if the great Russian, French, Spanish, and Scandinavian writers of short stories had arrived at their primacy by such means. When he got to our own mastery in short stories he was lost in helpless doubt if Mary Wilkins Freeman, or Sarah Orne Jewett, or Miss Alice Brown, or Miss Edith Wyatt, or Bret Harte, or Aldrich, or Mr. G. W. Cable, or even Hawthorne or Poe, had formed themselves on some forty-lesson course in the art which they shone in. He was obliged in mere

fairness to reflect that these writers were all people of genius who had only to go to nature for their instruction, and to suppose that merely talented or merely commonplace people might very usefully or profitably take such a course.

The demand for short stories, he considered, was unlimited, and somehow the supply must be adequate. It was not to be supposed that it could be wholly met by people of genius, and there was no good reason why the less naturally gifted should not contribute to it from the overflowing yield of their skilled industry. The more the aged author considered the situation the more lenient he grew. The sting to his vanity abated; he no longer suffered from being taken for one of the undistinguished multitude of youth eager to prepare themselves for writing down to the level of the myriad public who asked nothing better than the commonplace of tales ten thousand times told. He would have computed the numbers of this populace if it had been within the scope of arithmetic or even algebra. When he tried, he ran into the figures of billions which the world war has cost our part in it, and he cheerfully relinquished the struggle, and acquiesced in the situation. He reflected that there need be nothing really new in the short stories produced for this myriad public, and little formally new. Nature would go on from generation to generation proffering novelty, but art, the art of the standardized short story did not need novelty, and any sort of originality would have revolted the standardized short-story public.

He put his painful question altogether aside and consented to rejoice in the short story written by writers of genius for readers of genius. He thought with rapture of how these short-story writers consented to treat only some theme which first entreated them from their observation or experience of life, and then wrought in the love of their art with a divine simplicity, trusting that wholly and solely for the effect of that beauty

which is truth. Of course we speak here of the masterpieces of the 'supreme artists, but all are artists who work in the imitation of nature, and of the school which exacts the appearance of life, but does not assume to teach it. There may be incident, or there may not be incident, but there must be character, there must be verisimilitude, fidelity to recognized or recognizable conditions. Here all schooling ends, except as it also exacts the utter avoidance of anything or everything like effort or straining.

A little before the aged author received that appeal to his latent youth and obscurity in the form of an invitation to enroll himself among the students of the forty-lesson course of short-story writing, he had been struck with a study of the short story much beyond the ordinary. This essay, as we made out, did not pretend to teach the art by the registration of certain principles, but invited the reader to its study by the analysis of some eminent examples illustrated by diagrams. The chief of these was Maupassant's famous story of "The Piece of String," which is almost as good as some of the greatest Russian or American short stories. There can hardly be a thing more touching, and it is of an entire decency very rare in the *chefs d'œuvre* of that master to whose mastery Tolstoy was willing to forgive many sins. Yet, shall we own to the ingenious analyst that the life of the thing seemed to have escaped in the course of his Twelve Analytical Steps, much as the famous Fourteen Points vanished in the final League of Nations? No one will learn to write great short stories by analyzing the short stories of Maupassant and imitating his method in the result, for no master of the art has any plan but to imitate nature, with an unconsciousness perhaps inconceivable to the analyst, but veritable all the same.

We were about to bid the lover of the art ambitious to excel in it, take the good old way which has been open from the first, and which ourselves pointed out for many years with an unswerving finger-

post. We were going to bid him "look into his heart and write," after looking all about him into the hearts of his neighbors and creating a life in art from the life common to himself and them, when there burst upon us from the managing editor of a neighboring periodical a cry which seemed the echo of our own voice from the corridors of time long past. This neighbor had apparently suffered intolerably from short stories mostly and almost solely about New York, and he shouted in a publicity-page of rare sincerity, "Why don't some of our promising new writers stay in their own home town and write about the people, the environment, and the atmosphere seen from their own front door? Why can't we get a story of the prairies, or the Mississippi River, or New Orleans, or Portland (Maine or Oregon, it doesn't matter which)? Why can't we get stories that reflect life in the thousands of cities and villages in the United States apart from New York City and Greenwich Village? We will welcome such stories—with good characterization and plots that contain action, but stories that, first of all, are representative of American life to-day."

Will the home-town writers respond to this outburst of anguished promise? We are sure they will wish to do so, but they will not make themselves heard if they have formed their vocal chords upon the methods which that Home Correspondent invited our aged author to embrace in the belief that he was a youthful writer in the first bloom of ambition. We would like, even in our doubt, to join our voice to that of the managing editor we have echoed here, and repeat the time-worn tenets of a creed where the only hope of salvation lies. "Life," we should like to say for the thousandth time, "is a very beautiful thing, even when it is very ugly, if it is made the stuff of art. There is no other stuff which will lastingly avail either the actual or the conjectured beginner—the youth of eighteen or the dotard of eighty. The life-stuff will avail not only the

earliest beginner, but the latest keeper, and we should say to the last what we say to the first if we could imagine him trying to open the vein of his shriveled invention. Either endeavor must first make sure that he wishes to write a certain story, and it will be best for him to prefer the very simplest story. Do not let him try for the thing that will surprise the reader by its strangeness; the commonest thing will surprise the reader most, for in fiction the commonest thing is the rarest. Then let him seriously, prayerfully, question himself at each step of the experiment whether he really enjoys taking it. Do not let him think of an instant sale for his product. Probably, most probably, no editor will hasten to buy it, but will fondly delay and perhaps altogether forbear to buy, if he finds something good, something true in it, for he will perceive that it is not that trash demanded by the taste of the general, the universal, reader which his conscience occasionally keeps him from gratifying. His conscience will also keep this only too possible editor from praising the scanty worth of the work which comes to him. He will say to himself, "Here is a fellow, or a dear, who has something genuine in him or her, which will keep him or her in heart amidst the disappointment which I shall inflict, in withholding all encouragement. I will not encourage him or her; rather I will censure the work at certain points and he or she will divine from this that I think the thing worth while in other points. I will act the faithful part of that painter who most flattered his girl pupils when he made them cry, for then they knew that they had at least failed worthily. I need not be afraid of killing my contributor with unkindness; it is the breath of premature praise which blows out the vital spark."

The editor may be right or he may be

wrong in his theory; but in either case he will keep a good conscience, and his contributor will keep on contributing and working in the right way. There may be black moments when he or she will be tempted to join the army of trash-writers; but on trying to write trash he or she will find it impossible. They will have been born to write truth, and if they cannot help mixing some grains of it with the trash it will spoil the trash for the trash-lover. But in supposing this instance we would not shrink from facing a certain possibility. It is possible that the actual beginners of eight or eighteen will have grown eighty or eighty-eight before they have made a name in short-story writing; and the actual octogenarian who was invited to take that forty-lesson course by the Home Correspondent will have been dead at least half a century before he has the first short story, or part of a short story, accepted by our high-conscienced editor. Both the real and the unreal beginners must reflect that they were not born immortal; that they will only become so by taking the greatest pains, by going to the greatest trouble. They were born mortal, these truth-writers, just as the trash-writers who can never become immortal, no matter how incessant, how immeasurable their output of trash. In the mean while we do not deny that these may be having a very good time, so far as living in luxury and lolling in the highest-priced motors imply a good time, while the truth-writer beats on his way through life in a low-priced flivver which he drives himself, at his own risk and the risk of others. All the same, though he may not have a good time, he will have been or will be well on the way to the immortality open to the sage mistaken for a beginner in literature, the immortality open to us all if, when a man dies, he shall live again.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

BEING A LANDLORD

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

I KNEW I was going to be a landlord when our own landlord raised the rent. I said there were clearly two sides to this rent question, and the way to break even was to be on both of them. We would buy something tempting—tempting to a tenant—furnish it up a little to make it still more seductive, establish relations with the first desirable applicant, and forget care. When the annual boost came around we would pass it along to our tenant, without a murmur. It seemed the simplest thing in the world—we wondered why everybody hadn't thought of it. Of course it would require a bit of capital to start with—perhaps that fact had deterred some. Fortunately, we had our little bunch of savings in fluid form—in a savings-bank, I mean, where they could be drawn at any time. We would only have to make a first instalment and pay for the trifles of paint and paper. The rent would easily take care of future payments and interest. You see yourself it was a fine idea. Elizabeth and I could hardly sleep for discussing it.

Any doubts we may have had vanished when I consulted our real-estate man. He was enthusiastic over it. He said it solved the whole problem. It was one of those big revolutionary ideas, he said—so simple that nobody had thought of

it. It had come along at a psychological moment, too. Houses were renting like hot cakes, and he happened to have one for sale that was the very thing—handy to the station—small payment down—neat as a button. His car was at the door; he would take us to see the bargain.

It did seem like one. It was a pretty little bungalow affair, facing a sort of park, and it had handy-looking improvements, including a furnace that was set in a kind of sub-cellar—the agent said to more efficiently conserve and co-equalize the heat units,



IT WAS A PRETTY LITTLE BUNGALOW AFFAIR

which I hope the reader will understand better than we did. I did not notice any way to drain the little pit, but the agent said that, being at the foot of a hill, as it was, the geodetic sub-seepage took care of everything. He was a man of diction, I will say that. He added that there were several parties considering the premises.

That last remark did the trick. We ascertained that our balance at the savings-bank would take care of the first payment, with a slender margin for setting said premises in order, and closed forthwith. Never mind the details of the transfer. I recall that there was something they called searching the title—something expensive that gnawed deeply into our reserve margin; also formalities connected with the insurance, requiring more of the reserve, and a rather hectic afternoon when we assembled in the agent's back office to "take title" from a grim and muscular woman and a diffident little man who appeared in the title deeds as the "grantors," though it required only one guess to tell who was the grantor in fact, the little gentleman being mere detail. He seemed always about to jump behind her skirts, and dodged perceptibly when once or twice she turned on him quite suddenly. He attached his signature with what might be termed trepidation. It is hardly necessary to say who took the check.

Our agent was right about one thing: houses *were* renting like hot cakes, if one may imagine that hot cakes are ever disposed of in that way. We selected from several applicants an appealing young couple who referred to our little property as a nest and a haven, and were unencumbered as to family. Also the young man looked as if he could pay the rent, and Elizabeth liked the way the pretty young wife did her hair.

It was, however, an expensive coiffure. It dazzled Elizabeth into promising a lot of things in the way of paint and paper that wiped out the remnant of our reserve and left a very sizable balance due our decorator. It is quite amazing what such things cost, once you get started. It would require a good six months' rent to put us on a dividend basis. We consoled ourselves with the thought that the little house certainly did look attractive and would probably require nothing more for years.

The latter idea was not well founded. At the beginning of the second week, I think it was (I know it rained over Sunday) the

telephone informed me (young Mrs. Lincoln's voice was remarkably winning) that the front gutter—the thing that catches the water from the roof—was stopped up, or something, and had overflowed like everything and made an awful mess on their clean windows, and didn't I think something should be done about it. I admitted that something should. I even thanked her for letting me know, and passed the hint along to our "Tinner and General Repairs" man down the block, though I hung up the receiver with a sinking sensation, remembering that his newly adopted wage schedule was \$1.25 per hour and that jobs are long and time is fleeting. It was not until the next evening that Mrs. Lincoln called me to say, with real concern, that there must be a leak in the roof, as quite a spot had come through on her nice, new, cream-colored ceiling.

This was indeed glad news. To find a leak in a roof requires genius and leisure. I knew a man once who looked for thirty years for a leak in his roof and had not located it at last accounts. I assured the perturbed Mrs. Lincoln that it was too bad; that the matter should at once be attended to, and that very likely the spot would disappear when dry, though something told me that it never would. She said the "Tinner and General Repairs" had been there most of the day and seemed to have the gutter fixed. I promised to have him back next morning, prospecting for the leak, and bade her a pleasant good night, after which I broke the news to Elizabeth, who spoke a few bitter feminine words to the effect that she didn't see why *we* should do all those things when *our* own landlord was so perfectly impossible whenever we asked him to do even the smallest thing; and I thought I could see that her admiration for pretty Mrs. Lincoln was losing its edge in the thought of our prospective dividends going to enrich "Tinner and General Repairs."

It did not take the latter thirty years to find our leak. He was only about three days at it, but his bill, added to that for re-doing the cream-colored ceiling, made a month's rent look like thirty cents—thirty-five, to be exact. We were, however, not entirely disheartened. Such things always had to be attended to when a house had been empty, we said, and very likely now we had reached the end of them.

Such, indeed, seemed to be the case. Several weeks, even a month, went by with no



A RATHER HECTIC AFTERNOON IN THE AGENT'S BACK OFFICE

further report from Mrs. Lincoln (though for a time I confess that I dreaded the sound of the telephone-bell), and we were lulled into a sense of security that became almost elation when still another month passed and left our dividends intact.

But then something quite fresh developed. It was getting coolish weather, and one brisk morning the voice with the smile called up to say that they had built a fire in the pretty little fireplace and that it smoked awfully—that they really couldn't stay in the room.

Long ago I had an experience with a smoky chimney—a sad and costly experience—one that should have taught me always to try a chimney before buying a house. I reflected on this as I hung up the receiver, after assuring the sufferer at the other end—quite cheerfully, not to say gaily—that I would be right over, while in my mind was growing a ghastly picture of a chimney being taken down, piece by piece, with pretty Mrs. Lincoln wringing her hands and wailing through her littered house.

It was not so bad as that. That old experience had taught me something—strange as it may seem. I had not noticed it before, but I saw now that the pretty fireplace was constructed for appearance rather than for utility. It was a tall fireplace. Smoke starting upward for the chimney opening had to be carefully trained in order not to spill out into the room before it arrived there. When Mrs. Lincoln and I covered the upper heights with a slab of cardboard it did well enough. I said I would have “Tinner and Repairs” produce a hood that would help smoke to steer in the right direction. I did that, and the bill was fourteen dollars. I was so glad

that it had not been necessary to take down the chimney that the amount seemed small. Mrs. Lincoln was also happy. Winter passed.

It seemed now that nothing else could happen. We had been through hot weather, rainy weather, and cold weather. Being a landlord had not been an entirely blissful experience, but, on the whole, we had learned a good deal that would be worth something in future. Besides, the worst was certainly over.

A reasonable assumption, but not warranted. It rained that spring—not a little, but a great deal. It rained and it rained—night after night, day after day, week after week. In the words of Daudet, “*Il plut, il plut, mon Dieu, comme il plut!*” which is more polite than English and means the same thing. Looking out on the swimming world morning after morning, I had a premonition of impending disaster.

If ever a premonition was a straight tip, that one was. The telephone got me out of bed one morning to bring the joyful tidings. It was not the voice with a smile this time. It was young Mr. Lincoln who was talking, and his voice was tinged with acrimony. The trouble was in the little sub-cellar where the furnace stood. The geodetic sub-seepage had not been able to keep up with floods, or there was a hitch somewhere in its operations. The voice said that the water was coming in and that it was coming fast. If it kept on coming the way it had started it would get up into the furnace high enough to put out the fire. I had better come over and have a look at it.

I did not know what I could do by having a look at it, but I went. I did not wait for

breakfast—the case seemed urgent. I found the young man standing on the lower steps that led down into the pit of sorrows, bailing heavily, handing up pails of water to young Mrs. Lincoln, whose coiffure was not at its best. I relieved her and we reduced the freshet, but it was only a stay of execution. At one corner a small steady stream was trickling in, and in a little time the deadly level would be creeping up again, as relentless as fate. The young man said they had returned from the theater the night before, and that, going down to stoke the furnace before retiring, he had found the water several inches deep. He had been in his dress suit, he said, but had postponed other matters to bail out. He remarked that he did not enjoy bailing out a cellar at one o'clock in the morning with his evening clothes on. He spoke with considerable feeling. I could see that he would be fussy about such things. He went on to say that this morning the water was still higher and that as soon as he had telephoned me he had gone at it again. I gathered that he did not regard the job as a part of the obligation assumed with his lease. I did not attempt to debate this point. I felt that my position was not strong. I said I would see "Tinner and General Repairs" at once and find out what could be done. I thought he might provide a man and pump for immediate needs, and suggest some more conclusive remedy. No doubt the trouble was temporary—almost evanescent, so to speak—that as soon as the unprecedented deluge ceased it would end.

"Tinner and Repairs" did not send a man. It was that period of the war when men were scarcest and he did not have one. He did erect a pump, after an interval of days, during which I personally bailed, with slight assistance and heavy profanity, three times *per diem* to keep that deadly inflow below the fire-line. I know what it is now to be on a sinking ship. I manned the pump, too, when it arrived, but it was not a complete success. Neither did the trouble cease with the rain. In fact, the persistent trickle had become a steady and forceful spray, quite clear and cold, resembling a spring. "Tinner and Repairs" said he believed it *was* a spring that had broken through and would now run steadily, the year around. He advised taking out the furnace and turning the little subcellar into a well. That remark will cost him dear. I will never engage him again—if I can help it.

Let us not prolong these bitter memories. It became clear, presently, that we could not stem the rising flood. Our tenants decided to pay a visit to relatives until it abated or until some happy genius could provide means of relief. Their lease would be out in another month, anyway, they said, and of course, under the circumstances, we could hardly expect, etc., etc. Which of course we couldn't, and were only too happy to be left with our desolation. I never pumped again. A day later most of our furnace had disappeared. The subcellar had become a well in fact.

I told the real-estate man that we had decided to sell. I did not wholly blame him, I said, for, not knowing that a clear, cold spring was there ready to break through, and I thought many persons might consider a spring an advantage, but that we did not wish to bother with remodeling the heating-plant and would ask no advance on the purchase price. He was very cheerful. He said that a good many people were looking for houses and he would get rid of ours in no time. I don't know exactly what his idea of "no time" was, but a month went by, and our former tenants moved out their things, and there was still no one to take their place.

Then one rare May morning a young man called at our apartment. He was a dreamy-looking person with abnormally thin hair, and he said he had heard we had a house to sell. I did not ask him how he had heard it—it did not matter. He went on to say that he was an inventor and wanted a quiet place in the suburbs where he could perfect his thoughts and construct his own models. He told me of some of his inventions, which ranged all the way from a coal-scuttle on wheels to a folding drawbridge. Many of them seem to be attachments to automobiles—one of these being a carbureter that would work with kerosene, wood alcohol, and several other fluids—I think he said lemon extract, hair-restorer, and certain of the patent medicines. It was doing wonders when he tried some new fluid on it—furniture polish, perhaps—whereupon it unaccountably blew up and scattered his testing car over quite an area—he hadn't found all of it yet. His hair was slowly coming in again, he said, but he feared it would never be as thick as before. He declared he could invent anything—all he asked was a chance. Could he see the house?

I assured him that he could, and we were

presently on the way. I was not hopeful, but as we walked along I spoke of the beauty of the location, the outlook on the park, the handiness to trains. I tried to lead up to mentioning the newly developed spring, but we were there before I could manage it.

He took only a glance at the upper areas of the place. He wanted to see the basement, he said, to inspect its possibilities as a shop. I led him to it silently. I had a feeling that the end was near. He took a casual look and seemed to approve of the size and window arrangement. Then his eye caught the square of deadly dark water, the upper works of the furnace just showing above it. He approached and gazed down upon it—as it seemed, eagerly.

"Ah," he said, "what have we here?"

I had thought of a good many things to say, but, being bred in righteousness, I decided that I could not materially improve on the truth. I told him most of what had happened—the heavy rains, the breaking through of the water, the bailing, the pump (still standing), the belief by some that we had acquired a spring that might be utilized, if one cared for a spring in the middle of his cellar. I added that I did not take much stock in the spring idea, that I thought it was just water from the sponge of a hill behind us. Many other cellars in the neighborhood had water in them and were as poorly provided with drainage. I said it hopelessly and was not encouraged when he remarked, thoughtfully, "Ah, indeed, quite so, quite so—let us be going now."

He asked me when the next train left and hurried to catch it. He would let me know his decision quite soon. I thought I knew it already, but politely refrained from saying so. I had completely forgotten him when, next morning, his rather thin voice informed me by telephone that he would take the property and asked that the papers be drawn without delay. I did not believe it, of course—I thought he had lost his mind—but Elizabeth insisted that I attend to the papers. Something told her, she said, that it was all right. Elizabeth is strong on intuition. I wanted to say that it was too bad that something had not told her to avoid that house in the first place; but I counted five and changed my remark.

All the same, Elizabeth's "something" told her correctly, this time. That afternoon Mr. Willoughby Wood—such being our inventor's euphonious name—appeared with a



HE HAD BEEN IN HIS DRESS SUIT, HE SAID, BUT HAD POSTPONED OTHER MATTERS TO BAIL OUT

certified check for the payment down, and our house of sorrow speedily became his. He seemed as gleeful as if he had really bought something valuable, and declared he couldn't get established in that grand basement quick enough. He had a great idea, he said, something that would be a real boon to mankind. He seemed a gentle, trusting soul. I could not help feeling sorry for him.

I have misplaced a good deal of sympathy in my time, but I never made a worse mistake than I did with that man. One day about six weeks later he called me up and asked if I wouldn't walk over that way pretty soon, as he had something to show me. I thought he had found some new defect in the premises and was going to throw them back on our hands. I made up my mind that I would travel through the highest courts before I would take that place again. I walked

slowly, grimly petrifying this resolve. He met me at the door, beaming. I noticed at once that his hair was less scanty. His wife and two offspring stood about, and beamed also. He wasted no words on preliminaries, but beckoned me to the basement. As he opened the door I heard a curious sound—it was between a cough and a sneeze and a wet whistle. He conducted me straight to the little subcellar. I looked down. There was no longer any water in it—the floor seemed quite dry—the furnace freshly blackened, and even gilded. I remarked these things incidentally. What really held my eye was a curious little combination of wheels and levers and pipes that was making strange motions to a variety of intermittent noises and apparently having a good time in its own way.

"There it is," said Mr. Wood. "Greatest invention of the age. A boon to suffering humanity and a fortune for the inventor. The Willoughby automatic hydropathic ejector—cellars and mines kept dry at mini-

mum cost—no trouble to run. Every man on the block must have one and millions more throughout this great land. Manufacturing company already organized, and work on plant begins next week. Sir, you put fame and fortune into my hands when you sold me this house. I am grateful, sir, and if you ever again need an ejector I will put you in a Willoughby at factory rates."

I congratulated and thanked him and came away with mixed feelings. But they became a good deal more mixed when I read this morning a certain announcement in the financial section of the *Times*. You also may have seen it—that notice that the Willoughby Ejector Company, after six months of highly successful operation, has increased its capital to three millions, and that a limited amount of the new stock is to be offered. I have just mentioned the matter to Elizabeth and she has another intuition. Something tells her, she says, that if ever we want to get even on our investment we'd better subscribe for some of that stock.

THIS WAY OUT

BY BERTON BRALEY

I HAVE had a psychoanalyst dissect me
And he certainly has turned me inside
out,

Shown me weird neurotic notions that direct
me

And complexes that are bossing me about;
He has analyzed my visions and their bearing
on decisions

Which have made of me an Interesting
Case,

And the things that he has shown me make
me feel I must disown me.

I'm an Awful Thing to keep around the
place.

I'm a seething mass of vicious inhibitions,
Of defrauded sins and long-suppressed
desires;

I've neuroses of all sizes and conditions
And I burn with many unsuspected fires.
For I've gained the information that I
showed infatuation

For my gentle maiden aunt when I was
two,

And my tendency to cotton to this lady
long-forgotten

Is the reason I have headaches when I do.

I have learned that my antipathy to onions
Comes from dreaming of perfumery at
times,

That my suffering from callouses and
bunions

Is reaction from my uncommitted crimes.
Yes, that scientific critic, cold and psycho-
analytic,

Has revealed me to myself as odd and
strange.

I'm a queer, amorphous something with the
soul in me a dumb thing.

I'm a jig-saw map of bits to rearrange.

To the psychoanalyst I've made confes-
sions

Which involve the deepest secrets of my
life,

And the cure he advocates for my obsessions
Is that I should leave my children and
my wife.

Though I love them very dearly, he has made
me see it clearly

As the only psychoanalytic course,

For the psychists all agree a universal
panacea

For the ills the flesh is heir to, is divorce.



"See, Dad, we had him billeted on us since you been away"

Country Wit

A LAD of fifteen was driving along a country road, taking a load of calves to market, when he chanced to meet a company of young folks who were evidently out for a pleasure excursion. The young men of the party, thinking to amuse themselves and their companions at the boy's expense, began to imitate the bleating of the calves.

But their merriment was of short duration, for, without a moment's hesitation as the vehicles were passing, the country lad called out to his would-be tormentors:

"Oh, I knew what you were before!"

Sculpture at Home

A YOUNG couple from Virginia visiting the Metropolitan Art Museum were accompanied by an old family "mammy." She suggested that she would remain in the vestibule while they made a more extended tour of the galleries. Finding her seated as indifferent as they had left her, the young man asked, "Well, Auntie, how did you enjoy this wonderful statuary?"

"Dat's whut you calls 'em, is it?" she replied. "Well, honey, I's washed an' dressed you, an' I's washed an' dressed your pa before you, so lookin' at dem ain't no recreation to me."

Thoughtless

A COLORED chauffeur in Washington was haled into court for having run down a man.

"Yo' Honah," said the ducky, "I tried to warn de gennulman, but de horn wouldn't work."

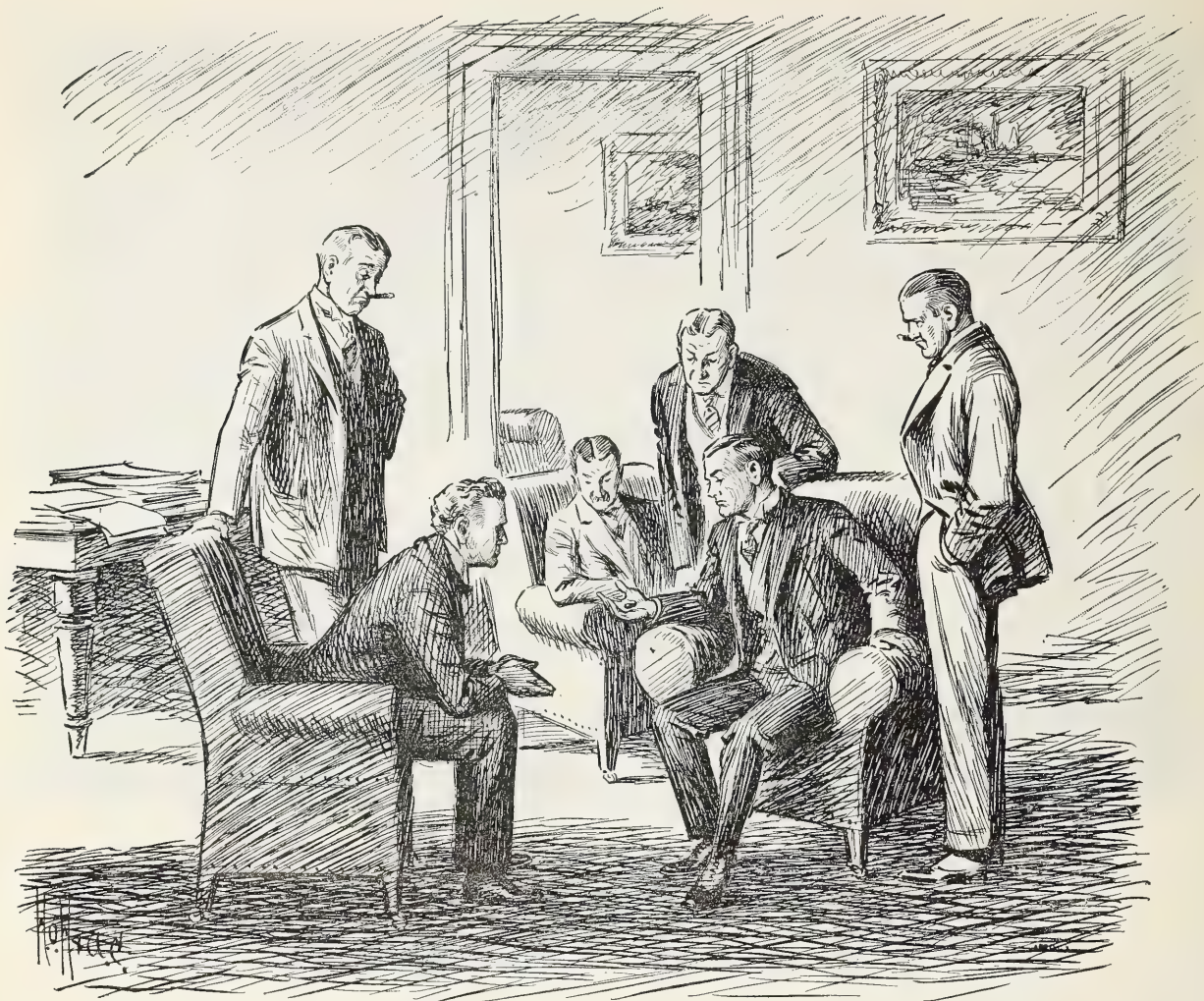
"Then," said the judge, "why didn't you slow up rather than run over him?"

A light seemed to dawn on the prisoner, who finally said: "Why, Jedge, dat's one on me, ain't it? I neber thought ob dat."

A Return Favor

A MEMBER of the Chicago bar tells the following story of the coolest man he ever knew. This man was awakened one night by burglars. He got up and went down-stairs, and as he entered the dining-room, where the thieves were engaged in wrapping up the silver-plate, they covered him with their revolvers. This, however, did not disconcert the householder at all.

"Pardon me for disturbing you, gentlemen," said he, "but I should like you to do me a favor. If it is not too much to ask, will you be so good as to post this letter for me? It must go to-night. It's the premium for my burglary insurance."



A Year From Now

The cloves Binks finds in his pocket conjure up fond memories

A Childhood Tragedy

GERTRUDE, aged three, sat in her high chair at the dinner-table, turning about in her fingers a small ear of corn from which she had been nibbling a row at a time. Suddenly she burst into tears.

"What is the matter, dear?" her mother asked.

"I've lost my place!" she sobbed.

A Youthful Biblical Scholar

FOR his religious edification Edward, aged seven, was compelled to learn the twenty-third Psalm. Soon after this achievement a "fall from grace" caused his banishment from the family board to a little side-table. When told that he must not only eat alone, but ask his own blessing as well, he gravely bowed his head and said:

"Lord, I thank Thee that 'Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies.'"

Genuine Modesty

THE aspiring amateur in the realm of the drama is often so conceited that he is confident of his ability to play "leading parts" at the very start. It is certainly unusual to find an actor as modest as the one who inserted the following advertisement in one of the London papers:

"Engagement Wanted.—Small part, such as dead body or outside shouts."

The Primary

HARRIET and Emmy-Lou were playing dolls in the next room.

"Let's play heaven," said Harriet. "I'll be the mother angel, and you be the nurse angel, and these'll be the baby-angels."

A few minutes of busy conversation, and then: "Good night, kiddies. Now, nurse angel, take good care of the children. God and I are going to play bridge."

BUSINESS AND FINANCIAL

Business Tendencies and Labor Conditions

By JOHN GRANT DATER



DESPITE the many uncertainties which have entered into the financial and commercial situation of late there are few, if any, signs, at this writing, of a curtailment of business activity. True it is, without doubt, that a spirit of conservatism regarding the future has increased among the merchants and the manufacturers of the country as a result of the disquieting conditions of labor, the unusual depression of the international exchanges, and the unsettling features of the campaign against high prices—to say nothing of the delay over the ratification of the Treaty of Peace with Germany. It is possible, of course, that these factors may have influenced a contraction in the output of goods and wares that will tell adversely in days to come, but if so the fact is not apparent as yet; or at least it has not been reflected in the current reports of trade.

Favorable
Business
Indices

TAKE bank clearings, for example. They have always been regarded as the truest index of business volumes; the most accurate measure we have of the commerce which is passing in the country at any given time. Other gages of constructive endeavor are the gross earnings of the railways, building operations, the foreign trade statement, and, to a lesser degree, perhaps, the condi-

tions prevailing in the basic or “key” industry of iron and steel. Without an exception, the aforementioned indices attest to an activity of almost record-breaking proportions. True, the gross earnings of the railways of the country for July—the latest interval for which complete returns are available—amounting to \$454,588,513, show a decrease of \$14,658,220 as compared with the corresponding month last year, but the aggregate returns for July, 1918, \$469,246,733, were exceptional, inasmuch as they exceeded the gross earnings of the corresponding month in 1917 by no less than \$117,661,315, or 34 per cent.

WITH the single exception of 1918, the gross earnings of the railways in July last were the largest ever recorded in that month, and they were more truly representative of actual business than were the returns a year ago, which were swollen enormously by the transportation of troops and munitions of war. Unfortunately the net results of rail-

Bank
Clearing
Expanding

way operations in July were not favorable. Operating expenses—the result in part of higher wages, and in part of inefficiency under Government supervision—increased no less than \$40,694,188. This, with the loss of \$14,658,220 in gross returns already mentioned resulted in a decrease of \$55,352,408 in net earnings. But we need not now concern ourselves with this unhappy phase of the transpor-

tation problem. It speaks eloquently of government inefficiency, of more than ample compensation to employes, of the seeming hopelessness of further advances in wages, and of possible impending insolvencies, unless conditions change; but it does not bear upon the present commercial situation, which is the matter under consideration.

TURNING from the gross earnings of the railways to the bank clearings, and an observer finds even stronger confirmatory evidence of business activity. According to the compilations made by the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle*, the volume of checks passing through the leading clearing-houses of the country during the eight months to September 1st amounted to \$258,450,617,914. This contrasts with \$213,755,271,605 in the corresponding period last year, and shows a gain of 20.9 per cent. Total clearings in August alone were \$34,681,871,970, which compares with \$28,158,320,021 in August, 1918, or an increase of 23.2 per cent. But more impressive in a way even than the foregoing stupendous figures is the record for the single week ended September 20th last, when the clearings were \$9,545,042,858. These are not only the largest of any week thus far this year, but the largest of any week on record.

OF greater significance even than the increase of 44.9 per cent. over the corresponding interval in 1918 is the fact that the remarkable exhibits for the September 20th week were attained in times of peace, not war, and upon the very eve of the most disturbing industrial development of years—namely, the strike inaugurated by the American Federation of Labor for the purpose of forcing a union upon the United States Steel Corporation. Of other trade indices it may be said that projected building operations exceed anything the country has ever known. Out of 171 cities from which the records have been compiled—north, south, east, and west—only 11 disclosed a smaller contemplated construction in August than a year ago. The sum involved in the newly an-

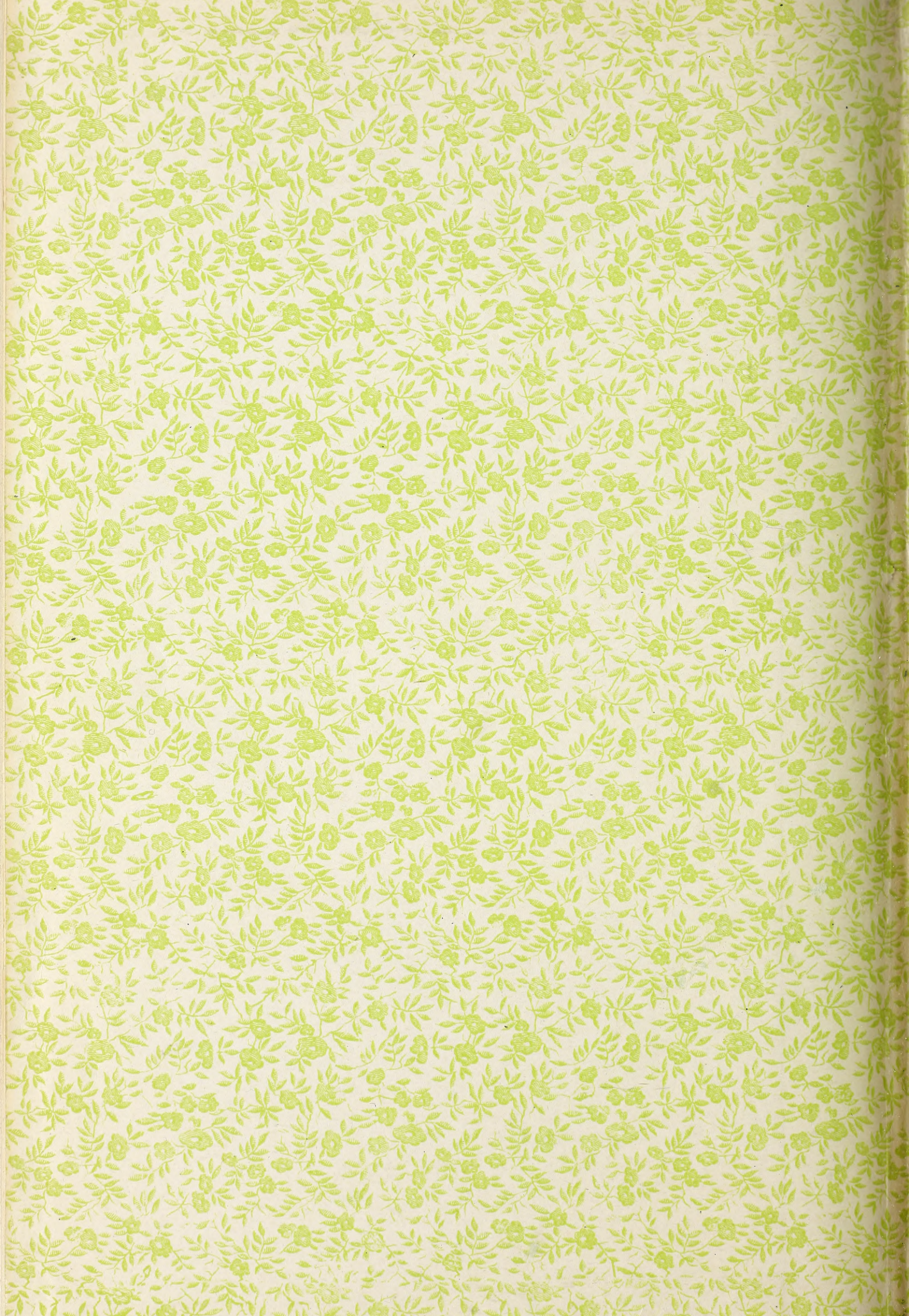
nounced undertakings was \$164,052,287 against \$45,281,807 in 1918. The projected operations for the eight months to and including August, in the same 171 cities, have called for an outlay of \$750,368,171, exceeding the previous high record of 1916 by \$52,750,000 and comparing with aggregate building operations of \$344,669,531 in 1918, and of \$550,000,000 in 1917.


A CONTRACTION in the output of pig iron set in with the signing of the armistice last November and continued until May, when the production touched the lowest point in years—namely, 2,108,056 tons, or a daily average of 68,002 tons. Then came a turn in the tide and the August production was 2,743,388 tons, equivalent to a daily average of 88,496 tons. An increase of 20,414 tons in the daily average output of pig iron in August as against May will not appear as a very important development to the uninitiated, but it is not without a deep significance. Iron and steel have come to be regarded as the barometers of trade, foreshadowing by their movements the probable course of all industry. There was, in consequence, much of real encouragement for observant business men in the recent enlarged production of pig iron, and the same is true also of the tonnage statement of the United States Steel Corporation. The unfilled orders of the latter have shown an increase of 610,545 tons in June, 685,806 tons in July, and 530,442 tons in August.

FINALLY we come to the foreign-trade statement, and again the latest available figures are those for the month of August and for the eight months of the calendar year to September 1st. There was much of surprise in the latest showing of imports and exports in consequence of the reversal of tendencies which were disclosed as compared with July. This is best illustrated by comparing the imports and exports for the last three months available, which are as follows:

Foreign-
trade
Figures

(Continued thirty-seventh page following)





...The...
DIETER BOOKBINDING CO.
1833 Champa St.
Denver, - - Colo

